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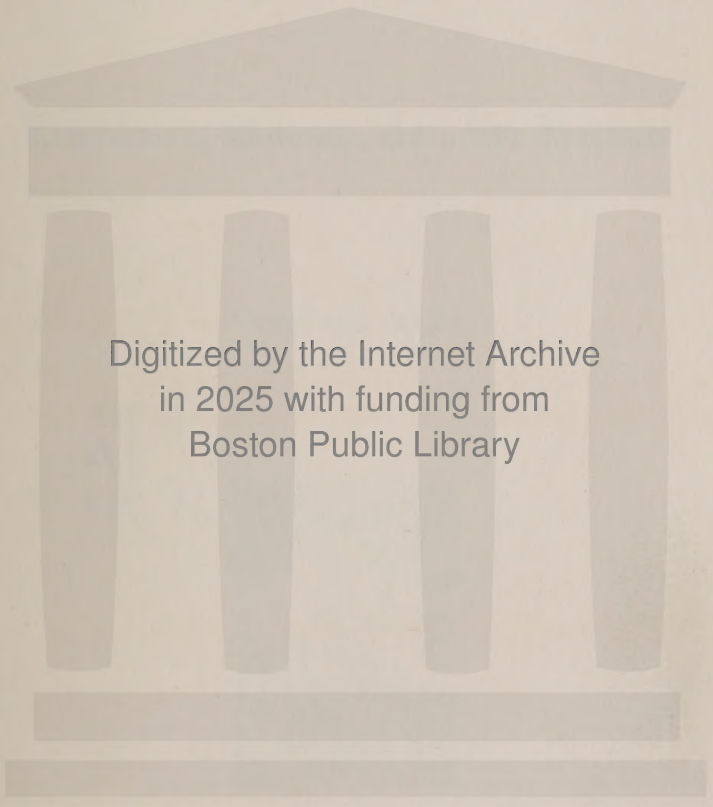
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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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The Atlantic has long been fortunate in enlisting the services of writers living west of the Rocky Mountains. Ever since Bret Harte's earlier stories revealed the rich literary material to be found upon the Pacific Coast, this magazine has constantly utilized the prose and verse produced in California. We believe that its readers will now welcome an issue made up very largely of contributions from present residents of that state. While the themes of these contributions are by no means merely local, it seems to us that the representative work of California writers possesses certain characteristic qualities which will impress themselves upon readers interested in the literary development of the various sections of our country. — The Editors.

THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Two distinct periods of activity have marked the literary development of the Pacific Coast. The first may be said to have made itself most manifest during the years when California was essentially a gold-producing region, when Bret Harte began his contributions to the world's enduring fiction, and Joaquin Miller added a new and refreshing note to American song. To be more exact, the year 1868 witnessed the dawn of California literature, — a dawn of radiant promise which paled and faded into a brief day that closed ominously.

The second period of literary growth, which I am asked to consider especially, and which to the present hour has gradually increased in strength, began with the completion of the transcontinental railroads, when the vast tide of immigration, flowing westward, had changed the states bordering on the Pacific from a mining region to one of commerce and agriculture. The time that elapsed during this transformation defines clearly these two periods of literary development, the latter having assumed within the past decade its greatest activity. The reason for this is at once apparent when we consider that the intense materialism which characterized the "boom" days was by no means conducive to art in any of its various forms. The passing of the golden era with its glamour of romance, and the subsequent speculative excitement caused by the advent of homeseekers from the Eastern and Middle states, was naturally a time of literary quietude. The old West, which had ever been separated from the world at large by mountain barriers and desolate wastes, and which could only be reached by a wearisome ocean journey, or by that more perilous route taken by the "prairie schooner," was giving place to the new. Social conditions were necessarily altered. The primitive customs characteristic of the pioneers were brought into sharp contrast with those of the more cultured fortune-hunters from the commercial centres of the East. The natural touched elbows with the artificial. Formality was often greeted by what to it appeared a disregard for good manners only pardonable in the barbarous. The conventional and the conservative were forced to mingle with the informal and the radical. Metropolitan life joined with that of the border; the one being influenced by the other. Thus to-day the Pacific slope presents a social struc-

ture, the architecture of which must prove of striking psychological interest because of its bewildering complexity.

It would be highly difficult to convey even a slight idea of the wild turmoil that prevailed throughout the Far West during its rapid transition from a comparative wilderness to the prosperous commonwealth of the present day. Only those who participated in the fierce scramble for corner lots can fully comprehend the feverish conditions which existed on the western side of the continent during the days of its mushroom growth. It was a mad rush for wealth. Such a frantic struggle of tossed and tumbled humanity! Here the man of meagre purse felt that he could at last grasp the hand of Opportunity, and he was dazzled by dreams of sudden riches. From Puget Sound to San Diego, the Pacific Coast was one vast whirlpool of speculative frenzy. Hundreds of eager men gathered about some land company's office at the midnight hour, that they might secure on the following morning the choicest lots in the newly platted town site or addition, were not an unusual spectacle, or one that partook of literary significance. Shrewd investors made their fortunes. The newcomer, who may have been forced to borrow a few dollars on his arrival, not infrequently became a millionaire within a year. Almost fabulous tales are told of riches gained in a single day or hour. Speculation was the one thought on which the minds of men were centred, and which amounted to a veritable mania, — an all-pervading passion. It was a form of gambling but a shade higher than that with which we most commonly associate the name. Neither old nor young escaped its allurements. The erstwhile conservative citizen of staid old New England soon found himself infected with the prevailing fever, and was drawn almost unconsciously into that vortex of greed that sooner or later must bring wreck and ruin.

The inflation of values beyond all reason brought the inevitable crash. In the vernacular of the real estate gambler, "the boom busted." This meant a great deal to the people who had sought their fortunes west of the Rockies. It meant loss of home, bankruptcy, shattered hope, despair, even suicide. The growth of the country in a material sense, though temporarily retarded, assumed a normal condition, as any growth should to be healthful, and it has remained so, with few exceptions, to the present time.

Although we may realize something of the rapid strides made by modern civilization, it seems hardly possible that a brief quarter of a century could bring about the great change that has taken place along the shores of the Pacific. Within this period alone huge forests have been felled, and in their stead strong young cities have arisen as if by magic. Where the rattlesnake lay undisturbed on the California hills the paved streets now echo to the clamorous tongue of Trade, and in matchless harbors, where but two decades past only the canoe of the Indian was seen, great steamships cast anchor from the ports of the world.

What has been accomplished in the way of material progress must of necessity precede the higher growth, yet this is decidedly averse to the creation of a literary atmosphere. The air, so intensely permeated with plots, plans, and wily schemes, did not inspire the thought which survives brick blocks, and which is the ultimate test of a people's greatness. When materialism reaches such a stage as to completely dwarf the spiritual faculties, the eyes of men are seldom lifted to the stars.

With the collapse of inflated values the inhabitants of the new West found time to look about them and contemplate their surroundings. Now that their minds were diverted from speculations in real estate they awoke to the necessity of progression in ways other than those to which they had heretofore de-

voted themselves. With the majority it was a time of serious, sober reflection. While the suddenness of the fall had left the people somewhat dazed, and their castles in air had mysteriously dissolved, it was not in the spirit of the race to be long cast down. Actuated by higher ideals, they sought the soil and legitimate business pursuits. The school and the home were no longer ignored. Public libraries were established, and almost every hamlet that had given up hope of rivaling San Francisco in commercial supremacy showed its wisdom by forming a reading circle or a literary society. The steady growth of the Women's Clubs throughout the Pacific states during the last ten years has had a most beneficent effect upon moral and intellectual advancement. Then, too, during the calm that followed after the stress of the boom days, when enterprise made sure of its footing, and the social fabric became more closely woven, the impressive character of the country's scenic grandeur appealed to those whose eyes had been fixed upon false gods. When they walked no longer in the blinding glare of a golden idol that had impaired their spiritual vision, they beheld the beauty and majesty of the world about them. To this peculiar and growing sensitiveness to the subtle influences of Nature, combined with increased educational advantages, may be attributed the present literary activity which is attracting attention to the Pacific Coast.

With the bulk of population on the western seaboard confined to the limits of California, it is only to be expected that this state should now, as in its earlier history, show the most interest in the fine arts; and in literature, at least, produce such efforts as to establish its claim to serious consideration.

Doubtless were we to confine within still narrower geographical limits that section in which this literary activity is most apparent, we should find its borders not far outside the metropolis of the Pacific and close to the Bay of San Francisco. In and about this centre of population the pulse of Western literature beats more strongly than in the newer cities to the north and south. The State University located at Berkeley and Stanford University at Palo Alto, both adjacent to the Golden Gate, have proved most potent factors in creating a literary spirit, something, too, that has been fostered by the daily press of San Francisco and by periodicals essentially devoted to its development. A steadily increasing membership in the various libraries also indicates the general trend of thought. In fact, the reading habit among Californians is particularly significant. In the crowded ferries plying to and fro between San Francisco and other adjacent ports, and on the local trains as well, one may observe both young and old absorbed in the contents of books and magazines. Tourists frequently comment upon the extent to which this custom prevails. It serves, if nothing more, to soften the materialistic picture presented by the city Bret Harte once thought possessed of "hard high lust and cunning greed." But the San Francisco of to-day manifests interest in matters aside from finance. While she displays such commercial energy that a far voyager like Kipling is convinced of her absolute madness in this respect, she nevertheless shows a deep concern for those things tending toward the elevation of her people. It is this provincial pride that causes many San Franciscans, and the inhabitants of the state in general, to feel that the later stories of California life by the lamented creator of The Luck of Roaring Camp are apt to convey to the reading world an impression altogether at variance with conditions as they exist to-day. The average Californian resents the imputation that he has a disregard for culture. He may be independent, abrupt of speech, devoid of many of the formalities of an older civili-

zation, scornful of family traditions or hereditary distinctions, — traits characteristic of the typical Westerner, — but he denies with emphasis that he is dominated by any of the instincts of the barbarian. He is always confident of his ability to think and act for himself regardless of the experience of others, nor does he feel that because certain forms of expression governed the language of the past that he should conform to them now, and deem the ancient masterpieces of literature the only models of excellence for his time and generation. While realizing full well his ignorance of the historic shrines of art and letters, he feels that the beauty and sublimity of the world of Nature is likewise ennobling, and affords him glorious compensation.

To what extent climatic conditions and natural scenery may influence thought is entirely problematic. True it is, however, that these have produced an individual type of American on the Pacific slope. This type is clearly exemplified by no small part of the literary output of the region.

In a land where the weather is invariably mild, the inhabitants are permitted that intimacy with Nature not accorded those of a country subject to extremes of heat and cold. The people of the west shore find themselves in the sunshine of the great out of doors the major portion of the year. Thus, whether or not they be particularly observant, this close association with natural scenery leads to a sensitive and emotional organism that most frequently finds expression in the form of verse, the abundant production of which by Californians is becoming more and more apparent to the editorial observation.

While the states bordering on the Pacific are similar in many respects, they possess marked differences as regards landscape, climate, and natural resources. The Northwest and the Southwest are radically opposite. The one, wooded and mountainous, has a heavy rainfall and a rank vegetation, while the other is mainly a drought-haunted desert of cacti and shifting sands. Yet each arouses the emotions of a sensitive soul, the former by the splendor of its wintry peaks and magnificent inland waters, the latter because of the awful loneliness of its desolate and seemingly infinite levels. We find this feeling inspired by the desert expressed in the memorable line, —

"God must have made thee in His anger, and forgot,"

written by Madge Morris, and in the virile verses of Sharlot Hall, a true daughter of the "land of little rain," which Mary Austin so graphically describes, and to which the writings of Charles F. Lummis have called especial attention. This veritable wonderland, with its prehistoric ruins and solitary mesas, will without doubt figure more prominently in the nation's literature henceforth. These pictures of the burning deserts of the Southwest are in sharp contrast to those of the north Pacific, a section that has recently become more familiar to the reader of current fiction through the work of Eva Emery Dye and of Ella Higginson, the first a writer of historical romance, dealing with old Oregon and the days of Lewis and Clark, the latter a close observer of life and landscape in western Washington. Mrs. Higginson's verse and prose attest her passionate love of the evergreen hills of Puget Sound, — the "land of the snow pearls," of solemn forests and dove-gray skies. Her portrayal of Northwest civilization with its patient, hard-worked rancher, and its illiterate type of womanhood that aspires to social prominence, conveys a very definite idea of certain phases of life in this picturesque corner of the Union.

Between these two sections of country, so extremely different in climate and topography, lies that portion of the western seaboard, which, though entirely distinct in many ways, combines the pronounced natural features of both, and

which has been properly designated "our American Italy." California presents a more varied landscape than either Oregon or Washington. Its diversity is not only noted by the tourist, but is obvious, as well, to the reader familiar with its literature. In general, natural objects are sharply defined because of the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, and while in average altitudes the climate is mild and equable it is by no means enervating. Mental and physical indolence, with which we are wont to associate tropical surroundings, are not induced by California's balmy air and yellow sunshine. Its inhabitants are permitted a breadth of view not accorded the dwellers in more rigorous climes. Professor Josiah Royce, a former Californian whose name has long been identified with Western letters, asserts that one derives from these wide views a sense of power and independence, a statement which seems most rational, and to which I should add a broader mental horoscope as well. It has often been said that Nature in California is on a big scale. Compared with the portraits drawn of her in the literature of New England she may sometimes appear in the pictures of various lyrical craftsmen of the Pacific Coast as a strangely fanciful creature who strives to shock conventional taste by a variety and gaudiness of coloring, — a passion for lavish display. Especially is this true of the nature poems of Joaquin Miller, which have been frequently considered too highly colored and extravagant to afford an adequate conception of western landscape, yet which seem vividly realistic descriptions to one whose eyes have rested upon its scenic splendor. It is an easy matter for the California writer to become overflorid where Nature herself speaks in the language of color.

While different phases of its life and landscape are depicted in the work of its authors, and we are given accurately drawn pictures of varying localities, it would be unfair to say that any one of these sectional studies is typical of the state as a whole, or affords more than a mere glimpse of its vast domain. Naturally the crowning glory of its scenic magnificence — those "minarets of snow," the Sierras — are best known to song and story through the poetry of Miller and the fiction of Harte, though a latter-day Thoreau, Mr. John Muir, has given voice to their wild freedom. Alone and unarmed he has explored these sublime and solitary heights, companioned with bird and beast, and under a roof of stars, been rocked to sleep in the swaying top of an ancient pine. Who shall say that these mountains of California, which have already given such strength and picturesqueness to American literature, may not be cherished in time to come for their literary traditions as are the Alps, and the peaks of Scotland? We have several Mont Blancs on this side of the continent, and Coleridges shall surely arise to sing their glory.

The romance of early Spanish life, like the delicate fragrance of a trampled flower, lingers about the crumbling, ivy-clad walls of the missions, — that dreamy, pastoral life in which mingled Old World gayety and Arcadian simplicity. Its delineation will in all probability receive hereafter from the writers of the West something of the consideration it so justly deserves. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, whose name is held in deepest reverence by the people of California, among whom she passed the last days of her life, was the first to put this picturesque period of Spanish occupation into romantic fiction. She wrote with a noble purpose, and won the deep gratitude of a rapidly vanishing race. Of late the Franciscan brotherhood has found a most sympathetic historian in the poet Charles Warren Stoddard, who, together with Harte, Miller, Sill, Mulford, and others, was a notable figure in a once brilliant coterie. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, a native Californian, has also depicted the manners and customs of the

"splendid, idle forties," giving a vividness and dramatic strength to her characterization that savors less of romance than of reality. The social side of modern Western life has of late engaged the attention of Mrs. Atherton. Its complex nature offers a subject of keen interest to the literary vivisectionist. The growing tendency toward conservatism and conformity to the established usages of polite society, caused by the rapidly increasing population from the Eastern states, conflicts sharply with the bold independence and pronounced unconventionality of the pioneer period. This opposition must necessarily afford such contrast and variety in social life as to make it a thoroughly absorbing study to the analytical mind. The spirit of this struggle is voiced in many of the poems of Edward Rowland Sill, who at the time of his death was associated with the University of California. He has expressed more keenly than any other of the Pacific Coast poets the friction existing between these two contending factions, — between "shrewd conservatism and bold radicalism."

Perhaps no portion of the state has found more adequate literary expression than the half-arid though wonderfully productive valley of the San Joaquin. Here agricultural and corporate interests have clashed fiercely, affecting the social and domestic happiness of the region, and affording an abundance of excellent material such as was first made use of by Mr. Bailey Millard in one of his most striking short stories entitled A Notch in a Principality, and afterwards by the late Frank Norris, whose novel The Octopus voices the protest of the wheat-grower against the demands of the railway. The conditions surrounding the farmers of the San Joaquin presented a phase of the industrial struggle which appealed keenly to a nature like that of Norris. He was a man of deep human sympathy, and in his untimely death American literature suffered a great loss. The creator of McTeague and of Moran of the Lady Letty was one of several writers who have been connected in a greater or less degree with San Francisco journalism, from which, as elsewhere, there is a gradual drift into the more inviting field of authorship, and which has proved since the reportorial career of Mark Twain a convenient if not always pleasant stepping-stone to literary achievement.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, and Mr. Bailey Millard, all associated with representative journals of San Francisco, have done much to encourage a distinctively Western literature, and, moreover, have helped to create public interest in the work of local writers. These literary editors, each of whom recognizes the province of the critic and never mistakes it for that of the cynic, have hailed new talent with something of the delight of the prospector who suddenly discovers a gold nugget. If secrets should be revealed concerning the advent of several well-known Californians into the realm of letters, doubtless others aside from Mr. Edwin Markham, to whom recognition came tardily though with deserving heartiness, might confess their great indebtedness to certain appreciative reviewers of the San Francisco press. The literary spirit now so evident in the metropolis of the Pacific has been stimulated through the efforts of a few men of this journalistic school. Among them is Mr. W. C. Morrow, author of several novels and numerous short stories, who, though no longer actively engaged in newspaper work, is accomplishing much for the literature of California, to the promotion of which he now devotes himself entirely.

Miss Millicent Shinn, whose name is familiar to all students of American verse, is another who exerted no small influence in this respect during her editorship of the Coast's best known monthly publication. In the beginning of the present period of literary growth she lent

such practical assistance and gave such kindly advice to more than one young writer among the magazine's contributors as to enhance beyond question the quality of much of the literary work produced in California to-day.

Monthly periodicals in the West have received from the first rather meagre support, save those wholly devoted to the interests of trade. The effort to combine commercialism and literature within the same covers has invariably proved unsatisfactory in all ways. Though financial loss has usually attended these magazine ventures, success is not wholly a matter of dollars and cents, as they have served to encourage local talent, and have also helped to stimulate, though within narrow bounds to be sure, that interest in the higher things of life which results in broader ideals and more wholesome thought. One, at least, of these short-lived publications contributed not a little to its editor's success, as can be vouched for by that quaintly artistic humorist Mr. Gelett Burgess.

The moral and mental force of men like Benjamin Ide Wheeler and David Starr Jordan, presidents of the two foremost universities west of the Rockies, is impressing itself upon the life of the entire Pacific slope, and to this ennobling influence may be attributed no small degree of its intellectual activity at the present hour.

From the ranks of the teachers in both public and private schools have arisen several men and women whose work in the various branches of literature has met with the warm appreciation of the world at large and of California in particular. One of the most recent of these to win distinction in an exceedingly difficult field was the late Miss Virna Woods, whose poetic drama Horatius, played by an eminent American tragedian, was most cordially received by that portion of the public which cares for high class dramatic productions.

The name of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin also suggests itself in connection with the schools of the Coast. The author of Timothy's Quest, though not a native Westerner, spent some years of her early life in San Francisco, before seeking the more encouraging literary atmosphere of the East. It was while engaged here in kindergarten work, in which she won not the least of her success, that Mrs. Wiggin first began to write. Though rather a student of human nature in general than a delineator of sectional character, there is withal a delightful flavor of the breezy West to be found in her story A Summer in a Cañon.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul, so long will the glory of California scenery, and that of the whole Pacific Coast, prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song-birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire Western seaboard." Suffice to say, that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color, it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. From the pages of Miller, Harte, Sill, Markham, Madge Morris, and Cheney there breathes the fragrance of the aromatic pine boughs of Sierras' solitudes, while the more recent of the tuneful throng — Urmy, Millard, Keeler, Lillian Shuey, and others — lift their voices in praise of Nature's handiwork, singing of "sky-loving buttes" and "veteran redwoods." In her Songs from the Golden Gate Ina D. Coolbrith pictures with rare delicacy of touch the typical features of California landscape, which also forms a background for the

fiction of Margaret Collier Graham, Flora H. Loughead, and for the greater portion of the work produced by the state's rather formidable list of prose writers. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to the beauty and grandeur with which Nature has clothed the West that offers the greatest promise of its rapid literary advancement, — a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.

The provincial spirit has dominated the nation's literature since its earliest history. Sectional studies have been possible only in a country of such immensity where conditions are not merely subject to constant change, but where they differ so radically with varying localities. Yet each of these delineations of the many phases of our complex life and character contributes something to our literature as a whole. As to the nature of California's future offerings, I may best point to one who illustrates the growing tendency of the West toward breadth and vigor in fiction, — Mr. Jack London. This enthusiastic young Californian, whose imagination was set aglow by civilization's conquest of Alaskan wilds, and whose study window looks down upon the waters of San Francisco Bay, has exhibited a freshness and spontaneity of expression, a freedom from academic precision and restraint, that give to his pictures the quality of work done at first hand. The creative ability displayed by Mr. London is a most encouraging sign, indicative of the prevalent desire among the majority of Western writers to avoid what the author of The Son of the Wolf defines as "the musty grip of the Past," — to get clean away from ancient restrictions and stereotyped forms. "I do not want to write literature; I want to write life," said Frank Norris early in his career, voicing the sentiment of those who prefer to look at the world through their own eyes, rather than to accept with faith the views of men whose crumbling tombs mark the highway of the centuries.

To what extent the splendor and majesty of the West may favor the growth of a peculiarly distinctive literature is altogether speculative, but if we are to be guided in our forecast by the history of other lands, we may assume with some degree of certainty that this beauty and sublimity of landscape will ultimately make itself manifest in a greater breadth of canvas, a bolder stroke, and in the more varied and brilliant coloring of a lavish brush. To select first-hand material, and to fashion it after his own pattern, rather than after that of the conventional size, which requires a certain technical finish, and concerns itself with the details of workmanship, will be the aim of the artist of the future. The tendency of California writers is toward ruggedness and strength, and if the work of either London or Norris may offer a significant hint of what the coming novelist of the West will strive to attain, I should say first of all — force and originality, the art of prose expression that shall not be a weak imitation of those mouldy, yet revered models of antiquity known as the classics.

The West is rich in literary material. There are mountain ranges comparatively unexplored, which aboriginal tradition veils in haunting mystery. The struggles, trials, and heroism of the early pioneers have scarcely been touched upon, and what dramatic strength and picturesqueness is contained in this old-time life of the border! And there exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast a peculiarly fascinating freedom not easily comprehended by those who have known nothing but the restraints of an older and more conven-

tional civilization. This will leave its impress upon the literary production of the region. As the lands of the olive and the vine have ever figured prominently in the history of Old World letters, it is not unreasonable to expect that California, with her tropical sun and gorgeous coloring, will add lustre to the literature of America. Perhaps I have dwelt too strongly upon scenic grandeur as a factor of literary growth, but vast forests, icy summits, sombre cañons, and beetling cliffs must stimulate the imaginative powers, and lead to creative effort. What has been accomplished thus far by the writers mentioned surely offers glorious promise of future achievement, — of work, if I may be so bold as to prophesy, that shall draw its freshness and color from California's sun-clad hills, and its strength and beauty from the white radiance of her eternal peaks.

Herbert Bashford.

SARGENT'S SILVA.

THE fourteenth volume of the Silva of North America,[1] just published, brings a great book, begun about twenty years ago, to a happy conclusion. The first volume, after eight or ten years of preparation, was issued in 1890, and the work has made steady, enthusiastic progress to the end. It is a description of all the trees that are known to grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico, 585 in number, illustrated by 740 magnificent plates. A truly great book on a great subject by a master, marked by perfect uniformity of treatment in all its parts, well proportioned, evenly balanced, like a broad spreading oak standing in sunshine alone. Though scientific, it is in the best sense popular and thoroughly readable, telling almost everything an intelligent reader or traveler would naturally wish to know about our forests and trees, and a great deal besides that he would never be likely to think of. So full and lifelike are the descriptions and illustrations that tree-lovers, however slight their training, are enabled to identify all the trees, learn their distribution, productions, uses, and something of their relatives throughout the world, what kind of forests they make, which are most desirable for parks and homes, and which lend themselves most effectively to the wants of the farmer, forester, and landscape gardener.

And, fortunately, the work was completed just when the need of it was the greatest. After centuries of criminal waste and destruction, our forests are beginning to be appreciated, not only as timber and cover for the fountains of irrigating streams, but for higher uses also. Therefore trees are being studied as never before, and knowledge concerning them is called for by an ever widening circle of workers and beauty lovers.

The author, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, has proved himself the man for the work. With singleness of aim and sustaining enthusiasm, he was also blest with wealth and power of dogged application, of putting things through, getting things done. While all his surroundings were drawing him toward a life of fine pleasure, and the cultivation of the family fortune, he chose to live laborious days in God's forests, studying, cultivating the whole continent as his garden. Into this glorious field he set forth rejoicing, making ways everywhere, consuming obstacles, never counting the cost. All his studies were bent toward this

[1] *The Silva of North America.* By CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT. Illustrated by CHARLES EDWARD FAXON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890–1902. 14 vols.

book, and with unflagging industry for the last twenty years he has labored to make it complete, traveling, studying, writing, determined to see every tree on the continent, known or unknown, growing with its companions in its own native home. And, with few exceptions, he has thus seen them all, most of them in the different seasons of the year, in leaf, and flower, and fruit, or disrobed at rest in winter. His task seemed endless, but glowing enthusiasm carried him on. Flitting from side to side of the continent, he was now in Florida, now in Canada, California, Alaska; traveling thousands of miles every year, mostly by rail of course, but long distances by canoe or sailboat on the Florida coast, through swamps, along lagoons, and from one palmy island to another, jolting in wagons or on horseback over the plains and deserts and mountain chains of the West, now tracing the ways of early adventurers, to identify the trees they first described, now exploring untrodden wildernesses, like Charity enduring all things, — weather, hunger, squalor, hardships, the extent and variety of which only those who from time to time were his companions can begin to appreciate. While trees were waving and fluttering about him, telling their stories, all else was forgotten. Love made everything light. He thought nothing of crossing the continent to study a single tree in its varied forms, as influenced by soil, climate, companions, etc. Several trips were made to Florida to find a certain species of Palm in flower and fruit. Practically the whole book is based on personal investigation and study in the field, though a great deal of herbarium and library work was done both in our own and in foreign countries, in searching for and studying type specimens of our trees and their early literature, in trying to clear up confused nomenclature.

At the first glance through the book, every one must admire the fullness and beauty of the plates. They were made in Paris, from drawings from life, by Faxon, the foremost botanical artist in America. They show a branchlet of each species, with leaves, flowers, and fruit, almost all of natural size, and sections of leaves, seeds, fruit, stamens, pistils, etc., enlarged. And these are so tellingly drawn and arranged, any one with the slightest smattering of botany is enabled to identify each tree, even without referring to the text. The descriptions, however, seem rather dry and encyclopædic until we get used to them.

When the first volume was published, it was believed that all our trees could be described in twelve volumes, but during the progress of the work new discoveries caused an overflow into a thirteenth and again into a fourteenth. A fourteen-volume, three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar book on botany may well seem formidable to common mortals, but it is not oversized or dear for the country it covers, — all the forests of America and sketches of the lives of the adventurous explorers and naturalists who first saw and described them, and sketches of all the main features of the scenery. If any tree-book deserves to be big, this one — a continent among island books, a Sequoia among firs and pines — does. And though accustomed to read the trees themselves, not written descriptions of them, I have read it through twice, as if it were a novel, and wished it were longer. The technical parts are scientific enough, and dry enough for the taste and uses of the most exacting botanist. These dry parts, however, are comparatively small, like mere patches of gravel or sand in a fertile wilderness, and you soon learn to see the living trees through the midst of them, waving and swirling in the weather. The first page of most of the descriptions is fairly loaded with synonyms, and however useful they may be in the present condition of the leafy science, one cannot help begrudging the extravagant amount of good wood pulp and type they consume, and the labor spent

in digging and dragging the dead ones out of their graves. Some poor trees seem to have more names than branches. Instead of bestowing so much considerate hospitality on these rapidly increasing name-cairns, and proudly putting them on show in the best places throughout the book, they might, with advantage to readers, have been shoved together back of the index, as a sort of terminal moraine, for the use of systematists, or bravely omitted altogether. Linnæus consigned many names to oblivion, and surely in these busy days we may begin to expect the arrival of another master, able to help us to forget what must be forgotten.

Though joyfully welcoming each new tree, Professor Sargent never gave way to the prevailing tendency to exaggerate the number of species, by exalting the value of trifling, shifting, accidental characters; while his masterly terminology renders the definition of the main characters sharp and clear to every mind.

On the vexed question of nomenclature there will of course be no lack of conflicting opinion, for the subject is naturally full of it. Most botanists, however, will probably agree with the author. Some may even thank him for the clearings he has laboriously made through perplexing tangles, though such work is usually anything but thankful. Good rules are often followed without any allowance for changes called for in the progress of the science. To the law of Priority, the author, with most scientific botanists, bows down to the ground, or even a little way into it at times, to the astonishment of spectators standing aside in the groves. Prior names founded on ignorance are held fast and defended against those founded on knowledge. Names that are blunders pure and simple, absurdities, barbarisms of every sort, are maintained for the sake of stability, as if anything or any place in this whirling, on-rushing flood of a world can ever be sufficiently stable for nomenclatorial Babels. Common mortals, as well as name-dealers, should be considered; for names have to be read and spoken, and jaws and feelings may needlessly be hurt by mongrel, craggy, unpronounceable names in mixed languages, calling sweet, fragrant trees fœtid, or white, black, on account of the namers having seen and smelled only decaying specimens. The law of Priority doubtless tends to keep down the growth of unmanageable nomenclatorial confusion. But in some cases, a too rigid adherence to the letter, instead of to the spirit of the law, prolongs the existence of error, and causes more confusion than it cures; as is strikingly illustrated by the name given to the very first tree described in the book, the noblest of our Magnolias. Linnæus, from specimens of the "deliciously fragrant" flowers, probably in a decaying condition after their long voyage across the sea, named it, in the first edition of his Species Plantarum, *Magnolia fœtida*, but discovering his mistake, he took occasion to correct it in a later edition, by changing the name to *Magnolia grandiflora*, by which good name the tree has been known throughout the world for nearly one hundred and forty years. But because the Priority law for species, by general consent of botanists, begins at the date of publication of the first edition, the dead fœtid name, buried by Linnæus himself, is now raised to replace the living one, thus breaking the heart of the law in arithmetical obedience to the letter of it, and causing more confusion in a year than is likely to be put down in a century. Still Stability, Fixity at any price is the cry; and we are gravely told that there is nothing in names anyhow, or ought to be nothing, for sense in scientific names is a confounded bother; while at the same time, the naturalists of every country are trying to put as much as possible into them, and loading them down with meaning. On the other hand, when the difficulties under which nomenclators labor are considered, — the clashing of laws and

their various interpretations, the imperfection of the material on which genera and species are often founded, and the immensity of the number of plant people, — we may well wonder that the present condition of botanical nomenclature is so good. Nevertheless, like everything else, it must grow better with the advancement of knowledge. The world moves, botany and all; blunders will be corrected, crooked names made straight, rough ones smooth, for neither in heaven nor on earth can error be made immortal. These questions, however, soon cease from troubling, for turning over the broad blossoming pages, we quickly find ourselves in the heart of the forests.

Most of our trees were known or partly known and described before this work was commenced. But these descriptions, besides being short and technical, were scattered in many books beyond reach of the general reader. The first book on our trees, as indicated by Professor Sargent, is Marshall's Arbustum Americanum, published in Philadelphia in 1785, which includes an account of 277 trees and shrubs. The next was published in Göttingen in 1787, by F. A. J. von Wangenheim, a Hessian officer in the employ of England, who fought for the king in the war of the Revolution, and with good German thrift and industry found time between battles to study about 168 of our trees and shrubs, chiefly with reference to their value for introduction into the forests of Germany.

Next came André Michaux's classical work, Histoire de Chênes de l'Amerique, published in Paris in 1801, in which twenty species of our eastern Oaks are systematically described and figured.

On many of Michaux's adventurous excursions through the eastern wildernesses during his thirteen years' residence in America as botanical agent for the French government he was accompanied by his son, F. A. Michaux, who afterward wrote the best book on North American trees that had yet appeared. It was published in Paris in 1810, includes descriptions of 155 trees founded on his own observations in the forests, and is illustrated with beautifully colored plates.

This magnificent work, covering only the trees found east of the Mississippi River and in some parts of western Louisiana, was supplemented in 1842 by three volumes from the pen of the celebrated naturalist, Thomas Nuttall.

A second edition of Nuttall's Supplement was issued with the third reprint of Michaux's Sylva under the general title of The Sylva of North America, the only illustrated descriptive work on North American trees in general which preceded the present Silva.

The above mentioned works and others of less note which followed them covered only sections of the country great or small, like patches of sunlight on a cloudy landscape, while the present work sheds light on nearly all the trees of the continent alike.

"Many years ago," says Professor Sargent, "when I first realized the difficulty of obtaining any true knowledge of the trees of this country, I formed the plan of writing a Silva which should contain an account of all the species that grow spontaneously in the forests of North America. The books which had been written on this subject related only to the trees of comparatively limited regions, and therefore presented no general or systematic view of the composition of our forests. Such works as existed were long out of date, too, and included none of the information collected by recent explorers and observers, and no account whatever of the trees discovered in late years west of the Mississippi River.

"Many of our trees have never been fully described. All that can be learned about them from books is contained in a few words of purely technical description of little value to the general reader; and these descriptions are widely scattered in American and foreign libraries beyond

the reach of the general reader. . . . Books, however, are only guides towards obtaining a knowledge of trees. To be understood they must be studied in the forest; and therefore, since the plan of writing this Silva was formed, I have examined the trees of America growing in their native homes from Canada to the banks of the Rio Grande and the mountains of Arizona, and from British Columbia to the islands of southern Florida. I have watched many of them in the gardens of this country and in those of Europe, and there are now hardly half a dozen of the trees which will be described in this work which I have not seen in a living state."

Through every forest of the country he leads you, and from the very first you feel you are following a sure guide with eyes seeing to the heart of things, overcoming difficulties with the ease of strength, clearing, explaining, composing, systematizing, pointing out every tree in a good steady light. And what a glorious multitude they are!

The masterly descriptions of the genera include an estimate of all the known species, with general views of the principal forests of the world. Thus in the description of Pinus we learn that about seventy species can now be distinguished.

"The genus is widely distributed through the northern hemisphere from the Arctic Circle to the West Indies and the highlands of Central America in the New World, and in the Old World to the Canary Islands, which are inhabited by one endemic species, northern Africa, Burma, and the Philippine Islands, where one species occurs, and to the mountains of the Indian Archipelago where a single species crosses the equator. The principal centres of distribution of Pinus are the western United States, where twenty-one species are recognized, the eastern United States, where thirteen species grow, and the highlands of Mexico, which are often covered with grand forests of Pine trees. Five species are found in the regions bordering the Mediterranean, and constitute great forests on the mountains of Central Europe and the plains of northern Europe and Asia. In southern Asia the genus is comparatively ill represented in number of species, although on some of the outer ranges of the Himalayas the forests are largely composed of Pine trees. It is widely distributed with a few species through eastern continental Asia, and Pine trees are common in all the elevated regions of Japan.

"Among the Pines of North America one species braves the arctic winter, and Pine trees are found at the timber line on all our high mountains, maintaining a foothold where no other tree can live; they bear uninjured the fiercest ocean gales, and flourish in the arid valleys of the interior, where neither cold nor drought is able to check their vigor.

"The type is an ancient one. Represented by a few species in the cretaceous flora of North America and Europe, it became abundant in the Miocene period, when at least one hundred species of Pines are believed to have existed.

"The most valuable timber trees of the genus are the eastern American *Pinus echinata*, the western American *Pinus Lambertiana*, *Pinus ponderosa*, and *Pinus monticola*, the tropical American *Pinus heterophylla*, *Pinus sylvestris* of northern Europe and Asia, *Pinus laricio* of southern Europe, the Himalayan *Pinus Nepalensis*, and the eastern Asiatic *Pinus Thunbergii* and *Pinus densiflora*. The seeds of several species are important articles of human food, the best being produced by the Nut Pines of western North America, by *Pinus Pinea* of the Mediterranean region, *Pinus Cembra* of Europe and Asia, and *Pinus Gerardiana* of northwestern India. Pine wool, a coarse fibre manufactured from the leaves of *Pinus laricio*, *Pinus sylvestris*, and other European species, is used to stuff mattresses and cushions, and, woven with animal wool, is made into hos-

pital and military blankets and into underclothing which is believed to possess valuable medicinal properties. In some of the countries of northern Europe the inner bark and branchlets of *Pinus sylvestris* are used to feed cattle and hogs, or in time of famine the bark serves as human food.

"*Pinus Thunbergii*, the Kura-matsu or Black Pine of Japan, inhabits northern China and Corea. In Japan it is extremely rare except in cultivation, if it ever grows naturally, but has been extensively planted, and appears as a tree frequently eighty feet in height, with a trunk three feet in diameter. . . . It is with this tree that the plantations on the sandy coast plains of Japan are chiefly made; it shades many of the principal highways of the country, and is used to cover arbors with its artificially elongated branches, or to hang over the sides of moated walls; it is to be seen in every garden . . . and by the Japanese is the most revered of all trees." And it is interesting in this connection, now that forestry is just beginning to be studied and practiced in our own country, to learn that "the planting of Pines and other conifers for the production of timber has been practiced in Japan for at least twelve hundred years, and the wood used in the empire is nearly all obtained from planted forests which cover sandy coast plains and other lands unfit for the production of agricultural crops.

"*Pinus Cembra* inhabits the mountains of Central Europe, where, mingled on the lower slopes with the upper Spruces and Firs, it ascends above the Mountain Pine and the Larch, and with Alders, Rhododendrons, and alpine Willows forms scattered groves along the timber line; . . . it is common in northern Russia and in Siberia, where it sometimes forms pure forests of great extent. . . . The seeds are used as food, and oil employed as food and for illuminating purposes is pressed from them in Europe.

"*Pinus Roxburghii* often forms open forests on the outer ranges of the Himalayas, where it is distributed from Afghanistan to Bhotan at elevations of from 1500 to 6000 feet above the sea. *Pinus Nepalensis*, the Himalayan representative of that group of five-leaved Pines of which the North American *Pinus Strobus* and *Pinus Lambertiana* are the best known members, inhabits mountain slopes from Afghanistan to Bhotan between elevations of 5000 and 12,500 feet above the sea, where it is scattered through forests of deciduous-leaved trees, or is mixed with other conifers, or sometimes covers considerable areas nearly to the exclusion of all other trees.

"*Pinus Gerardiana* has stout cones from six to nine inches in length, and cylindrical seeds an inch long. It inhabits the arid inner valleys of northwestern India, growing usually at altitudes varying from 5800 feet to 12,000 feet above the sea, often on dry, steep, rocky slopes; and, although gregarious, it does not generally form pure forests. The seeds are so valuable for food that the trees are rarely cut, and the hard, resinous, dark, yellow-brown wood is little used.

"*Pinus Pinaster*, usually called the Maritime Pine, is a tree sixty or seventy feet in height, with a stout and often more or less inclined or crooked trunk, covered with very deeply fissured dark bark, a dense, round-topped head, stout, rigid, dark green leaves in clusters of two, and from five to eight inches in length, and large, ovoid, cylindrical, lustrous, dark brown cones borne in whorls in close many-coned clusters. It inhabits sandy plains, generally near the coast in western and southern France, Spain, and Portugal, Corsica, Italy, Dalmatia, Greece, and Algeria, and has been largely planted to protect the shifting sands of the coast dunes, and to cover the Landes of southwestern France. These plantations, commenced by Bremontier in 1789, now extend over at least three hundred square miles, and stretch along the shore of the

Bay of Biscay from the Gironde to the Adour.

"The little round-topped *Pinus Halepensis* is distributed from Portugal and northern Africa to Syria, Arabia, and Asia Minor. On the Taurus it ascends to elevations of 3500 feet above the sea, and here, in Greece, on the rocky hills of Attica, on the shores of the Gulf of Lepanto, and on the islands of the Archipelago, and on the mountains of southern Spain, it forms great open forests."

The species are described in the same large, far-seeing way. Here are a few characteristic paragraphs from the eastern White Pine: —

"A tree usually growing under favorable conditions to a height of 250 feet, with a trunk six feet in diameter, and with long, stout, tapering, horizontal, durable roots, clothed with thick, gray bark covered by irregular, rectangular plate-like scales, and in old age often rising above the ground near the tree into low buttresses, and furnished with a few long, tough, pliable, wand-like rootlets. During its youth the branches of the White Pine are slender and horizontal, or slightly ascending, and are arranged in regular whorls, usually with five branches in a whorl, clothing the stem to the ground for many years, or until destroyed by the absence of light, and forming a broad, open, conical head. When the tree, uncrowded by others, enjoys an abundance of light and air, the lower branches often grow to a large size, the trunk remains short and becomes much thickened at the base, and the breadth of the picturesque open head often equals the height of the stem; but as the White Pine grows naturally in the forest, the lower branches die at the end of a few years, and the trunks grow tall and straight, bearing branches only near the top. When it is pressed upon by trees of equal height, the branches remain short and form a narrow head; but when the White Pine, which is the tallest inhabitant of the forests of northeastern America, rises above the surrounding trees, the lateral branches lengthen, sweep upward in long, graceful curves, the upper ones ascending, and form a broad, open, irregular head.

"The most valuable timber tree of northwestern America, *Pinus Strobus*, has played a conspicuous part in the material development of the United States and Canada. Great fleets of vessels and long railroads have been built to transport the lumber sawed from its mighty trunks; and men have grown rich by destroying it, building cities to supply the needs of their traffic, and seeing them languish as the forests disappear.

"Fifty years ago the pineries of Maine and Lower Canada, of northern New York, of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, contained stores of White Pine which were believed to be inexhaustible; but the best has already been cut, and the great trees which were once the pride of the northern forest no longer exist.

"The most beautiful Pine tree of eastern America; our silvan scenery owes the peculiar charm which distinguishes it from that of all other parts of the world to the wide-spreading, dark green crowns of the White Pine, raised on stately shafts high above the level of the forest roof, and breaking the monotony of its sky-line."

The following is one of the many interesting footnotes relating to this tree: —

"The Pine-Tree challengeth the next place, and that sort which is called Board-pine is the principal; it is a stately large Tree, very tall, and sometimes two or three fadom about: of the body the English make large Canows of 20 foot long, and two foot and a half over, hollowing of them with an Adds, and shaping of the outside like a Boat. Some conceive that the wood called Gopher in Scripture, of which Noah made the Ark, was no other than Pine, Gen. 6, 14. The bark thereof is good for Ulcers in tender persons that refuse sharp medicines. The inner

bark of young board-pine cut small and stampt and boiled in a Gallon of water is a very soveraign medicine for burn or scald, washing the sore with some of the decoction, and then laying on the bark stampt very soft: or for frozen limbs, to take out the fire and to heal them, take the bark of Board-pine-Tree, cut it small and stamp it and boil it in a gallon of water to Gelly, wash the sore with the liquor, stamp the bark again till it be very soft and bind it on. The Turpentine is excellent to heal wounds and cuts, and hath all the properties of Venice Turpentine, the Rosen is as good as Frankincense, and the power of the dryed leaves generateth flesh; the distilled water of the green Cones taketh away wrinkles in the face being laid on with Clothes." [1]

Like the White Pine, the famous Long-leaved Pine of the Southern states, towering in stately beauty above forests of Palmetto and Live Oak, is rapidly passing away. "Invaded from every direction by the axe, a prey to fires which weaken the mature trees, destroy tender saplings and young seedlings, and impoverish the soil, wasted by the pasturage of domestic animals, and destroyed for the doubtful profits of the turpentine industry, the forests of Long-leaved Pines, more valuable in their easy access than any other pine forests in the world, appear hopelessly doomed to lose their commercial importance at no distant day."

Of the grand *Pinus ponderosa* of the west side of the continent, the strongest and the second in size and nobleness of port of the world's Pines, Professor Sargent says: "Possessed of a constitution which enables it to endure great variations of climate and to flourish on the well-watered slopes of the California mountains, on torrid lava beds, in the dry interior valleys of the north, and on the sun-baked mesas of the south, and to push out boldly over the plains, where no other tree can exist, the advance guard of the Pacific forest, *Pinus ponderosa* is the most widely distributed tree of western North America. Exceeded in size by the Sugar Pine of the Sierra Nevada, it surpasses all its race in the majesty of its port and the splendor of its vitality; and, an emblem of strength, it appears as enduring as the rocks, above which it raises its noble shafts and stately crowns."

The following paragraphs are from the description of the glorious Sugar Pine, the King of all the Pines in the world: —

"A tree usually from 200 to 220 feet in height with a trunk six or eight or occasionally ten or twelve feet in diameter. During the first fifty years of its life the slender branches, arranged in remote regular whorls, frequently clothe the tapering stem to the ground and form an open pyramid; later some of the specialized branches near the top of the tree grow more rapidly than the others, and, becoming fruitful, bend with the weight of the great cones; and long before the tree has reached maturity many of the upper branches lengthen faster than the lower ones, which eventually die from absence of light, and the tall, massive trunk is surmounted with an open flat-topped crown, frequently sixty or seventy feet across, of comparatively slender branches sweeping outward and downward in graceful curves.

"The Sugar Pine, the noblest of its race, surpassing all other Pine-trees in girth and length of stem, tosses its mighty branches, bending under the weight of its long, graceful pointed cones, far above the silvan roof, and with its companion, the great Sequoia, glorifies those Sierra forests that surpass in majesty all forests of coniferous trees."

Among the copious footnotes, references, critical remarks, biographical sketches of the discoverers of genera and species, and of the tree-lovers for whom they were named, there is a great variety of curious and interesting informa-

[1] Josselyn, Account of Two Voyages to New England, p. 64.

tion drawn from early writings. Here is a note from Kalm's Travels which brings an old day back into light of magical vividness: —

"Crab-Trees are a species of wild apple-trees, which grow in the woods and glades, but especially on little hillocks, near rivers. In New Jersey the tree is rather scarce; but in Pennsylvania it is plentiful. Some people had planted a single tree of this kind near their farms, on account of the fine smells which its flowers afford. It had begun to open some of its flowers about a day or two ago; however, most of them were not yet open. They are exactly like the blossoms of the common apple-trees, except that the colour is a little more reddish in the Crab-trees; though some kinds of the cultivated trees have flowers which are very nearly as red; but the smell distinguishes them plainly; for the wild trees have a very pleasant smell, somewhat like the rasp-berry. The apples, or crabs, are small, sour, and unfit for anything but to make vinegar of. They lie under the trees all the winter, and acquire a yellow colour. They seldom begin to rot before spring comes on. The Crab-trees opened their flowers only yesterday and to-day; whereas, the cultivated apple-trees, which are brought from Europe, had already lost their flowers."

The strange and peculiar mode of growth of the Mangrove tree and the shell-fish which clustered on its stems attracted the attention of some of the earliest travelers who landed on the shores of the New World, and it is mentioned in many of their narratives.

"Store of oisters (grew) upon the branches of the trees, and were very salt and well tasted. All their oisters grow upon those boughs and spraies, and not on the ground." [1]

"The Mangrove is a tree of such note, as she must not be forgotten, for, though she be not of the tall and lusty sort of trees, yet she is of great extent; for there drops from her limbs a Kinde of Gum which hangs together one drop after anouther, til it touch the ground, and then takes root and makes an addition to the tree. So that if all these may be said to be one of the same tree, we may say that a Mangrove tree may very well hide a troop of Horse." [2]

Most readers will be surprised to learn how important a tree the Diospyros (Persimmon) is. About one hundred and sixty species are now known. "In Japan it is the universally cultivated fruit-tree; it is found in every garden and by every cottage, and in the early autumn, when the trees are covered with their lustrous leaves and brilliant fruit, they form the most striking feature of the rural landscape, and are not equaled in beauty by any fruit-tree of cold temperate climates."

In our own forests there are only two species.

"They have a plomb which they call pessemmins, like to a medler, in England, but of a deeper tawnie cullour; they grow on a most high tree. When they are not fully ripe, they are harsh and choakie, and furre in a man's mouth like allam, howbeit, being taken fully ripe, yt is a reasonable pleasant fruict, somewhat lushious. I have seene our people put them into their baked and sodden puddings; there be whose tast allowes them to be as pretious as the English apricock; I confesse it is a good kind of horse plomb." [3]

About six hundred species of Ficus (Fig trees) are known to botanists, two of which, *Ficus aurea* and *Ficus populnea*, are inhabitants of our tropical Florida forests: —

"What is probably the largest speci-

[1] Walter Raleigh, Discoverie of the Large Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana, Hakluyt, Voyages, ed. Evans, iv. p. 120.

[2] Richard Ligon, A true and exact History of the Island of Barbados, p. 72.

[3] The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, ed. Major, p. 118.

men of *Ficus aurea* in the United States grows on a wooded hummock, locally known as The Hunting-Ground, about ten miles west of the mouth of the Miami River and close to the shores of Bay Biscayne. This remarkable tree covers about a quarter of an acre of ground with its numerous distinct stems formed from roots developed from the branches of the original trunk, and its dense wide crown of foliage.

"The noble tree in front of the United States barracks on Key West, which is an object of interest to all visitors to the Island, is of this species."

Hicoria is peculiarly a North American genus; all the twelve species, except one in Mexico, are our own: —

"No other trees give greater dignity and character to the forests of eastern North America or surpass the Hickories in vigor and beauty of appearance."

"Hiccory Nuts have very hard Shells, but excellent sweet Kernels, with which, in a plentiful Year, the old Hogs, that can crack them, fatten themselves, and make excellent Pork. These Nuts are gotten, in great Quantities, by the Savages, and laid up for Stores, of which they make several Dishes and Banquets. One of these I cannot forbear mentioning; it is this: They take these Nuts, and break them very small betwixt two Stones, till the Shells and Kernels are indifferent small; And this Powder you are presented withal in their Cabins, in little wooden Dishes; the Kernel dissolves in your Mouth, and the Shell is spit out. This tastes as well as any Almond. Another Dish is the Soup which they make of these Nuts, beaten, and put into Venison-Broth, which dissolves the Nut, and thickens, whilst the Shell precipitates, and remains at the bottom. This Broth tastes very rich." [1]

"I have seen above an hundred bushels of these nuts belonging to one family." [2]

The Oak volume, filled from beginning to end with the tough all-enduring race, is the largest of the fourteen, and in it the author is seen at his best.

Nearly three hundred species of Oak have been described, fifty-two of which dwell in our own forests.

Of his favorite White Oak Professor Sargent says: "The great size that it attains in good soil, its vigor, longevity, and stately habit, the tender tints of its vernal leaves when the sunlight plays among them, the cheerfulness of its lustrous summer green and the splendor of its autumnal colors, make the White Oak one of the noblest and most beautiful trees of the American forest; and some of the venerable broad-branched individuals growing on the hills of New England and of the Middle States realize, more than any other American tree, that ideal of strength and durability of which the Oak has been the symbol in all ages and throughout all civilized countries."

The great White Oak groves of the Central Valley of California surpass all other Oak woods of the world in wide, serene, romantic beauty: —

"Since the eyes of the white man first looked upon these natural parks, which surpassed in grandeur of broad effect and in the dignity of their graceful trees all the creations of the landscape gardener's art, fields of wheat have replaced the wild grasses which covered their open glades, and many of their noblest trees have been sacrificed to satisfy the demands of civilization. No other region in North America, however, presents today anything that compares with their park-like beauty, the nobility of their individual trees, or the charm of the long vistas stretching beneath them."

"Quercus in its different species is known to afford support to a much larger number of insects than any other genus of trees whose insect enemies have been studied, . . . Packard enumerates about four hundred and fifty identified species

[1] Lawson, History of Carolina, p. 98.

[2] William Bartram, Travels in North America, p. 38.

as living upon Oak-trees in North America exclusive of those found in their decayed wood." Magnificent pasturage for large flocks and herds of very small cattle!

"The American Beech, with its noble habit, its smooth, pale, bluish gray bark and its cheerful foliage, is one of the most beautiful inhabitants of the forests of eastern North America. It is delightful in early spring when the lengthening buds display the closely folded leaves between their delicate, lustrous, brightly tinted scales, and when, a few days later, it is covered with graceful drooping clusters of staminate flowers. The tender green of its vernal leaves enlivens the forest when the Oaks and Hickories are but just beginning to awaken from their winter slumbers; and the contrasts of light and shade, as the sun plays through its wide-spreading branches, increase its beauty when it is clothed with the deep green foliage of summer or with its brilliant yellow autumnal garment. But it is in winter, when the color of its bark is brightest, when the structure of its head is plainly seen, and the fine spray of its slender shining branchlets is thrown into clear relief against the sky, that the Beech displays its greatest beauty; and then the charm of this tree is unsurpassed by that of any other inhabitant of the forest or the park."

The following is from Gerard's celebrated Herball: "The kernels or mast within are reported to ease the paine of the kidneies proceeding of the stone if they be eaten, and to cause the grauell and sand the easier to come foorth: with these, mice and squirrels be greatly delighted, who do mightily increase by feeding thereon; swine also be fattened herewith, and certaine other beasts: also deere do feede thereon very greedily. They be likewise pleasant to thrushes and pigeons."

Fagus betuloides "forms the prevailing feature of the scenery of Tierra del Fuego, especially in winter-time, from having persistent evergreen leaves, and from its upper limit being sharply defined and contrasting with the dazzling snow that covers the matted but naked branches of *Fagus antarctica*, which immediately succeeds it." [1]

"The glory of the maritime forests of the south, and one of the most valuable and interesting trees of the continent, the Bald Cypress, with its tall massive trunk rising high above waters darkened by the shadows of its great crown draped in streamers of the gray Tillandsia, is an object at once magnificent and mournful."

"The *Cupressus disticha* (Bald Cypress) stands in the first order of North American trees. Its majestic stature is surprising, and on approaching them, we are struck with a kind of awe at beholding the stateliness of the trunk, lifting its cumbrous top towards the skies, and casting a wide shade upon the ground, as a dark intervening cloud, which, for a time, precludes the rays of the sun. The delicacy of its color, and texture of its leaves, exceed everything in vegetation." [2]

The biographical sketches, of which there are about one hundred and fifty, form an attractive feature of the book, both to roving methodless readers and to students, bringing to view so many joyful old nature-lovers wandering alone through the vast wild woods, men whose names shine like crystals on mountains, — Bartram, Catesby, Kalm, Michaux, Menzies, Mackenzie, Raffinesque, Nuttall, David Douglas, and many a later worthy, dear to the hearts of tree-lovers and trees, blessed Torrey and Gray, Mohr, Engelmann, Parry, Kellogg, etc., who spent their lives studying our plants and helping Nature to scatter them abroad.

[1] Hooker f. Fl. Antarct. ii. p. 345. See, also, P. Parker King, Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of His Majesty's Ships Adventure and Beagle, i. pp. 22, 37.

[2] W. Bartram, Travels, p. 88.

With fullness of knowledge the leafy story goes on from section to section, from volume to volume, in easy, orderly development. The descriptions of the species are so full and clear, he must be a careless reader who fails to see the trees through them standing before him in the flesh, alive and communicative. They always begin with a sketch of a representative tree in its prime, showing its height, size of trunk, habit, how it wears its branches, etc. Then the distinguishing characters are described, — the bark, winter buds, branchlets, leaves, flowers, fruit. All these are given in the first paragraph and in the same sequence, so that one knows exactly where to look for them. In the second the geographical distribution of the species is pointed out, the places where it grows in greatest vigor and abundance, the forests it makes, its companions, and how they are associated, etc.

In the third the wood is described, its color, weight, strength, durability, uses, etc. In the fourth what is known of the history of the tree is given, when and by whom it was first discovered or cultivated, its distribution by the agency of man, its value for shade and ornament, timber, fruit, etc.

The closing paragraph consists usually of a general appreciation of the tree, with remarks on its name, homes, etc. Here, for example, is the last paragraph of the description of the Engelmann Spruce (*Picea Engelmanni*): —

"In its specific name, this tree, the fairest of its race, braving the fiercest mountain blasts, the fiery rays of the southern sun, and the Arctic cold of the northern winter, with tall and massive shafts brilliant in color, and graceful, spire-like crowns of soft foliage of tenderest hue, keeps green on a thousand mountain-tops the memory of a good and wise man."

Each species is thus displayed at home and described to the life, whole trees as our fellow inhabitants of the world, and whole forests instead of fragmentary herbarium specimens, standing out in bold relief, scarce at all obscured either by rhetoric or technical terms, while the great wealth of footnotes is like varied and picturesque underbrush.

The author, too, is seen hard at work, able, indomitable, studiously calm, abstaining from fine writing or display of any sort not essential to the matter in hand, concealing emotion even in the midst of the Indian summer glory when the whole face of the country is aglow with divine enthusiasm. Therefore we get only hints and glimpses of his warm poetic imagination in bright lines which glow here and there in his massive prose like the first spots and patches of autumn-colored leaves in the general summer verdure. Most readers will probably feel that in thus hiding his heart he has in some measure diminished the inspiring value of his book. To those unable to read between the lines some of the descriptions may seem formal and monotonous where the color naturally belonging to them would have made them shine. Had the bright lines outside of the technical parts been doubled or trebled, they could have done no harm any more than light and flowers on mountains, or on the trees themselves.

The author's energizing enthusiasm burning out of sight beneath the cool dignity he wears is well known to his friends, and often brings to mind a hot-hearted volcanic mountain clad with snow.

But "for a' that and a' that," style and methods are quickly lost to view, and, forgetting that we are reading a book, the trees themselves seem to be speaking, saying, "See how tall and beautiful we are, how strong our branches, how leafy and flowery and fruitful. With cooling shadows we guard the fountains, and to all comers spread tents and food," each in turn telling its wonderful story.

In the very beginning we are charmed away into the glorious forests of the

Alleghanies, among the Magnolias, large trees with great, creamy white, fragrant flowers, a foot wide some of them, and with leaves more than two feet long, growing with a host of noble companions where the stream-banks and openings are embossed with Rhododendrons, and Kalmia becomes a tree fifty feet high, laden with rich purple flowers. We see the Palms and Pines and Oaks of the South assembled together, forming forests above forests; the giant Sequoias and Pines, silvery Spruces and Firs in glorious array on the mountains of the West; Oaks in the valleys and on the hills rejoicing in their strength; and Poplars and Willows waving and fluttering in lithe, graceful beauty beside lakes and streams from sea to sea.

There is so much large scenery in the book, such strength and steadiness in its broad sweeping currents, however cool at times they may seem, that we are borne smoothly along, hardly realizing that we are not actually out of doors in the woods, traveling unwearied, free as the winds. We fancy we feel the weather, hear the wind in the trees, see them budding and blooming and ripening their fruit, enjoy their fragrance and the light on their leaves and bark, smell the peaty reek of tamarack and cedar swamps, and the balsam of resiny evergreens. Passing from climate to climate enchanted, we are now on sun-baked deserts, now far north on ground ever frozen, now wandering in sunless forests, pushing our way through dense tangled underbrush, vainly trying to find an opening where we can look up and see the trees in full proportion; now climbing an eastern hill overlooking Oaks and Elms, Maples and Hickories, with round bossy heads modeled like cumulous clouds packed together in glorious colors, swelling and dimpling and fading around the horizon. Anon we are on a lofty peak of the Rockies, contemplating a boundless sea of dark conifers innumerable as grass panicles in a meadow, every spire pointing true to the zenith as if thinking only of the heavens. Turning a page or two, we are in the natural landscape gardens of Dakota, sauntering through sunny flower-painted spaces among Spruces and Yellow Pines; or on the rim of a crater in Arizona, overlooking strange black dwarf woods of Nut Pine and Cedar, or groves of lily-flowered Yucca and Cactus trees.

In another volume we are among the giant trees of the Pacific, wading through tall ferns and Rhododendrons and Ceanothus chaparral beneath the Redwoods, wandering among the colossal brown pillars of the Sierra Sequoia, Libocedrus, and Sugar Pine, or far up the gray summit ridges and peaks, walking over the tops of Dwarf Pines beside the glaciers.

Of all the nature-books I have ever read, the Silva is the largest and best, everywhere breathing the peace of the wilderness, restful, yet inciting to action, infinitely suggestive and picturesque. How magical is the stillness of its deep lonely woods, how sublime its landscapes, and how wonderful the contrasts displayed to awaken imagination! What sylvan scenery, for example, can be more impressive than the billowy Appalachian forests so often described in these pages, stretching away in boundless exuberance of varied leaf and flower and color; limb meeting limb, overarching, embowering a thousand broad ridges and hills and streams; compared with forests of *Cereus giganteus*, blooming in the tremulous haze of hot deserts, the strange trees but little more than fluted cylindrical trunks, leafless, and almost branchless and motionless, standing apart on bare sun-beaten ground like architectural columns crowned with flowers; or the dark majestic forests of the West compared with those of the North, whose hardy Poplars and Spruces, dwarfing and straggling, push bravely on and on into the frozen realms of silence and mystery.

Think of a forest of Tree-lilies in bloom, not another tree in sight over all the wide desert, the whole top of each tree a

snowy mass of lilies in superb panicles, the trunks so large they are sometimes sawed into lumber! And think of the still stranger forests and timber of *Cereus giganteus!* Who can read of such trees without longing to see them, or of the kingly Sequoias, venerable aborigines carrying the greatest load of years of all living things, Sugar Pine tasseled with cones nearly two feet long, the Silver Fir and Mountain Hemlock in flower and fruit, Douglas Spruce and the giant Arbor Vitæ waving their plumes in the balmy winds of the Pacific, the noble Menzies Arbutus blooming in garden spots beside them, alive with happy, humming, fluttering, feasting insects, — a bee, or butterfly, for every white waxen bell!

And how many other glorious trees come to mind, — the grand Larch of Wyoming and Montana, the Florida Banian Tree and Tillandsia-draped Live Oak, Oxydendrum, Taxodium, Liriodendron, Magnolia, Sassafras, Gordonia, Silver Bell Tree, etc., etc. How one's heart beats and eyes brighten but to read their names, and how fast, as we turn the telling pages, they seem to come crowding about us, bowing, waving, shimmering, showering down pollen and petals and fruit, — all the mighty host, rank beyond rank in glorious array, as clearly defined as Pines in rows along snow-laden ridges beheld against a white sky!

And so we might go on wondering, admiring, describing, until this review reached the size of the Silva itself. Let every one read the book, travel, and see for himself, and, while fire and the axe still threaten destruction, make haste to come to the help of these trees, our country's pride and glory.

John Muir.

VOICES OF RAIN.

I.

REST.

THE mountain world is very still to-day,
Shadowed, and hushed, and gray.

All yesterday a mad wind shrieking past
Harried the cañon's silence old and vast,
Lashing the yellow grass in billows deep
Against the parching steep.
Hot glare of sunlight smote the walls that stand
Purple with pines heaven-high on either hand,
Hot glare of sunlight to the splendid blue
Where driven cloud-fleets flew.
Black cedars goaded clung against the edge
Of yonder granite ledge,
And far below where white-chafed waters run
The stinging gravel spun,
Whirled in the gusts that snapped the alder's crest,
And crushed the willows cowering to the west.
But with the night came cloud, and rain, and rest.

Hushed in the peace that held the whole world fast
Morning drew near at last,
With gray soft mist flung close on scaur and steep
Above the forest's sleep;
And murmur of a million rain-chords blent
In rhythms of content.
The air is sharp with fragrance strong as wine
From steeping sod and pine,
And yonder where the willow branches sway
A meadow-lark among their green and gray
Watches the clouds, and questions of the day.

There is a little grove beside the hill
Where aspens shake and thrill,
With silver stems beneath their glimmering green
Against the pines' dark screen.
And all day long the rain unceasing weaves
Ripples of light among their tremulous leaves,
And all day long the moss against their feet,
Tufted, and starred, and sweet,
Flashes in flickering splendor with the crown
Of diamond drops swept down.

Through pillared arches of the forest aisles,
Sacred untrodden miles,
The voiceless throngs in this God's temple dim
Bow to the rain's soft hymn;
Walls on whose pile nor axe nor hammer wrought
The Master-builder's thought,
Unchiseled font and granite altar stair
Wait on the wordless prayer.
And overhead against a brooding sky
The priestly pine trees high
With lifted hands invoke on vale and crest
Infinitudes of rest.

II.

CONSOLATION.

Out of the hard-fought years,
Out of the aching grief, the want unfed,
An answer to thy tears
Wakes in the midnight by thy sleepless bed.
An answer very low,
Murmured in muffled cadence, hushed and slow,
Reiterant rhythms still
Rising and falling, soft on roof and sill.
Out of the losing strife,
Out of the desert where old worlds lie dead,
An answer to thy life
Stirs in the starless midnight by thy bed.

Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?
Plenteous and merciful the long showers pour
On parching fields where dust and drouth were sore;
Yet will thine eyes watch out the night again?
Peace on the shadowed hills and sky is deep;
Shall not thine heart be comforted with sleep
As earth is comforted and lulled of pain?
Before thy prayer the heavens are brazen still,
Nor yet to cool thy thirst the fountains fill.
Nevertheless His word shall not be vain.
What hope had earth, gasping at yesternoon?
What hope hast thou, whose comfort shall be soon?
Are ye not in His hands for bliss or bane?
To-morrow, where the upland fields lay black,
Thou shalt go forth and look on life come back;
Harvest shall follow seedtime yet again.
To-morrow, where thy heart lay withering,
Fountains of love before His feet shall spring;
Peace shall repay thee sevenfold for pain.
Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?

Mabel Earle.

THE LAST ANTELOPE.

THERE were seven notches in the juniper by the Lone Tree Spring for the seven seasons that Little Pete had summered there, feeding his flocks in the hollow of the Ceriso. The first time of coming he had struck his axe into the trunk meaning to make firewood, but thought better of it, and thereafter chipped it in sheer friendliness, as one claps an old acquaintance, for by the time the flock has worked up the treeless windy stretch from the Little Antelope to the Ceriso, even a lone juniper has a friendly look. And Little Pete was a friendly man, though shy of demeanor, so that with the best will in the world for wagging his tongue, he could scarcely pass the time of day with good countenance; the soul of a jolly companion with the front and bearing of one of his own sheep.

He loved his dogs as brothers; he was near akin to the wild things; he communed with the huddled hills, and held intercourse with the stars, saying things to them in his heart that his tongue stumbled over and refused. He knew his sheep by name, and had respect to signs and seasons; his lips moved softly as he walked, making no sound. Well — what would you? a man must have fellowship in some sort.

Whoso goes a-shepherding in the desert hills comes to be at one with his companions, growing brutish or converting them. Little Pete humanized his sheep. He perceived lovable qualities in them, and differentiated the natures and dispositions of inanimate things.

Not much of this presented itself on slight acquaintance, for in fact he looked to be of rather less account than his own dogs. He was undersized and hairy, and had a roving eye; probably he washed once a year at the shearing as the sheep were washed. About his

body he wore a twist of sheepskin with the wool outward, holding in place the tatters of his clothing. On hot days when he wreathed leaves about his head, and wove him a pent of twigs among the scrub in the middle of his flock, he looked a faun or some wood creature come out of pagan times, though no pagan, as was clearly shown by the medal of the Sacred Heart that hung on his hairy chest, worn open to all weathers. Where he went about sheep camps and shearings, there was sly laughter and tapping of foreheads, but those who kept the tale of his flocks spoke well of him and increased his wage.

Little Pete kept to the same round year by year, breaking away from La Liebre after the spring shearing, south around the foot of Piños, swinging out to the desert in the wake of the quick, strong rains, thence to Little Antelope in July to drink a bottle for *La Quatorze*, and so to the Ceriso by the time the poppy fires were burned quite out and the quail trooped at noon about the tepid pools. The Ceriso is not properly mesa nor valley, but a long healed crater miles wide, rimmed about with the jagged edge of the old cone.

It rises steeply from the tilted mesa, overlooked by Black Mountain, darkly red as the red cattle that graze among the honey-colored hills. These are blunt and rounded, tumbling all down from the great crater and the mesa edge toward the long, dim valley of Little Antelope. Its outward slope is confused with the outlines of the hills, tumuli of blind cones, and the old lava flow that breaks away from it by the west gap and the ravine of the spring; within, its walls are deeply guttered by the torrent of winter rains.

In its cuplike hollow, the sink of its waters, salt and bitter as all pools without an outlet, waxes and wanes within a wide margin of bleaching reeds. Nothing taller shows in all the Ceriso, and the wind among them fills all the hollow with an eerie whispering. One spring rills down by the gorge of an old flow on the side toward Little Antelope, and, but for the lone juniper that stood by it, there is never a tree until you come to the foot of Black Mountain.

The flock of Little Pete, a maverick strayed from some rodeo, a prospector going up to Black Mountain, and a solitary antelope were all that passed through the Ceriso at any time. The antelope had the best right. He came as of old habit; he had come when the lightfoot herds ranged from here to the sweet, mist-watered cañons of the Coast Range, and the bucks went up to the windy mesas what time the young ran with their mothers, nose to flank. They had ceased before the keen edge of slaughter that defines the frontier of men.

All that a tardy law had saved to the district of Little Antelope was the buck that came up the ravine of the Lone Tree Spring at the set time of the year when Little Pete fed his flock in the Ceriso, and Pete averred that they were glad to see one another. True enough they were each the friendliest thing the other found there, for though the law ran as far as the antelope ranged, there were hill dwellers who took no account of it, namely, the coyotes. They hunted the buck in season and out, bayed him down from the feeding grounds, fended him from the pool, pursued him by relay races, ambushed him in the pitfalls of the black rock.

There were seven coyotes ranging the east side of the Ceriso at the time when Little Pete first struck his axe into the juniper tree, slinking, sly-footed, and evil-eyed. Many an evening the shepherd watched them running lightly in the hollow of the crater, the flash-flash of the antelope's white rump signaling the progress of the chase. But always the buck outran or outwitted them, taking to the high broken ridges where no split foot could follow his seven-leagued bounds. Many a morning Little Pete, tending his cooking pot by a quavering

sagebrush fire, saw the antelope feeding down toward the Lone Tree Spring, and looked his sentiments. The coyotes had spoken theirs all in the night with derisive voices; never was there any love lost between a shepherd and a coyote. The pronghorn's chief recommendation to an acquaintance was that he could outdo them.

After the third summer, Pete began to perceive a reciprocal friendliness in the antelope. Early mornings the shepherd saw him rising from his lair, or came often upon the warm pressed hollow where he had lain within cry of his coyote-scaring fire. When it was midday in the misty hollow and the shadows drawn close, stuck tight under the juniper and the sage, they went each to his nooning in his own fashion, but in the half light they drew near together.

Since the beginning of the law the antelope had half forgotten his fear of man. He looked upon the shepherd with steadfastness, he smelled the smell of his garments which was the smell of sheep and the unhandled earth, and the smell of wood smoke was in his hair. They had companionship without speech; they conferred favors silently after the manner of those who understand one another. The antelope led to the best feeding grounds, and Pete kept the sheep from muddying the spring until the buck had drunk. When the coyotes skulked in the scrub by night to deride him, the shepherd mocked them in their own tongue, and promised them the best of his lambs for the killing; but to hear afar off their hunting howl stirred him out of sleep to curse with great heartiness. At such times he thought of the antelope and wished him well.

Beginning with the west gap opposite the Lone Tree Spring about the first of August, Pete would feed all around the broken rim of the crater, up the gullies and down, and clean through the hollow of it in a matter of two months, or if the winter had been a wet one, a little longer, and in seven years the man and the antelope grew to know each other very well. Where the flock fed the buck fed, keeping farthest from the dogs, and at last he came to lie down with it.

That was after a season of scant rains, when the feed was poor and the antelope's flank grew thin; the rabbits had trooped down to the irrigated lands, and the coyotes, made more keen by hunger, pressed him hard. One of those smoky, yawning days when the sky hugged the earth, and all sound fell back from a woolly atmosphere and broke dully in the scrub, about the usual hour of their running between twilight and mid-afternoon, the coyotes drove the tall buck, winded, desperate, and foredone, to refuge among the silly sheep, where for fear of the dogs and the man the howlers dared not come. He stood at bay there, fronting the shepherd, brought up against a crisis greatly needing the help of speech.

Well — he had nearly as much gift in that matter as Little Pete. Those two silent ones understood each other; some assurance, the warrant of a free given faith, passed between them. The buck lowered his head and eased the sharp throbbing of his ribs; the dogs drew in the scattered flocks; they moved, keeping a little cleared space nearest the buck; he moved with them; he began to feed. Thereafter the heart of Little Pete warmed humanly toward the antelope, and the coyotes began to be very personal in their abuse. That same night they drew off the shepherd's dogs by a ruse and stole two of his lambs.

The same seasons that made the friendliness of the antelope and Little Pete wore the face of the shepherd into a keener likeness to the weathered hills, and the juniper flourishing greenly by the spring bade fair to outlast them both. The line of ploughed lands stretched out mile by mile from the lower valley, and a solitary homesteader built him a cabin at the foot of the Ceriso.

In seven years a coyote may learn

somewhat; those of the Ceriso learned the ways of Little Pete and the antelope. Trust them to have noted, as the years moved, that the buck's flanks were lean and his step less free. Put it that the antelope was old, and that he made truce with the shepherd to hide the failing of his powers; then if he came earlier or stayed later than the flock, it would go hard with him. But as if he knew their mind in the matter, the antelope delayed his coming until the salt pool shrunk to its innermost ring of reeds, and the sun-cured grasses crisped along the slope. It seemed the brute sense waked between him and the man to make each aware of the other's nearness. Often as Little Pete drove in by the west gap he would sight the prongs of the buck rising over the barrier of black rocks at the head of the ravine. Together they passed out of the crater, keeping fellowship as far as the frontier of evergreen oaks. Here Little Pete turned in by the cattle fences to come at La Liebre from the north, and the antelope, avoiding all man-trails, growing daily more remote, passed into the wooded hills on unguessed errands of his own.

Twice the homesteader saw the antelope go up to the Ceriso at that set time of the year. The third summer when he sighted him, a whitish speck moving steadily against the fawn-colored background of the hills, the homesteader took down his rifle and made haste into the crater. At that time his cabin stood on the remotest edge of settlement, and the grip of the law was loosened in so long a reach.

"In the end the coyotes will get him. Better that he fall to me," said the homesteader. But, in fact, he was prompted by the love of mastery, which for the most part moves men into new lands, whose creatures they conceive given over into their hands.

The coyote that kept the watch at the head of the ravine saw him come, and lifted up his voice in the long-drawn dolorous whine that warned the other watchers in their unseen stations in the scrub. The homesteader heard also, and let a curse softly under his breath, for besides that they might scare his quarry, he coveted the howler's ears, in which the law upheld him. Never a tip nor a tail of one showed above the sage when he had come up into the Ceriso.

The afternoon wore on; the homesteader hid in the reeds, and the coyotes had forgotten him. Away to the left in a windless blur of dust the sheep of Little Pete trailed up toward the crater's rim. The leader, watching by the spring, caught a jack rabbit and was eating it quietly behind the black rock.

In the meantime the last antelope came lightly and securely, by the gully, by the black rock and the lone juniper into the Ceriso. The friendliness of the antelope for Little Pete betrayed him. He came with some sense of home, expecting the flock and protection of man-presence. He strayed witlessly into the open, his ears set to catch the jangle of the bells. What he heard was the snick of the breech bolt as the homesteader threw up the sight of his rifle, and a small demoniac cry that ran from gutter to gutter of the crater rim, impossible to gauge for numbers or distance.

At that moment Little Pete worried the flock up the outward slope where the ruin of the old lava flows gave sharply back the wrangle of the bells. Three weeks he had won up from the Little Antelope, and three by way of the Sand Flat, where there was great scarcity of water, and in all that time none of his kind had hailed him. His heart warmed toward the juniper tree and the antelope whose hoof-prints he found in the white dust of the mesa trail. Men had small respect by Little Pete, women he had no time for: the antelope was the noblest thing he had ever loved. The sheep poured through the gap and spread fan-wise down the gully; behind them Little Pete twirled his staff, and made merry wordless noises in his throat in anticipation of friendliness. "Ehu!" he

cried when he heard the hunting howl, "but they are at their tricks again," and then in English he voiced a volley of broken, inconsequential oaths, for he saw what the howlers were about.

One imputes a sixth sense to that son of a thief misnamed the coyote, to make up for speech, persuasion, concerted movement, in short, the human faculty. How else do they manage the terrible relay races by which they make quarry of the fleetest footed? It was so they plotted the antelope's last running in the Ceriso: two to start the chase from the black rock toward the red scar of a winter torrent, two to leave the mouth of the wash when the first were winded, one to fend the ravine that led up to the broken ridges, one to start out of the scrub at the base of a smooth upward sweep, and, running parallel to it, keep the buck well into the open; all these when their first spurt was done to cross leisurely to new stations to take up another turn. Round they went in the hollow of the crater, velvet-footed and sly even in full chase, and biding their time. It was a good running, but it was almost done when away by the west gap the buck heard the voice of Little Pete raised in adjuration and the friendly blether of the sheep. Thin spirals of dust flared upward from the moving flocks and signaled truce to chase. He broke for it with wide panting bounds and many a missed step picked up with incredible eagerness, the thin rim of his nostrils oozing blood. The coyotes saw and closed in about him, chopping quick and hard. Sharp ears and sharp muzzles cast up at his throat, and were whelmed in a press of gray flanks. One yelped, one went limping from a kick, and one went past him, returning with a spring upon the heaving shoulder, and the man in the reeds beside the bitter water rose up and fired.

All the luck of that day's hunting went to the homesteader, for he had killed an antelope and a coyote with one shot, and though he had a bad quarter of an hour with a wild and loathly shepherd, who he feared might denounce him to the law, in the end he made off with the last antelope, swung limp and graceless across his shoulder. The coyotes came back to the killing ground when they had watched him safely down the ravine, and were consoled with what they found. As they pulled the body of the dead leader about before they began upon it, they noticed that the homesteader had taken the ears of that also.

Little Pete lay in the grass and wept simply; the tears made pallid traces in the season's grime. He suffered the torture, the question extraordinary of bereavement. If he had not lingered so long in the meadow of Los Robles, if he had moved faster on the Sand Flat trail, — but, in fact, he had come up against the inevitable. He had been breathed upon by that spirit which goes before cities like an exhalation and dries up the gossamer and the dew.

From that day the heart had gone out of the Ceriso. It was a desolate hollow, reddish-hued and dim, with brackish waters, and moreover the feed was poor. His eyes could not forget their trick of roving the valley at all hours; he looked by the rill of the spring for hoof-prints that were not there.

Fronting the west gap there was a spot where he would not feed, where the grass stood up stiff and black with what had dried upon it. He kept the flocks to the ridgy slopes where the limited horizon permitted one to believe the crater was not quite empty. His heart shook in the night to hear the long-drawn hunting howl, and shook again remembering that he had nothing to be fearing for. After three weeks he passed out on the other side and came that way no more. The juniper tree stood greenly by the spring until the homesteader cut it down for firewood. Nothing taller than the rattling reeds stirs in all the hollow of the Ceriso.

Mary Austin.

LIFE AT A MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY.

Travelers entering the Santa Clara Valley at the foot of San Francisco Bay in California may see from their car windows, on one of the peaks of the Monte Diablo Range to the east, the faint white domes of a famous observatory. There stands the great telescope erected by the will of James Lick, once the most powerful, and still the most effective in the world, his unique tomb and title to immortality in the regard of men.

Forty miles in from the sea, protected from its direct winds by the farther Santa Cruz hills, and lifted above its prevailing fogs, Mount Hamilton has proved the wisdom of its choice as an outpost on the world's frontier. It is rendered accessible from the town of San José by one of the finest mountain roads in America, twenty-eight miles of winding even grade through scenery at all times beautiful, from the orchards and vineyards of the foothills to the barren steeps of the Mountain itself. From the summit sweeps a view that is unsurpassed: the pale white haze of the sea over Monterey; the flashing Point Reyes Light on the headlands far beyond San Francisco; the first white peaks at the Lassen Buttes two hundred miles to the north; thence the magnificent Sierras, circling the east and dipping lower and lower till they meet the cross ranges by Tehachapi in the far southeast, an unbroken arc of perpetual snow exceeding the distance from Boston to Baltimore, and equaling that between Philadelphia and Cleveland.

But it is the equable climate of mid-California that has justified this Mountain's distinction as the site of a great observatory. Lifting far enough above the populous valleys to escape their dust and smoke, it yet avoids the rigors of greater altitudes and their varying extremes. Over it domes a sky like Italy's, sparing of rain, prodigal of sun, where by night's magic heights of blue grow depths of blackness, and, reach beyond reach, the far stars shine that we cannot number. This untroubled atmosphere has kept the Lick telescope, no longer the largest in the world, still king in its realm, and has drawn to the wilderness a group of men who count the heavens a recompense for the loss of the world, men who are willing to give their lives to the working out of problems that may take a lifetime to solve. For discoveries of sudden or startling facts and phenomena, in which the Lick Observatory has had its share, are usually incidental, things picked up by the way in the prosecution of long inquiries such as only observatories of pure research may undertake. The patient saving of detail, the persistent following of uncertain clues, the applying of mathematical tests, the interpreting of mathematical prophecy, the handling of machinery, the designing of delicate instruments, and the making and the care of them, — all these things make up the astronomer's workaday life, but are hardly guessed by the visitor who is entertained of a Saturday night with a surface view of results and by a look at the stars through the telescopes that James Lick willed should be free to all.

Now and again this visitor, turning from the domes and instruments, craves to know of the human side of life in so remote a community. He counts the half-dozen astronomers and assistants, the three or four fellows just out of the universities, the instrument-makers, machinists, and workmen, the few families that stand for what there is of social life, — thirty adults, perhaps, with a little colony of children, — summing in all less than half a hundred: not a man but is concerned in the service of the Observatory; not a house, not an

implement but is owned by the state. No civic or social machinery, no doctor, no church, no club, — my tourist, looking at the wide skies and the lonely hills, says blankly, "What *do* you do up here?" And my friend — there is no doubt of it — hides pity in his voice as he looks from my broad windows and talks of the things I love in the world. And my butcher boy, when I go to town, commiserates me openly, and my grocer sighs and shakes his head. All this amazed me when first I ran upon it! They do not know how we shut our eyes when we come down from the clean wilderness and ride in over the backyards of their cities; they little think how we choke with the disintegrated refuse that floats in their air; they do not guess how the commonplace streets pall upon one from the heights. Here the air we breathe is undefiled, the water we drink is crystal pure; here is no one aged or poor or sick; here each man does what he most would do, and money is not the goal: these are conditions unique, to be read of in philosophers' dreams.

And when asked what I do up here, being not an astronomer, and when pitied for my loneliness, I look at my Mountain's white domes and clustered dwellings; I count her peaks of famous names, — Huyghens, Kepler, Copernicus, Ptolemy; I think of her hidden cañons, her bird-songs, her gentle wild things, and of many a fern bank and moss-deep glen that has told its tale to me: resources, these, they do not guess, nor can they understand.

For the visitor sees the Mountain in one mood; for him she puts on her summer veil, her winter mask, or a radiant gown at her whim: to us she shows a thousand moods; nor in a year, nor in many years, may we compass her variety. I boast I will know my Wilderness; with one rock of lichens she baffles me. I mount my pony and make the circle of the hills; when I go back they are not the same. For sun and cloud work their ceaseless witchery, and Nature holds the charm of change in changelessness that is like the fascination of personality. California valleys are one of two things, sun-steeped and still, or incredibly chill under depths of fog. The Mountain may be all things in a day: tempest-swept, lost to sun, to stars, to earth itself, till it breaks into sudden visions of color, light, and vastness, revealing cloud-framed bits of emerald valleys, or of purple peaks, or of steely Bay turned crimson under the setting sun; or wreathing itself in whiteness to stand like a pale nun before the morning.

Dearest of all are the wild ways, and best of all are the wild days. It is one of the mysteries that humanity houses itself when it rains. Never is the smell of outdoors so sweet, never are colors so fine as in wet air. You know not what stuff is in you till you have battled with a tempest. You have never guessed Nature's tenderness till you have felt dropping rain on your face. You have never learned her ineffable peace till you have stood in the wilderness in the encompassing silence of falling snow. Then the wild things lose their fear. "Little things with lovely eyes" look out of the copses and make no move to run away; furry rabbits stop in your path, and golden-crowned sparrows hop about in the pouring rain, and with much bobbing of bright heads elect you to their stout-hearted company.

These are times when I forget I am of the conventional, and have a strenuous creed of golf and tennis to live up to on other days. Yet when the sun shines, down we shall plunge to the foxy links that lure us with high hopes and send us back without them. It is meet that sometimes we should toil; therefore were the Mount Hamilton Links invented and devised. They have furnished exercise for all the men of the staff for five years, — exercise with hoe and scuffle and rake and roller, and still the untamed ground-squirrel collects our balls into the depths of the earth;

still does the heaven-kissing hazard rise at every turn, and tempers and clubs and scores go down before him.

"What is a reasonable score for our links?" I ask of an expert from across the Continent. The Man from Midlothian mops his brow: "Eight hundred!" he says with conviction. I should have inquired before he had climbed "Mount Pisgah" and had fallen into the "Crocodile's Jaw!"

But this is golf; and the game, begun in earnest with the first fall rains, carries its enthusiasts far into spring, when the conquering march of rampant lupines and paint-brush and purple clover sweeps the brassey off the field. Nor at tennis, nor on the links, may the game absorb one utterly. When the hollow ball flies wild, and a player follows after it over the too near edge of a cañon, there again are the enchanting shadows stealing in a way quite new across Mount Day. Beyond the white domes, we know, Copernicus, sharp like a rock in rapids, cuts through the flying mist; far on the blue horizon the snowy Sierras rim the frozen east; while under our eyes in the west lies the shadowed Bay with the ships of the world at anchor. "Through the green" the meadow lark is singing the winter long his Exsultate Deo, while the great hawks in the air at play, rolling over and over, attack, retreat, and circle ever higher till they take their meteor flight into the invisible.

But if the winter so enchants, how does the spring entice! In at the window flutes the rock wren, "See, see, see!" And up in the oaks the ash-throat chuckles, "Look! Look here!" In the Kepler copses the thrasher chants and trills; by the Joaquin trail the buntings swing like scintillant jewels; while in the shimmering maples the grosbeaks warble an Elisir d'Amore, and act it, too, with consummate grace. Oh, we have our Tivolis and our Alcazars! And there are rivalries among the artists, and delicious human comedies in feathers, and little fights in the wings; but you would miss the cheap pretense and the tinsel and the paint you pay two dollars a seat to see, O my Critic of the Pitying Voice!

But you will be saying this is far afield. What of the housekeeper and her house that she can no more escape than the snail his shell? She thinks a little further ahead, that is all; she uses a little longer prevision. Even in practical affairs the touch of the unique obtains. We market with the invisible, and we pay with invisible coin. The World that somehow sends us our beef and mutton daily is but a voice at the telephone, and a sense of the uncanny still clings to that elfish toy which has so emancipated us from the time-consuming mails, — the prompt small voice out of the silence that is Humanity's response to our call.

We live in the shadow of the great Observatory: it is very renowned, and we are very proud of it, — and have as little to do with it as possible. "What? You don't study astronomy? You don't work with your husband?" exclaims the shocked enthusiast. Chastened, I explain: If the women have a duty in a place like this, it is to bring variety into its life; to be intelligent concerning all that is being done, and interested of course, and to lend a helping hand when one really can help; but for the rest, to live in different interests and to resist the tendency to narrowness that is inevitable to isolation; in fine, to realize a home in the wilderness, and what we can of the wider culture, — this seems to us a plainer duty than hanging to the skirts of Science.

Yet the Great Telescope dominates us all: it shapes our ends; our talk is as likely to be "shop" as in any circle. The great glass never stands unused when the "seeing" is possible; Sundays, holidays, there is no exception, — not because there is any law to that effect, but because, if he knows that instrument is idle, an astronomer cannot

be kept away from it. The same is true of the whole equipment to an almost equal degree. There are lesser tyrants, and each is the law to the man who uses it. Therefore, when the hostess sends out her invitations for an evening, it is understood, no clouds, no party. Even in winter the mists are fickle, and after a day of gloom, may settle and leave a sky resplendent. Hence social functions are likely to be impromptu, and as the years go on, the charm of the fireside and the books that so invite grows dearer, without doubt. Indeed, as a dear old German woman once put it, "It is well to be goot friends mit yourself on Mount Hamilton."

For there is the time of solitude, the time of the summer regnant, when the astronomers work all of the night and sleep most of the day; when the yellow sun never veils its relentless glare; when the yellow dust settles wide and deep; when the panting birds grow still in the copses; when the smoke of burning forests shuts down on the rim of the hills; when the land is parched, and the streams in the cañons fail. Then the wise woman gets to the seashore, but the obstinate one stays on, and learns what a wonderful thing is the sky at Mount Hamilton's best. Then the nights have a softness that Eastern summers know, without the enervate air. Then the heavens grow familiar, and the stars assume their names, and under their stately passing there is time to think, to feel, and to be one's self.

Then it depends on one's resources, Gentle Critic, whether one comes to the state of Du Maurier's Bride and Groom who spent three weeks in the wilderness. Then the Bride sighs, "Would n't it be lovely if one of our friends would step in just now?" Says the Bridegroom, "Yes, or even an enemy!" But if the hunger is too much for us we send for you, O Guest, who never so charmed as in these solitudes. And sometimes without our asking, just by way of the gift of the gods, you come, and how various your names and how fragrant your memories! I see you now in review: the thoughtful guest who never lets us know because he means we shall take no trouble, — may he be some time perched twenty-eight miles from a lemon and the Queen step in to tea! There 's the enthusiastic guest who has never looked down upon a cloud, — alas that he sometimes happens upon an inside view of one! And the worshipful guest to whom an astronomer is a being not of earth, — may he never outstay his illusion! The zealous guest, too, who perceives all our lacks and would have us a missionary station, adding naïvely, "There must be lots of ministers who would be glad to be entertained a week and give you a sermon!" But last and dearest is the delightful guest who brings a breath of all humanity and gives us speech of the great world. And he perceives that we, too, have our "concerns and duties;" that we, too, are trying to "play the man and perform them with laughter and kind faces." Heaven bless him, and bring him again and often!

Ethel Fountain Hussey.

THE VOICE OF THE SCHOLAR.

The greatest need of popular government is the University. The greatest need of higher education is Democracy. The scholar and the man must work together. The free man must be a scholar. The scholar must be a man.

It is not the necessary function of Democracy to do anything very well. There is nothing in collective effort which insures right action. Its function is to develop intelligence and patriotism through doing for ourselves all things possible

which concern us individually or collectively. To take responsibility is the surest way to rise to it, but the time may be long and errors may be costly. Courage and willingness do not guarantee success. Exact knowledge and thorough training are essential to right results. In these regards, Democracy is, in the nature of things, deficient. These the University must contribute. Government by the people needs its trained and educated men more than any other kind of government; for while monarchy seeks far and wide for strong men and wise to be used as its tools, strength and wisdom are the daily life of successful Democracy. But Democracy is always prone to undervalue wise men, and imagines vainly that it can get along well enough without their help.

On the other hand the University needs the people. In their wants and their uplifting it finds the best reason for its existence. "The bath of the people," which Lincoln said was good for public men, is essential to the University. It keeps it in touch with life. It holds it to humanity.

Those who regard higher education as a social ornament, valueless except as a badge for the delight of its possessor, and those who regard culture as the private perquisite of the elect few, are alike in the wrong. The presence of men of culture and training raises the value of everything about them. It insures the success of enterprise, the safety of person and property, the contact with righteousness of thought and action which is the mainspring of right thought and right deed in the future.

Moreover if clear thinking with clean living is good for the elect few, it is equally good for the mutable many. Culture not only raises the man above the mass, it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the grievous danger of Democracy. Here again the University plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under its criticism men learn that good results are better than good intentions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage.

I heard a man say the other day that the university men were not on his side of a certain question. In fact, he said, the college men are always on the contrary side of every question. This is probably true in the sense he meant; for it is the province of college men to judge intentions and pretenses by ultimate results. When the final end, according to the experience of human wisdom, is sure to be bad, wise men must oppose the beginning. The Universities have many times stood in opposition to the popular feeling of the time, but they have rarely found condemnation in the final verdict of history. Only he who has studied the affairs of men critically, impartially, coldly, can discover the real trend of forces in the movements of to-day. This the University has means to do. It does not carry elections. It has seldom tried to do so, for the results of an election play a very small part in the evolution of Democracy: not to carry elections, but rather to carry wisdom to the people; that is something worth doing. The words of experience which are wasted in the noise of the hustings become potent as the tumult passes by.

The people suffer many ills in our social order, for most of which they only are responsible. Because men are not wise, they know not what to do. In ignorance and weakness they find themselves the sport of Fate, the flotsam of "manifest destiny," the victims of evils that wisdom and virtue instinctively avoid.

Next to knowing what to do is the willingness to believe that some one else possesses this knowledge. Skepticism as to the existence of skill and intolerance toward the possessor of knowledge are common features of Democracy. This is its vulgar side, the disposition to do mean things in a mean way, doubting that there exist any better things or better ways of

doing them. Through this kind of vulgarity, the average American is his own physician, healing himself with drugs of which he does not even know the name. As a result, he suffers half his life from self-inflicted poisoning. The American is his own architect, and for this reason our cities are filled with buildings in which nightmares might house, were it not for their fresh paint and smart ornamentation. The American is his own statesman, following his own impulses, guided by his own prejudices. Thus he fills the land of the free with oppression and injustice. When he can no longer shut his eyes to the misery he has wrought he falls back on his good intentions, casting the blame for his blunders on impersonal destiny.

The sense of personal responsibility and personal adequacy, which Democracy gives, is of vital importance in the development of man. But it has its bad side as well as its good. It is the function of the University to struggle against the bad, day and night, in season and out of season, to convert it into the other. That vulgarity is free to express itself in our system does not exalt vulgarity. In the long run, vulgarity finds its surest cure in freedom.

The people at large even yet do not understand nor value knowledge and power. Only those who know well and see clearly can do well. Knowledge does not flatter or coddle, and men take to that which pleases them. The fact that the majority do not believe in knowledge is the reason why the University must always be in opposition to prevailing sentiment and current action. "When were the good and true ever in the majority?" There are not many of those who speak and write on public affairs who really care for what is just. The interest of most men lies in the success of the "cause." But the cause, whatever it may be, is only an incident in intellectual awakening, a mere episode in social development. It is in the actual truth that the public weal is bound up. No honest or worthy cause appeals to the self-pity of those it addresses. All calls to the weakness, or vanity, or prejudice, or passion of men are dishonest. All dishonesty results in evil. Virtue that can last rests on growing honesty and growing wisdom. Because the University stands for the free search for truth, its influence must be opposed to that of passion and prejudice. It must be above the heats of the hour, and therefore in some degree antagonistic to them. Thus, those who strive on the sands of the arena find the University distant and cold. This again is its danger, that it shall be cold and distant. Never to "vex at the land's ridiculous miserie" was an old ideal of the University. It is an ideal long cherished in the great Universities of England. But it was never a worthy ideal. To exist for the needs of the people is a mission worthy of Oxford or of Harvard or of Berlin. It is the final, highest function of all the glorious brotherhood of plain life and high thought.

To keep up wisdom among men is the natural function of the University. The need of the times is not of men to die for the right, but of men to live for it. Not of men to oppose popular feeling, nor even to rouse the public conscience. Better than this, is to train the public thought. What we want is not a revival of zeal, not even for the cause of righteousness. It is rather a revival of wisdom. This is followed by no chill nor backsliding, while zeal, however well-meaning, is subject to ebbs and flows.

I heard a very rich man say not long ago that he had no faith in higher education. "Nine college men out of every ten," he said, "build up a wall between themselves and life." By life, he seemed to mean the business of making money. If this be life, the statement may be true; but judged even by this standard, we must believe that the college men who thrust themselves upon his notice were not typical of their kind. Some people

look upon men as useful only as they can use them. The rest are merely competing organisms, poor beggars who ought to be got under ground as soon as possible, to "save the cost of their keep." But it is not true that most college men build up a wall between themselves and life. If true in any individual case, it is because the man was not worth educating, or because the education was itself spurious. For higher education cannot make a man where manhood did not exist before. It can only take a man already created, and raise him to higher effectiveness. Moreover, there are frauds and imitations in education as well as anywhere else, and misfit articles are thrown on the market, cheap, every day. It is said that "our schools which teach young people to talk do not teach them how to live." This would mean that some schools are shams, not giving real education. But it is not by mistakes and misfits that higher education is to be judged. It is by its finished and adapted product. In every walk in life the higher education works to the benefit of humanity. The man who knows one thing well can do it well. His presence in life is a help to his neighbor. He does not enter into competition, but into elevation. He makes the business of living respectable.

In the Atlantic Monthly for March, 1899, Dr. William DeWitt Hyde has given a striking account of the value of the life-work of a single scholar, the honored President of Harvard.

"No one," says Dr. Hyde, "can begin to measure the gain to civilization and human happiness his services have wrought. . . . His leadership has doubled the rate of educational advance not in Harvard alone, but throughout the United States. He has sought to extend the helping hand of sympathy and appreciation to every struggling capacity in the humblest grammar grade; to stimulate it into joyous blossoming under the sunshine of congenial studies throughout the secondary years; to bring it to a sturdy and sound maturity in the atmosphere of liberty in college life; and finally, by stern selection and thorough specialization, to gather a harvest of experts in all the higher walks of life, on whose skill, knowledge, integrity, and self-sacrifice their less trained fellows can implicitly rely for higher instruction, professional counsel, and public leadership. In consequence of these comprehensive reforms, we see the first beginnings of a rational and universal church, not separate from existing sects, but permeating all; property rights in all their subtle forms are more secure and well defined; hundreds of persons are alive to-day who under physicians of inferior training would have died long ago; thousands of college students have had quickened within them a keen intellectual interest, an earnest spiritual purpose, a 'personal power in action under responsibility,' who under the old régime would have remained listless and indifferent; tens of thousands of boys and girls in secondary schools can expand their hearts and minds with science and history and the languages of other lands, who but for President Eliot would have been doomed to the monotonous treadmill of formal studies for which they have no aptitude or taste; and, as the years go by, hundreds of thousands of the children of the poor, in the precious tender years before their early drafting into lives of drudgery and toil, in place of the dry husks of superfluous arithmetic, the thrice-threshed straw of unessential grammar, and the innutritious shells of unrememberable geographical details, will get some brief glimpse of the wondrous loveliness of Nature and her laws, some slight touch of inspiration from the words and deeds of the world's wisest and bravest men, to carry with them as a heritage to brighten their future humble homes and gladden all their after-lives. In such 'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over,' has there

been given to this great educational reformer, in return for thirty years of generous and steadfast service of his University, his fellow men, his country, and his God, what, in true Puritan simplicity, he calls 'that finest luxury, to do some perpetual good in this world.'"

Not long since one of our writers expressed regret at the numbers of young men sent forth each year from the Universities to swell the educated proletariat of America. His assumption is that each is to scramble for his living, struggling with his competitors, dissatisfied because his ambitions far outrun every possible achievement. The very reverse of this is the fact in America, whatever may be the case elsewhere, as, for instance, in the "bedridden officialism of France." The man of character who is educated aright finds very soon his place in our community. Before he came he may not have been wanted, but once in his position, everybody seems looking for him. The college men of America need no help and no pity from any source. They can take care of themselves, and they can take care of others. To them, as to Emerson, "America means opportunity," and there are more opportunities to-day than ever before to the man who is able to grasp them. But to grasp the greater opportunities, the first essential is not to despise the small ones. An education that turns a man away from any honest work, however humble, that lies in the line of duty, is not sound education. That some education is unsound, and some men are unmanly, in nowise shows that real training does not strengthen real men.

Each year, it is true, makes higher demands. There are not so many things worth having to be had for the simple asking. This is because the nation is growing more critical. It is beginning to demand fitness, not alone mere willingness. The opportunities it has to offer are falling into the hands of trained men, and these men demand still higher training from those who are to be their successors.

A skilled engineer will not choose as his assistant and successor a man who knows wheels and engines only by rule of thumb. An educated chemist will not make way for a druggist's clerk, nor a graduate of West Point for a politician's parasite, whose military training was gained as elevator boy or as driver of a beer wagon. Training counts alike in all walks of life, in a Democracy not less than in an empire. As the people come to understand the reality of knowledge, so will they learn to appreciate its worth.

Another very rich man doubts the value of college education; at the same time he places the highest estimate on applied chemistry, because through the skill of the chemist employed in his steel manufactory he laid the foundations of his own wealth. But applied chemistry rests on the broader chemistry not yet applied, and is a part of higher knowledge. To train chemists is likewise a part of the higher education. Higher education consists no longer, as many seem to suppose, in writing Latin verses and in reading mythology in Greek. These things have their place, and a great place in the history of culture, but it is to "Greek-minded men and Roman-minded men" that they belong. They form no longer the sole avenue by which the goal of the scholar can be reached.

The keynote of the modern University is its usefulness. Its help is no longer limited to one kind of man or to one kind of ability, cramping or excluding all others. It welcomes "every ray of varied genius to its hospitable halls." It is its highest pride that no man who brings to its classrooms brains and courage is ever turned away unhelped.

Because of this broadening of university ideals, there are ten college students in our country to-day where there was one twenty years ago. For this reason,

the same twenty years have witnessed a marvelous expansion in all Universities where generous ideals have found lodgment.

Where the old notion that all culture runs in a single groove still obtains; where it is attempted to train all men by one process, whatever this process be, there is no growth in numbers, no extension of influence, no sign of greater abundance of life. Just in proportion as constructive individualism in education has been a guiding principle have our Universities grown in numbers and in influence. In this proportion and for this reason have they deserved to grow. For this reason James Bryce declares that of all results of Democracy, the American University offers the largest promise for the future.

The scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly, and can carry his knowledge into action. With this, he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship whether attained in the University or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.

That the monarchy needs the University has been recognized ever since culture began. The Universities of Europe were founded by the great kings; the wiser the king the more he felt the need of scholars as his helpers. So Alfred founded Oxford, and Charlemagne the University of Paris, while the founder of the University of Berlin well deserved the name of "Great," even though it were for nothing else. In the darkest days of Holland, William the Silent erected the University of Leyden. He needed it in his struggle against Spain. He needed it in the warfare for independence. A University breeds free men, men whom physical force cannot bind.

But the need of the monarchy for men of high culture and exact training is less than that of the Democracy. Under a monarchy such men must hold office. In a Democracy they must hold the people. They must form fixed points in the civic mass, units of intelligence, not to be bribed nor stampeded.

The presence of the king is not the essential feature of a monarchy. It is the absence of the people. Where the people are not consulted, it is not vital to the government that they be wise, nor even that wise men should be among them. In fact, they are more easily handled without this kind of obstruction. Therefore the tendency of the monarchy is to separate the men from the mass, as we might choose the sheep from among the goats. But in a Democracy, those who are ruled must also rule. They have no less need of individual wisdom, but they must have it diffused among themselves, not concentrated in a ruling class. Nothing can be done for a Democracy save what the people do for themselves. It is impossible to provide for it an educated oligarchy. Its public servants are of its own kind. They must be its agents or its attorneys, in no sense its rulers, not often even its leaders. For the most part, therefore, the wisest men in the Democracy will not be in office. The voice of wisdom should rise from the body of the people to the throne of power. When a Democracy needs a leader in the seat of authority, it is because it has in one fashion or other gone out of its way. Going

out of its way, it has come to a crisis. The cause of every crisis, in a Democracy, is a mistake of one sort or another. A crisis arises with a question of right and wrong. Such a question never becomes a burning one unless the popular feeling has somewhere gone wrong and worked itself out in wrong action.

When this is the case, it is the scholar's business to know it. He is the sensitive barometer who feels first the lowered pressure of rejected duty, the first warning of the coming storm. The warning he gives, his neighbors will not receive with favor. He will not receive a "donation party," nor a vote of thanks, nor a new pair of boots for giving it expression, but it is his business to speak, and he cannot remain a scholar if he takes refuge in silence. Dr. Norman Bridge has well expressed a similar thought in these words: —

"The mere fact that one or two men in a hundred are known to be uninfluenced by the clamors of any rabble, good or bad, is to any community a force of unspeakable value. The excitable ones know well that the fiftieth man must be met and conciliated or overcome in any hot-headed movement. He is a factor as a voter and a citizen that cannot be ignored, and he exercises a wholesome, regulating, and modifying, often repressive influence on the hasty tendencies of the crowd. The thieves of the public treasury, of all classes and shades, are afraid of him. Even one forceful man in a hundred thousand may have an amazing influence on public affairs, if he has the time and inclination to devote to disinterested care of the public interests. There are a few such men in each of our large cities. In one of the large centres of the East a wealthy man of leisure was for many years a terror to the hot-headed and to the filchers of the public, and solely because he gave himself to the task, and they knew they would have to meet him at every turn. This one man in the multitude may be called a croaker or a fossil, but often he is the sole force that is able to check the rising of the mob or the stampede of the army, or to compel men to stop and think before taking action that may be hasty or regrettable."

The scholar will not go far out of his way in matters of this kind. Because his knowledge is intense, it must correspondingly be narrow. The tendencies to good and evil in our social condition are so varied and so intertangled that those who trace out the relations of one set of combinations must perforce neglect the others. The scholar who raises his voice against unjust or unwise taxation may be silent on the question of misapplied charity. The scholar who becomes an authority on the purity of water cannot be an equal judge of the purity of elections. The expert on electricity is not necessarily the best judge of ghost stories. He may be so, but we cannot expect it. Each must do his own part in his own way in his own section of the field of knowledge. Each must say his own word as his own truth comes to him, though he know that his own times may let it pass unheeded, and though he know that his voice may be overborne by the louder tones of mere pretenders to knowledge. For it is one of the conditions of Democracy that wisdom and its counterfeit go along together side by side. There can be no tag or label to mark one from the other, and the people would not heed it if there were. We can only know wisdom from imposture by its results, or by the test of our own wisdom. The government cannot brand a Keeley, lest the public mistake him for a Faraday. A Tesla and a Helmholtz pass as great alike, and in the public mind he is greatest whose name is oftenest in the daily newspapers. All this is well. It is better for men to choose the voice of wisdom for themselves rather than to have it infallibly pointed out to them by the government. For the seat of wisdom is in the individual soul, and it grows through individual effort.

The scholar is silent for the most part

in the rush and hurry of the world. When he has no reason for speaking he reserves his strength for his own due season and his own line of action. But he must be free to speak when needs arise. He cannot breathe in confined air, and his speech or his silence must be at his own will, subject to his own conscience and to the demands of truth.

In our days men talk too much, in the papers, in the magazines, in the open atmosphere. They fill the literary air with vain shoutings. But there can never be too clear or too frequent statements of the results of real knowledge. The old elementary truths of justice and humanity need to be recalled to us day after day, while on the other hand, the discoveries of science give us every day better tools and surer command over the forces of Nature. The voice of the oldest and the newest must together somehow reach our ears, if our actions are to be righteous and our enterprises successful.

To the scholar we must look for this. Only he who knows for himself some truth which rests on the foundations of the Universe has a right to the name of scholar. And the scholar will speak when the time comes for speaking. Whatever our creeds and conventions, he will break through them with the truth. He can never afford to do less, if the truth he utters be really his own and the outcome of his own contact with the powers that never lie. No authority can bend him to silence; no title can bribe him; no force can close his mouth. He must, if need be, have the spirit of the martyr. He must consider, not the consequences to himself, to his business, to society, — only the demands of truth.

That the scholar must speak, again emphasizes his need of common sense. Common sense is that instinct which throws all knowledge into right perspective. It rests on sound habits of orientation. He who knows where the sun rises never fails to make out all the other points of the compass. This power the schools alone cannot give. They can strengthen it, but they cannot create it, and they must not take it away. It is the foundation of all true culture, for science is only enlightened common sense.

As a part of common sense, the scholar must distinguish his truth from his opinions. He must not mistake for the eternal verity his own prejudice, his own ambition, or his own desire. For he is human on all his human sides, and is subject to temptations that master other men. He is in better form to resist, no doubt, but that does not insure immunity. Moreover, his truth may be only half truth at the best, and the other half truths may seem to contradict it. To know a half truth from a whole one is the part of common sense, but common sense is a possession still more rare than learning. When scholars forget, their voices arise in discord, and this discord casts discredit over knowledge. When half truths are set off one against another, we may find displayed all the vulgarity of intolerance in quarters where intolerance should be unknown. All this should teach the scholar modesty. It should warn him of the need of charity, but it should not silence his voice.

He must speak, he will speak, and it is for the safety of Democracy that sooner or later his word is triumphant. The final outcome of all action rests with the educated man. Not all the politicians of all the parties in all the republics have secured so many final victories in thought and action as the Universities.

I read lately an attempt to show that the scholar or the clergyman should never write or speak on any public or passing question, lest he expose himself to criticism, or find his personality tumbled about in the dust of the political arena. The clergyman devotes his life to the study of moral questions in the light of religion. The scholar devotes himself to the study of truth wherever found and to the ways by which truth may be available to men. If the scholar and the

clergyman are to be silent on questions of vital interest to men, who indeed is to speak? Is it the politician of the day, a mere echo without an idea of his own? Is it the man of money who may have an axe to grind in every movement in public affairs, or who again may be seeking undisturbed possession of that which justice would place in other hands? Is it the popular agitator to whom the social order is one long fit of hysteria? Must we confine all public utterance to those whose passions are excited or whose interests are touched? Shall Emerson and Lowell, Theodore Parker and Phillips Brooks, Eliot and Butler, be silent when the fighting editor speaks?

The scholar should be above all influences of passion or profit. He should speak for the clear, hard, unyielding, unflattering, unpitying truth. If he enters the arena, he must as a man take his chances with the rest. His thoughts must be his only weapon. Passion, rhetoric, satire, these are arms for weaker men to use, not for the scholar. His only sword is the truth. His personal credentials may be challenged. He will meet the scorn of men who do not know the truth when they see it, and to whom thought seems but a puny weapon. More than this, he will meet, as adversaries, scholars, real or pretended, men who see the truth from a single side, or who have never seen it at all, yet feign to be its defenders.

As to all this, the scholar must be patient. If he is right, the ages will find him out. If he is wrong, the fault is with his own weakness, not with truth. He must be loyal to the best he knows, caring no more for majorities than the stars do, unshaken by feeling, by tradition, or by fear. The voice of a clamorous mob on the one hand is no more to him than the dictum of a pope or a king, or all antiquity. Nor is it less; for these are matters not to be taken in evidence when the scholar makes his final decision.

The rabble of to-day which the scholar has to face is not the rabble of yesterday. The axe and the fagot, the club and the paving-stone, have as means of argument gone out of date. The weapon of the mob of to-day is mud. When a scholar stands for unwelcome truth, the answer of the day is personal abuse. To a man the rabble cannot understand are ascribed all the vulgar motives of the rabble. His words and his teachings are distorted and vulgarized until the multitude recognize them as brought down to their own level.

In this gloomy outlook two facts may console the scholar. To Truth's marble statue mud will never cling. Men without brains have no permanent influence. A little patience and the storm will pass by. When the air clears, with Emerson the scholar shall again behold above him, "the gods sitting on their thrones, they alone and he alone."

We say sometimes that certain scholars have the right to be heard. But one thing can give this right, and that is the value of what they have to say. This may be judged by the soundness of their lives and the breadth of their previous experiences. This right must be won by merit, not claimed as a privilege. The duty to proclaim truth belongs to him who has shown that he knows Truth when he sees her, and that he knows how to find her when he does not see her. It cannot exist in full degree for men without experience in life, for men who live in a visionary world, for men whose ready eloquence takes the place of science. The youth's fitness to speak usually dates from the period when he makes the discovery that he is not yet ready. It is not the fear of the public, of the press, of the rich, or of the poor, that should deter a young man from rash speaking. It is the fear that he may not tell the truth, the fear that he may mislead others or bring reproach on himself or on his colleagues by undue proclamation of his own crudity. The Universities of the world have shown that

they fear neither man nor devil, if a struggle for principle is on. But this they do fear, that in the multiplicity of speech and writing for which they are held responsible the truth shall be lost in the heat of controversy or concealed in meshes of eloquence. The University must stand for infinite patience and the calm discussion of the ideas and ideals which it must leave to men of action to frame into deeds. The passionate appeal is not part of its function. That politics may not creep into the University, it is necessary that men of the University shall not plunge into politics. This is not because the University is afraid of reprisals. The politicians of the hour cannot hurt it much. It is rather that the University fears degeneration within itself if its energies are turned largely into temporary or "timely" ends.

The function of the University in affairs of the day must be essentially judicial. This does not mean that the scholar should be silent in times of moral issues. Now and then it is his duty to take the great bull of Public Opinion by the horns, regardless of results to himself or his associates. All honor to the scholar who recognizes the moment of decision and seizes it regardless of what follows to himself or others. But such moments come not every day, and the small battles of society must be fought by men of action who enroll themselves under banners which flutter for the hour.

David Starr Jordan.

ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

Atop a bold crag, cloudward piled, alone,
O'erwatching far-flung valleys, dim and blue,
Serried with ridge on ridge to bound the view,
A band of warders scan the vasty zone
Where Night's innumerable hosts are strown
Wide through the universe, in orbits true,
Hurled from the fire-mist, whence they grandly grew,
To bournes of darkness in the void unknown.

What seekest thou, O watchers of the vast?
The whirlwind of Orion's fiery mist,
The trackless comet proudly steering past,
Star-twins that roll in wonder as they list?
Lo, thou art peering with thy giant eye
On God's great workshop in the silent sky!

Charles Keeler.

THE GOLD-HUNTERS OF THE NORTH.

"Where the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance on the houseless snow."

"IVAN, I forbid you to go farther in this undertaking. Not a word about this, or we are all undone. Let the Americans and the English know that we have gold in these mountains, then we are ruined. They will rush in on us by thousands, and crowd us to the wall — to the death."

So spoke the old Russian governor, Baranov, at Sitka, in 1804, to one of his Slavonian hunters, who had just drawn from his pocket a handful of golden nuggets. Full well Baranov, fur-trader and autocrat, understood and feared the coming of the sturdy, indomitable gold-hunters of Anglo-Saxon stock. And thus he suppressed the news, as did the governors that followed him, so that when the United States bought Alaska in 1867, she bought it for its furs and fisheries, without a thought of its treasures underground.

No sooner, however, had Alaska become American soil than thousands of our adventurers were afoot and afloat for the north. They were the men of "the days of gold," the men of California, Fraser, Cassiar, and Cariboo. With the mysterious, infinite faith of the prospector, they believed that the gold streak, which ran through the Americas from Cape Horn to California, did not "peter out" in British Columbia. That it extended farther north, was their creed, and "Farther North!" became their cry. No time was lost, and in the early seventies, leaving the Treadwell and the Silver Bow Basin to be discovered by those who came after, they went plunging on into the white unknown. North, farther north, till their picks rang in the frozen beaches of the Arctic Ocean, and they shivered by driftwood fires on the ruby sands of Nome.

But first, in order that this colossal adventure may be fully grasped, the recentness and the remoteness of Alaska must be emphasized. The interior of Alaska and the contiguous Canadian territory was a vast wilderness. Its hundreds of thousands of square miles were as dark and chartless as Darkest Africa. In 1847, when the first Hudson Bay Company agents crossed over the Rockies from the Mackenzie to poach on the preserves of the Russian Bear, they thought that the Yukon flowed north and emptied into the Arctic Ocean. Hundreds of miles below, however, were the outposts of the Russian traders. They, in turn, did not know where the Yukon had its source, and it was not till later that Russ and Saxon learned that it was the same mighty stream they were occupying. In 1850, Lieutenant Barnard, of the English navy, in search of Sir John Franklin, was killed in a massacre of Russians at Nulato, on the Lower Yukon. And a little over ten years later, Frederick Whymper voyaged up the Great Bend to Fort Yukon under the Arctic Circle.

From fort to fort, from York Factory on Hudson's Bay to Fort Yukon in Alaska, the English traders transported their goods, — a round trip requiring from a year to a year and a half. It was one of their deserters, in 1867, escaping down the Yukon to Bering Sea, who was the first white man to make the Northwest Passage by land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was at this time that the first accurate description of a fair portion of the Yukon was given by Dr. W. H. Ball, of the Smithsonian Institution. But even he had never seen its source, and it was not given him to appreciate the marvel of that great natural highway.

No more remarkable river in this one particular is there in the world, — taking its rise in Crater Lake, thirty miles from the ocean, the Yukon flows for twenty-

five hundred miles, through the heart of the continent, ere it empties into the sea. A portage of thirty miles, and then a highway for traffic one tenth the girth of the earth!

As late as 1869, Frederick Whymper, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, stated on hearsay, that the Chilcat Indians were believed occasionally to make a short portage across the Coast Range from salt water to the head-reaches of the Yukon. But it remained for a gold-hunter, questing north, ever north, to be first of all white men to cross the terrible Chilcoot Pass, and tap the Yukon at its head. This happened only the other day, but the man has become a dim legendary hero. Holt was his name, and already the mists of antiquity have wrapped about the time of his passage. 1872, 1874, and 1878 are the dates variously given, — a confusion which time will never clear.

Holt penetrated as far as the Hootalinqua, and on his return to the coast reported coarse gold. The next recorded adventurer is one Edward Bean, who in 1880 headed a party of twenty-five miners from Sitka into the uncharted land. And in the same year, other parties (now forgotten, for who remembers or ever hears the wanderings of the gold-hunters?) crossed the Pass, built boats out of the standing timber, and drifted down the Yukon and farther north.

And then, for a quarter of a century, the unknown and unsung heroes grappled with the frost, and groped for the gold they were sure lay somewhere among the shadows of the Pole. In the struggle with the terrifying and pitiless natural forces, they returned to the primitive, garmenting themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and covering their feet with the walrus *mucluc* and the moosehide moccasin. They forgot the world and its ways, as the world had forgotten them; killed their meat as they found it; feasted in plenty and starved in famine, and searched unceasingly for the yellow lure. They crisscrossed the land in every direction, threaded countless unmapped rivers in precarious birch-bark canoes, and with snowshoes and dogs broke trail through thousands of miles of silent white, where man had never been. They struggled on, under the aurora borealis or the midnight sun, through temperatures that ranged from one hundred degrees above zero to eighty degrees below, living, in the grim humor of the land, on "rabbit tracks and salmon bellies."

To-day, a man may wander away from the trail for a hundred days, and just as he is congratulating himself that at last he is treading virgin soil, he will come upon some ancient and dilapidated cabin, and forget his disappointment in wonder at the man who reared the logs. Still, if one wanders from the trail far enough and deviously enough, he may chance upon a few thousand square miles which he may have all to himself. On the other hand, no matter how far and how deviously he may wander, the possibility always remains that he may stumble, not alone upon a deserted cabin, but upon an occupied one.

As an instance of this, and of the vastness of the land, no better case need be cited than that of Harry Maxwell. An able seaman, hailing from New Bedford, Massachusetts, his ship, the brig Fannie E. Lee, was pinched in the Arctic ice. Passing from whaleship to whaleship, he eventually turned up at Point Barrow in the summer of 1880. He was *north* of the Northland, and from this point of vantage he determined to pull south into the interior in search of gold. Across the mountains from Fort Macpherson, and a couple of hundred miles eastward from the Mackenzie, he built a cabin and established his headquarters. And here, for nineteen continuous years, he hunted his living and prospected. He ranged from the never-opening ice to the north as far south as the Great Slave Lake. Here he met Warburton Pike, the author and explorer, — an incident he now looks

back upon as chief among the few incidents of his solitary life.

When this sailor-miner had accumulated $20,000 worth of dust he concluded that civilization was good enough for him, and proceeded "to pull for the outside." From the Mackenzie he went up the Little Peel to its headwaters, found a pass through the mountains, nearly starved to death on his way across to the Porcupine Hills, and eventually came out on the Yukon River, where he learned for the first time of the Yukon gold-hunters and their discoveries. Yet for twenty years they had been working there, his next-door neighbors, virtually, in a land of such great spaces. At Victoria, British Columbia, just previous to his going east over the Canadian Pacific (the existence of which he had just learned), he pregnantly remarked that he had faith in the Mackenzie watershed, and that he was going back after he had taken in the World's Fair, and got a whiff or two of civilization.

Faith! It may or may not remove mountains, but it has certainly made the Northland. No Christian martyr ever possessed greater faith than did the pioneers of Alaska. They never doubted the bleak and barren land. Those who came remained, and more ever came. They could not leave. They "knew" the gold was there, and they persisted. Somehow, the romance of the land and the quest entered into their blood, the spell of it gripped hold of them and would not let them go. Man after man of them, after the most terrible privation and suffering, shook the muck of the country from his moccasins and departed for good. But the following spring always found him drifting down the Yukon on the tail of the ice jams.

Jack McQuestion aptly vindicates the grip of the North. After a residence of thirty years he insists that the climate is delightful, and declares that whenever he makes a trip to the States he is afflicted with homesickness. Needless to say, the North still has him and will keep tight hold of him until he dies. In fact, for him to die elsewhere would be inartistic and insincere. Of three of the "pioneer" pioneers, Jack McQuestion alone survives. In 1871, from one to seven years before Holt went over Chilcoot, in the company of Al Mayo and Arthur Harper, McQuestion came into the Yukon from the Northwest over the Hudson Bay Company route from the Mackenzie to Fort Yukon. The names of these three men, as their lives, are bound up in the history of the country, and so long as there be histories and charts, that long will the Mayo and McQuestion rivers and the Harper and Ladue town site of Dawson be remembered. As an agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, in 1873, McQuestion built Fort Reliance, six miles below the Klondike River. In 1898 the writer met Jack McQuestion at Minook, on the Lower Yukon. The old pioneer, though grizzled, was hale and hearty, and as optimistic as when he first journeyed into the land along the path of the Circle. And no man more beloved is there in all the North. There will be great sadness there when his soul goes questing on over the Last Divide, — "farther north," perhaps, — who can tell?

Frank Dinsmore is a fair sample of the men who made the Yukon Country. A Yankee, born in Auburn, Maine, the *Wanderlust* early laid him by the heels, and at sixteen he was heading west on the trail that led "farther north." He prospected in the Black Hills, Montana, and in the Cœur d'Alene, then heard the whisper of the North, and went up to Juneau on the Alaskan Panhandle. But the North still whispered, and more insistently, and he could not rest till he went over Chilcoot, and down into the mysterious Silent Land. This was in 1882, and he went down the chain of lakes, down the Yukon, up the Pelly, and tried his luck on the bars of McMillan River. In the fall, a perambulating skeleton, he came back over the Pass in a blizzard,

with a rag of a shirt, tattered overalls, and a handful of raw flour.

But he was unafraid. That winter he worked for a grubstake in Juneau, and the next spring found the heels of his moccasins turned toward salt water and his face toward Chilcoot. This was repeated the next spring, and the following spring, and the spring after that, until, in 1885, he went over the Pass for good. There was to be no return for him until he found the gold he sought.

The years came and went, but he remained true to his resolve. For eleven long years, with snowshoe and canoe, pickaxe and goldpan, he wrote out his life on the face of the land. Upper Yukon, Middle Yukon, Lower Yukon, — he prospected faithfully and well. His bed was anywhere. The sky was his coverlet. Winter or summer he carried neither tent nor stove, and his six-pound sleeping-robe of Arctic hare was the warmest thing he was ever known to possess. Rabbit tracks and salmon bellies were his diet with a vengeance, for he depended largely on his rifle and fishing tackle. His endurance equaled his courage. On a wager he lifted thirteen fifty-pound sacks of flour and walked off with them. Winding up a seven-hundred-mile trip on the ice with a forty-mile run, he came into camp at six o'clock in the evening and found a "squaw dance" under way. He should have been exhausted. Anyway, his muclucs were frozen stiff. But he kicked them off and danced all night in stocking feet.

At the last fortune came to him. The quest was ended, and he gathered up his gold and pulled for the outside. And his own end was as fitting as that of his quest. Illness came upon him down in San Francisco, and his splendid life ebbed slowly out as he sat in his big easy-chair, in the Commercial Hotel, the "Yukoner's home." The doctors came, discussed, consulted, the while he matured more plans of Northland adventure; for the North still gripped him and would not let him go. He grew weaker day by day, but each day he said, "To-morrow I 'll be all right." Other old-timers, "out on furlough," came to see him. They wiped their eyes and swore under their breaths, then entered and talked largely and jovially about going in with him over the trail when spring came. But there in the big easy-chair it was that his Long Trail ended, and the life passed out of him still fixed on "farther north."

From the time of the first white man, famine loomed black and gloomy over the land. It was chronic with the Indians and Esquimos; it became chronic with the gold-hunters. It was ever present, and so it came about that life was commonly expressed in terms of "grub," — was measured by cups of flour. Each winter, eight months long, the heroes of the frost faced starvation. It became the custom, as fall drew on, for partners to cut the cards or draw straws to determine which should hit the hazardous trail for salt water, and which should remain and endure the hazardous darkness of the Arctic night.

There was never food enough to winter the whole population. The A. C. Company worked hard to freight up the grub, but the gold-hunters came faster and dared more audaciously. When the A. C. Company added a new stern-wheeler to its fleet, men said, "Now we shall have plenty." But more gold-hunters poured in over the passes to the South, more *voyageurs* and fur-traders forced a way through the Rockies from the East, more seal-hunters and coast adventurers poled up from Bering Sea on the West, more sailors deserted from the whaleships to the North, and they all starved together in right brotherly fashion. More steamers were added, but the tide of prospectors welled always in advance. Then the N. A. T. & T. Company came upon the scene, and both companies added steadily to their fleets. But it was the same old story; famine would not depart. In fact, famine grew with the population,

till, in the winter of 1897–98, the United States government was forced to equip a reindeer relief expedition. As of old, that winter partners cut the cards and drew straws, and remained or pulled for salt water as chance decided. They were wise of old time, and had learned never to figure on relief expeditions. They had heard of such things, but no mortal man of them had ever laid eyes on one.

The hard luck of other mining countries pales into insignificance before the hard luck of the North. And as for the hardship, it cannot be conveyed by printed page or word of mouth. No man may know who has not undergone. And those who have undergone, out of their knowledge claim that in the making of the world God grew tired, and when he came to the last barrowload, "just dumped it anyhow," and that was how Alaska happened to be. While no adequate conception of the life can be given to the stay-at-home, yet the men themselves sometimes give a clue to its rigors. One old Minook miner testified thus: "Have n't you noticed the expression on the faces of us fellows? You can tell a newcomer the minute you see him; he looks alive, enthusiastic, perhaps jolly. We old miners are always grave, unless we 're drinking."

Another old-timer, out of the bitterness of a "home-mood," imagined himself a Martian astronomer explaining to a friend, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the institutions of the earth. "There are the continents," he indicated; "and up there near the polar cap is a country, frigid and burning and lonely and apart, called Alaska. Now in other countries and states there are great insane asylums, but, though crowded, they are insufficient; so there is Alaska given over to the worst cases. Now and then some poor insane creature comes to his senses in those awful solitudes, and, in wondering joy, escapes from the land and hastens back to his home. But most cases are incurable. They just suffer along, poor devils, forgetting their former life quite, or recalling it like a dream." — Again the grip of the North, which will not let one go, — for "*most cases are incurable.*"

For a quarter of a century the battle with frost and famine went on. The very severity of the struggle with Nature seemed to make the gold-hunters kindly toward one another. The latch-string was always out, and the open hand was the order of the day. Distrust was unknown, and it was no hyperbole for a man to take the last shirt off his back for a comrade. Most significant of all, perhaps, in this connection, was the custom of the old days, that when August the first came around, the prospectors who had failed to locate "pay dirt" were permitted to go upon the ground of their more fortunate comrades and take out enough for the next year's grubstake.

In 1885 rich bar-washing was done on the Stewart River, and in 1886 Cassiar Bar was struck just below the mouth of the Hootalinqua. It was at this time that the first moderate strike was made on Forty Mile Creek, so called because it was judged to be that distance below Fort Reliance of Jack McQuestion fame. A prospector named Williams started for the outside with dogs and Indians to carry the news, but suffered such hardship on the summit of Chilcoot that he was carried dying into the store of Captain John Healy at Dyea. But he had brought the news through — *coarse gold!* Inside three months more than two hundred miners had passed in over Chilcoot, stampeding for Forty Mile. Find followed find, — Sixty Mile, Miller, Glacier, Birch, Franklin, and the Koyokuk. But they were all moderate discoveries, and the miners still dreamed and searched for the fabled stream, "Too Much Gold," where gold was so plentiful that gravel had to be shoveled into the sluice-boxes in order to wash it.

And all the time the Northland was preparing to play its own huge joke. It

was a great joke, albeit an exceeding bitter one, and it has led the old-timers to believe that the land is left in darkness the better part of the year because God goes away and leaves it to itself. After all the risk and toil and faithful endeavor, it was destined that few of the heroes should be in at the finish when Too Much Gold turned its yellow belly to the stars.

First, there was Robert Henderson, — and this is true history. Henderson had faith in the Indian River district. For three years, by himself, depending mainly on his rifle, living on straight meat a large portion of the time, he prospected many of the Indian River tributaries, just missed finding the rich creeks, Sulphur and Dominion, and managed to make grub (poor grub) out of Quartz Creek and Australia Creek. Then he crossed the divide between Indian River and the Klondike, and on one of the "feeders" of the latter found eight cents to the pan. This was considered excellent in those simple days. Naming the creek "Gold Bottom," he recrossed the divide and got three men, Munson, Dalton, and Swanson, to return with him. The four took out $750. And be it emphasized, and emphasized again, *that this was the first Klondike gold ever shoveled in and washed out.* And be it also emphasized, *that Robert Henderson was the discoverer of Klondike, all lies and hearsay tales to the contrary.*

Running out of grub, Henderson again recrossed the divide, and went down the Indian River and up the Yukon to Sixty Mile. Here Joe Ladue ran the trading post, and here Joe Ladue had originally grubstaked Henderson. Henderson told his tale, and a dozen men (all it contained) deserted the Post for the scene of his find. Also, Henderson persuaded a party of prospectors, bound for Stewart River, to forego their trip and go down and locate with him. He loaded his boat with supplies, drifted down the Yukon to the mouth of the Klondike, and towed and poled up the Klondike to Gold Bottom. But at the mouth of the Klondike he met George Carmack, and thereby hangs the tale.

Carmack was a squawman. He was familiarly known as "Siwash" George, — a derogatory term which had arisen out of his affinity for the Indians. At the time Henderson encountered him he was catching salmon with his Indian wife and relatives on the site of what was to become Dawson, the Golden City of the Snows. Henderson, bubbling over with good will and prone to the open hand, told Carmack of his discovery. But Carmack was satisfied where he was. He was possessed by no overweening desire for the strenuous life. Salmon were good enough for him. But Henderson urged him to come on and locate, until, when he yielded, he wanted to take the whole tribe along. Henderson refused to stand for this, said that he must give the preference over Siwashes to his old Sixty Mile friends, and it is rumored, said some things about Siwashes that were not nice.

The next morning Henderson went on alone up the Klondike to Gold Bottom. Carmack, by this time aroused, took a short-cut afoot for the same place. Accompanied by his two Indian brothers-in-law, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley, he went up Rabbit Creek (now Bonanza), crossed into Gold Bottom, and staked near Henderson's discovery. On the way up he had panned a few shovels on Rabbit Creek, and he showed Henderson "colors" he had obtained. Henderson made him promise, if he found anything on the way back, that he would send up one of the Indians with the news. Henderson also agreed to pay for this service, for he seemed to feel that they were on the verge of something big, and he wanted to make sure.

Carmack returned down Rabbit Creek. While he was taking a sleep on the bank about half a mile below the mouth of what was to be known as Eldorado,

Skookum Jim tried his luck, and from surface prospects got from ten cents to a dollar to the pan. Carmack and his brothers-in-law staked and "hit the high places" for Forty Mile, where they filed on the claims before Captain Constantine, and renamed the creek Bonanza. And Henderson was forgotten. No word of it reached him. Carmack broke his promise.

Weeks afterward, when Bonanza and Eldorado were staked from end to end and there was no more room, a party of late-comers pushed over the divide and down to Gold Bottom, where they found Henderson still at work. When they told him they were from Bonanza, he was nonplussed. He had never heard of such a place. But when they described it, he recognized it as Rabbit Creek. Then they told him of its marvelous richness, and, as Tappan Adney relates, when Henderson realized what he had lost through Carmack's treachery, "he threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak."

Then there were the rest of the old-timers, the men of Forty Mile and Circle City. At the time of the discovery, nearly all of them were over to the West at work in the old diggings or prospecting for new ones. As they said of themselves, they were the kind of men who are always caught out with forks when it rains soup. In the stampede that followed the news of Carmack's strike very few old miners took part. They were not there to take part. But the men who did go on the stampede were mainly the worthless ones, the newcomers, and the camp hangers-on. And while Bob Henderson plugged away to the East, and the heroes plugged away to the West, the greenhorns and rounders went up and staked Bonanza.

But the Northland was not yet done with its joke. When fall came on and the heroes returned to Forty Mile and to Circle City, they listened calmly to the up-river tales of Siwash discoveries and loafers' prospects, and shook their heads. They judged by the calibre of the men interested, and branded it a bunco game. But glowing reports continued to trickle down the Yukon, and a few of the old-timers went up to see. They looked over the ground, — the unlikeliest place for gold in all their experience, — and they went down the river again, "leaving it to the Swedes."

Again the Northland turned the tables. The Alaskan gold-hunter is proverbial, not so much for his unveracity, as for his inability to tell the precise truth. In a country of exaggerations, he likewise is prone to hyperbolic description of things actual. But when it came to Klondike, he could not stretch the truth as fast as the truth itself stretched. Carmack first got a dollar pan. He lied when he said it was two dollars and a half. And when those who doubted him did get two-and-a-half pans, they said they were getting an ounce, and lo! ere the lie had fairly started on its way, they were getting, not one ounce, but five ounces. This they claimed was six ounces; but when they filled a pan of dirt to prove the lie, they washed out twelve ounces. And so it went. They continued valiantly to lie, but the truth continued to outrun them.

But the Northland's hyperborean laugh was not yet ended. When Bonanza was staked from mouth to source, those who had failed "to get in," disgruntled and sore, went up the "pups" and feeders. Eldorado was one of these feeders, and many men, after locating on it, turned their backs upon their claims and never gave them a second thought. One man sold a half-interest in five hundred feet of it for a sack of flour. Other owners wandered around trying to bunco men into buying them out for a song. And then Eldorado "showed up." It was far, far richer than Bonanza, with an average value of a thousand dollars a foot to every foot of it.

A Swede named Charley Anderson

had been at work on Miller Creek the year of the strike, and arrived in Dawson with a few hundred dollars. Two miners, who had staked No. 29 Eldorado, decided that he was the proper man upon whom to "unload." He was too canny to approach sober, so at considerable expense they got him drunk. Even then it was hard work, but they kept him befuddled for several days, and finally inveigled him into buying No. 29 for $750. When Anderson sobered up, he wept at his folly, and pleaded to have his money back. But the men who had duped him were hard-hearted. They laughed at him, and kicked at themselves for not having tapped him for a couple of hundred more. Nothing remained for Anderson but to work the worthless ground. This he did, and out of it he took over three quarters of a million of dollars.

It was not till Frank Dinsmore, who already had big holdings on Birch Creek, took a hand, that the old-timers developed faith in the new diggings. Dinsmore received a letter from a man on the spot, calling it "the biggest thing in the world," and harnessed his dogs and went up to investigate. And when he sent a letter back, saying that he had "never seen anything like it," Circle City for the first time believed, and at once was precipitated one of the wildest stampedes the country had ever seen or ever will see. Every dog was taken, many went without dogs, and even the women and children and weaklings hit the three hundred miles of ice through the long arctic night for the biggest thing in the world. It is related that twenty people, mostly cripples and unable to travel, were left in Circle City when the smoke of the last sled disappeared up the Yukon.

Since that time gold has been discovered in all manner of places, under the grass-roots of the hillside benches, in the bottom of Monte Cristo Island, and in the sands of the sea at Nome. And now the gold-hunter who knows his business shuns the "favorable looking" spots, confident in his hard-won knowledge that he will find the most gold in the least likely place. This is sometimes adduced to support the theory that the gold-hunters, rather than the explorers, are the men who will ultimately win to the Pole. Who knows? It is in their blood, and they are capable of it.

Jack London.

A LOCHINVAR OF THE EAST.

Any one looking up at the Hong Far Restaurant would have known that something unusual was going on. The big gauze lanterns were new, and fresh lilies blossomed in vases of pale green porcelain, luminous as jade stones. Everywhere the gilding had been brightened and renewed. Hong Far was always spotless, but this day it fairly shone, for was not Ong Chee, son of Ong Wing, of age, and was not the entire aristocracy of the Quarter bidden to the great feast to be given in honor of his majority? All day the attendants at the fashionable eating-place had been hurrying up and down the polished stairway with burdens on their heads; all day savory incense had been floating from the kitchen, and white-bloused cooks had been succeeding one another in relays over the perspiring range, for the most expensive and elaborate of feasts was not a whit too good to grace this important occasion. Every difficult and expensive dish of the Chinese cuisine was upon the menu, for Ong Wing was rich, and it was rumored that the banquet would not cost less than five dollars a plate.

Besides the rice brandy, a great deal of French champagne had been carried in. Ong Wing's guests were to be, above all things, merry.

In the beautiful restaurant, with its elaborately carved gilt walls, through the interstices of which came the dull glow of ebony, five great tables were set, — at each round and polished board, twenty places. The table tops were of onyx, with carved ebony hanging like black lace from their edges, and the shining stools were dark as rosewood with a mirror-like polish.

At dark the candles were lighted in their great gauze houses. A child of six might have stood in any one of these giant lanterns. The soft glow gave the effect of a dozen full moons shining on the scene of jollity. In the corner near the balcony the orchestra was gathering, and, without any preliminary tuning or scraping, was setting up the long wail of tortured strings and the resonant reply of drum and sturdy brass. The conglomerate sound was terrible to Caucasian ears, but soothing, evidently, to Oriental ones, since numbers of the uninvited lingered below the windows to drink in rapturously this robust ensemble harmony.

By this time hacks had begun to rumble up the narrow street, — white men drove them, — and each carried two or three or four Chinese gentlemen in long blue or purple or plum-colored brocaded garments, which flapped about their silken-bound ankles as they briskly climbed the steps, frankly stared at by the unbidden on the pavement. Ong Wing and his handsome young son are welcoming the arriving guests at the head of the stairs, quite in Caucasian fashion. Presently the round tables are full of guests with aristocratic, or keen, or shrewd, or fat, comfortable faces, but all beautifully clothed and with beautiful, well-kept hands, which manipulate the ivory chopsticks with the extreme of deftness and delicacy.

Above the rasping music rises the clatter of tongues. The bird's-nest soup comes on, twelve dollars a pound in China, and the epicures wag their heads approvingly, even while their words of praise die away before the excellence of a quail and bean salad, — the perfection of its kind. With the sprouts of young bamboo come renewed volleys of champagne. Perhaps this explains why the voices grow a bit louder, the laughter more hearty, and the toasts to the heir and the speech-making quite Western in their volubility.

Unnoted by the banqueters, the shrill voices of women had mingled themselves with the sharp screams of the orchestra; professional singing and dancing girls had come in from the most aristocratic resorts of the Quarter, and were adding the music of their high, falsetto voices, and the grace of their slender wrists and ankles, to the merriment of this memorable evening.

Ong Chee alone was not unmindful. He had noted the slave girls when they entered, had observed their smiling eyes and their daintily tinted cheeks. He saw the eyebrows so carefully narrowed by art; the glossy hair ornamented with gold and pearl and jade; the exquisite *sahms* of pink and green and lavender and yellow, delicate sleeve showing within sleeve, in a rainbow of pastel tints. He saw the long tapering fingers with the highly polished, inch-long nails, telling their tale of freedom from manual labor, and he saw, without realizing, that these are the most beautiful hands in the world, with their soft, creamy tints and their weight of translucent jade, set off by yellowest gold. Particularly he noted one pair of hands on which the jade and the chased rings and bracelets were of the finest, for some of these had been his gifts. As the eyes of the other men followed Yun Ho's graceful, rustling figure, Ong Chee knew a little spasm of jealousy; decidedly, one breathes in Occidental ideas through mere living on Occidental soil.

At last the banquet was over. Ong

Chee's health had been drunk so many times that his head was quite turned by it, and he felt like a college senior on Commencement Day. He did not know whether he should ever get down to earth again or not. The champagne, drunk from big water goblets, was all gone, and Ong Wing had heard at least a hundred times that his banquet had been an immense success. The carriages had taken the guests home through the narrow streets, not, however, until the silly young heart of Ong Chee had been lacerated by many open compliments to Yun Ho and careless inquiries as to where she lived, each one like a blow in the face to him.

Yun Ho was not only the prettiest slave, but new to the Quarter, and Ong Chee was in love with her. His father was rich enough to buy her, and would probably have humored his son so far, though Ong Chee knew that he would never consent to a marriage between them. Ong Chee would be expected to marry a little-foot woman in his own station in life, and though Ong Wing might listen to the suggestion of the beautiful Yun Ho as a second wife, it would be years before Ong Chee would be able to afford such an extravagance. In the meantime what might not happen to Yun Ho? Decidedly this being in love was a tiresome business and likely to complicate things. No one had ever heard before of a Chinese gentleman permitting love for a slave girl to interfere with his career, and Ong Chee was quite angry with himself. What would his father say? It was perhaps as well not to think about that.

Meanwhile little Yun Ho had gone home with her duenna to Gum Cook Alley. She stood before her mirror, slowly divesting herself of one exquisitely tinted blouse after another, until she looked more like a tea rose than ever, with her beautiful bare yellow arms, and her hands with their burden of good-luck jade and purest gold. Would the jade bring her luck, she wondered. She smiled in the glass, removed the precious things from her hair, and folded herself away on the high, narrow bed like the berth in a ship's cabin, with long rows of polished boxes full of toilet secrets above her, and silken curtains hanging between her and the room.

The next morning, before the hairdresser had finished with Yun Ho, Ong Chee was in Gum Cook Alley, craving an audience. He had something on his mind, — something that must be submitted at once to Yun Ho. The youth of twenty-one knew well the story of the sixteen-year-old belle of Gum Cook Alley, — how the girl, sent by her parents to buy something in the market place of the tiny village on the river-bank, had been met by the aged Ah Ma, now her duenna and jailer. The old woman, always on the lookout for youth and good looks, had been struck by the child's beautiful, slanting eyes, her small mouth, — red without any rouge, — the pale, luminous, faintly yellow skin, and the abundant black hair; it seemed a shame that so much marketable loveliness, worth precisely so much a pound, should be wasted on this Chinese river-bank, likely to be swallowed any spring by the horrible, resistless Yellow Terror. Ah Ma worked herself into quite a frenzy in her unselfish desire to save this fragile bit of femininity from the spring freshets. So she smiled at the girl, addressed her in her own dialect, and, observing that she was more poorly dressed than others of her class, asked her if she would not like to go to California, which was full of rich Chinamen, to sell handkerchiefs on the street until some rich man took a fancy to her and married her. It was a fascinating picture that Ah Ma drew, and Yun Ho did not dare to go home for fear that her elderly admirer might change her mind. So the aged Ah Ma and the lovely runaway were housed in the steerage of the next steamer that sailed with her head to the East, and Yun Ho never saw the river villages of China again.

Nor, in truth, did she ever see the handkerchiefs which she was to sell, and but very little of the streets of San Francisco where her rich countrymen abounded, for Ah Ma sold her at once to Ah Fong, the slave dealer, for $1650, which was a good price for a slave who had cost nothing but her passage money.

Yet unlike Ah Fong's other slaves, Yun Ho was not happy. She hated the house, she loathed her fine clothes, and she envied the hardest-working, small-pox-pitted, ugliest coolie-woman who passed, — envied her her freedom and the burden on her back, and the privilege of doing drudgery. It was the sad look in the young eyes and the discontent of the red mouth which had first attracted Ong Chee as he passed down the Alley, for Ong Chee had been sent to the American day school because his father wished his English to be faultless. Ong Wing would have been horrified had he known that his son had drunk in English ideas with the words that represented them. Happily, he did not know.

The reason for Ong Chee's visit to Yun Ho so early in the day after the enervating birthday feast was that he had thought it all out overnight, and had news of real importance to communicate. If only he could win her consent to his plans! Ah Ma smiled to see him, for she had not been unconscious of his glances the night before, and she had said to Ah Fong, "You will have an offer for Yun Ho from the Ong family, — mark my words. See that you get a good price for her, — she is worth at least $2500." And Ah Fong had sworn at the old woman for her officiousness. As though one would take advice from a woman!

Ong Chee came close to Yun Ho and took her hand. The Golden Lily, as she was sometimes called, smiled into his eyes, for he was good to see, and they sat down on the carved stools, while Ong Chee talked long and earnestly. During the rest of that day Yun Ho seemed less unhappy than usual, but if she was joyful in anticipation of another visit from Ong Chee her hope was not gratified, for he was not seen again in the Alley that day or the next. On the following day, however, he came again, and Yun Ho brightened wonderfully, and her drooping mouth lost some of its pathetic curve. His stay was brief, since he had an engagement, and early that evening he might have been seen taking a round-about course to a brick building on the hill which overlooks the Quarter, where his impatient ring was answered by a brisk young woman who ushered him into the sitting-room and sat down with him in serious converse. Presently, Ong Chee passed her a paper, and soon after they shook hands and parted, Ong Chee hurrying along the street and avoiding the street lamps.

Things were as usual in Gum Cook Alley the following day. Yun Ho dressed carefully, ate her meals, sent in from a near-by restaurant, with perfect Oriental stoicism, and showed a sad and impassive face to passers-by. What a loss to the Chinese stage that woman with such powers of repression should be excluded from the boards!

Toward five o'clock there was a commotion in the Alley. A carriage had stopped two blocks away, and from it had stepped two American ladies and a stout policeman. Up the Alley they came, turning hurriedly in at Ah Fong's place, for in those days, before white lookouts were employed, front doors stood open. But scarcely had the party turned in than there was a cry from the Chinese lookout within the hall, followed by a banging of doors, a shooting of bolts, a rattling of chains, and a falling into place of barricades. The picket had disappeared from the open wicket, and a yellow silk curtain had fallen where he had been sitting. The policeman was now joined by two others, and their brawny shoulders and a crowbar or two against the first iron-bound door forced it at last, only to

show another and still heavier one just beyond. The whole corridor was full of doors, and, meanwhile, beyond these barricades there was such a scampering and hurrying and shrieking as was scarcely believable. Every slave girl in the place vied with every other to see who could climb to the roof first, and the Highbinder, Ah Fong, whose property they were, seeing the flying feet and the white-stockinged ankles disappearing up the bamboo ladder, decided that this was an unprovoked raid, and that the Mission folk were out with a dragnet, not seeking any particular girl who had signified a desire to leave, but looking merely for girls in general, if there should happen to be any under age. And so Ah Fong, though he took to the roofs, too, was not very much alarmed, for he had taken care to have his slaves thoroughly terrified on this Mission question, and there was not a girl of them all who did not believe that the food at the Mission was poisoned, that the inmates were subjected to fearful tortures, and that those who survived these things were worked to death at the commonest and most menial occupations, fatal alike to beauty of hand and of face.

While the noise of stout blows and falling doors resounded through the house, Ah Fong marshaled his little company on the roof. All were there, — all but Yun Ho, most beautiful and valuable of his chattels.

"Where is Yun Ho?" he cried.

"She was too late to get to the roof," replied Ah Tai. "She was at the wicket when the white devils came, but I saw her pulling the rice mats over her as I came up the ladder, and she was completely hidden."

"Good," said Ah Fong; "she is too pretty to swell up and die from poisoned food."

Then the girls scattered to adjoining roofs and disappeared down their skylights, after a plan as carefully rehearsed as any fire-drill, and Ah Fong drew up the ladder, and, climbing through a neighboring window, commenced to smoke peacefully, as though nothing at all had happened to disturb his serenity. A chance police officer, happening to come out on the roof, would never have dreamed that this peaceful Celestial was the owner of the house being raided below.

In the meantime the officers and the ladies had effected an entrance to the main room of the house, to find evidences of hasty flight all about, here a fancy pin, and there a little embroidered slipper, shed by some fleeing Cinderella, but never a sign of a slave girl.

"Oh, dear," said the younger of the two women, "I hope she did n't change her mind, or that they did n't suspect her and carry her off over the roofs."

"Well, that 's the way they 've gone, all right," said the officer, eyeing the skylight. "Ah Fong 's a clever devil, and I bet he had 'em well trained."

"Yes, but Yun Ho was expecting us to-day, and I did n't think she would stampede with the rest. We sent her word to hang back and give us some sign so that we might know her."

"Well, there 's nothing here, nor in the rooms beyond, sure enough," said the officer, "for I 've been through the house."

At that moment there came a faint cough, delicate and tiny, but the young woman heard it, and ran to the rice mats in the corner, calling, "Yun Ho! Yun Ho!" and from behind the mats came the prettiest young girl, with a charming red mouth and hands of old ivory laden with translucent jade and yellow gold. She looked up smilingly at the young missionary, and bashfully offered her hand as she breathed, rather than spoke, —

"Miss Camelon, Yun Ho, Ong Chee."

And Miss Cameron cried delightedly, "This is she! This is she!"

If the missionary had had more experience she would not have been so gleeful, since it was her tone more than her words which brought Ah Fong back from

his peaceful pipe in his neighbor's window, brought him back to the skylight and the bamboo ladder with even more celerity than he had exhibited in leaving the place, his yellow face growing dark with passion when he saw the policemen and the ladies in possession of the evidently willing Yun Ho. And as he saw that very desirable young lady departing with her new-found friends, he said, in eloquent Cantonese, things that made Yun Ho blanch in spite of herself, for he vowed to be revenged upon Ong Chee. And Ah Fong came of a noted Highbinder clan, and Yun Ho knew that he would keep his word.

. . . . . .

Yun Ho was the prettiest girl who had ever been in the Mission, and one of the sweetest. Laziness, the curse of her sex and the mother of immorality, was no quality of hers, and every one, from the matron to the meanest scullery maid, saw that Yun Ho was going to make a perfect wife in that day when the little mirrors and the tiny bells should be sewed around the edge of her sahm, — mirrors in which a bride sees reflected her future happiness, and little bells to keep her always in tune. Yun Ho studied industriously, was content with cambric blouses instead of silk, and when Ong Chee came to see her, she received him modestly enough, and giggled in his presence under the eye of the official chaperon.

But a dubious thing had happened to Ong Chee. He had told his father of his infatuation, and though Ong Wing had threatened and stormed, the son had preserved his Oriental calm, combining with it more than Oriental obstinacy and firmness. Ong Wing had been obstinate too, and had issued an ultimatum. Ong Chee was to give up all thought of Yun Ho, or be disinherited, and this decision was made somewhat easier for Ong Wing because of the fact that his third wife had just presented him with a son, and this unexpected good fortune made it certain that his bones would not go unworshiped. Ong Chee could be spared if he insisted upon setting up his own will; he was no longer an only son.

Ong Chee did insist. Very quietly he laid aside the fine raiment of his father's providing, — the mandarin cap and the silken hose, — and purchased the commoner garb of a workingman, the while he began to cast about to see what a young Oriental without capital or business experience might do to earn a living. Incidentally, he dropped the fine name of Ong Chee, which presupposed a pedigree, and took the name of Chew Bim, non-committal as Smith or Brown or Jones, and raising no false hopes in the breasts of those who heard.

Ong Chee had been bred for a merchant. It had never been expected that he would soil his fine hands with coarse work, but he had a pretty gift of cookery, and had he been an American would have taken to messing with chafing dishes in a bachelor apartment. As it was, he applied at an uptown hotel for a position as cook, became at once an assistant in the kitchen, and at the end of the year had attained a monthly wage which was quite a fortune in Oriental eyes.

There followed a very quiet wedding in the Mission chapel, which has witnessed many such affairs, and Yun Ho and her husband went to live in a single room in a house occupied by Christian Chinese, and were as happy as only two persons can be who have worked and waited and surmounted obstacles.

One secret Chew Bim kept from his wife. She knew, of course, that he had been disinherited because of her, and she was grateful in her shy, undemonstrative way, but she did not know that there was a price on his head. She knew that Chew Bim did not go abroad after dark. They lived on the edge of the Chinese Quarter, so that he was not obliged to thread the streets and alleys when he returned from work, and, except when he left the house in the morning and returned at night, he was never out of

doors. On Sundays, Yun Ho went to church, always with the girls from the Mission. Chew Bim professed nothing except love for her.

One day — it was Chew Bim's evening off — he was returning early from his work, and he slipped across Sacramento Street and turned into the narrow alley that led past the Mission to his home. He had seen Ah Fong leaning against a lamp-post just outside the Quarter, and he made a detour of two or three blocks, slipped through a narrow alley or two, and was just hurrying by the stone steps of the Mission, which had been Yun Ho's shelter, when a shot rang out. It was a sharp report, quickly followed by another, and Chew Bim clapped his hands to his breast and fell on the sloping walk in front of the House of Refuge. A man or two ran out from the corner grocery over the way; shirt-sleeved men hurried from a near-by lodging-house; and Miss Cameron and one or two of her girls rushed from the Mission.

"What is it?" Miss Cameron asked.

"Chink killed," said a bartender laconically.

Miss Cameron pressed her way through the crowd to where the man lay, and there was little Ong Chee with a red stream staining his workaday blouse.

"Oh, my poor Ong Chee!" cried the missionary, kneeling by his side, "I am so sorry. Are you much hurt? Poor Yun Ho."

The dim eyes focused themselves on the gentle face as Miss Cameron tenderly took the hand of the little cook, and he gasped out, —

"Ah Fong, he shot me and then he run. Oh, Miss Cameron, don't let them spoil my wife."

"We will take care of her," promised Miss Cameron. "Poor Ong Chee."

"There is money enough — you — take — it" — he said slowly, every word a gasp of pain.

"Yes, yes," she returned, pressing her handkerchief to stop the red flow.

Ill news travels fast. Yun Ho had already heard, and forgetting the command of her husband, never under any circumstances to leave the house alone, she was running along the alley, her soft-soled shoes making no noise, and when she reached the crowd, she threw herself on the sidewalk beside Miss Cameron, and took her husband's hand, while the tired eyes opened and looked at her with infinite compassion.

"Miss Cameron take care of you," was all he said.

The patrol wagon was coming now, and Ong Chee was lifted into it not ungently. Yun Ho and Miss Cameron, both hatless, sat in the wagon with him, and the horses were walked to the Receiving Hospital, where the wounded man was laid on the operating-table.

"He 's got about one chance in a thousand," said the rough doctor, after they had finished probing. "But he 's pure grit all through. I never saw a man stand it better. Poor little dog, — some trouble between the tongs, I suppose."

Miss Cameron did not explain, — the doctor was scarcely of fine enough fibre to feel the delicacy of the sacrifice.

Yun Ho went back to the Mission and safety, for it was quite possible that Ah Fong's plan was not only to murder Ong Chee, but to carry off his beautiful prize, and each day some one accompanied Yun Ho to the hospital, where she sat and looked at Ong Chee with dumb, loving eyes.

For he did live, — perhaps because he wanted to so much, perhaps because the big Highbinder bullet went a hair too high to accomplish its purpose. Ah Fong had disappeared, of course, as though the earth had swallowed him, but that is an old, old story in Chinatown murders.

It was a month before Ong Chee could be moved to the little room which was home, and several months before he could work again, and after that a bodyguard accompanied him to and from his

work, for though Ah Fong had failed, some other of his family would certainly attempt to finish the work.

Little Yun Ho has stopped going to church, and at night she and her husband are prisoners in the upper room, where heavy dark shades hang at the windows, and where no one ever moves between the lamp and the blind.

Some people might think it a high price to pay for living and loving, but Ong Chee's entrees are as perfect and his salads as irreproachable as though he had nothing at all on his mind, not to mention a bullet in his body. Before Yun Ho he never refers to the matter, though she watches for him anxiously, and is worried if he is five minutes late on the stairs. Theirs is the peace of fatalism.

Only to Miss Cameron does Ong Chee express himself with real freedom.

"They 'll get me, of course, some day," he says, without a trace of feeling, but in his voice comes a subtle change as he adds,—

"But you won't let them spoil my wife."

Mabel Craft Deering.

WHAT IS "COMPARATIVE LITERATURE"?

Some ten years ago, I made bold to publish a plea for the formation of a Society of Comparative Literature; and to call attention to the fact that the work which such a society might perform had not been undertaken by any English or American organization, or by any periodical or series of publications in the English language. I was then of the opinion, which I still hold, that the principles of literature and of criticism are not to be discovered in æsthetic theory alone, but in a theory which both impels and is corrected by scientific inquiry. No individual can gather from our many literatures the materials necessary for an induction to the characteristic of even one literary type; but an association, each member of which should devote himself to the study of a given type, species, movement, or theme, with which he was specially and at first hand familiar, might with some degree of adequacy prosecute a comparative investigation into the nature of literature, part by part. Thus, gradually, wherever the type or movement had existed, its quality and history might be observed. And in time, by systematization of results, scholarship might attain to the common, and probably some of the essential, characteristics of classified phenomena, to some of the laws actually governing the origin, growth, and differentiation of one and another of the component literary factors and kinds. A basis would correspondingly be laid for criticism not in the practice of one nationality or school, nor in æsthetics of sporadic theory, otherwise interesting and profitable enough, but in the common qualities of literature, scientifically determined. To adopt, as universal, canons of criticism constructed upon particular premises, — by Boileau or Vida, Puttenham, Sidney, or Corneille, or even Lessing and Aristotle, and to apply them to types, or varieties of type, movement, or theme, with which these masters were unacquainted, is illogical, and therefore unhistorical. And still, that is precisely what the world of literary dictators persists in doing. *Alle Theorie ist grau.* The principles of the drama cannot be derived from a consideration of the Greek drama alone, nor of European drama, but of all drama, wherever found, European, Peruvian, Chinese; among aboriginal as well as among civilized peoples; and in

all stages of its history. From such comparative formulation of results proceed the only trustworthy canons for that kind of composition; some of them general, some dependent upon conditions historically differenced. So also with the nature and laws of other types, movements or moods, forms or themes, and ultimately of literature as a unit. Our current æsthetic canons of judgment, based upon psychological and speculative premises that sometimes by accident fit the case, but more frequently upon historical inexperience, might thus be renovated and widened with the process of scientific knowledge.

That dream seems now in a fair way to be realized. The society is yet to be founded; but the periodical is on its feet. And it was in prospect of its first appearance that I asked myself some months ago, what this term "Comparative Literature" might now mean to me; and answered it in the manner that follows.[1] Imperfect as the answer may be, it is possibly of interest, if for no other reason, that it makes a different approach to a subject which since then Professor Woodberry has discussed in the Journal of Comparative Literature. To his significant and poetic utterance, I shall accordingly in due season recur.

What, then, is "Comparative Literature"? Of the name itself, I must say that I know of no occurrence in English earlier than 1886, when we find it used for the comparative study of literature, in the title of an interesting and suggestive volume by Professor H. M. Posnett. The designation had apparently been coined in emulation of such nomenclature as the *vergleichende Grammatik* of Bopp, or Comparative Anatomy, Comparative Physiology, Comparative Politics. If it had been so constructed as to convey the idea of a discipline or method, there would have been no fault to find. Before Posnett's book appeared, Carriere and others in Germany had spoken properly enough of *vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte;* and the French and Italians, not only of the comparative method or discipline, *l'histoire comparative*, but also of the materials compared, *l'histoire comparée des littératures, la storia comparata*, or, from the literary avenue of approach, *la littérature comparée, letteratura comparata.* At Turin and Genoa, the study had been listed under such captions long before the English misnomer was coined. Misnomer it, of course, is; for to speak of a comparative object is absurd. But since the name has some show of asserting itself, we may as well postpone consideration of a better, till we have more fully determined what the study involved, no matter how called, is ordinarily understood to be.

It is, in the first place, understood of a field of investigation, — the literary relations existing between distinct nationalities: the study of international borrowings, imitations, adaptations. And to recognize such relations as incidental to national growth is of the utmost importance — social as well as literary. "C'est prouver sa jeunesse et sa force," says Gaston Paris, "c'est s'assurer un avenir de renouvellement et d'action au dehors, que de faire connaître tout ce qui se fait de grand, de beau, de neuf en dehors de ses frontières, de s'en servir, sans l'imiter, de l'assimiler, de le transformer suivant sa nature propre, de conserver sa personnalité en l'élargissant et d'être ainsi toujours la même et toujours changeante, toujours nationale et toujours européenne." Such is also the thought of M. Texte, when he writes in his introduction to Betz's Littérature comparée of "the great law which regulates the literary development of every nation: that of growth by successive stages of concentration and expansion . . . the law of the moral development of nations, as of individuals." And M. Texte is but echoing Matthew Arnold's "Epochs of con-

[1] American Philological Association, President's Address before the Pacific Coast Division, December 29, 1902.

centration cannot well endure forever; epochs of expansion in the due course of things follow them." Arnold was writing in 1865, but earlier still, Goethe had called attention to the limitations of a literature exclusively national: "Eine jede Literatur ennuyirt sich zuletzt in sich selbst, wenn sie nicht durch fremde Theilnahme wieder aufgefrischt ist." Whether this "periodicity" of digesting what one has, and acquiring what one has not, is the only law of moral development, is not for us now to answer. International dependence is a fact. Literary reciprocity is natural, even if not necessary. Nor was Goethe the first to announce the principle.

This attention to literary relations is, of course, the consequent of the study of literatures as national: first the history of each literature; then the historic relations between literatures. That in turn is naturally followed by the synthesis in literature as a unit. "The nineteenth century," says M. Texte, "has seen the national history of literatures develop and establish itself: the task of the twentieth century will undoubtedly be to write the comparative history of those literatures." Likewise, Professor Brandes is conducted from the study of individual literatures to that of reciprocal movements, and so to the comparative view. In his Hauptströmungen, written about 1870, he takes for the central subject of his work the reaction in the first decades of the nineteenth century against the literature of the eighteenth, and the overcoming of that reaction. "This historic incident," he says, "is of European interest, and can only be understood by a comparative study of European literature. Such a study I purpose attempting by simultaneously tracing the course of the most important movements in French, German, and English literature. The comparative view possesses the double advantage of bringing foreign literature so near to us that we can assimilate it and of removing our own until we are enabled to see it in its true perspective." It will undoubtedly have been remarked that while Brandes regards the comparative study of literature from the point of view of international relations, he also passes beyond the strictly objective realm of research. For, in his esteem, the comparative view has the advantage of "removing our own literature until we are enabled to see it in its true perspective. We neither see what is too near the eye nor what is too far away from it." This is to add to the proper function of historical research an appraisement of one's own literature after impartial comparison with the literatures of other nations. "The scientific view of literature," proceeds Brandes, "provides us with a telescope of which the one end magnifies, and the other diminishes; it must be so focused as to remedy the illusions of unassisted eyesight. The different nations have hitherto held themselves so distinct, as far as literature is concerned, that each has only to a very limited extent been able to benefit by the productions of the rest." Here, again, the way had been marked out by Arnold, when he advocated the comparison of literary classics in one language, or in many, with a view to determining their relative excellence, that is, to displacing personal or judicial criticism by a method more scientific. I am aware that this conception of the study concerns its method and purpose rather than its field. But I mention it here because it implies a more comprehensive and deeper conception underlying all these statements of the material of comparative study: the solidarity of literature. Not, by any means, what Goethe projected in his dream of a cosmopolitan literature to which the best of all national efforts should contribute. "Everywhere," wrote the poet, "one hears and reads of the progress of the human race, and of broader views of relationships, natural and human. How this may in general come about, it does not fall to me to inquire or to determine.

I will, however, of my own accord, call the attention of my friends to one fact: I am persuaded that there is a *Weltlitteratur* in process of construction, in which is reserved for us Germans an honorable rôle." But under this prophetic cosmopolitanism of ideal and art — this millennial Bible — lay that same belief in an essential, historical oneness of literature. And that is the working premise of the student of Comparative Literature to-day: literature as a distinct and integral medium of thought, a common institutional expression of humanity; differentiated, to be sure, by the social conditions of the individual, by racial, historical, cultural, and linguistic influences, opportunities, and restrictions, but, irrespective of age or guise, prompted by the common needs and aspirations of man, sprung from common faculties, psychological and physiological, and obeying common laws of material and mode, of the individual, and of social humanity. Writing in 1896, Professor Marsh put it thus: "To examine the phenomena of literature as a whole, to compare them, to inquire into the causes of them, this is the true task of Comparative Literature." Posnett's statement, ten years before, implied the same "solidarity" of the subject matter; and so, again, Matthew Arnold's, ten years earlier still: "The criticism [and criticism covers historical as well as logical comparison] I am really concerned with — the criticism which alone can much help us for the future — is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action, and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another."

From this conception of the material as a unit, scholars naturally advance to the consideration of its development, the construction of a theory. If a unity, and an existence approximately contemporaneous with that of society, why not a life, a growth? "We no longer have to examine solely the relations of one nation with another," says one, "but to unfold the simultaneous development of all literatures, or, at least, of an important group of literatures." It is the task of Comparative Literature, according to another, to find whether the same laws of literary development prevail among all peoples or not. The internal and external aspects of literary growth, Mr. Posnett announces to be the objects of comparative inquiry; and, accepting as the principle of literary growth the progressive deepening and widening of personality,—in other words, the contraction and expansion of Arnold and Texte, — with the development of the social unit in which the individual is placed, this author finds a corresponding differentiation of the literary medium from the primitive homogeneity of communal art, a gradual individualizing of the literary occasion and an evolution of literary forms. While, as I have said, he recognizes the importance of the comparative study of external sources of national development and the resulting social and literary reaction upon the literature in question, he devotes himself, preferably, to the "comparative study of the internal sources of national development, social or physical, and of the effects of different phases of this development on literature;" and in pursuance of this method he adopts, whether right or wrong, "the gradual expansion of social life, from clan to city, from city to nation, from both of these to cosmopolitan humanity, as the proper order of studies in Comparative Literature." Mr. Posnett's method is perhaps impaired by the fact that he regards the relation of literary history to the political rather than to the broader social development of a people, but he certainly elaborates a theory; and it is the more instructive because he does not treat literature as organic, developing by reason of a life within itself to a determined end, but as

secondary and still developing with the evolution of the organism from which it springs. In this theory of institutional growth result also the methods of Buckle and Ernst Grosse, which may be termed physiological and physiographical; and the physio-psychological of Schiller, Spencer, and Karl Groos; and the method of Irjö Hirn, which combines the social and psychological in the inquiry into the art impulse and its history; and that of Schlegel and Carriere, who, emphasizing one side of Hegel's theory, rest literary development largely upon the development of religious thought. In M. Brunetière, on the other hand, we have one who boldly announces his intention to trace the evolution of literary species, — not as dependent upon the life of an organism such as society, but in themselves. He frankly proposes to discover the laws of literary development by applying the theory of evolution to the study of literature. The question of the growth of literary types, he says in the first volume of his Évolution des genres dans l'histoire de la littérature, resolves into five subsidiary questions: the reality and independence of types, their differentiation, their stability, the influences modifying them, and the process of their transformation. When he asserts that the differences of types correspond to differences in the means and ends of different arts and to diversities in families of minds, and that the principle of differentiation is the same that operates in nature from homogeneity to heterogeneity, most of us concur; but when he details the signs of youth, maturity, and decay which the type may exhibit, and the transformation of one type into another — as, for instance, the French pulpit oration into the ode — according to principles analogous in their operation to the Darwinian struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, and natural selection, we become apprehensive lest the parallel be overworked. If Brunetière would only complete the national portion of his history, or, at least, try to substantiate his theory, we should be grateful. He has, however, enunciated one of the problems with which Comparative Literature must grapple, and is grappling. Does the biological principle apply to literature? If not, in how far may the parallel be scientifically drawn?

That leads us to still a third conception of the term under consideration. Comparative Literature, say some, is not a subject-matter nor a theory but a method of study. With the ancients it was the habit of roughly matching authors — Virgil with Homer, Terence with Menander, or Terence with Plautus — with a view to determining relative excellence, the habit of which we cherish a vivid reminiscence from our undergraduate struggles with Quintilian and the Ars Poetica. The method has existed ever since there were two pieces of literature known to the same man, it has persisted through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and it is alive to-day. Its merits and defects are those of the man who uses it. To others the comparative method means the attempt to obtain by *induction* from a sufficient variety of specimens the characteristics, distinguishing marks, principles, even laws of the form, movement, type or literature under discussion. For instance, Carriere's comparative study of the drama in various periods and literatures; or portions of Freytag's inquiry into the technique of tragedy, irrespective of the nationality producing it; or even Aristotle's Poetics, for it is based upon an induction from all dramas and epics, even though only Greek, that were known to him. And here we are reminded that in the discipline under consideration historical sequence is just as important as comparison by cross sections. The science is called "comparative literary history" rather than "literature compared" by French, German, and Italian scholars, not for nothing. The historian who searches for origins or stages of development in a

single literature may employ the comparative method as much as he who zigzags from literature to literature; and so the student whose aim is to establish relations between literary movement and literary movement, between author and author, period and period, type and type, movement and movement, theme and theme, contemporaneous or successive in any language, nationality, clime, or time. To repeat, the comparison is not alone between diverse national literatures, but between any elements involved in the history of literature, or any stages in the history of any element. There have been, within my own knowledge, those who would confine the word literature to the written productions of civilized peoples, and consequently would exclude from consideration aboriginal attempts at verbal art. But students nowadays increasingly recognize that the cradle of literary science is anthropology. The comparative method therefore sets civilized literatures side by side with the popular, traces folklore to folklore, and these so far as possible to the matrix in the undifferentiated art of human expression. Such is "Comparative Literature" when used of the work of the Grimms, Steinthal, Comparetti, Donovan, Talvj or Ernst Grosse. The term is also properly used of the method of Taine, which in turn derives from that recommended by Hegel in the first volume of his Æsthetik (the appraisement of the literary work in relation to *Zeit, Volk, und Umgebung*), and of the method of Brunetière so far as he has applied it, for it is in theory the same, save that it purports to emphasize the consideration of the element of individuality. But that the method is susceptible of widely varying interpretations is illustrated by the practice of still another advocate thereof, Professor Wetz, who, in his Shakespeare from the Point of View of Comparative Literary History, of 1890, and in his essay on the history of literature, insists that Comparative Literature is neither the literary history of one people, nor investigations in international literary history; neither the study of literary beginnings, nor even the attempt to obtain by induction the characteristics of *Weltlitteratur*, its movements and types. While he accepts the analytical critical method of Taine in combination with the historical and psychological of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, he insists that the function of Comparative Literature is to determine the peculiarities of an author by comparison with those of some other author sufficiently analogous. To flood the peculiarities of Shakespeare, for instance, with the light of the personality of Corneille, that is Comparative Literature, according to Wetz! And there its work ends and the work of literary history and æsthetic criticism begins.

This, then, would seem to be the view of Comparative Literature, its field, theory, and method, that one might obtain from perusal of the more evident contributions to the exposition of the subject.

I remember that some twelve years ago Colonel Higginson pointed out in the Century Magazine the desirability of studying literature from the general rather than from the national or provincial point of view, and expressed surprise that no University in this country supported a chair of what I think he called World-Literature. In reply a student of the University of Michigan described a course in the comparative study of literary types which had been given there as early I think as 1887. It goes without saying that courses in literary history and inductive poetics not called comparative but comparative in fact had been given by professors of languages, ancient or modern, many times before. Such, for instance, were the courses of Professor Child at Harvard. At the present day courses of comparative study are pursued in all larger universities. Most of the graduate work in philology would fall within the purview of Comparative Literature.

Courses in the nature and history of literary types and movements in general, and in the theory and history of criticism, have been given, sometimes under some special designation, at others under that of Comparative Literature, at California since 1889. A chair for the study was established at Harvard in the early nineties. At Columbia the study of literature "at large," as Professor Matthews calls it, "that is, the tracing of the evolution of literary form and of the development of criticism as masterpieces" was recognized by courses as early as 1892, though the department was not organized under the title Comparative Literature until 1899. At Yale and Princeton the history of literary types and movements, national and general, and the comparative study of poetics have been growing in importance during the same period. An examination of the courses offered in American universities distinctively under the title of Comparative Literature shows that effort is at present chiefly directed to the study of international borrowings, commonly called "source-hunting" or of the larger influences or movements involving various literatures. Next in order of cultivation come courses in the theory of literature in general, and the history and theory of types such as lyric or drama. In general, however, teachers of Comparative Literature seem to regard European letters as a totality unrelated and self-explanatory. With the exception of a course or two such as Woodberry's Oriental Element in European Literature, no provision has been made for the investigation of the wider unit which alone can afford a basis for scientific processes and results. Of European universities, the Italian have longest and most effectually cultivated the study under consideration. Turin, for instance, has offered the course of which I have already spoken in the comparative history of the neo-Latin literatures since 1876; and the same curriculum seems to obtain at the other Universities of Italy. Genoa, Padua, Bologna, and Rome as well as Turin announce their literary courses always as follows: *Letteratura italiana, latina, greca, storia comparata delle letterature e lingue neo-latine.* Of these the last is, so far as it goes, genuinely a course in Comparative Literature, bounded to be sure by natural affinities, but not by limits of modern history. As to literary courses in German Universities, those listed as *neuere Philologie* are confined usually by the boundaries of nationality. When *vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte* is specifically announced international relationships are of course investigated, but the European unit of literary solidarity does not appear as yet to have been in any considerable degree exceeded, at any rate by workers in modern philology. Inter-European influences have been treated by Koch and Kölbing at Breslau, by Schultze at Halle, by Brandl and Geiger at Berlin, and in many other universities. Courses like that offered by Meyer at Berlin on the method and function of the comparative history of literature, and dissertations such as Grosse's on the aim and method of literary science, Ten Brink's on the function of literary history with Wetz's reply to it, and Elster's *Antrittsrede* at Leipsic on the same subject indicate the steady development of the conception from the empirical and particular to the inductive and systematic stage. The work of Klein in the broad field of the drama, and of Brandes of Copenhagen in literary movements, mark epochs in the application of the science. And still, so far as may be gathered from systems of study, the palm must be given, not to Italy, Germany, or Denmark, but to Switzerland, — to Geneva, where the courses of research are international in the widest sense. Lyons, indeed, at one time promised to eclipse the rest, but it was unfortunately deprived of Professor Joseph Texte by his death when he had served but two years.

Judging from the articles and books reviewed in the Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte und Renaissance Litteratur, and making allowance for such material as belongs exclusively to the latter category and is not comparative, we may say that the editors classify under Comparative Literature international literary history, researches into sources of individual works, literary æsthetics, the history of types, and minor elements of literary form and material, and finally folklore. The term Comparative Literature seems to be used vaguely but with especial regard to international relativity; still any article treating of poetry or of its antecedent conditions scientifically and with some show of comparative method seems eligible to their pages.

This survey might be extended to the practice of our American philological journals and associations. The academic conception will, however, be found to be as I have stated it: Comparative Literature works in the history of national as well as of international conditions, it employs, more or less prominently, the comparative method, logical and historical, it presupposes, and results in, a conception of literature as a solidarity, and it seeks to formulate and substantiate a theory of literary development whether by evolution or permutation, in movements, types, and themes. With these main considerations it is but natural that scholars should associate the attempt to verify and systematize the characteristics common to literature in its various manifestations wherever found; to come by induction, for instance, at the *eidographic* or generic qualities of poetry, — the characteristics of the drama, epic, or lyric; at the *dynamic* qualities, those which characterize and differentiate the main literary movements, such as the classical and romantic; and at the *thematic*, the causes of persistence and modification in the history of vital subjects, situations, and plots. As to the growth, or development, of literature our survey shows that two distinct doctrines contend for acceptance: one, by evolution, which is an attempt to interpret literary processes in accordance with biological laws; the other, by what I prefer to call permutation. Since literature like its material, language, is not an organism, but a resultant medium, both product and expression of the society whence it springs, the former theory must be still in doubt. It can certainly not be available otherwise than metaphorically unless it be substantiated by just such methods — comparative and scientific — as those of which we have spoken.

How much of this is new, of the nineteenth century, for instance? Very little in theory; much, and that important, in discipline and fact. The *solidarity of literature* was long ago announced by Bacon, who in his Advancement of Learning says, "As the proficience of learning consisteth much in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced if there were more intelligence mutual between the universities of Europe than there now is. . . . And surely as nature createth brotherhoods in families, and arts mechanical contract brotherhoods in communities, and the anointment of God superinduceth a brotherhood in kings and bishops, so in like manner there cannot but be a *fraternity in learning and illumination*, relating to that paternity which is attributed to God who is called the Father of illuminations or lights." Bacon was the founder, in England, of that species of literary history which, as soon as national literatures were placed in comparison, could not but result in the conception of literary unity. He was our first distinguished advocate of the genetic method of critical research: the procedure by cause and effect to movement, influence, relation, change, decay, revival; and he emphasized the elasticity of literary forms and types, — ideas all es-

sential to the understanding of literature as a growth. But he was not the only forerunner of the present movement. In one way or another the solidarity of literature, the theories of permutation or of evolution, sometimes crudely, sometimes with keen scientific insight, were anticipated by Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians of note all the way from Dante, Scaliger, and Sidney down. In England, Webbe, Puttenham, and Meres, Ben Jonson, Edmund Bolton, prepared for Bacon; and Bacon was well followed by the Earl of Stirling (whose Anacrisis furnishes hints by the score for the comparative method of literary research), by Davenant in his Preface to Gondibert, by Cowley (a fine advocate of the analytical and historical methods); and by our prince of criticism, the perspicacious Dryden, who in his Heads of an Answer to Rymer insists upon a standard of literary judgment at once historical and logical, upon the recognition of development in literary types, the principles of *milieu* and national variety, and the adoption accordingly of criteria that shall allow for the diversity and gradual modification of literary conditions. Most worthy, too, of recognition which, I think, he has never fully obtained, is John Dennis; for in his Remarks upon Blackmore's Prince Arthur and in his Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry he more clearly than any predecessor foreshadows the theories of the early and middle nineteenth century concerning the influence of religious ideals in the permutations of literature. Shaftesbury, Bentley, Swift, the Wartons, Hurd, Addison, Hallam, Carlyle, and De Quincey, — it was not necessary that any of these should defer his birth till 1900 to appreciate what the comparative study of literature, in one or more of its phases, meant.

In Germany, Herder and Schiller may have been the first, as Professor Wetz has said, to give the science a comprehensive foundation. They, however, owed not a little to Bodmer and Breitinger and others of the Swiss school of 1740, to the Æsthetica of Baumgarten of 1750, and to Winckelmann's application of the historical method to the study of fine art. When we come down the line and add the contributions of Goethe, Richter, the Schlegels to literary science, and then of Gervinus, Boeckh, Paul, and Elze, we begin to wonder what there is left of system for the student of Comparative Literature to devise.

In France, likewise, there have been approaches to one or another side of the idea and discipline from the Défense of Joachim du Bellay, 1549, and the Poetics of Scaliger (one of the greatest comparers of literary history) down. The Recueil of Claude Fauchet, 1581, Pasquier's Treatise on the Pléiade, Mairet's Preface to Sylvanire, the early battles of Corneille with the Academy and Chapelain, all illustrate phases of this slowly maturing method of study. Rapin's Poëtes Anciens et Modernes, of 1674, aims not only to adapt Aristotle's Poetics to modern practice, but to teach the moderns that certain qualities of poetry, no matter what the conditions of the age, endure. And the age felt Rapin, especially the England of the age, — Dryden and his school. The scientific importance of literary history and the advantages of the comparative method in criticism were clearly apprehended by Saint-Évremond as early as by Rapin. Desmarets de Saint Sorlin had advanced to a conception of poetry as an institutional mouthpiece for society and religion as far back as 1657, — but nine years after Davenant's famous Preface on the same theory, and fully two hundred before its more distinguished elaboration by Carriere. That Perrault, Fontenelle, the Daciers, La Fontaine, Fénelon, indeed, and the younger heroes of the Battle of the Books, should by some be supposed to be the founders of the comparative method is extremely odd: they were anticipated not only by several whom I

have mentioned and by the Pléiade in France, but by the Areopagus in England as well. Why multiply examples? I believe that without difficulty one could indicate a forerunner earlier than 1830 for every doctrine or ideal comprised to-day under the term Comparative Literature, except the theory of evolution on the Darwinian principle, — and for much of the method. Dubos, Batteux, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, La Harpe, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Ginguené, Baour-Lormian, Stendhal, Hugo, Villemain, — a host of prophets before the immortal Sainte-Beuve and those Monday chats that gathered up in method and ideal all that was worth gathering and gave the impetus to most of the theory and method current to-day!

This cloud of witnesses is not produced, however, to discredit, but to confirm the scope and hope of the so-called Comparative Literature of to-day. They testify to the need of a science in the nature of things. They perform their service by anticipations in detail of a discipline that could not be designated a science until the sciences propædeutic thereto had been developed. The experimental stage of literary theory has by its antiquity, its persistence, and its faith, given proof of the naturalness and worth of the science that was to follow when experience should be ripe. Experimental efforts accomplished this much at least: they marked out the field, — the relativity of literature; they shadowed the substance and significance of the ideal of literary solidarity, and they foreshadowed that of spiritual community; they apprehended a comparative method of procedure, and applied it to some few objects of investigation, to the history of sources, for instance, and of themes; and to artistic and literary analogies with a view to inductive canons of criticism. But, on the other hand, the method as conceived was, in the nature of the case, but imperfectly scientific; and the objects of its application, the determination of literary types, their reality and characteristics, and the study of literary conditions antecedent and environing, were but vaguely comprehended. The facts were insufficient. As to a growth of literature, our earlier scholars utterly failed to elaborate a theory, failed generally to surmise; and that being so, a study of movements, national or international, and the moods that underlie them, was incapable of prosecution. How could they build a science the social and psychological foundations of which were not yet established?

Advances in historical method, in psychological, sociological, linguistic, and ethnological research have, now, furnished the discipline with an instrument unknown to its forbears in critical procedure; and with fresh and rich materials for illumination from without. The conception of literature as a unit is no longer hypothetical; the comparison of national histories has proved it. The idea of a process by evolution may be unproved; but that some process, as by permutation, must obtain is recognized. We no longer look upon the poet as inspired. Literature develops with the entity which produces it, — the common social need and faculty of expression; and it varies according to *differentiæ* of racial, physiographic, and social conditions, and of the inherited or acquired characteristics of which the individual author is constituted. The science of its production must analyze its component factors and determine the laws by which they operate. By a constant factor are fixed the only possible moulds or channels of expression, and, therefore, the integral and primary types, as, for instance, within the realm of poetry, the lyric, narrative, and dramatic. By the presence of other factors, both inconstant, these types are themselves liable to modification. I refer, of course, to environment, that is to say, to the antecedent and contemporary condition of thought, social tendency, and artistic fashion; and

to the associational congeries called the author. So far as physiological and psychological modes of expression may be submitted to objective and historical analysis, so far as the surrounding conditions which directly or indirectly affect the art in which the author works, and the work of the author in that art, may be inductively studied, and their nature interpreted and registered in relation to other products of society, such as language, religion, and government, so far is the discipline of which we speak legitimately scientific. And as rapidly as experimental psychology, anthropology, ethnology, or the history of art in general, prove their right to scientific recognition, they become instruments for the comparative investigation of the social phenomenon called literature. It is thus that the literary science, just now called Comparative Literature, improves upon the efforts of the former stylistic or poetics, largely traditional or speculative, and displaces the capricious matching of authors, the static or provincial view of history, and the appraisement lacking atmosphere.

While this science must exclude from the object under consideration the purely subjective element, and the speculative or so-called "judicial" (*me judice*) method from criticism and history, it need not ignore or disregard the unexplained quantity, — the imaginative. Its aim will be to explore the hitherto unexplained in the light of historical sequence and scientific cause and effect, physical, biological, psychological, or anthropological, to reduce the apparently unreasonable or magical element, and so to leave continually less to be treated in the old-fashioned inspirational or ecstatic manner. We shall simply cease to confound the science with the art. We no longer refer history to Clio, law to the tables of the Mount, or medicine to the Apollo-born sage of Epidaurus; but while we acknowledge the science, we none the less respect the genius, — the Herodotus, or Marshall, or Lorenz. Not only does literary science take up into itself the best methods that literary history has so far devised, — the analytical-critical of Dryden and Hegel and Taine, the psychological and cultural of Schiller, as expressed in his matchless essay on poetry naïve and sentimental, and of Goethe in his Deutsche Baukunst and his Wahrheit und Dichtung, and the efforts at a comparative discipline exerted by Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, — it avails itself, as I have said, of the results, and so far as possible of the methods, of the sciences that most directly contribute to the comprehension of man the producer; it partly bases and partly patterns its procedure upon those other records of human consciousness, the histories of ethics and religion and society; it gathers hints from theories not yet scientific, but historically on the way, — theories of art in general, æsthetic, physiological, and psychological, or even speculative, if, as in the case of Winckelmann, the speculation be founded upon induction from facts historically considered. The more immediate advantages of the prosecution of literary research in such a way as this are an ever increasing knowledge of the factors that enter into world-literature and determine its growth, — its reasons, conditions, movements, and tendencies, in short, its laws; and a poetics capable not only of detecting the historical but of appreciating the social accent in what is foreign and too often despised, or contemporary and too often overpraised if not ignored. The new science of literature will in turn throw light upon that which gave it birth; it will prove an index to the evolution of soul in the individual and in society; it will interpret that sphinx, national consciousness or the spirit of the race, or, mayhap, destroy it. It will in one case and in all assist a science of comparative ethics.

This is what Comparative Literature

means to me. Before I attempt to show what the science should be called, let us see what it means to the editors of the new periodical. In his scholarly and poetic editorial in the first number of the Journal of Comparative Literature, Professor Woodberry, treating of what the subject already is, announces the method, the field, the theory of literary community substantially as we have already conceived them; save that under the objects of comparative investigation he does not explicitly include literary movements, and that in the category of forms he appears to assimilate the fundamental and generic modes of expression, lyric, drama, etc., with the extrinsic and more or less conventional and interchangeable, trappings such as alliteration and rhyme. He fails consequently to attach to a particular phase, the comparative study of literary types or modes, the significance which, in my opinion, it possesses. That, however, matters little. His forecast of the course of the science is inspiring. "The study of forms," he says, "should result in a canon of criticism, which would mean a new and greater classicism; . . . the study of themes should reveal temperamentally, as form does structurally, the nature of the soul." "It is in temperament," he continues, "in moods, that romanticism, which is the life of all literature, has its dwelling-place. To disclose the necessary forms, the vital moods of the beautiful soul, is the far goal of our effort, — to help in this, in the bringing of those spiritual unities in which human destiny is accomplished." With this the genuine student of literary science must agree. And yet it may strike him as peculiar, that in the outlook over literary theory the possibility of growth appears to be ignored. The omission can hardly be accidental. I take it to indicate non-acceptance of a theory of evolution such as Brunetière's, however, rather than rejection of all theory of development. Movements are the corollaries of the "vital moods in which is the life of literature;" and the life of literature changes with the gradual deepening and widening of the "beautiful soul" individual, racial, or integrally human. I find, therefore, a testimony to our theory of literary permutation in Professor Woodberry's reticence. I rejoice also to note his insistence upon a matter of method apparently minor but of importance to our comprehension of the discipline, namely, that the study of international relations and influences is but one of the objects of Comparative Literature: the study of a single literature may be just as scientifically comparative if it seek the reason and law of the literature in the psychology of the race or of humanity.

Now what shall this science be called, since the name which it has is malformed and misleading? If it were not for traditional prejudice, the term stylistic should be recognized as of scientific quality, and it should cover the history as well as the theory of all kinds of writing. According to the older nomenclature, the individuality and the purpose of the author, the quality of his thought and the objective characteristics of literary species and form, are, all of them, factors of *style*. Elze, Boeckh, Maas, and others arrange the matter thus: Style is the form and method of expression in language. Stylistic is the general theory of style, and this general theory divides itself naturally into the theory of prose style or rhetoric and the theory of poetic style or poetics. I am not going to propose "stylistic." The old stylistic is limited by tradition, by its speculative quality, and by that well-worn and slippery dictum of Buffon, — style is of the individual. What is called Comparative Literature has, on the other hand, brought to the study of all kinds of writing a scientific objectivity and the historical method. It has taken up into itself what is objective and historical of the older stylistic: it aims to reject or confirm former theories but on purely

scientific grounds. It is the transition from stylistic to a science of literature which shall still find room for æsthetics, but for æsthetics properly so called, developed, checked, and corrected by scientific procedure and by history.

Without our modern psychology, anthropology, linguistics, and the comparative sciences of society, religion, and art, literature could be studied neither in relation to its antecedents nor to its components. Otherwise our study would long ago have been known as comparative philology, a name improperly usurped by a younger branch of the philological discipline. Such indeed is the name by which Professor Whitney would have called the comparative study of the literatures of different countries had the discipline been prosecuted as a science when he wrote. Comparative Literature is a reaffirmation of that aspect of philology — the literary — which, both because it was eclipsed by, and dependent upon, the development of linguistics, has long ceased to be regarded as philology at all; save in Germany, where philological seminars have dealt not only with the phonology and history of language as they asserted themselves, but also as of old with whatever concerns the literary side of language as an expression of the national, or more broadly human spirit. Since all study of origins and growth, whether of one phenomenon or more than one, must be comparative if scientifically conducted, it is not necessary to characterize the literary science, of which we speak, by that particular adjective. More methods than the comparative enter into it, and it is more than a method; it is a theory of relativity and of growth; and its material is vertically as well as horizontally disposed. The Comparative Literature of to-day, based upon the sciences of which I have spoken and conducted in the scientific method, is literary philology, — nothing more nor less; it stands over against linguistic philology or glottology, and it deals genetically, historically, and comparatively with literature as a solidarity and as a product of the social individual, whether the point of view be national or universal. We welcome academic departments and journals, devoted to its interests, but literary philology is not and cannot be measured by the scope and effort of a distinct academic department, or of a specific journal, however excellent the latter, like this to which we wish Godspeed, may be. The new discipline is already the property and method of all scientific research in all literatures, ancient or modern, not only in their common but in their individual relations to the social spirit in which they live and move and have their being. The more we develop what now is called Comparative Literature, the more rapidly will each literature in turn seek its explanation in Literary Philology.

Charles Mills Gayley.

A BOY'S LOVE.

"Oh, Nick!" called Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, mother," answered a somewhat reluctant voice from the hall.

"Do come and hold this wool for me, like a dear boy."

"But, my dear mother, I have just time to keep an engagement." Nicholas appeared in the doorway, very much dressed up, very self-conscious and dignified. "I promised to call for Miss Arthur at four o'clock. She 's going to walk with me," he added, drawing on new gloves with a man-about-town air, a heavy stick under one arm.

"How did it come about?" asked Mrs. Ford, properly impressed.

"Oh, I simply asked her, and she said she would be charmed to." Then the small boy came to the surface in a delighted giggle. "What 's the matter with Willie?" he demanded, swaggering. His mother laughed.

"What are you going to talk to her about?" she asked.

"Why, whatever the lady chooses;" he suddenly became dignified again. "Books, theatre, art, music, — she can't stump me. Would you wear these?" He pulled forward a buttonhole bursting with lilies of the valley and studied it anxiously. "They say flowers in your buttonhole are bad form now, but I do like 'em. What would you do?"

"Wear them," said Mrs. Ford. "And then, if there is a good chance, you can give them to her. You have enough there for a corsage bouquet."

"Great eye," commented Nick. "I 'll do it. *Au revoir*, Mrs. Ford." At the door he paused, hesitating. "Say, do you suppose I 'll bore her to death?" he broke out. "I know I 'm only a foolish boy. Won't she be wishing me in Jericho?"

"No, of course not," exclaimed his mother. "Go on, dear, and don't think about yourself. She told me you interested her very much."

Nicholas was beaming and confident again.

"All right, then. Here goes!" And he swung out, chest high and head up, young life cavorting perilously under manly dignity. Mrs. Ford leaned back in her chair with eyes full of laughter. At a mental picture of the lady in the case it suddenly brimmed over. Well, if Miss Arthur found it amusing, she was more than satisfied.

Nicholas came home radiant, with empty buttonhole.

"Now *that 's* what I call a lady," he confided to his mother. "You ought to have seen her, — all velvet and fur and bully white gloves. She did n't just wear any old thing because she was going out with me. I tell you, we were a couple!"

"And how did you get on?" asked Mrs. Ford, deeply interested.

"Well, the first ten minutes, it was pretty bad," he admitted. "Some way, she was so handsome, and so — grown up, you know, I wanted to excuse myself for living, and I just fell over my feet, right and left. I could n't even talk straight, — felt as though I had a mouth full of cold blotting paper. But she did n't notice a thing, and talked along as if we walked up Fifth Avenue every day of our lives; and so I got on to myself, and after that it was lovely. She 's great."

"And you gave her your flowers?" Mrs. Ford was longing to know more, but could not question him too closely.

"Did I! You ought to have seen me. She said something about them, and I said I had just worn them in the hope she 'd notice, so that I could have an excuse to offer them. How was that for a kid?" And Nick's chuckle would have assured the most anxious mother that in spite of his manly stature she had not yet lost her small boy. "I wish I dared ask her to go to the theatre with me," he went on. "Do you think she would? I suppose we 'd have to have a chaperon."

Mrs. Ford, taken unawares, let a sudden laugh escape. Her son was indignant.

"Oh, I know she 's ten years older than I am! But she does n't look it, does she? And is n't a chaperon just for looks, anyway?" he demanded.

"Yes, dear. You are perfectly right;" Mrs. Ford hastily recovered her gravity. "And I like it that you are punctilious about women."

"Well, of course," said Nick, mollified.

The theatre suggestion was not followed up, but Miss Arthur let Nick take her to a service at the cathedral a few days later, and then she asked him

to help her rearrange her library. His devotion grew with the weeks, and all the time that could be spared from his studies (and possibly some that could not) went to making her a Christmas offering, — an ingenious little wooden chest for jewels. He talked of her till only his mother would stand him. She met Miss Arthur on the street one day, and both women laughed as they shook hands.

"I am afraid my big boy is boring you to death," Mrs. Ford began.

"Indeed he is not. He is the nicest boy I ever knew," said Miss Arthur. "I enjoy him immensely."

"Well, you have utterly won his heart; and you are the very first." Mrs. Ford sighed a little. "You will never find any truer devotion. A boy's love can be so angelic — once in his life!" she added.

"I hope — I should hate" — Miss Arthur hesitated. Mrs. Ford put out her hand.

"You are making him immensely happy, and doing him good. Only don't let him bore you."

"Oh, he never does that."

The first day of the Christmas holidays Nick was allowed to go skating with his lady. For twenty-four hours afterwards he was like a jovial tornado in the little apartment. His mother, wearied with his noise and her own laughter, was thankful to see him go forth the following afternoon in the punctilious array that had only one meaning.

"Here is two hours of quiet, anyway," she said, smiling after him. "If the lady will only keep him to dinner!"

But in less than an hour he was back, a very different Nick, silent, moody, with a look of tragic anger in his eyes that made his mother ache for him. He offered no explanation, and for the first time evaded a chance to talk of Miss Arthur. Indeed, he would not talk on any subject, but sat through a long evening with his eyes held sternly on a book, whose leaves were not turned. Mrs. Ford at last made an excuse to cross the room, that she might gently rub his hair in passing.

"Well, dear boy?" she said. "Can't you tell me about it?" He lifted his eyebrows in polite surprise.

"Why, there is nothing to tell," he said. "Some one else — a fellow named Courtney — came to call on Miss Arthur, so I did n't stay. That 's all. She asked me to come again to-morrow evening, but I don't know whether I shall or not."

Mrs. Ford sat down by the fire and waited. Presently Nick threw aside his book and jerked himself to his feet.

"I don't see how men like that get into nice houses," he burst out. "Mother, you know what kind of a woman she is — why, you want to take your shoes off when you go into the same house with her. She 's the sort of woman you 'd expect a queen to be — all lady, inside and out. And that man sat up there in her drawing-room and *smoked!*"

Mrs. Ford would have strangled rather than laughed; but she attempted a faint defense.

"But, dearie, perhaps she has known him a long time. You know we like to have some people smoke here." Nick brushed aside the argument as not worth attention.

"And then I did n't like a story the fellow told," he went on, with an outraged shake of his head. "I don't mean it was shady; it would have been all right in most places. But to tell that kind of a thing before *her!* Would n't you think a stable boy would know better? Of course she had to laugh, — she 's so kind, — but *I* could see she did n't like it. I felt I 'd punch the fellow if I stayed another minute, so I got out. And if he 's going to be there, I 'll stay out. Good-night." And he marched off to his own room.

Only a mother, and perhaps not all

mothers, could have endured Nicholas the next twenty-four hours. Late in the afternoon, a little worn but still perfectly sympathetic, Mrs. Ford dragged him out for a walk, and the boy, bewildered and angry at his own sore-heartedness, followed sulkily where she led. He would not seem to notice when they passed Miss Arthur's house.

"Suppose we run in and see her for a moment," suggested Mrs. Ford in a sudden-bright-idea tone. "I really owe her a call."

"Oh, I don't believe I care to," was the grand reply.

"Of course — you are invited for the evening. I had forgotten that," she amended cheerfully. "Is it to be " —

But Nick was not listening. A cab had just passed, and the street lamp showed a young woman in velvet and furs inside. Mrs. Ford glanced back in time to see a man alight, then turn and offer his hand to the young woman. The pavement was slippery with ice, and she went up the steps with her hand still on his arm. Mrs. Ford instinctively knew that this must be the fellow named Courtney.

"Shall we go home now? " she said. "A fire will feel good."

"You go. I 'll walk a little more." And Nick trudged off into the early winter darkness with his neck sunk into his coat collar and his hat pulled far over his eyes.

When he came home, late for dinner, there was a note waiting for him. He took it up with a sudden light in his face that died out as he read.

"It 's just a note from Miss Arthur to say she can't see me to-night: she has a bad headache," he explained carelessly. "She says she will write me to-morrow and make another date. Dinner ready? "

Pride had set in, and any one but a mother would have welcomed the change. Nick's whole soul was bent on showing that he had never been gayer in his life, and Mrs. Ford saw only what he wanted her to, patiently biding her time. He was formal with her these days, and he kissed her good-night with such an effort that she contrived to let him avoid what had never before been a ceremony, knowing how wholly he would come back to her when his bruised and bleeding self could bear the light again. The postman came seven times a day, and seven times a day Nick slipped out and trudged down the two long flights to watch for him; and each time his mother felt her heart thump in sympathy till a glance at his face told her hope was over for this hour, and the promised note had not come. When, hunting in the dark corner of a store closet, she came across the unfinished jewel chest, thrust down behind a box, she could have cried.

It was a dreary week, and at the end of it Mrs. Ford drew up to the little coal fire in the early dark to make some stern resolutions. But instead she found herself listening to the soft fall of the snow against the windows and wondering where Nick was. His quick step in the hall foretold news, and she turned eagerly as he burst into the room, snowy, breathless, all his pose and self-consciousness swept away by some overwhelming feeling.

"Oh, mother, mother! " He flung himself down beside her and buried his face on her shoulder. "She 's ill — dreadfully, terribly ill — she 's been ill all these days, and I 've never even been to ask about her. She 's getting worse and worse, and they don't know whether she 'll — and I 've been sulking around thinking about myself, and never even sent her a message! Think of her " — His breath came in quick gasps, and she felt his arms tremble.

"How did you find it out, dear? "

Nick did not answer for some moments. Then with a long sigh he drew away from her and settled down at her feet, his face turned to the fire.

"Why, I walked by the house — I happened to — and there was a little

card over the bell, saying please not ring because of serious illness. So I asked at the basement. She had most fainted that day, at a tea, and — some one had brought her home in a cab. And sick as that, she bothered to send me a note, so that I should n't come round that night — think of it! And I never went near her. And now it 's — too — la— "

His mother waited awhile, then she told him about various wonderful recoveries she had known. It was not long before she had him cheerful with new hope. After dinner she heard him whistling softly in his own room, and, glancing in, saw him surrounded by his tools, working busily at the little jewel chest.

The morning news of Miss Arthur was encouraging. Nick worked all day on the chest, and at dark, when it was finished, went buoyantly off for a last bulletin. His heavy step when he came back prepared his mother for his tragic face. Miss Arthur was very much worse. The doctor would be there on and off all night. By midnight they would probably know.

It was Christmas Eve, and the two were promised for a small party. Nick would not go, but was so vehemently opposed to his mother's staying away that she finally went without him. But she could see nothing all the evening but the boy up there alone with his first grown trouble, and finally she slipped away. It was barely eleven when she let herself in, and, after a glance at the empty sitting-room, stole to his door. He was not there, and his overcoat was gone from the hall.

She got together materials for a little supper and placed the gas stove ready to light, then sat down to wait. An hour later bells and whistles announced Christmas Day, and fell away into silence again. At half-past twelve she could stand it no longer. Putting on her wraps, she went down the street, uncannily still now, and muffled in fresh snow. Only a few blocks lay between her and Miss Arthur's house, and she had no fear of the city at any hour. As she turned the last corner, she stopped short and drew back into the shadow. Across the street a lonely figure was pacing slowly along the block, pausing now and then to glance up at a house opposite. She knew him long before the street lamp showed her the boyish face, pale and set. Something in it kept her from speaking. She let him turn and go back. A wide path had been trodden in the snow on that side.

"I have no small boy any more," she thought sadly, and went home alone.

An hour later Nick came in, making clumsy attempts at noiselessness.

"I 'm up, Nick — in the dining-room," called Mrs. Ford. He entered shining with good news.

"Oh, mother, she 's better! She has passed the crisis, — they think she 'll pull through! "

"I 'm so glad, dear! How did you find out? " He looked a little confused.

"Oh, I was n't sleepy, so I thought I might as well run round there and see the doctor as he left. I waited a few minutes for him," he explained. "Have you been in long? "

"Oh, not so very; " Mrs. Ford was stirring busily. "I felt just like some chocolate. Will you have some? "

"You bet," said Nick.

News from Miss Arthur continued better and better. Before she was taken out of town she was able to write with her own hand a little note of thanks for the jewel box and the lilies of the valley.

A few weeks after she had gone, Nick's mother sighed to see a new phase of the affair develop. He showed a growing reserve on the subject of Miss Arthur, and her name was almost never mentioned now. The expansive boy was evidently become a man in the concerns of his heart, and his mother would not force his confidence, though she wondered incessantly what was go-

ing on back of this new secretiveness, and ached in sympathy for the ache she could only divine. All the boy's spare time went to experiments in book binding, and she bore the endless litter without a murmur, suspecting some new offering to the lady as its ultimate object.

Then one day she came running up the stairs, her eyes shining with joy for his joy.

"Oh, Nick, whom do you think I just saw?"

He was at a critical place in adjusting an end paper, and did not lift his head.

"Dunno," he said, evidently without a suspicion.

"Miss Arthur — looking so well and pretty! And she sent you her love."

Nicholas did not spring to his feet. He did not even look up.

"Good work," he said cheerfully. "I must go and see her some time. Mother, will you put your finger here for a moment?"

Mrs. Ford stared at him blankly. There was no duplicity in his serene voice, no pose in the frowning attention the end paper was receiving. And all this time — She turned and went to her own room.

"The little brute!" she muttered. Then she smiled broadly. After all, it only meant that she still had a small boy.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE YOUNGEST.

LITTLE rider where the trails are steep,
  Little gazer from the hills above,
Little wanderer where the woods are deep
  Over the roads I love.

Little dreamer on the gusty knoll,
  Little listener where the dark trees blow,
— Pines with voices like a human soul —
  Those are the woods I know.

Little reader in the firelight,
  Little sleeper at a lonely mine,
Little one! I long for thee to-night
  And for my home, and thine.

Elizabeth Foote.

A NATIONAL TYPE OF CULTURE.

CULTURE I fear has fallen upon evil days; at least the name has. "Totality" and the "study of perfection" and the "passion for sweetness and light" would seem to be in general attractive objects of pursuit, and there never was a time when the all-round man stood higher in demand than to-day. And yet culture sags in the market. The purveyors of educational wares obedient to quotations incline either to change the labels and write some name like character upon them, or else more likely to deal in specialties, and spread long lists of new and monstrous names. It may be that culture or the samples of it which were offered failed in the counting-test for good red blood; it may be there was too much self-consciousness and selfishness withal about the nurture, too much suggestion of an intellectual manicuring; it may be there was too little evidence that the comely hands were ready to lay hold on the world's work; one or all of these counts against culture may have really counted, but damning above all has weighed the evidence of foreign manufacture. Indications that the article as currently commended was made in England or made in Athens have not been lacking, and Matthew Arnold has sometimes been the author of the standard recipe, sometimes Plato. The "sweetness and light" of Culture and Anarchy has the breath of the Oxford gardens with it, and the real and true Philistines are the English non-conformists. Its culture is based on leisure, a leisure guaranteed by competence, and the competence is of that solid, reliable sort that speaks of ancestors and estates and of so many hundreds or thousands a year, yesterday, to-day, and forever, and no worry, but only an agent or attorney; and no hurry, but only an orderly succession of bath and breakfast, work and luncheon, tennis and tea, with time enough for all; nothing too much and nothing too many.

This English culture is maintained too at a cost for which we Americans are not prepared. It consolidates Philistinism beyond a pale which it neither hopes nor desires to pass, and leaves the Barbarian unconvicted of sin; of the Populace it has not even reached the ears. A self-complacent Philistinism, a scornful Barbarism, and a deaf and stolid Populace are the price England pays for its sifted culture. Believers in the doctrine of the saving remnant esteem the price well paid and worth paying, and the believers are many and good. The doctrine is honored in the experience of many civilizations, and suffers no lack in age, but it is not wholly unchallenged, and the "vulgar mediocrity" is not its only alternative.

It is a fair question nowadays if England be not after all the true land of liberty. I believe it is the present fashion in America to admit it. Some estimate in terms of the domestic problem, though England has one too. But our household mechanism is more complicated and more brittle than the English, and the American housewife is bowing into slavery beneath the cooks and butlers, and city families are fast being driven into hotels and boarding houses. Others estimate in terms of other slaveries. One is the slavery to publicity. England has spared more refuges for privacy. The garden wall more frequently rebuffs the street, and the homes that count even the telephone a noxious intrusion of the outer world are more the rule than the exception. Again there is the slavery to a something we call public opinion, but which is not really the opinion of the great public, so much as a congeries of various sets of opinions publicly set forth, each under the guarantee of some organization

or institution. Public opinion has indeed of late years yielded so largely to the organizational form that it becomes difficult to discover what public opinion really is. Every proposal for reform or for standing pat, every phase of view or plan of procedure, must have its organization with pages of officers and honorary councilors. One by one the subjects concerning which a public man may with immunity from organizational attack freely express himself are withdrawn from the open field and lodged behind entrenchments. The result is, naturally, that for the tactful statesman — and tact has of late years been forced high above par — a chief stock in trade has become the cautious list of taboos. I pray you, my promising young man, embroil not thyself in the days of thy youth with those various combinations of initial letters which are nowadays the powers that be; so speaks the voice of carnal Wisdom. This is undoubtedly a land of freedom and free speech, but freedom of speech means that one is at perfect liberty to express such of his convictions as he dares to.

In spite of all these slaveries, however, and many others, it remains that American life possesses a form of freedom quite its own, a freedom conditioned in an absence of caste lines. It is indeed this very lack which has offered the chief opportunity and temptation to the spread of organizationalism as a system of platforms for social life to climb upon in the vast levels of the unclassified, — temporary stagings from which it seems to get view and outlook and realize itself.

The caste lines, although they be but dotted lines, avail to set limits upon the cravings; their effect is restful. In America there is no class or craft whose members have signed a quitclaim upon any of the hopes of progress and achievement, still less have accepted for their children the doom of subservience or mediocrity. Herein lies the difference. The masses in the older country are well content to leave the maintenance of the higher social ritual to one class, the pursuit of sweetness and light to another, and keep for themselves the plain satisfactions of the unembroidered life. So English culture is a class pursuit. So was the Greek culture upon which it is in large measure consciously based. The Athenian type of cultured gentleman was made possible by the institution of human slavery. It scorned the toil of the hands because it made of the body a machine. "It is evident," says Aristotle,[1] "that one must participate in such only of the useful arts as do not make the participant a mere mechanic; and we must stamp as mechanical any work, art, education, which cripples the body of freemen or their intelligence for the full exercise of manly excellence (that is, detracts from all-roundness). Therefore such arts as have a tendency to impair the efficiency of the body we call mechanical, — also those practiced for pay." Manual labor was proper only for the slave, "the animated tool." The "dignity of labor" no one had heard of. The Christian doctrine of the possibility of a divine service implicit in every act, small or great, of body or brain, had not yet been conceived. The Athenian gentleman must needs also despise trade and call in question all services rendered for money. For the possibility that Euripides' mother had once sold garden products on the market place the scathing wit of Aristophanes would have no rest. Trade was left to the aliens and other people who could have no social hopes for the future. There was an unmistakable danger of taint attaching to all production of the useful, lest it partake of subservience and slavishness. It was the awful presence of slavery that pointed the issue. The ideals of Greek culture are the ideals of a slave-served class. Even our term "liberal" as used in the phrases liberal culture, liberal studies, liberal education labels a concept that was first

[1] Polit. V. 2. 1.

fashioned in the atmosphere of slavery, and it is only as we trace its history back to its source that we may really understand it, or be protected against the miasma it may bring with it out of the shadow and the swamp. The word as the Greek used it meant what belongs to a freeman as distinguished from a slave. To quote Aristotle again (l. c.): "In certain of the *liberal* sciences it is not slavelike to participate up to a certain point, but to give them continuous attention with a view to professional accuracy involves this risk." Here, then, specialization or professional training is distinctly set over against liberal culture as the slavish *vs.* the non-slavish. Now we understand why Alcibiades quit flute-playing.

But, after all, the English type of culture and the Greek have served us only as illustrations. The point is that culture as we have had it commended to us hereabouts bears the connotation of exotic. But culture is not cosmopolitanism. Men of culture are or ought to be good gold coins valid everywhere, and all the more as bearing the national stamp. Cosmopolitanism is apt to be rather a thing of versatility, adaptability, facundity, sojourning homelessness, and the general use of common denominators. There is a something which the word culture ought to denote, — or some other less battered word appointed to its place, and this something is a goodly thing much to be desired, and indeed much prized and sought for among men, but it is not isolated from citizenship, it is not without a country; it must grow out of the ground whereon it stands. It is otherwise like the pale psyches who flit over the asphodel moor with a chirping cry, reft of *phrenes* and fatherland.

Peoples and civilizations that have not come to a genuine self-consciousness borrow their culture. The triumph over the Persians impelled the Athenian gentry to abandon their Ionic-Oriental dress for a hardier national costume, and this incident was typical of a movement that created in the fifth and following centuries the national type of culture we call Greek. The American people has, to be sure, not failed in self-assertion and bluster, but these spoke for sensitiveness and were a confession of weakness, — the pouting and vaunting of children, not the strength and self-knowledge of maturity and responsibility. A man's work to do and consciousness of strength to do it and of responsibility in doing it ripen a people.

The American people has acquired by coming of age the right to feel that it has ways and a work of its own which determine for it the form and temper of that standard of human competency in men and communities which yields a national type of culture. This type will not be provincial; Americans travel too much and are too open-eyed; their population is mixed of too many bloods; they dwell too much in the open, on the great east and west routes that follow the north temperate zone and join Europe to the Farther East. It is more likely to represent the most universal type.

It will not be the possession of a few. It is based in a system of public education reaching from the kindergarten through the university, and, in its actual use by all classes and conditions of the population, constituting an institution of human life without historic parallel. The apprehension that diffusion of enlightenment involved a vulgarization of culture and a contentment with mediocrity is the fallacy of small faith, — what shall these loaves among so many; — the fallacy of distrust in men that relies on compulsion rather than on opportunity and inspiration, and these are fallacies already disproved by the facts. The opening of the higher education to women and the entrance of educated women into social service would be of themselves sufficient vindication of the national right to a distinctive type of culture.

It will not be a culture for its own sake. The methods of its acquisition tend more and more toward becoming through doing, as the ideals of its use tend toward leading by serving. Education from being a mere preparation for life, an artificial ripening off the tree, has shifted to the intensive practice of life itself. The old education sought by painful processes to isolate training from action, the new shapes it upon the living mould of action. The definition of a university as a "place where nothing practical is taught" is laudable only if practical means void of ideal. The American university has made no greater contribution to education than in combining technical schools of engineering and the like in parity with schools of the humanities. Both sides have gained; the one has acquired scope and ideals, the other zeal for learning by doing. The American passion for sweetness and light will be fulfilled in such as are not knowers only, but doers of the doctrine.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

MARG'ET ANN.

It was sacrament Sabbath in the little Seceder congregation at Blue Mound. Vehicles denoting various degrees of prosperity were beginning to arrive before the white meeting-house that stood in a patch of dog-fennel by the roadside.

The elders were gathered in a solemn, bareheaded group on the shady side of the building, arranging matters of deep spiritual portent connected with the serving of the tables. The women entered the church as they arrived, carrying or leading their fat, sunburned, awe-stricken children, and sat in subdued and reverent silence in the unpainted pews. There was a smell of pine and peppermint and last week's gingerbread in the room, and a faint rustle of bonnet strings and silk mantillas as each newcomer moved down the aisle; but there was no turning of heads or vain, indecorous curiosity concerning arrivals on the part of those already in the pews.

Outside, the younger men moved about slowly in their creased black clothes, or stood in groups talking covertly of the corn planting which had begun; there was an evident desire to compensate by lowered voices and lack of animated speech for the manifest irreverence of the topic.

Marg'et Ann and her mother came in the farm wagon, that the assisting minister, the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who was to preach the "action sermon," might ride in the buggy with the pastor. There were four wooden chairs in the box of the wagon, and the floor was strewn with sweet-scented timothy and clover. Mrs. Morrison and Miss Nancy McClanahan, who had come with her brother from Cedar Township to communion, sat in two of the chairs, and Marg'et Ann and her younger sister occupied the others. One of the boys sat on the high spring seat with his brother Laban, who drove the team, and the other children were distributed on the hay between their elders.

Marg'et Ann wore her mother's changeable silk made over and a cottage bonnet with pink silk strings and skirt and a white ruche with a wreath of pink flowers in the face trimming. Her brown hair was combed over her ears like a sheet of burnished bronze and held out by puff combs, and she had a wide, embroidered collar, shaped like a halo, fastened by a cairngorm in a square setting of gold.

Miss Nancy McClanahan and her mother talked in a subdued way of the fast day services, and of the death of Squire Davidson, who lived the other side of the creek, and the probable result of Esther Jane Skinner's trouble with her chest. There was a tacit avoidance of all subjects pertaining to the flesh except its ailments, but there was no long-faced hypocrisy in the tones or manner of the two women. Marg'et Ann listened to them and watched the receding perspective of the corn rows in the brown fields. She had her token tied securely in the corner of her handkerchief, and every time she felt it she thought regretfully of Lloyd Archer. She had hoped he would make a confession of faith this communion, but he had not come before the session at all. She knew he had doubts concerning close communion, and she had heard him say that certain complications of predestination and free will did not appear reasonable to him. Marg'et Ann thought it very daring of him to exact reasonableness of those in spiritual high places. She would as soon have thought of criticising the Creator for making the sky blue instead of green as for any of His immutable decrees as set forth in the Confession of Faith. It did not prevent her liking Lloyd Archer that her father and several of the elders whom he had ventured to engage in religious discussion pronounced him a dangerous young man, but it made it impossible for her to marry him. So she had been quite anxious that he should see his way clear to join the church.

They had talked about it during intermission last Sabbath; but Marg'et Ann, having arrived at her own position by a process of complete self-abnegation, found it hard to know how to proceed with this stalwart sinner who insisted upon understanding things. It is true he spoke humbly enough of himself, as one who had not her light, but Marg'et Ann was quite aware that she did not believe the Catechism because she understood it. She had no doubt it could be understood, and she thought regretfully that Lloyd Archer would be just the man to understand it if he would study it in the right spirit. Just what the right spirit was she could not perhaps have formulated, except that it was the spirit that led to belief in the Catechism. She had hoped that he would come to a knowledge of the truth through the ministrations of the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who was said to be very powerful in argument; but he had found fault with Mr. McClanahan's logic on fast day in a way that was quite disheartening, and he evidently did not intend to come forward this communion at all. Her father had spoken several times in a very hopeless manner of Lloyd's continued resistance of the Holy Spirit, and Marg'et Ann thought with a shiver of Squire Atwater, who was an infidel, and was supposed by some to have committed the unpardonable sin. She remembered once when she and one of the younger boys had gone into his meadow for wild strawberries he had come out and talked to them in a jovial way, and when they were leaving, had patted her little brother's head, and told him, with a great, corpulent laugh, to "ask his father how the devil could be chained to the bottomless pit." She did not believe Lloyd could become like that, but still it was dangerous to resist the Spirit.

Miss Nancy McClanahan had a bit of mint between the leaves of her psalm book, and she smelled it now and then in a niggardly way, as if the senses should be but moderately indulged on the Sabbath. She had on black netted mitts which left the enlarged knuckles of her hands exposed, and there was a little band of Guinea gold on one of her fingers, with two almost obliterated hearts in loving juxtaposition. Marg'et Ann knew that she had been a hardworking mother to the Rev. Samuel's family ever since the death of his

wife, and she wondered vaguely how it would seem to take care of Laban's children in case Lloyd should fail to make his peace with God.

When they drove to the door of the meeting-house, Archibald Skinner came down the walk to help them dismount. Mrs. Morrison shook hands with him kindly and asked after his sister's cough, and whether his Grandfather Elliott was still having trouble with his varicose veins. She handed the children to him one by one, and he lifted them to the ground with an easy swing, replacing their hats above their tubular curls after the descent, and grinning good-naturedly into their round, awe-filled, freckled countenances.

Miss Nancy got out of the wagon backwards, making a maidenly effort to keep the connection between the hem of her black silk skirt and the top of her calf-skin shoes inviolate, and brushing the dust of the wagon wheel from her dress carefully after her safe arrival in the dog-fennel. Marg'et Ann ignored the chair which had been placed beside the wagon for the convenience of her elders, and sprang from the wheel, placing her hands lightly in those of the young man, who deposited her safely beside her mother and turned toward her sister Rebecca with a blush that extended to the unfreckled spaces of his hairy, outstretched hands, and explained his lively interest in the disembarkation of the family.

Laban drove the team around the corner to a convenient hitching-place, and the women and children went up the walk to the church door. Mrs. Morrison stopped a moment on the step to remove the hats of the younger boys, whose awe of the sanctuary seemed to have deprived them of volition, and they all proceeded down the aisle to the minister's pew.

The pastor and the Rev. Samuel McClanahan were already in the pulpit, their presence there being indicated by two tufts of hair, one black and the other sandy, which arose above the high reading-desk; and the elders having filed into the room and distributed themselves in the ends of the various well-filled pews, the young men and boys followed their example, the latter taking a sudden start at the door and projecting themselves into their places with a concentration of purpose that seemed almost apoplectic in its results.

There was a deep, premonitory stillness, broken only by the precentor, who covertly struck his tuning-fork on the round of his chair, and held it to his ear with a faint, accordant hum; then the minister arose and spread his hands in solemn invocation above the little flock.

"Let us pray."

Every one in the house arose. Even old Mrs. Groesbeck, who had sciatica, allowed her husband and her son Ebenezer to assist her to her feet, and the children who were too small to see over the backs of the pews slipped from their seats and stood in downcast stillness within the high board inclosures.

After the prayer, Mr. Morrison read the psalm. It was Rouse's version: —

> "I joy'd when to the house of God,
> Go up, they said to me.
> Jerusalem, within thy gates
> Our feet shall standing be.
> Jerus'lem as a city is
> Compactly built together.
> Unto that place the tribes go up,
> The tribes of God go thither."

The minister read it all and "lined out" the first couplet. Then the precentor, a tall, thin man, whose thinness was enveloped but not alleviated by an alpaca coat, struck his tuning-fork more openly and launched into the highly rarefied atmosphere of China, being quite alone in his vocal flight until the congregation joined him in the more accessible regions of the second line.

Marg'et Ann shared her psalm book with Laban, who sat beside her. He had hurt his thumb shelling seed corn, and his mother had made him a clean thumb-stall for Sabbath. It was with

this shrouded member that he held the edge of the psalm book awkwardly. Laban's voice was in that uncertain stage in which its vagaries astonished no one so much as its owner, but he joined in the singing. "Let all the people praise Thee" was a command not to be lightly set aside for worldly considerations of harmony and fitness, and so Laban sang, his callow and ill-adjusted soul divided between fears that the people would hear him and that the Lord would not.

Marg'et Ann listened for Lloyd Archer's deep bass voice in the Amen corner.

She wished his feet *were* standing within the gates of Jerusalem, as he so resonantly announced that they would be. But whatever irreverence there might be in poor Laban refusing to sing what he did not dream of doubting, there was no impiety to these devout souls in Lloyd Archer's joining with them in the vocal proclamation of things concerning which he had very serious doubts. Not that Jerusalem, either new or old, was one of these things; the young man himself was not conscious of any heresy there; he believed in Jerusalem, in the church militant upon earth and triumphant in heaven, and in many deeper and more devious theological doctrines as well. Indeed, his heterodoxy was of so mild a type that, viewed by the incandescent light of to-day, which is not half a century later, it shines with the clear blue radiance of flawless Calvinism.

If the tedious "lining out," traditionally sacred, was quite unreasonable and superfluous, commemorating nothing but the days of hunted Covenanters and few psalm books and fewer still who were able to read them, perhaps the remembrance of these things was as conducive to thankfulness of heart as David's recital of the travails and triumphs of ancient Israel. Certain it is that profound gratitude to God and devotion to duty characterized the lives of most of these men and women who sang the praises of their Maker in this halting and unmusical fashion.

Marg'et Ann sang in a high and somewhat nasal treble, compassing the extra feet of Mr. Rouse's doubtful version with skill, and gliding nimbly over the gaps in prosody by the aid of his dextrously elongated syllables.

Some of the older men seemed to dwell upon these peculiarities of versification as being distinctively ecclesiastical and therefore spiritually edifying, and brought up the musical rear of such couplets with long-drawn and profoundly impressive "shy-un's" and "i-tee's;" but these irregularities found little favor in the eyes of the younger people, who had attended singing school and learned to read buckwheat notes under the direction of Jonathan Loomis, the precentor.

Marg'et Ann listened to the Rev. Mr. McClanahan's elaborately divided discourse, wondering what piece of the logical puzzle Lloyd would declare to be missing; and she glanced rather wistfully once or twice toward the Amen corner where the young man sat, with his head thrown back and his eager eyes fixed upon the minister's face.

When the intermission came, she ate her sweet cake and her triangle of dried apple pie with the others, and then walked toward the graveyard behind the church. She knew that Lloyd would follow her, and she prayed for grace to speak a word in season.

The young man stalked through the tall grass that choked the path of the little inclosure until he overtook her under a blossoming crab-apple tree.

He had been "going with" Marg'et Ann more than a year, and there was generally supposed to be an understanding between them.

She turned when he came up, and put out her hand without embarrassment, but she blushed as pink as the crab-apple bloom in his grasp.

They talked a little of commonplace

things, and Marg'et Ann looked down and swallowed once or twice before she said gravely, —

"I hoped you 'd come forward this sacrament, Lloyd."

The young man's brow clouded.

"I 've told you I can't join the church without telling a lie, Marg'et Ann. You would n't want me to tell a lie," he said, flushing hotly.

She shook her head, looking down, and twisting her handkerchief into a ball in her hands.

"I know you have doubts about some things; but I thought they might be removed by prayer. Have you prayed earnestly to have them removed?" She looked up at him anxiously.

"I 've asked to be made to see things right," he replied, choking a little over this unveiling of his holy of holies; "but I don't seem to be able to see some things as you do."

She pondered an instant, looking absently at the headstone of "Hephzibah," who was the later of Robert McCoy's two beloved wives, then she said, with an effort, for these staid descendants of Scottish ancestry were not given to much glib talking of sacred things: —

"I suppose doubts are sent to try our faith; but we have the promise that they will be removed if we ask in the right spirit. Are you sure you have asked in the right spirit, Lloyd?"

"I have prayed for light, but I have n't asked to have my doubts removed, Marg'et Ann; I don't know that I want to believe what does n't appear reasonable to me."

The girl lifted a troubled, tremulous face to his.

"That is n't the right spirit, Lloyd, — you know it is n't. How can God remove your doubts if you don't want him to?"

The young man reached up and broke off a twig of the round, pink crab-apple buds and rolled the stem between his work-hardened hands.

"I 've asked for light," he repeated, "and if when it comes I see things different, I 'll say so; but I can't want to believe what I don't believe, and I can't pray for what I don't want."

The triangle of Marg'et Ann's brow between her burnished satin puffs of hair took on two upright, troubled lines. She unfolded her handkerchief nervously, and her token fell with a ringing sound against tired Hephzibah's gravestone and rolled down above her patiently folded hands.

Lloyd stooped and searched for it in the grass. When he found it he gave it to her silently, and their hands met. Poor Marg'et Ann! No hunted Covenanter amid Scottish heather was more a martyr to his faith than this rose-cheeked girl amid Iowa cornfields. She took the bit of flattened lead and pressed it between her burning palms.

"I hope you won't get hardened in unbelief, Lloyd," she said soberly.

The congregation was drifting toward the church again, and the young people turned. Lloyd touched the iridescent silk of her wide sleeve.

"You ain't a-going to let this make any difference between you and me, are you, Marg'et Ann?" he pleaded.

"I don't know," wavered the girl. "I hope you 'll be brought to a sense of your true condition, Lloyd." She hesitated, smoothing the sheen of her skirt. "It would be an awful cross to father and mother."

The young man fell behind her in the narrow path, and they walked to the church door in unhappy silence.

Inside, the elders had accomplished the spreading of the tables with slow-moving, awkward reverence. The spotless drapery swayed a little in the afternoon breeze, and there was a faint fruity smell of communion wine in the room.

The two ministers and some of the older communicants sat with bowed heads, in deep spiritual isolation.

The solemn stillness of self-examination pervaded the room, and Marg'et Ann went to her seat with a vague stir-

ring of resentment in her heart toward the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who, with all his learning, could not convince this one lost sheep of the error of his theological way. She put aside such thoughts, however, before the serving of the tables, and walked humbly down the aisle behind her mother, singing the one hundred and sixteenth psalm to the quaint rising and falling cadences of Dundee.

Once, while the visiting pastor addressed the communicants, she thought how it would simplify matters if Lloyd were sitting opposite her, and then caught her breath as the minister adjured each one to examine himself, lest eating and drinking unworthily he should eat and drink damnation to himself.

It was almost sunset when the service ended, and as the Morrisons drove into the lane the smell of jimson-weed was heavy on the evening air, and they could hear the clank of the cow bells in the distance.

Marg'et Ann went to her room to lay aside her best dress and get ready for the milking, and Mrs. Morrison and Rebecca made haste to see about supper.

Miss Nancy McClanahan walked about the garden in her much made-over black silk, and compared the progress of Mrs. Morrison's touch-me-nots and four-o'clocks with her own, nipping herself a sprig of tansy from the patch under the Bowerly apple tree.

She shared Marg'et Ann's room that night, and after she had taken off her lace head-dress and put a frilled night-cap over her lonesome little knot of gray hair and said her prayers, she composed herself on her pillow with a patient sigh, and lay watching Marg'et Ann crowd her burnished braids into her close-fitting cap without speaking; but after the light was out, and her companion had lain down beside her, the old maid placed her knotted hand on the girl's more shapely one, and said: —

"There 's worse things than living single, Marg'et Ann, and then again I suppose there 's better. Of course every girl has her chances, and the people we make sacrifices for don't always seem quite as grateful as we calculated they 'd be. I 'm not repinin', but I sometimes think if I had my life to live over again I 'd do different."

Marg'et Ann pressed the knotted fingers, that felt like a handful of hickory nuts, and touched the little circle with its two worn-out hearts, but she said nothing.

She had heard that the Rev. Samuel McClanahan was going to marry the youngest Groesbeck girl, now that his children were "getting well up out of the way," and she knew that her mother had been telling Miss Nancy something about her own love affair with Lloyd Archer.

Whatever Mrs. Morrison may have confided to Miss Nancy McClanahan concerning Marg'et Ann and her lover must have been entirely suppositional and therefore liable to error; for the confidence between parent and child did not extend into the mysteries of love and marriage, nor would the older woman have dreamed of intruding upon the sacred precinct of her daughter's feelings toward a young man. She had remarked once or twice to her husband that she was afraid sometimes that there was something between Lloyd Archer and Marg'et Ann; but whether this something was a barrier or a bond she left the worthy minister to divine.

That he had decided upon the latter was evidenced, perhaps, by his reply that he hoped not, and his fear, which he had expressed before, that Lloyd was getting more and more settled in habits of unbelief; and Mrs. Morrison took occasion to remark the next day in her daughter's hearing that she would hate to have a child of hers marry an unbeliever.

Marg'et Ann did not, however, need any of these helps to an understanding of her parents' position. She knew too

well the danger that was supposed to threaten him who indulged in vain and unprofitable questionings, and she had too often heard the vanity of human reason proclaimed to feel any pride in the readiness with which Lloyd had answered Squire Wilson in the argument they had on foreordination at Hiram Graham's infare. Indeed, she had felt it a personal rebuke when her father had said on the way home that he hoped no child of his would ever set up his feeble intellect against the eternal purposes of God, as Lloyd Archer was doing. Marg'et Ann knew perfectly well that if she married Lloyd in his present unregenerate state she would, in the estimation of her father and mother, be endangering the safety of her own soul, which, though presumably of the elect, could never be conclusively so proved until the gates of Paradise should close behind it.

She pondered on these things, and talked of them sometimes with Lloyd, rather unsatisfactorily, it is true; for that rising theologian bristled with questions which threw her troubled soul into a tumult of fear and uncertainty.

It was this latter feeling, perhaps, which distressed her most in her calmer moments; for it was gradually forcing itself upon poor Marg'et Ann that she must either snatch her lover as a brand from the burning or be herself drawn into the flames.

She had taken the summer school down on Cedar Creek, and Lloyd used to ride down for her on Friday evenings when the creek was high.

Rebecca and Archie Skinner were to be married in the fall, and her mother, who had been ailing a little all summer, would need her at home when Rebecca was gone. Still, this would not have stood in the way of her marriage had everything else been satisfactory; and Lloyd suspected as much when she urged it as a reason for delay.

"If anybody has to stay at home on your mother's account, why not let Archie Skinner and Becky put off their wedding awhile? They 're younger, and they have n't been going together near as long as we have," said Lloyd, in answer to her excuses.

They were riding home on horseback one Friday night, and Lloyd had just told her that Martin Prather was going back to Ohio to take care of the old folks, and would rent his farm very reasonably.

Marg'et Ann had on a slat sunbonnet which made her profile about as attractive as an "elbow" of stovepipe, but it had the advantage of hiding the concern that Lloyd's questioning brought into her face. It could not, however, keep it out of her voice.

"I don't know, Lloyd," she began hesitatingly; then she turned toward him suddenly, and let him see all the pain and trouble and regret that her friendly headgear had been sheltering. "Oh, I *do* wish you could come to see things different!" she broke out tremulously.

The young man was quiet for an instant, and then said huskily, "I just thought you had something like that in your mind, Marg'et Ann. If you 've concluded to wait till I join the church we might as well give it up. I don't believe in close communion, and I can't see any harm in occasional hearing, and I have n't heard any minister yet that can reconcile free will and election; the more I think about it the less I believe; I think there is about as much hope of your changing as there is of me. I don't see what all this fuss is about, anyway. Arch Skinner is n't a church member!"

It was hard for Marg'et Ann to say why Archie Skinner's case was considered more hopeful than Lloyd's. She knew perfectly well, and so did her lover, for that matter, but it was not easy to formulate.

"Ain't you afraid you 'll get to believing less and less if you go on arguing, Lloyd?" she asked, ignoring Archie Skinner altogether.

"I don't know," said Lloyd somewhat sullenly.

They were riding up the lane in the scant shadow of the white locust trees. The corn was in tassel now, and rustled softly in the fields on either side. There was no other sound for awhile. Then Marg'et Ann spoke.

"I 'll see what father thinks " —

"No, you won't, Marg'et Ann," broke in Lloyd obstinately. "I think a good deal of your father, but I don't want to marry him; and I don't ask you to promise to marry the fellow I ought to be, or that you think I ought to be; I 've asked you to marry *me*. I don't care what you believe, and I don't care what your father thinks; I want to know what *you* think."

Poor Lloyd made all this energetic avowal without the encouragement of a blush or a smile, or the discouragement of a frown or a tear. All this that a lover watches for anxiously was hidden by a wall of slats and green-checked gingham.

She turned her tubular head covering toward him presently, however, showing him all the troubled pink prettiness it held, and said very genuinely through her tears, —

"Oh, Lloyd, you know well enough what I think! "

They had reached the gate, and it was a very much mollified face which the young man raised to hers as he helped her to dismount.

"Your father and mother would n't stand in the way of our getting married, would they? " he asked, as she stood beside him.

"Oh no, they would n't stand in the way," faltered poor Marg'et Ann.

How could she explain to this muscular fellow, whose pale-faced mother had no creed but what Lloyd thought or wanted or liked, that it was their unspoken grief that made it hard for her? How shall any woman explain her family ties to any man?

Marg'et Ann did not need to consult her father. He looked up from his writing when she entered the door.

"Was that Lloyd Archer, Marg'et Ann? " he asked kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"I 'd a little rather you would n't go with him. He seems to be falling into a state of mind that is likely to end in infidelity. It troubles your mother and me a good deal."

Marg'et Ann went into the bedroom to take off her riding skirt, and she did not come out until she was sure no one could see that she had been crying.

Mrs. Morrison continued to complain all through the fall; at least so her neighbors said, although the good woman had never been known to murmur; and Marg'et Ann said nothing whatever about her engagement to Lloyd Archer.

Late in October Archie Skinner and Rebecca were married and moved to the Martin Prather farm, and Lloyd, restless and chafing under all this silence and delay, had no longer anything to suggest when Marg'et Ann urged her mother's failing health as a reason for postponing their marriage.

Before the crab-apples bloomed again Mrs. Morrison's life went out as quietly as it had been lived. There was a short, sharp illness at the last, and in one of the pauses of the pain the sick woman lay watching her daughter, who was alone with her.

"I 'm real glad there was nothing between you and Lloyd Archer, Marg'et Ann," she said feebly; "that would have troubled me a good deal. You 'll have your father and the children to look after. Nancy Helen will be coming up pretty soon, and be some help; she grows fast. You 'll have to manage along as best you can."

The girl's sorely troubled heart failed her. Her eyes burned and her throat ached with the effort of self-control. She buried her face in the patchwork quilt beside her mother's hand. The woman stroked her hair tenderly.

"Don't cry, Marg'et Ann," she said,

"don't cry. You 'll get on. It 's the Lord's will."

The evening after the funeral Lloyd Archer came over, and Marg'et Ann walked up the lane with him. She was glad to get away from the Sabbath hush of the house, which the neighbors had made so pathetically neat, — taking up the dead woman's task where she had left it, and doing everything with scrupulous care, as if they feared some vision of neglected duty might disturb her rest.

The frost was out of the ground and the spring ploughing had begun. There was a smell of fresh earth from the furrows, and a red-bud tree in the thicket was faintly pink.

Lloyd was silent and troubled, and Marg'et Ann could not trust her voice. They walked on without speaking, and the dusk was deepening before they turned to go back. Marg'et Ann had thrown a little homespun shawl over her head, for there was a memory of frost in the air, but it had fallen back and Lloyd could see her profile with its new lines of grief in the dim light.

"It don't seem right, Marg'et Ann," he began in a voice strained almost to coldness by intensity of feeling.

"But it *is* right, — we know that, Lloyd," interrupted the girl; then she turned and threw both arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder. "Oh, Lloyd, I can't bear it — I can't bear it alone — you must help me to be — to be — reconciled! "

The young man laid his cheek upon her soft hair. There was nothing but hot unspoken rebellion in his heart. They stood still an instant, and then Marg'et Ann raised her head and drew the little shawl up and caught it under her quivering chin.

"We must go in," she said staidly, choking back her sobs.

Lloyd laid his hands on her shoulders and drew her toward him again.

"Is there no help, Marg'et Ann? " he said piteously, looking into her tear-stained face. In his heart he knew there was none. He had gone over the ground a thousand times since he had seen her standing beside her mother's open grave with the group of frightened children clinging to her.

> " God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present aid;
> Therefore, although the earth remove,
> We will not be afraid,"

repeated the girl, her sweet voice breaking into a whispered sob at the end. They walked to the step and stood there for a moment in silence.

The minister opened the door.

"Is that you, Marg'et Ann," he asked. "I think we 'd better have worship now; the children are getting sleepy."

Almost a year before patient, tireless Esther Morrison's eternal holiday had come, a man, walking leisurely along an empty mill-race, had picked up a few shining yellow particles, holding in his hand for an instant the destiny of half the world. Every restless soul that could break its moorings was swept westward on the wave of excitement that followed. Blue Mound felt the magnetism of those bits of yellow metal along with the rest of the world, and wild stories were told at singing school and in harvest fields of the fortunes that awaited those who crossed the plains.

Lloyd Archer, eager, restless, and discontented, caught the fever among the first. Marg'et Ann listened to his plans, heartsore and helpless. She had ceased to advise him. There was a tacit acknowledgment on her part that she had forfeited her right to influence his life in any way. As for him, unconsciously jealous of the devotion to duty that made her precious to him and unable to solve the problem himself, he yet felt injured that she could not be true to him and to his ideal of her as well. If she had left the plain path and gone with him into the byways, his heart would have remained forever with

the woman he had loved, and not with the woman who had so loved him; and yet he sometimes urged her to do this thing, so strange a riddle is the "way of a man with a maid."

Lloyd had indulged a hope which he could not mention to any one, least of all to Marg'et Ann, that the minister would marry again in due season. But nothing pointed to a fulfillment of this wish. The good man seemed far more interested in the abolition of slavery in the South than in the release of his daughter from bondage to her own flesh and blood, Lloyd said to himself, with the bitterness of youth. Indeed, the household had moved on with so little change in the comfort of its worthy head that a knowledge of Lloyd's wishes would have been quite as startling to the object of them as the young man's reasons for their indulgence.

The gold fever had seemed to the minister a moral disorder, calling for spiritual remedies, which he had not failed to administer in such quantity and of such strength as corresponded with the religious therapeutics of the day.

Marg'et Ann hinted of this when her lover came to her with his plans.

She was making soap, and although they stood on the windward side of the kettle, her eyes were red from the smoke of the hickory logs.

"Do you think it is just right, Lloyd?" she asked, stirring the unsavory concoction slowly with a wooden paddle. "Isn't it just a greed for gold, like gambling?"

Lloyd put both elbows on the top of the ash hopper and looked at her laughingly. He had on a straw hat lined with green calico, and his trousers were of blue jeans, held up by "galluses" of the same; but he was a handsome fellow, with sound white teeth and thick, curling locks.

"I don't know as a greed for gold is any worse than a greed for corn," he said, trying to curb his voice into seriousness.

"But corn is useful — it is food — and, besides, you work for it." Marg'et Ann pushed her sunbonnet back and looked at him anxiously.

"Well, I 've planted a good deal more corn than I expect to eat this year, and I was calculating to sell some of it for gold, — you would n't think that was wrong, would you, Marg'et Ann?"

"No, of course not; but some one will eat it, — it 's useful," maintained the girl earnestly.

"I have n't found anything more useful than money yet," persisted the young man good-naturedly; "but if I come home from California with two or three bags full of gold, I 'll buy up a township and raise corn by the wholesale, — that 'll make it all right, won't it?"

Marg'et Ann laughed in spite of herself.

"You 're such a case, Lloyd," she said, not without a note of admiration in her reproof.

When it came to the parting there was little said. Marg'et Ann hushed her lover's assurances with her own, given amid blinding tears.

"I 'll be just the same, Lloyd, no matter what happens, but I can't let you make any promises; it would n't be right. I can't expect you to wait for me. You must do whatever seems right to you; but there won't be any harm in my loving you, — at least as long as you don't care for anybody else."

The young man said what a young man usually says when he is looking into trustful brown eyes, filled with tears he has caused and cannot prevent, and at the moment, in the sharp pain of parting, the words of one were not more or less sincere than those of the other.

The years that followed moved slowly, weighted as they were with hard work and monotony for Marg'et Ann, and by the time the voice of the corn had changed three times from the soft whispering of spring to the hoarse rus-

tling of autumn, she felt herself old and tired.

There had been letters and messages and rumors, more or less reliable, repeated at huskings and quiltings, to keep her informed of the fortunes of those who had crossed the plains, but her own letters from Lloyd had been few and unsatisfactory. She could not complain of this strict compliance with her wishes, but she had not counted upon the absence of her lover's mother, who had gone to Ohio shortly after his departure and decided to remain there with a married daughter. There was no one left in the neighborhood who could expect to hear directly from Lloyd, and the reports that came from other members of the party he had joined told little that poor Marg'et Ann wished to know, beyond the fact that he was well and had suffered the varying fortunes of other gold-hunters.

There were moments of bitterness in which she tried to picture to herself what her life might have been if she had braved her parents' disapproval and married Lloyd before her mother's death; but there was never a moment bitter enough to tempt her into any neglect of present duty. The milking, the butter-making, the washing, the spinning, all the relentless hard work of the women of her day, went on systematically from the beginning of the year to its end, and the younger children came to accept her patient ministrations as unquestioningly as they had accepted their mother's.

She wondered sometimes at her own anxiety to know that Lloyd was true to her, reproaching herself meanwhile with puritanic severity for such unholy selfishness; but she discussed the various plaids for the children's flannel dresses with Mrs. Skinner, who did the weaving, and cut and sewed and dyed the rags for a new best room carpet with the same conscientious regard for art in the distribution of the stripes which was displayed by all the women of her acquaintance; indeed, there was no one among them all whose taste in striping a carpet, or in "piecing and laying out a quilt," was more sought after than Marg'et Ann's.

"She always was the old-fashionedest little thing," said Grandmother Elliott, who had been a member of Mr. Morrison's congregation back in Ohio. "I never did see her beat." The good old lady's remark, which was considered highly commendatory, and had nothing whatever to do with the frivolities of changing custom, was made at a quilting at Squire Wilson's, from which Marg'et Ann chanced to be absent.

"It 's a pity she don't seem to get married," said Mrs. Barnes, who was marking circles in the white patches of the quilt by means of an inverted teacup of flowing blue; "she 's the kind of a girl *I 'd* 'a' thought young men would 'a' took up with."

"Marg'et Ann never was much for the boys," said Grandmother Elliott, disposed to defend her favorite, "and dear knows she has her hands full; it 's quite a chore to look after all them children."

The women maintained a charitable silence. The ethics of their day did not recognize any womanly duty inconsistent with matrimony. "A disappointment" was considered the only dignified reason for remaining single. Grandmother Elliott felt the weakness of her position.

"I 'm sure I don't see how her father would get on," she protested feebly; "he ain't much of a hand to manage."

"If Marg'et Ann was to marry, her father would have to stir round and get himself a wife," said Mrs. Barnes, with cheerful lack of sentiment, confident that her audience was with her.

"I 've always had a notion Marg'et Ann thought a good deal more of Lloyd Archer than she let on, — at least more than her folks knew anything about," asserted Mrs. Skinner, stretching her plump arm under the quilt and feeling

about carefully. "I should n't wonder if she 'd had quite a disappointment."

"I would have hated to see her marry Lloyd Archer," protested Grandmother Elliott; "she 's a sight too good for him; he 's always had queer notions."

"Well, I should 'a' thought myself she could 'a' done better," admitted Mrs. Barnes, "but somehow she has n't. I tell 'Lisha it 's more of a disgrace to the young man than it is to her."

Evidently this discussion of poor Marg'et Ann's dismal outlook matrimonially was not without precedent.

One person was totally oblivious to the facts and all surmises concerning them. Theoretically, no doubt, the good minister esteemed it a reproach that any woman should remain unmarried; but there are theories which refinement finds it easy to separate from daily life, and no thought of Marg'et Ann's future intruded upon her father's deep and daily increasing distress over the wrongs of human slavery. Marg'et Ann was conscious sometimes of a change in him; he went often and restlessly to see Squire Kirkendall, who kept an underground railroad station, and not infrequently a runaway negro was harbored at the Morrisons'. Strange to say, these frightened and stealthy visitors, dirty and repulsive though they were, excited no fear in the minds of the children, to whom the slave had become almost an object of reverence.

Marg'et Ann read her first novel that year, — a story called Uncle Tom's Cabin, which appeared in the National Era, — read it and wept over it, adding all the intensity of her antislavery training to the enjoyment of a hitherto forbidden pleasure. She did not fail to note her father's eagerness for the arrival of the paper; and recalled the fact that he had once objected to her reading Pilgrim's Progress on the Sabbath.

"It 's useful, perhaps," he had said, "useful in its way and in its place, but it is fiction nevertheless."

There were many vexing questions of church discipline that winter, and the Rev. Samuel McClanahan rode over from Cedar Township often and held long theological discussions with her father in the privacy of the best room. Once Squire Wilson came with him, and as the two visitors left the house Marg'et Ann heard the Rev. Samuel urging upon the elder the necessity of "holding up Brother Morrison's hands."

It was generally known among the congregation that Abner Kirkendall had been before the session for attending the Methodist Church and singing an uninspired hymn in the public worship of God, and it was whispered that the minister was not properly impressed with the heinousness of Abner's sin. Then, too, Jonathan Loomis, the precentor, who had at first insisted upon lining out two lines of the psalm instead of one, and had carried his point, now pushed his dangerous liberality to the extreme of not lining out at all. The first time he was guilty of this startling innovation, "Rushin' through the sawm," as Uncle John Turnbull afterwards said, "without deegnity, as if it were a mere human cawmposeetion," two or three of the older members arose and left the church; and the presbytery was shaken to its foundations of Scotch granite when Mr. Morrison humbly acknowledged that he had not noticed the precentor's bold sally, until Brother Turnbull's departure attracted his attention.

It is true that the minister had preached most acceptably that day from the ninth and twelfth verses of the thirty-fifth chapter of Job: "By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry: they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty. . . . There they cry, but none giveth answer, because of the pride of evil men." And it is possible that the zeal for freedom that burned in his soul was rather gratified than otherwise by Jonathan's bold singing of the prophetic psalm: —

"He out of darkness did them bring
And from Death's shade them take,
Those bands wherewith they had been bound
Asunder quite he brake.

"O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for His goodness then,
And for His works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men."

But such absorbing enthusiasm even in a good cause argued a doctrinal laxity which could not pass unnoticed.

"A deegnifyin' of the creature above the Creator, the sign above the thing seegnified," Uncle Johnnie Turnbull urged upon the session, smarting from the deep theological wound he had suffered at Jonathan's hands.

A perceptible chill crept into the ecclesiastical atmosphere which Marge't Ann felt without thoroughly comprehending.

Nancy Helen was sixteen now, and Marg'et Ann had taught the summer school at Yankee Neck, riding home every evening to superintend the younger sister's housekeeping.

Laban had emerged from the period of unshaven awkwardness, and was going to see Emeline Barnes with ominous regularity.

There was nothing in the affairs of the household to trouble Marg'et Ann but her father's ever increasing restlessness and preoccupation. She wondered if it would have been different if her mother had lived. There was no great intimacy between the father and daughter, but the girl knew that the wrongs of the black man had risen like a dense cloud between her father and what had once been his highest duty and pleasure.

She was not, therefore, greatly surprised when he said to her one day, more humbly than he was wont to speak to his children: —

"I think I must try to do something for those poor people, child; it may not be much, but it will be something. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

"What will you do, father?"

Marg'et Ann asked the question hesitatingly, dreading the reply. The minister looked at her with anxious eagerness. He was glad of the humble acquiescence that obliged him to put his half-formed resolution into words.

"If the presbytery will release me from my charge here, I may go South for awhile. Nancy Helen is quite a girl now, and with Laban and your teaching you could get on. They are bruised for our iniquities, Marg'et Ann, — they are our iniquities, indirectly, child."

He got up and walked across the rag-carpeted floor. Marg'et Ann sat still in her mother's chair, looking down at the stripes of the carpet, — dark blue and red and "hit or miss;" her mother had made them so patiently; it seemed as if patience were always under foot for heroism to tread upon. She fought with the ache in her throat a little. The stripes on the floor were beginning to blur when she spoke.

"Is n't it dangerous to go down there, father, for people like us, — for Abolitionists, I mean; I have heard that it was."

"Dangerous!" The preacher's face lighted with the faint, prophetic joy of martyrdom; poor Marg'et Ann had touched the wrong chord. "It cannot be worse for me than it is for them, — I must go," he broke out impatiently; "do not say anything against it, child!"

And so Marg'et Ann said nothing.

Really there was not much time for words. There were many stitches to be taken in the threadbare wardrobe, concerning which her father was as ignorant and indifferent as a child, before she packed it all in the old carpet sack and nerved herself to see him start.

He went away willingly, almost cheerfully. Just at the last, when he came to bid the younger children good-by, the father seemed for an instant to rise above the reformer. No doubt their childish unconcern moved him.

"We must think of the families that have been rudely torn apart. Surely

it ought to sustain us, — it ought to sustain us," he said to Laban as they drove away.

Two days later they carried him home, crippled for life by the overturning of the stage near Cedar Creek.

He made no complaint of the drunken driver whose carelessness had caused the accident and frustrated his plans; but once, when his eldest daughter was alone with him, he looked into her face and said, absently, rather than to her, —

"Patience, patience; I doubt not the Lord's hand is in it."

And Marg'et Ann felt that his purpose was not quenched.

In the spring Lloyd Archer came home. Marg'et Ann had heard of his coming, and tried to think of him with all the intervening years of care and trial added; but when she saw him walking up the path between the flowering almonds and snowball bushes, all the intervening years faded away, and left only the past that he had shared, and the present.

She met him there at her father's bedside and shook hands with him and said, "How do you do, Lloyd? Have you kept your health?" as quietly as she would have greeted any neighbor. After he had spoken to her father and the children she sat before him with her knitting, a very gentle, self-contained Desdemona, and listened while he told the minister stories of California, mentioning the trees and fruits of the Bible with a freedom and familiarity that savored just enough of heresy to make him seem entirely unchanged.

When Nancy Helen came into the room he glanced from her to Marg'et Ann; the two sisters had the same tints in hair and cheek, but the straight, placid lines of the elder broke into waves and dimples in the younger. Nancy Helen shook hands in a limp, half-grown way, blushingly conscious that her sleeves were rolled up, and that her elders were maturely indifferent to her sufferings; and Lloyd jokingly refused to tell her his name, insisting that she had kissed him good-by and promised to be his little sweetheart when he came back.

Marg'et Ann was knitting a great blue and white sock for Laban, and after she had turned the mammoth heel she smoothed it out on her lap, painstakingly, conscious all the time of a tumultuous, unreasonable joy in Lloyd's presence, in the sound of his voice, in his glance, which assured her so unmistakably that she had a right to rejoice in his coming.

She did not see her lover alone for several days. When she did, he caught her hands and said, "Well, Marg'et Ann?" taking up the unsettled question of their lives where they had left it. And Marg'et Ann stood still, with her hands in his, looking down at the snow of the fallen locust-bloom at her feet, and said, —

"When father is well enough to begin preaching again, then I think — perhaps — Lloyd" —

But Lloyd did not wait to hear what she thought, nor trouble himself greatly about the "perhaps."

The minister's injuries were slow to mend. They were all coming to understand that his lameness would be permanent, and there was on the part of the older children a tense, pained curiosity concerning their father's feeling on the subject, which no word of his had thus far served to relieve. There was a grave shyness among them concerning their deepest feelings, which was, perhaps, a sense of the inadequacy of expression rather than the austerity it seemed. Marg'et Ann would have liked to show her sympathy for her father, and no doubt it would have lightened the burdens of both; but any betrayal of filial tenderness beyond the dutiful care she gave him would have startled the minister, and embarrassed them both. Life was a serious thing

to them only by reason of its relation to eternity; a constant underrating of this world had made them doubtful of its dignity. Marg'et Ann felt it rather light-minded that she should have a lump in her throat whenever she thought of her father on crutches for the rest of his life. She wondered how Laban felt about it, but it was not likely that she would ever know. Laban had made the crutches himself, a rude, temporary pair at first, but he was at work on others now that were more carefully made and more durable; and she knew from this and the remarks of her father when he tried them that they both understood. It was not worth while to talk about it of course, and yet the household had a dull ache in it that a little talking might have relieved.

Marg'et Ann had begged Lloyd not to speak to her father until the latter was "up and about." It seemed to her unkind to talk of leaving him when he was helpless, and Lloyd was very patient now, and very tractable, working busily to get the old place in readiness for his bride.

Mr. Morrison sat at his table, reading, or writing hurriedly, or gazing absently out into the June sunshine. He was sitting thus one afternoon, tapping the arms of his chair nervously with his thin fingers, when Marg'et Ann brought her work and sat in her mother's chair near him. It was not very dainty work, winding a mass of dyed carpet rags into a huge, madder-colored ball, but there were delicate points in its execution which a restless civilization has hurried into oblivion along with the other lost arts, and Marg'et Ann surveyed her ball critically now and then, to be sure that it was not developing any slovenly one-sidedness under her deft hands. The minister's crutches leaned against the arm of his painted wooden chair with an air of mute but patient helpfulness. Marg'et Ann had cushioned them with patchwork, but he had walked about so much that she already noted the worn places beginning to show under the arms of his faded dressing-gown. He leaned forward a little and glanced toward her, his hand on them now, and she put down her work and went to his side. He raised himself by the arms of his chair, sighing, and took the crutches from her patient hand.

"I am not of much account, child, — not of much account," he said wearily.

Marg'et Ann colored with pain. She felt as a branch might feel when the trunk of the tree snaps.

"I 'm sure you 're getting on very well, father; the doctor says you 'll be able to begin preaching again by fall."

The minister made his way slowly across the room and stood a moment in the open door; then he retraced his halting steps with their thumping wooden accompaniment and seated himself slowly and painfully again. One of the crutches slid along the arm of the chair and fell to the floor. Marg'et Ann went to pick it up. His head was still bowed and his face had not relaxed from the pain of moving. Standing a moment at his side and looking down at him, she noticed how thin and gray his hair had become. She turned away her face, looking out of the window and battling with the cruelty of it all. The minister felt the tenderness of her silent presence there, and glanced up.

"I shall not preach any more, Marg'et Ann, at least not here, not in this way. If I might do something for those down-trodden people, — but that is perhaps not best. The Lord knows. But I shall leave the ministry for a time, — until I see my way more clearly."

His daughter crossed the room, stooping to straighten the braided rug at his feet as she went, and took up her work again. Certainly the crimson ball was a trifle one-sided, or was it the unevenness of her tear-filled vision? She unwound it a little to remedy the defect as her father went on.

"Things do not present themselves

to my mind as they once did. I have not decided just what course to pursue, but it would certainly not be honorable for me to occupy the pulpit in my present frame of mind. You 've been a very faithful daughter, Marg'et Ann," he broke off, "a good daughter."

He turned and looked at her sitting there winding the great ball with her trembling fingers; her failure to speak did not suggest any coldness to either of them; response would have startled him.

"I have thought much about it," he went on. "I have had time to think under this affliction. Nancy Helen is old enough to be trusted now, and when Laban marries he will perhaps be willing to rent the land. No doubt you could get both the summer and winter schools in the district; that would be a great help. The congregation has not been able to pay much, but it would be a loss " —

He faltered for the first time; there was a shame in mentioning money in connection with his office.

"I have suffered a good deal of distress of mind, child, but doubtless it is salutary — it is salutary."

He reached for his crutches again restlessly, and then drew back, remembering the pain of rising.

Marg'et Ann had finished the ball of carpet rags and laid it carefully in the box with the others. She had taken great pains with the coloring, thinking of the best room in her new home, and Lloyd had a man's liking for red.

And now the old question had come back; it was older than she knew. Doubtless it was right that men should always have opinions and aspirations and principles, and women only ties and duties and heartaches. It seemed cruel, though, just now. She choked back the throbbing pain in her throat that threatened to make itself seen and heard.

"Of course I must do right, Marg'et Ann."

Her father's voice seemed almost pleading.

Of course he must do right. Marg'et Ann had not dreamed of anything else. Only it was a little hard just now.

She glanced at him, leaning forward in his chair with the crutches beside him. He looked feeble about the temples and his patched dressing-gown hung loose in wrinkles. She crossed the room and stood beside him. Of course she would stay with him. She did not ask herself why. She did not reason that it was because motherhood underlies wifehood and makes it sweet and sufficing; makes every good woman a mother to every dependent creature, be it strong or weak. I doubt if she reasoned at all. She only said: —

"Of course you will do right, father, and I will see about the school; I think I can get it. You must not worry; we shall get on very well."

Out in the June sunshine Lloyd was coming up the walk with Nancy Helen. She had been gathering wild strawberries in the meadow across the lane, and they had met at the gate. Her sunbonnet was pushed back from her crinkly hair, and her cheeks were stained redder than her finger tips by Lloyd's teasing.

Marg'et Ann looked at them and sighed.

After her brother's return from presbytery Miss Nancy McClanahan borrowed her sister-in-law's horse and rode over to visit the Morrisons. It was not often that Miss Nancy made a trip of this kind alone, and Marg'et Ann ran down the walk to meet her, rolling down her sleeves and smoothing her hair.

Miss Nancy took the girl's soft cheeks in her hands and drew them into the shadow of her cavernous sunbonnet for a withered kiss.

"I want to see your father, Margie," she whispered, and the gentle constraint of spiritual things came into Marg'et Ann's voice as she answered: —

"He 's in the best room alone; I

moved him in there this morning to be out of the sweeping. You can go right in."

She lingered a little, hoping her old friend's concern of soul might not have obscured her interest in the salt-rising bread, which had been behaving untowardly of late; but Miss Nancy turned her steps in the direction of the best room and Marg'et Ann opened the door for her, saying, —

"It 's Miss McClanahan, father."

The minister looked up, wrinkling his forehead in the effort to disentangle himself from his thoughts. The old maid crossed the room toward him with her quick, hitching step.

"Don't try to get up, Joseph," she said, as he laid his hand on his crutches; "I 'll find myself a chair."

She sat down before him, crossing her hands in her lap. The little worn band of gold was not on her finger, but there was a smooth white mark where it had been.

"Samuel got home from presbytery yesterday; he told me what was before them. I thought I 'd like to have a little talk with you."

Her voice trembled as she stopped. A faint color showed itself through the silvery stubble on the minister's cheeks; he patted the arms of his chair nervously.

"I 'm hardly prepared to discuss my opinions. They are vague, very vague, at best. I should be sorry to unsettle the faith " —

"I don't care at all about your opinions," Miss Nancy interrupted, pushing his words away with both hands; "I only wanted to speak to you about Marg'et Ann."

"Marg'et Ann!" The minister's relief breathed itself out in gentle surprise.

"Yes, Marg'et Ann. I think it 's time somebody was thinking of her, Joseph." Miss Nancy leaned forward, her face the color of a withered rose. "She 's doing over again what I did. Perhaps it was best for you. I believe it was, and I don't want you to say a word — you must n't — but I can speak, and I 'm not going to let Marg'et Ann live my life if I can help it."

"I don't understand you, Nancy."

The minister laid his hands on his crutches and refused to be motioned back into his chair. He stood before her, looking down anxiously into her thin, eager face.

"I know you don't. Esther never understood, either. You did n't know that Marg'et Ann gave up Lloyd Archer because he had doubts, but I knew it. I wanted to speak then, but I could n't — to her — Esther — and now you don't know that she 's going to give him up again because you have doubts, Joseph. That 's the way with women. They have no principles, only to do the hardest thing. But I know what it means to work and worry and pinch and have nothing in the end, not even troubles of your own, — they would be some comfort. And I 'm going to save Marg'et Ann from it. I 'm going to come here and take her place. I 've got a little something of my own, you know; I always meant it for her."

She stopped, looking at him expectantly. The minister turned away, rubbing his hands up and down his polished crutches. There was a soft, troubled light in his eyes.

"Why, Nancy!"

His companion got up and moved a step backward. Her cheeks flushed a pale, faded red.

"Oh no," she said, with a quick, impatient movement of her head, "not that, Joseph; that died years ago, — you are the same to me as other men, excepting that you are Marg'et Ann's father. It 's for *her*. It 's the only way I can live my life over again, by letting her live hers. I don't know that it will be any better; but she will know, she will have a certainty in place of a doubt. I don't know that my life

would have been any better; I know yours would not, and anyway it 's all over now. I know I can get on with the children, and I don't think people will talk. I hope you 're not going to object, Joseph. We 've always been very good friends."

He shook his head slowly.

"I don't see how I can, Nancy. It 's very good of you. Perhaps," he added, looking at her with a wistful desire for contradiction, "perhaps I 've been a little selfish about Marg'et Ann."

"I don't think you meant to be, Joseph," said the old maid soothingly; "when anybody 's so good as Marg'et Ann she does n't call for much grace in the people about her. I think it 's a duty we owe to other people to have some faults."

Outside the door Marg'et Ann still lingered, with her anxiety about the bread on her lips and the shadow of much serving in her soft eyes. Miss Nancy stopped and drew her favorite into the shelter of her gaunt arms.

"I 'm coming over next week to help you get ready for the wedding, Margie," she said, "and I 'm going to stay when you 're gone and look after things. They don't need me at Samuel's now, and I 'll be more comfortable here. I 've got enough to pay a little for my board the rest of my life, and I don't mean to work very hard, but I can show Nancy Helen and keep the run of things. There, don't cry. We 'll go and look at the sponge now. I guess you 'd better ride over to Yankee Neck this afternoon, and tell them you don't want the winter school, — there, there."

Margaret Collier Graham.

DREAMS IN THE REDWOODS.

When early stars down twilight pathways rove
And deep-set, leaf-set cañon streamlets croon
Their canticles unto the crescent moon,
What rare enchantment fills this redwood grove!
Gone is the net of care that Daylight wove,
The toil and weariness of afternoon,
And up from crimson sea and rose lagoon
Night drives her dreams, a misty, drowsy drove.
These redwood dreams! The silver Mission bells,
The footprints of the Padres, fading fast,
The sails adventurous that decked the shore;
Then on and on into the purple past
Where redwood after redwood softly tells
Mysterious tales of immemorial lore!

Clarence Urmy.

A BUNCH OF TEXAS AND ARIZONA BIRDS.

Almost or quite the brightest bird that I saw in Arizona — the Arizona cardinal, well named *superbus*, being a doubtful exception — was the vermilion flycatcher. I had heard of it as sometimes appearing in the neighborhood of Tucson, but entertained small hope of meeting it there myself. A stranger, straitened for time, and that time in winter, blundering about by himself, with no pilot to show him the likely places, could hardly expect to find many besides the commoner things. So I reasoned with myself, aiming to be philosophical. Nevertheless, there is always the chance of green hand's luck; I knew it by more than one happy experience; and who could tell what might happen? Possibly it was not for nothing that my eye, as by a kind of magnetic attraction, fell so often upon Mrs. Bailey's opening sentence about this particular bird as day after day, on one hunt and another, I turned the leaves of her Handbook. "Of all the rare Mexican birds seen in southern Arizona and Texas," so I read, "the vermilion flycatcher is the gem." One thing was certain: this Mexican rarity was not confusingly like anything else, as so many of its Northern relatives have the unhandsome trick of being. If I saw it, ever so hurriedly, I should recognize it.

Well, I did see it, and almost of course at a moment when I was least looking for it. This was on the 5th of February, my fifth day in Tucson. I had crossed the Santa Cruz valley, west of the city, by one road, and after a stroll among the foothills opposite, was returning by another, when a bit of flashing red started up from the wire fence directly before me. I knew what it was, almost before I saw it, as it seemed, so eager was I, and so well prepared; and as the solitary's companionable habit is, I spoke aloud. "There 's the vermilion flycatcher!" I heard myself saying.

The fellow was every whit as splendid as my fancy had painted him, and to my joy he seemed to be not in the least put out by my approach nor chary of displaying himself. He was too innocent and too busy; darting into the air to snatch a passing insect, and anon returning to his perch, which was now a fence-post, now the wire, and now, best of all, the topmost, tilting spray of a dwarf mesquite. Thus engaged, every motion a delight to the eye, he flitted along the road in advance of me, till finally, having reached the limit of his hunting-ground, — the roadside ditches filled with water from the overflow of the irrigated barley fields, — he turned back by the way he had come.

I went home a happy man; I had added one of the choicest and most beautiful of American birds to my mental collection. But one thing was still lacking: flycatchers are not song-birds, but the humblest of them has a voice, and having things to say is apt to say them. My new acquaintance had kept his thoughts to himself.

This was in the forenoon, and after luncheon I went back to walk again over that muddy road between those ditches of muddy water. The bird might still be there. And he was, — still catching insects, and still silent. But so handsome! At first sight most people, I suppose, would compare him, as I did, with the scarlet tanager. The red parts are of nearly or quite the same shade, — a little deeper and richer, if anything, — while the wings, tail, and back are dark brown, approaching black, — the wings and tail especially, — dark enough, at any rate, to afford a brilliant contrast. His scientific name is *Pyrocephalus*, which is admirable as far as

it goes, but falls far short of telling the whole truth about him; for not only is his head of a fiery hue, but his whole body as well, with the exceptions already noted. In size he ranks between the least flycatcher and the wood pewee. In liveliness of action he is equal to the best of his family, with a flirt of the tail which to my eye is identical with that of the phœbe. His gorgeous color is the more effective because of his aerial habits. The tanager is bright sitting on the bough, but how much brighter he would look if every few minutes he were seen hovering in mid-air with the sunlight playing upon him!

Certainly I was in great luck, and I felt it the more as day after day I found the dashing beauty in the same place. I could not spend my whole winter vacation in visiting him, but I saw him there at odd times, — nearly as often as I passed, — until February 17. Then he disappeared; but a week later I discovered him, or another like him, in a different part of the valley, and on the 26th I saw two. The next day, for the first time, one of the birds was in voice, uttering a few fine, short notes, little remarkable in themselves, but thoroughly characteristic; not suggestive of any other flycatcher notes known to me; so that, from that time to the end of my stay in Tucson, I was never in doubt as to their authorship, no matter where I heard them.

All these earlier birds were males in full plumage. The first female — herself a beauty, with a modest tinge of red upon her lower parts — was noticed March 5. Males were now becoming common, and on the 9th, although my walks covered no very wide territory, I counted, of males and females together, seventeen. From first to last not one was met with on the creosote and cactus-covered desert, but after the first few days of March they were well distributed over the Santa Cruz and Rillito valleys and about the grounds of the university. I found no nest until March 27, although at least two weeks earlier than that a female was seen pulling shreds of dry bark from a cottonwood limb, while her mate flitted about the neighborhood, now here, now there, as if he were too happy to contain himself.

The prettiest performance of the male, witnessed almost daily, and sometimes many times a day, after the arrival of the other sex, was a surprisingly protracted ecstatic flight, half flying, half hovering, the wings being held unnaturally high above the back, as if on purpose to display the red body (a most peculiar action, by which the bird could be told as far as he could be seen), accompanied throughout by a rapid repetition of his simple call; all thoroughly in the flycatcher manner; exactly such a mad, lyrical outburst as one frequently sees indulged in by the chebec, for instance, and the different species of phœbe. In endurance, as well as in passion, Pyrocephalus is not behind the best of them, while his exceptional bravery of color gives him at such moments a glory altogether his own. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to be emulous of the skylark himself, he rises to such a height, beating his way upward, hovering for breath, and then pushing higher and still higher. Once I saw him and the large Arizona crested flycatcher in the air side by side, one as crazy as the other; but the big *magister* was an awkward hand at the business, compared with the tiny Pyrocephalus.

It was good to find so showy a bird so little disposed to shyness. At Old Camp Lowell, where I often rested for an hour at noon in the shade of one of the adobe buildings, the bachelor winter occupants of which were kind enough to give me food and shelter (together with pleasant company) whenever my walk took me so far from home, our siesta was constantly enlivened by his bright presence and his engaging tricks. One day, as he perched at the top of a low mesquite, on a level with our eyes, I put my glass into the hand of the younger

of my hosts. He broke out in a tone of wonder. "Well, now," said he (he spoke to the bird), "you are a peach." And so he is. It is exactly what, in my more old-fashioned and less collegiate English, I have been vainly endeavoring to say.

And to be a "peach" is a fine thing. A vivacious living essayist, it is true, who is probably a handsome man himself, at least in the looking-glass, declares that "male ugliness is an endearing quality." The remark may be true — in a sense; by all means let us hope so, seeing how generous Nature has been with the commodity in question; but I am confident that the female vermilion flycatcher would never admit it. As for her glorious dandy of a husband, there can be no doubt what opinion he would hold of such an impudent reflection upon feminine perspicacity and taste. "A plague upon paradoxes and aphorisms," I hear him answer. "If fine feathers don't make fine birds, what in Heaven's name do they make?"

It was only two days after my discovery of the vermilion flycatcher (if I remember correctly I was at that moment on my way to enjoy a third or fourth look at him) that I first saw a very different but scarcely less interesting bird. I was on the sidewalk of Main Street, in the busy part of the day, my thoughts running upon a batch of delayed letters just received, when suddenly I looked up (probably I had heard a voice without being conscious of it) and saw swifts shooting overhead. People were passing, but it was now or never with me, and I whipped out my opera-glass. There were six of the birds, and their throats were white. So much I saw, having known what to look for, and then they were gone, — as if the heavens had opened and swallowed them up. It was a niggardly interview, at pretty long range, but a deal better than nothing; enough, at all events, for an identification. They were white-throated swifts, — *Aëronautes melanoleucus*.

Three days later a flock of at least seventeen birds of the same species were hawking over the Santa Cruz valley, and now, as they swept this way and that at their feeding, there was leisure for the field-glass and something like a real examination. To my surprise (surprise is the compensation of ignorance) I saw that they had not only white throats, as their name implies, but white breasts, and more noticeable still, white rumps. Those who know our common dingy, soot-colored chimney swift of the East will be able to form some idea of the distinguished appearance of this Westerner: a considerably larger bird, built on the same rakish lines, shooting about the sky in the same lightning-like zigzags, and marked in this striking and original manner with white. I saw the birds only four times afterward, the last time on the 17th of February. The explanation of their sudden appearance and disappearance at such a season is beyond my guessing; but I am glad I saw them. Indeed I can see them now, their white rumps lighting up as they wheel and catch the sun. It pleases me to learn that it is next to impossible to shoot them, and that they are scarce in collections. So may they continue. They were made for better things.

The most *beautiful* bird that I saw in Arizona (so I think, but one speaks of such matters under self-correction, as the mood changes) was the Arizona *Pyrrhuloxia*. I should be glad to give the reader, as well as to have for my own use, an English name for it, but so far as I am aware it has none. It has lived beyond the range of the vernacular. My delight in its beauty was less keen than naturally it would have been, because I had spent my first raptures upon its equally handsome Texas relative of the same name a few weeks before. This was at San Antonio, in the chaparral just outside the city. I had been listening to a flock of lark sparrows, I remember, and looking at sundry things, where almost everything

was new, when all at once I saw before me at the foot of a bush the loveliest bunch of feathers that I had ever set eyes on. Without the least thought of what I was doing I began repeating to myself under my breath, "O my soul! O my soul!" And in sober truth the creature was deserving of all the admiration it excited: a bird of the cardinal's size and build, dressed not in gaudy red, but in the most exquisite shade of gray, with a plentiful spilling of an equally exquisite rose color over its under parts. Its bright orange bill was surrounded at the base by a double ring of black and rose, and on its head was a most distinguished-looking, divided crest, tipped with rose color of a deeper shade. It was loveliness to wonder at. I cannot profess that I was awe-struck (not being sure that I know just what that excellent word means), but it would hardly be too much to say that "as I passed, I worshiped."

The Arizona bird, unhappily, was not often seen (the Texas bird treated me better), though when I did come upon it, it was generally in accessible places (in wayside hedgerows) not far from houses. No one could see either the Texas or the Arizona bird for the first time without comparing it with the cardinal, the two are so much alike, and yet so different. The cardinal is brighter, but for beauty give me Pyrrhuloxia. I do not expect the sight of any other bird ever to fill me with quite so rapturous a delight in pure color as that first unlooked-for Pyrrhuloxia did in the San Antonio chaparral. It was like the joy that comes from falling suddenly upon a stanza of magical verse, or catching from some unexpected quarter a strain of heavenly music.

If Pyrocephalus was the brightest and Pyrrhuloxia the most beautiful of my Arizona birds, *Phainopepla* must be called the most elegant, the most supremely graceful, if I may be pardoned such an application of the word, the most incomparably genteel. I saw it first at Old Camp Lowell, before mentioned, near the Rillito, at the base of the low foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. At my first visit to the camp, which is six or seven miles from the city of Tucson, straight across the desert, I mistook my way at the last and approached the place from the farther end by a cross-cut through the creosote bushes. Just as I reached the adobe ruins, all that is left of the old camp, I descried a black bird balancing itself daintily at the tip of a mesquite. I lifted my glass, caught sight of the bird's crest, and knew it for a Phainopepla. How good it is to find something you have greatly desired and little expected!

The Phainopepla (like the Pyrrhuloxia it has no vernacular appellation, living only in that sparsely settled, Spanish-speaking corner of the world) is ranked with the waxwings, though except for its crest there is little or nothing in its outward appearance to suggest such a relationship; and the crest itself bears but a moderate resemblance to the pointed topknot of our familiar cedar-bird. What I call the Phainopepla's elegance comes partly from its form, which is the very perfection of shapeliness, having in the highest degree that elusive quality which in semi-slang phrase is designated as "style;" partly from its motions, all prettily conscious and in a pleasing sense affected, like the movements of a dancing-master; and partly from its color, which is black with the most exquisite bluish sheen, set off in the finest manner by broad wing-patches of white. These wing-patches are noticeable, furthermore, for being divided into a kind of network by black lines. It is for this reason, I suppose, that they have a peculiar gauzy look (I speak of their appearance while in action), such as I have never seen in the case of any other bird, and which often made me think of the ribbed, translucent wings of certain dragon-flies.

Doubtless this peculiar appearance was heightened to my eyes because of the mincing, wavering, over-buoyant method of flight (the wings being carried unusually high) to which I have alluded, and which always suggested to me the studied movements of a dance. I think I never saw one of the birds so far forget itself as to take a direct, straightforward course from one point to another. No matter where they might be going, though the flight were only a matter of a hundred yards, they progressed always in pretty zigzags, making so many little, unexpected, indecisive tacks and turns by the way, butterfly fashion, that you began to wonder where they would finally come to rest.

The two birds first seen — the female in lovely gray — were evidently at home about the camp. The berry-bearing parasitic plants in the mesquites seemed to furnish them with food, and no doubt they were settled there for the season; and at least two more were wintering out among the Chinese kitchen gardens, not far away. Some weeks afterward I came upon a pair in a similar mesquite growth on the Santa Cruz side of the desert. But though in the one place and the other I passed a good many hours in their society, I never once heard them sing, nor, so far as I can now recall, did they ever utter any sound save a mellow *pip*, almost exactly like a certain call of the robin; so like it, in fact, that to the very last I never heard it suddenly given, but my first thought was of that common Eastern bird, whose voice in those early spring days it would have been so natural and so pleasant to hear. I could have spared a dozen or two of thrashers, I thought (not *brown* thrashers), for a pair of robins and a pair of bluebirds. But southern Arizona is a kind of thrasher paradise, while robins and bluebirds desire a better country, and seemingly know where to find it.[1]

In the last week of March, however, there took place, as well as I could judge, a concerted movement of Phainopeplas northward. They showed themselves in the Santa Cruz valley, here and there a pair, until they became, not abundant, indeed, but a regular, every-day sight. Those that I had heretofore seen, it appeared, were only a few winter "stay-overs." Now the season had opened; and now the birds began singing. For curiosity's sake it pleased me to hear them, but the brief measure, in a thin, squeaky voice, was nothing for any bird to be proud of. They sing best to the eye. Birds of the shining robes, their Greek name calls them; and worthily do they wear it, under that unclouded Arizona sun, perching, as they habitually do, at the tip of some bush or tree, where the man with birds in his eye can hardly fail to sight them and name them, across the widest barley field.

One of the birds whose acquaintance I chiefly wished to make on this my first Western journey was the famous canyon wren, — famous not for its beauty (beauty is not the wren family's mark), but for its voice. Whether my wish would be gratified was of course a question, especially as my very modest itinerary included no exploration of canyons; but I was not without hope.

I had been in Tucson nearly a week, when one cool morning after a cold night (it was February 7) I went down into the Santa Cruz valley and took the road that winds — where there is barely room for it — between the base of Tucson Mountain and the river. Steep, broken cliffs, perhaps a hundred feet high, were on my right hand, and the deep bed of the shallow river lay below me on my left. Here I was enjoying the sun,

[1] It should be said, nevertheless, that straggling flocks of Western bluebirds — lovely creatures — were met with on the desert on rare occasions, and once, at Old Camp Lowell, three robins — Westerners, no doubt — passed over my head, flying toward the mountains, in which they are said to winter.

and keeping my eyes open, when a set of loud, clear bird-notes in a descending scale fell upon my ears from overhead. I stopped, pulled myself together, and said, "A canyon wren." I remembered a description of that descending scale. The next instant a small hawk took wing from the spot on the cliff whence the notes had seemed to fall. My mind wavered, but only for a moment. "No, no," I said, "it is not in any hawk's throat to produce sounds of that quality;" and I waited. A rock wren began calling, but rock wrens did not count with me at that moment. Then, in a very different voice, a wren, presumably the one I was in search of, began fretting, unseen, somewhere above my head; and then, silence. I waited and waited. Finally I tried an old trick — I started on. If the bird was watching me, as likely enough he was, a movement to leave his neighborhood would perhaps excite him pleasurably. And so it did; or so it seemed; for almost at once the song was given out and repeated: a hurried introductory phrase, and then the fuller, longer, more liquid notes, tripping quietly down the scale.

The singer could be no other than the canyon wren; but of course I must see him. At last, my patience outwearing his, he fell to scolding again, and glancing up in the direction of the sound, I saw him on the jutting top of the very highest stone, his white throat and breast flashing in the sun, and the dark, rich brown of his lower parts setting the whiteness off to marvelous advantage. There he stood, calling and bobbing, calling and bobbing, after the familiar wren manner, though why he should resent an innocent man's presence so far below was more than any innocent man could imagine.

It would be an offense against the truth not to confess that the celebrated song fell at first a little short of my expectations. Perhaps I had heard it celebrated somewhat too loudly and too often. It was very pleasing; the voice beautifully clear and full, and the cadence of the sweetest; it had the grace of simplicity; indeed, there was nothing to be said against it, except that I had supposed it would be — well, I hardly know what, but somehow wilder and more telling.

Within a few days I discovered a second pair of the birds not far away, about an old, long-disused adobe mill. They were already building a nest somewhere inside, entering by a crack over one of the windows. The female appeared to be doing the greater part of the work, while her mate sat upon the edge of the flat roof and sang for her encouragement, or railed at me for my too assiduous lounging about the premises. The more I listened to the song, the better I enjoyed it; it is certainly a song by itself; I have never heard anything with which to compare it; and I was especially pleased to see how many variations the performer was able to introduce into his music, and yet leave it always the same.

The first pair, on the precipitous face of the mountain, had chosen the more romantic site, and I often stopped to admire their address in climbing about over the almost perpendicular surface of the rock; now disappearing for a few seconds, now popping into sight again a little further on; finding a foothold everywhere, no matter how smooth and steep the rock might look.

The canyon wren is a darling bird and a musical genius; and now that I have ceased to measure his song by my extravagant expectations concerning it, I do not wish it in any wise altered. His natural home is by the side of falling water (I have heard him since, where I should have heard him first, in a canyon), and his notes fall with it. I seem to hear them dropping one by one, every note by itself, as I write about them. If they are not of a kind to be ecstatic over at a first hearing (a little too simple for that), they are all the surer of a long welcome. Indeed, I am half ashamed

to have so much as referred to my own early lack of appreciation of their excellence. Perhaps this was one of the times when the truth should not have been spoken.

My mention just now of the wren's cleverness in traveling over the steep side of Tucson Mountain called to mind a similar performance on the part of a very different bird — a road-runner — in the same place; and though it was not in my plan to name that bird in this paper, I cannot deny myself the digression.

I had taken a friend, newly inoculated with ornithological fever, down to this mountain-side road to show him a black-chinned hummingbird. We had seen it, to his amazement, on the very mesquite where I had told him it would be ("Well!" he said, — and a most eloquent "well" it was, — when I pointed the bird out as we came in sight of the bush), and were driving further, when I laid my hand on the reins and bade him look up. There, halfway up the precipitous, broken cliff, was the big, mottled, long-tailed bird, looking strangely out of place to both of us, who had never seen him before except in the lowlands, running along the road, or dodging among clumps of bushes. Even as we looked he began climbing, and almost in no time was on the very topmost stone, at the base of a stunted palo-verde. There he fell to cooing (like a dove, I said — I forgot at the moment that the road-runner is a kind of cuckoo), and by the time he had repeated the phrase three or four times we remarked that before doing so he invariably lowered his head. We sat and watched and listened ("There!" one or the other would say, as the head was ducked) for I know not how many minutes, commenting upon the droll appearance of the bird, perched thus above the world, and cooing in this (for him) ridiculous, lovelorn manner.

Then, as we drove on, I recalled the strangely rapid and effortless manner in which he had gone up the mountain. "He did n't use his wings, did he?" I asked; and my companion thought not. I was reminded of a bird of the same kind that I had seen a few days before cross a deep gully perhaps twenty feet in width. "He seemed to slide across," said the man who was with me. That was exactly the word. He did not lift a wing, as far as we noticed, nor rise so much as an inch into the air, but as it were stepped from one bank to the other. So this second bird went up the mountain side almost without our seeing how he did it. A few steps, and he was there, as by the exercise of some special gift of specific levity. He did not fly; and yet it might have "*seemed* he flew, the way so easy was." Take him how you will, the road-runner's looks do not belie him: he is an odd one; and never odder, I should guess, than when he stands upon a mountain-top and with lowered head pours out his amorous soul in coos as gentle as a sucking dove's. I count myself happy to have witnessed the moving spectacle.

I am running into superlatives, but no matter. The feeling against their use is largely prejudice. Let me suit myself with one or two more, therefore, and say that the rarest and most exciting bird seen by me in Arizona was a painted redstart, *Setophaga picta*. It was at the base of Tucson Mountain, close by the canyon wrens' old mill. The vermilion flycatcher, rare as I considered it at first, became after a while almost excessively common. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that forty or fifty pairs must have been living in and about Tucson before the first of April. Unless you were out upon the desert, you could hardly turn round without seeing or hearing them. But there was no danger of the painted redstart's cheapening itself after this fashion. I saw it twice, for perhaps ten minutes in all, and as long as I live I shall be thankful for the sight.

I was playing the spy upon a pair of what I took to be Arkansas goldfinches,

and the question being a nice one, had got over a wire fence to have the sun at my back. There I had barely focused my eight-power glass upon a leafless willow beside an irrigation ditch, when all at once there moved into its field such a piece of pure gorgeousness as I have no hope of making my reader see by means of any description: a small bird in three colors, — deep, velvety black, the snowiest white, and the most brilliant red. Its glory lay in the depth and purity of the three colors; its singularity lay in a point not mentioned in book descriptions, being inconspicuous, I suppose, in cabinet specimens: a line (almost literally a line) of white about the eye. From its position and its extreme tenuity I took it for the lower eyelid, but as to that I cannot speak with positiveness. It would hardly have showed, even in life, I dare say, but for its intensely black surroundings. As it was, it fairly stared at me. I cannot affirm that it added to the bird's beauty. Apart from it the colors were all what I may call solid, — laid on in broad masses, that is: a red belly, a long white band (not a bar) on each wing, some white tail feathers, white lower tail coverts, and everything else black. It does not sound like anything so very extraordinary, I confess. But the reader should have *seen* it. Unless he is a very dry stick indeed, he would have let off an exclamation or two, I can warrant. There are cases in which the whole is a good deal more than the sum of all its parts.

The bird was on one of the larger branches, over which it moved in something of the black-and-white creeper's manner, turning its head to one side and the other alternately as it progressed. Then it sat still a long time (a long time for a warbler), so near me that the glass brought it almost into my hand, while I devoured its beauty; and then, of a sudden, it took flight into the dense, leafy top of a tall cottonwood, and I saw it no more.

No more for that time, that is to say. In my mind, indeed, I bade it good-by forever. It was not to be thought of that such a bit of splendor (I had read of it as a mountain bird) should happen in my way more than once. But eight days afterward (March 28), in nearly the same place, it appeared again, straight over my head; and I was almost as much astonished as before. It was exploring the bare branches of a row of roadside ash trees, and I followed it, or rather preceded it, backing away as it flitted from one tree to the next, keeping the sun behind me. It carried itself now much like the common redstart; a little more inclined to moments of inactivity, perhaps, but at short intervals darting into the air after a passing insect with all conceivable quickness.

And such colors! Such an unspeakable red, so intense a black, and so pure a white! If I said that the vermilion flycatcher was the brightest bird I saw in Arizona, I was like the Hebrew psalmist. I said it in my haste.

This time the redstart was in a singing mood. On the previous occasion it had kept silence, and I had thought I was glad to have it so, feeling that no voice could be good enough to go with such feathers. In its way the feeling was justified; but, after all, it would have been too bad to miss the song. Curiosity has its claims, no less than sentiment. And happily the song proved to be a very pretty one; similar to that of the Eastern bird, to be sure, but less hurried (so it seemed to me), less overemphatic, and in a voice less sharp and thin; a very pretty song (for a warbler), though, as is true of the Phainopepla and most other brilliantly handsome birds (and all good children), the redstart's proper appeal is to the eye. So far as human appreciation is concerned, it need make no other.

I have heard a canyon wren in a canyon, I said. It was a glorious day in a glorious place, — Sabino Canyon, it is called, in the Santa Catalina Mountains.

And it was there, where the ground was all a flower garden, and the dashing brook a doubly delightful sight and sound after so much wandering over the desert and so many crossings of dry, sandy river-beds, — it was there, amid a cluster of leafy oaks (strange leaves they were) and leafless hackberry trees, that I saw my first and only solitaire, — *Myadestes townsendii*. I have praised other birds for their brightness and song; this one I must praise for a certain nameless dignity and, as the present-day word is, distinction. He did not deign to break silence, or to notice in any manner, unless it were by an added touch of patrician reserve, the presence of three human intruders. I stared at him, — exercising a cat's privilege, — for all his hauteur, admiring his gray colors, his conspicuous white eye-ring, and his manner. I say "manner," not "manners." You would never liken *him* to a dancing-master.

He was the solitaire, I somehow felt certain (certain with a lingering of uncertainty), though I had forgotten all description of that bird's appearance. It was the place for him, and his looks went with the name. Moreover, to confess a more prosaic consideration, there was nothing else he could be.

"Myadestes," I said to my two companions, both unacquainted with such matters; "I think it is Myadestes, though I can't exactly tell why I think so."

We must go into the canyon a little way, gazing up at the walls, picking a few of the more beautiful flowers, feeling the place itself (the best thing one *can* do, whether in a canyon or on a mountain-top); then we came back to the hackberry trees, but the solitaire was no longer in them. I had had my opportunity, and perhaps had made too little of it. It is altogether likely that I shall never see another bird of his kind.

For now those cloudless Arizona days, the creosote-covered desert, and the mountain ranges standing round about it, are all for me as things past and done; a bright memory, and no more. One event conspired with another to put a sudden end to my visit (which was already longer than I had planned), and on the last day of March I walked for the last time under that row of "leafless ash trees," — no longer quite leafless, and no longer with a painted redstart in them, — and over that piece of winding road between the craggy hill and the river. Now I courted not the sun but the shade; it was the sun, more than anything else, that was hurrying me away, when I would gladly have stayed longer; but sunny or shady, I stopped a bit in each of the more familiar places. Nobody knew or cared that I was taking leave. All things remained as they had been. The same rock wrens were practicing endless vocal variations here and there upon the stony hillside; the same fretful verdin was talking about something, it was beyond me to tell what, with the old emphatic monotony; the hummingbird stood on the tip of his mesquite bush, still turning his head eagerly from side to side, as if he expected her, and wondered why on earth she was so long in coming; the mocker across the field (one of no more than half a dozen that I saw about Tucson!) was bringing out of his treasury things new and old (a great bird that, always with another shot in his locker); the Lucy warbler, daintiest of the dainty, was singing amid the willow catkins, a chorus of bees accompanying; the black cap of the pileolated warbler was *not* in the blossoming quince-bush hedge (that was a pity); the desert-loving sparrow hawk sat at the top of a giant cactus, as if its thorns were nothing but a cushion; the happy little Mexican boy, who lived in one corner of the old mill, came down the road with his usual smile of welcome (we were almost old friends by this time) and a glance into the trees, meaning to say, what he could not express in English, nor I understand in Spanish, "I know what you are doing;" and then,

as I rounded the bend, under the beetling crags, the same canyon wren, my first one, not dreaming what a favor he was conferring upon the man he had so often chided as a trespasser, let fall a few measures of his lovely song. How sweet and cool the notes were! Unless it was the sound of the brook in the Sabino Canyon, I heard nothing else so good in Arizona.

But at San Antonio, on my way homeward, I heard notes not to be called musical, in the smaller and more ordinary sense of the word; as unlike as possible, certainly, to the classic sweetness of the canyon wren's tune; but to me even more exciting and memorable. On a sultry, indolent afternoon (April 9) I had betaken myself to Cemetery Hill for a lazy stroll, and had barely alighted from the electric car, when I heard strange noises somewhere near at hand. In my confusion I thought for an instant of the scissor-tailed flycatchers, with whose various outlandish outcries and antics I had been for several days amusing myself. Then I discovered that the sound came from above, and looking up, saw straight over my head, between the hilltop and the clouds, a wedge-shaped flock of large birds. Long slender necks and bills, feet drawn up and projecting out behind the tails, wing-action moderate (after the manner of geese rather than ducks), color dark, — so much, and no more, the glass showed me, while the birds, sixty or more in number, as I guessed, were fast receding northward. They should be cranes, I said to myself, since they were surely not herons, and then, like a flash, it came over me that I knew the voice. By good luck I had lived the winter before where I heard continually the lusty shouts of a captive sandhill crane; and it was to a chorus of sandhill cranes that I was now listening.

The flock disappeared, the tumult lessened and ceased, and I passed on. But fifteen minutes afterward, as I was retracing my steps over the hill, suddenly I heard the same resounding chorus again. A second flock of cranes was passing. This, too, was in a V-shaped line, though for some reason it fell into disorder almost immediately. Now I essayed a count, and had just concluded that there were some eighty of the birds, when a commotion behind me caused me to turn my head. To my amazement, a third and much larger flock was following close behind the second. There was no numbering it with exactness, but I ran my glass down the long, wavering line, as best I could, and counted one hundred and fifteen.

An hour before I had never seen a sandhill crane in its native wildness (a creature nearly or quite as tall as myself), and behold, here was the sky full of them. And what a judgment-day trumpeting they made! Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim! Perhaps I did not enjoy it, — there, with the white gravestones standing all about me. After all, there is something in mere volume of sound. If it does not feed the soul, at least it stirs the blood. And that is a good thing, also. I wonder if Michelangelo did not at some time or other see and hear the like.

Bradford Torrey.

PRINCIPLES OF MUNICIPAL SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.

Aristotle is said to have collected the constitutions of a hundred ancient republics, and from the study of these to have developed the principles of an ideal republic. The writer can attempt nothing so ambitious; but the method employed by Aristotle is the right one, — induction from experience; and by comparative study of the constitutions of many educational republics we may formulate certain principles in regard to the best form of organization.

The school systems in our cities have come down to us from a relatively distant past, and in most cases they remain to-day what they were twenty-five or perhaps fifty years ago. The administrative machinery represents the accretion of years of widening functions; it is cumbrous and complex, not adapted to new conditions and present needs. Thus it has come to pass that in many cities in this country there is dissatisfaction with the school organization. In some there has been waste of public money, in some there has been shameful neglect of the schoolhouses, in others there has been division of authority, — the school department has often been at cross-purposes with the municipal government, and in case of defect or mismanagement it has been difficult to fix the responsibility. In still others, notably Philadelphia and San Francisco, there has been gross corruption, and the sacred office of the teacher has been sold for money or for political favor. As a result of these evils many cities have already radically changed their school systems, other cities are trying to do the same; and the problem of the best form of municipal school administration has become one worth studying.

The old systems of school organization teach many important lessons. And during the last ten years new systems have been tried in Cleveland, Toledo, Indianapolis, New Haven, New York, Rochester, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Louis, and elsewhere, and radically new systems have been proposed for Boston, Chicago, and Providence. Each of these new systems has certain good features; each has been advocated by intelligent, experienced, and honest men. Which is best? The only satisfactory answer must come from experience. The true test of any system is its practical working. Now although experience in this country has been too short to give any complete answer to this question, and more experimentation will be necessary before the ideal can perhaps even be described, still it does seem possible to formulate a few general principles by which to judge the character of any form of school administration.

The points upon which there is probably a general consensus of those who have studied the facts may be summed up under ten heads, representing merely a formulation of what seem to be the teachings of experience thus far. As soon as we have more experience they may be modified, but they are what might be called, without lack of reverence, the decalogue for the immediate future: —

1. Any system of school administration should be economical. All doubtless agree upon this point. The people's money should not be wasted.

2. Any system of school administration should be free from party politics and political methods. It is absurd, for example, to suppose that a man will make a good member of a school board because he happens to be a democrat or a republican. As long as the school administration remains a part of city politics, so long it will be impossible to have interest properly centred upon educational needs.

An editorial in the Detroit Free Press

of March 15 of this year, describing the condition in that city, presents perhaps the typical situation where party politics rule. "The affairs of the board," says the writer, "are in a most deplorable condition. . . . In addition, the manners, customs, and laws of the board have approached the proportions of a public scandal. The board has neither dignity, nor average intelligence, nor business methods. It has made itself simply an arena in which tumultuous pothouse politicians fight with one another for the spoil of the office. Membership on the board has long been treated merely as a step toward political advancement, like the chairmanship of the ward committees or membership in the city or county committee. Few members of the board care a flip of a copper for the general interests of the public school system. The schools are considered only as a means to an end, and the funds of the board are freely disbursed for the payment of political debts contracted by the inspectors, or so disposed as to insure the greatest possible political advantage in the future. . . . Superintendent Martindale recently taunted the board with the fact that the applicant with the 'pull' always got the position, and not an inspector dared deny the charge."

3. A system of school administration should be of such a character as to stimulate and not check the local feeling of interest and responsibility for education. This is a principle of wide application. It concerns many other educational matters as well as that of school administration. Whenever money, for example, is given for school purposes without regard to this principle the result is likely to be bad. In the middle of the last century, for illustration, Connecticut received money from the sale of western lands which to a large extent supported her schools. This was distinctly a disadvantage to education, and the state superintendent a few years ago reported that when the money from this source was at a maximum the condition of education in that state was at its lowest ebb. This money pauperized the community because it checked the local feeling of interest and responsibility; and this is perhaps one cause of the degeneration recently reported in the rural districts of that state. Any form of state aid, too, like that proposed by the old Blair Bill, is likely to defeat its own end if this principle is not regarded. The efficiency of the schools must rest in the last resort upon the vigilance of the citizen. And any system that weakens the feeling of personal responsibility is so far destroying its own foundation.

4. A school system should be free from artificial limitations. There should be, for example, no distinctions as regards sex in school matters. Women should be allowed to vote on matters relating to the schools and to hold school offices. Any distinction with regard to sex, or race, or religion, is an artificial limitation. Again, election of members of a school board by wards is an artificial limitation. The city or township is the natural political unit; the ward is an artificial unit. Men living in one ward are very apt to do business in another; they often have more acquaintances in some other ward than in their own. They may be much nearer the schools of another ward than to those in their own; and, as the division is an artificial division, any ward system of election is an artificial limitation.

5. Any system of school administration to be efficient must be adapted to the community where it exists. The needs of one community differ from those of another; and more important still, the local traditions and customs differ; and, finally, different communities represent different stages of civic development. It is useless to have a system of school administration so far beyond the public opinion of the citizens that they cannot be made to appreciate and support it. For a community in a low stage of civic development the para-

dox may be true that a poorer system is the better one. There is practically little danger, however, of getting a system too far beyond the stage of development of the people. It *should be* considerably in advance, because it always has an educating influence; and for this reason whenever possible it is usually wise to force an improved system on a backward community.

6. The school system should be, as far as possible, independent of the municipal government. It should be autonomous, having full power, and responsible only to the people. The importance of this has been sufficiently shown by the experience of those cities that have had such independent school departments; and the evils of divided authority have been still more frequently shown by experience.

President Draper goes so far as to maintain that the complete separation of school administration from municipal business is imperative. "Laws," he writes, "which put the schools at the mercy of a board of aldermen are unsound in principle and deplorable in their operation. Even the determination of the sum to be levied for school purposes should not be left to a common council, which, by legislation and by usage, has come to represent, and has become representative of, interests not in harmony or sympathy with school administration. If there is a finance board or tax commission which receives estimates from all sources and finally determines the amount to be levied, it is not so objectionable that the school estimates should go with the others to this board, for such a board may be assumed to be independent of all special interests and representative of the best sentiment of the whole city. But the only sound rule is that school administration shall be entirely independent of municipal business. The two do not rest upon the same foundation; the power which manages each proceeds from entirely different sources, and the objects and purposes of each have nothing in common." [1]

7. Other things being equal, the work of the school board will be more efficient the smaller the number of its members. Experience in politics and business has amply shown the advantage of having small bodies of men for the management of complicated and important affairs; and the experience in Cleveland, Indianapolis, New Haven, and in several other cities, has shown the advantage of small school boards in the management of educational affairs. The number must depend largely on the size of the city, but the smaller the number consistent with adequate representation of the different classes and social interests of the community and adequate management of the work of the board the better.

There seems now to be a general tendency to reduce the number of members. A typical opinion is that of Mr. Cushing, president of the Boston School Board. In an address reported in the daily papers of March 16 of this year he mentioned among the conditions necessary for the best results: —

"A board of about nine members. Larger boards are handicapped by arguing and wire-pulling among members who strive to please the people who elect them. Small boards can transact business 'at closer quarters.'

"More time and investigation should be devoted to choosing the members before nominations are made Nine suitable men should require as many months of careful search. . . . At present such are nominated in practically as many days."

The advantages of the small school board are obvious. In the first place, it is easier to find seven honest and capable men with leisure to devote to public affairs than it is to find twenty-five; and it is not only easier to find competent men and more probable that such

[1] Draper, Andrew S. Plans for Organization for School Purposes in Large Cities, Educational Review, vol. vi. p. 14. New York. 1893.

will be elected, but the small board is better even if composed of bad men, because it is easier to fix responsibility, and with more simple machinery there is less opportunity to cover up jobbery and corruption. The objection is often made that the small board is undemocratic. The number of officials, however, has nothing to do with the democracy of a system. If this were so, then a board of seventy-two like that in some Pennsylvania cities would be more democratic than a board of twenty-five; but that system is most democratic which is nearest the people and most directly and efficiently serves to carry out the will of the people. The small board has been found to do precisely this; and the large board, on the other hand, with its complicated machinery offers ready means for thwarting the will of the people. It is true, however, that the board should not be too small to represent different classes and different social interests.

8. The executive officers under any system of school administration should be experts. The executive functions are threefold: first, care of the business affairs of the school; second, supervision of the educational affairs; third, inspection of sanitary conditions and care for the health of the school-children. In a town or small city these three functions are likely to be united in one person. In a large city there should be three officials, with duties distinctly defined by law, and each of these should be an expert. In the proposed bill for Boston it is distinctly stated that "no person shall be eligible to be chosen to the position of business director unless he holds a degree as architect or engineer from an institution empowered from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to confer degrees, or from an institution of similar rank outside the state, or is approved as competent for such position by the Boston Society of Architects and the Master Builders' Association of Boston." [1] It is equally important that the other two executive officers should be experts. When a health inspector is appointed it will of course be imperative that he should furnish evidence of his expert knowledge by the possession of a medical degree or the like; and the time is likely to come when no one will be eligible to the position of city superintendent who has not a degree or certificate from some recognized authority which is *prima facie* evidence of his expert character in educational matters.

9. So far as is practicable, civil service principles should prevail in regard to the teaching body and school officials. If the superintendent do not serve during good behavior, as in Cleveland, then he should be appointed for a long term of four or five years, as in Indianapolis and New Haven; and teachers also should feel secure in their tenure of office as long as efficient work is done.

10. There should be concentration of power and responsibility. The validity of this principle has also been amply shown by the experience of Cleveland and many other cities. This involves separation of the legislative and executive functions, and likewise separation of educational executive functions from the business executive functions. The importance of this has been recognized by the Chicago Commission,[2] and by many educators.

These, then, are some of the general principles apparently demonstrated by experience thus far. Any system of school administration should be (1) economical; (2) free from politics; (3) of such a character as to stimulate and not check the local feeling of interest and responsibility for education; (4) free from artificial limitations, — limitations as regards sex, race, religion, or election of officers; (5) adapted to

[1] Senate Bill, No. 279, April 4, 1899. An Act Relative to the School Committee of the City of Boston.

[2] Report of the Educational Commission of the City of Chicago. 1899.

the community where it exists; (6) independent of the municipal government; (7) the school board should be small; (8) the executive officers should be experts; (9) civil service principles should prevail; (10) there should be concentration of power and responsibility.

These principles should all be taken together; they are interrelated. We began by noting that the school administration should be economical; we closed by noting that there should be concentration of power and responsibility. Now it is quite impossible to have economy without having concentration of power and responsibility. Experience in all large business affairs has shown the advantage of placing the management in the hands of a few capable men with great power and large responsibility. The management of school affairs is a large business involving in a city of 100,000 inhabitants an expenditure of probably $500,000 annually; the same business principles adopted in modern industry should be employed here; and experience in school administration in cities that have followed this principle indicates the great advantage of it. The evil of the ordinary plan of large boards and divided authority is obvious when we reflect on what would be the result of a similar policy in the management of any large business. Where the power and responsibility for the management are vested in a small body of directors and in a single executive officer business methods can be followed in school matters. The director can buy in the cheapest market because he buys in large quantities and at the most favorable time. He can forecast the future and often make large savings. He can in many matters by immediate extravagance save large sums in the end. For example, in the heating and ventilating of large school buildings experience has shown that it is much cheaper — Mr. Morrison, an expert on ventilation, says about nine times cheaper — to have a mechanical system of heating and ventilating rather than a natural system, although the initial cost of the plant is greater; but if money can be saved by spending a little more at first, business common sense makes that wise. Again in making contracts for land and the like, great saving may be effected by adopting business methods. The town of Andover, Mass., a few years ago bought a tract of land in the heart of the village, paying some $10,000 for it, although having no immediate need for the land whatever, but simply forecasting the future. And in St. Louis such foresight is reported under the new system in that city.

Without concentration of power and responsibility, with the ordinary large school board and its cumbrous machinery of special sub-committees of various kinds, it is impossible to exercise economy in large matters, and there is opportunity for jobbery of all kinds; and if a defective schoolhouse or the like is built nobody knows who is responsible.

Again our first principle is dependent upon our second. A school system can hardly be economical if it is political. The great advantage of taking the administration of the schools out of party politics, even to the extent of having a bi-partisan board, has been admirably shown in St. Louis during the five years of its experience under its new form of school administration. Professor Woodward writes:[1] —

"In a general way good management has resulted in vast and unexpected savings to the schools. . . .

"Ordinarily repairs cost about twice as much per year under the old plan as under the present plan. Under the old plan members of the board were supposed to control repairs and contracts in their respective districts. The result was high prices, false measurements, and poor work . . . a day's work often covered less than three hours of real work, and so on.

[1] Quoted by Dr. Engler. See Worcester Telegram, February 3, 1903.

"Every janitor was appointed for political reasons and for political efficiency. He was generally a poor janitor, and the premises under his charge suffered from neglect and incompetency.

"Bids were solicited from approved parties, and prices were exorbitant. . . . Moreover, bills for extras were numerous and large, so that poorly constructed buildings with wooden floors, partitions, and roofs, cost as much per room as they now cost with higher prices for labor, when built fireproof throughout.

"Every year it is found necessary to buy land for new schoolhouses. The greatest care is taken in determining the location of sites and in securing reasonable offers. This is usually managed through confidential agents, so that no one can take advantage of the board and run up the price. The result is that we purchase at reasonable figures, and usually we purchase far ahead of immediate use."

Again our second principle is dependent upon our fourth. A system can hardly be free from politics when it is created under the artificial limitations of a ward system. The Philadelphia system with a central board appointed by judges is ostensibly a method of taking school management out of politics; but being subject to the limitations of the ward system in its local boards, it has not escaped political corruption of the worst sort.

The worst scandals connected with the administration of the public schools have arisen in connection with this ward system. Professor Salmon in a recent article [1] quotes the words of a citizens' committee of one of our cities which reports: "The natural tendency is for the holders of places on the board to be governed by considerations of ward politics rather than by the interests of the schools at large. This is not theory; at present janitorships are traded off, and even principalships of schools in certain wards are regarded as the perquisites of representatives of such wards. Buildings are secured for wards by members having the greatest 'pull,' and other districts are deprived of schools regardless of the needs of such districts. The whole school management becomes a system of trading of ward interests. The school district should be a unit if economical and systematic arrangement is to be possible."

Except in one or two instances I have not spoken of the concrete questions of school organization. But if I am right in formulating the teachings of experience, the principles mentioned will help in these practical questions. Take a question upon which opinion is divided. Cleveland has a school board elected by the people at large. New Haven has a board appointed by the mayor. Which plan is better? This question should be considered in regard to several of the principles mentioned, especially in regard to stimulating the local feeling of responsibility for the schools. If it should appear from experience, as I think there are already some indications that it may, that election at large stimulates this feeling of personal responsibility, and that appointment by the mayor tends to lessen this, then the former plan has one great advantage over the latter.

Again as regards the executive officers. In Cleveland the business director is elected by the people. In Indianapolis he is appointed by the board. Which plan is better? If we were right in maintaining that he, as well as the other executive officers, should be an expert, then the Indianapolis plan seems better; for experience indicates that it is easier to get real expert talent by appointment than by election.

Of the new systems referred to at the beginning of this paper, that of the city of Cleveland is specially instructive because it has a history of ten years, and a fairly good test of its working has

[1] Salmon, Lucy M. Civil Service Reform Principles in Education, Educational Review, April, 1903, pp. 352, 353.

already been made. Let us take it as an example and consider it in relation to the principles above formulated.

The Cleveland system of school administration is called the Federal system because it has some features similar to those of our Federal government. It is similar also to the general system of municipal government which has just come to an end in the city of Cleveland, though the school department is distinct from the municipal government. It is independent, autonomous, and responsible only to the people. It levies its own taxes, subject to the approval of the tax commissioners, and has sole power in the expenditure of all money for school purposes, making its own contracts, and the like.

In 1892 a law was passed by the Ohio legislature which gave the opportunity to try this system. The essential features very briefly are as follows:

First a school council of seven members is elected by the city at large. Each member serves two years and receives a salary of $260. The special functions of this council are legislative. It passes resolutions in regard to levying taxes, the expenditure of school money, the establishment of schools, the approval of contracts. It frames rules and regulations governing the schools. It provides for the appointment of teachers, fixes their salaries, prescribes their duties, and adopts the text-books.

Second, a school director is elected by the city at large for a term of two years, and receives a salary of $5000. His special function is executive; he executes the laws framed by the school council. His functions, however, are confined to business matters, except that he has the power to veto the resolutions of the council. While this director has nothing to do with educational matters, it is a part of his duty to appoint a superintendent in case of vacancy, and he has the power for sufficient cause to remove the superintendent. This appointment of the superintendent is subject to approval and confirmation by the council.

The superintendent is appointed for an indefinite term, that is, during good behavior. His salary is $5000. His function is to attend to all educational matters, and he alone is responsible for such matters. He has full power in the appointment, promotion, and dismissal of all teachers. Since the character of the teacher determines the character of the school and school reform is always schoolmaster reform, this feature deserves special notice.

Such are the essential features of the Cleveland system. If we compare this Federal system with our ten principles, we shall naturally find substantial agreement; for Cleveland furnished much of the experience which has demonstrated these principles, but we shall also find that it is not ideal. In the first place, while the system has usually been economical, it is liable to occasional brief periods of extravagance when an incompetent or dishonest director is not restrained by an independent council. Further it is not free from politics; but the choice of two republican and two democratic members of the school council at the last municipal election, April, 1903, when the city went strongly democratic, may be taken as an indication that many of the citizens regard membership in the council as a non-political office. Again the executive officers are supposed to be experts, yet with election of the director by the people he is liable not to have the necessary qualifications.

This system, on the other hand, does apparently stimulate the local feeling of interest and responsibility in education; for when a few years ago the director without cause attempted to remove the superintendent, Mr. L. H. Jones, an able and efficient man, public opinion forced him to recall his letter of dismissal, and at the next election the director was relegated to private life, another man was chosen in his stead,

and the superintendent vindicated. The system also is evidently well adapted to the needs of the city of Cleveland, for it receives the approval of intelligent people. A prominent man in that city writes me that he thinks "the universal verdict among intelligent people is that this arrangement has worked amazingly well at least so far as the educational side of things is concerned;" and the teachers and superintendents seem to be universally and enthusiastically in favor of it.

This system is for the most part free from artificial limitations, and it is also independent (except for certain financial checks) of the municipal government. The school council, as already noted, is small, and there is great concentration of power and responsibility, the school council being solely a legislative body, the business executive functions being in the hands of the director, and all educational affairs in the hands of the superintendent.

The history of school administration in Cleveland for the last ten years has been extremely interesting. The Federal system represents no vagary of university theorists. It was devised by four citizens of Cleveland, three lawyers and a banker, and thus is quite free from any taint of pedagogical theory. The experiment has been long enough to make a fairly good test of the system and is very instructive. It has especially demonstrated the advantages of concentration of power and responsibility. If anything goes wrong it is possible to know at once who is to blame, and to put a better man in his place. Unfortunately the law under which this system was formed is a kind of special legislation which has recently been condemned in case of the similar municipal government of Cleveland; hence this school system also is liable to be declared unconstitutional, since, in Mr. Dooley's phrase, the decisions of the Ohio Supreme Court do not follow the election returns of the city of Cleveland.

It is noteworthy that a form of school administration similar to this, with election of a small board by the people at large, and nomination by petition, was advocated at the last meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association in Cincinnati.

It requires no special prophetic vision to foresee that great changes in school administration, especially in our municipal systems, are likely to be made in the near future. A country that in the last twenty-five years has put the majority of Federal offices under the rules of a reformed civil service will not permit the 500,000 school positions to be given over to the spoilsmen. But radical changes are made with difficulty. In case of a municipal system, a change of the city charter and a special act of the legislature are often necessary. Hence in making the much needed changes, it is wise to profit by the experience which has taught us the principles formulated above. Guidance by these principles would save our cities millions of dollars annually, and the increase in the efficiency of the schools would be inestimable.

William H. Burnham.

THE FIRST YEAR OF CUBAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

[Captain Matthew E. Hanna, the author of this paper, and of Public Education in Cuba, in the ATLANTIC for June, 1902, was on the staff of General Wood during the American occupation of the island. For two years he was Commissioner of Public Schools. He is, at the present time, Military Attaché at the American Legation in Havana. — THE EDITORS.]

IN the brief period of one year of independent existence as a nation the Cubans have shown to a surprising degree the elements that constitute stable self-government, and it is the purpose of this article to point them out. The numerous petty mistakes that might be noted, or the no less numerous instances of unsuccessful radicalism and individual attempts to block the very conservative policy of the administration, have been omitted.

Undoubtedly the most powerful factor for honest and stable self-government has been the calm, patient, conservative and conciliatory attitude of the President. The people of Cuba are to be congratulated that they had the wisdom to select Mr. Palma for their first President, and that he was willing to leave the retirement of his quiet home in Central Valley to accept a position of such great responsibility and that promised so little.

President Palma came to Cuba in answer to the almost unanimous call of the people of his country. He had been so long separated from active politics in the island that he was practically free from the jealousies and compromises that would have greatly affected any other possible President in the beginning of his administration. His tour of the island, prior to his inauguration, from Gibara to Havana was one prolonged ovation. He had the love, respect, and confidence of a very emotional people. He could scarcely have wanted a more favorable condition of public esteem under which to begin.

Under these circumstances and feeling as he did, that he had been the choice of the entire country, rather than of any section or faction, it was not strange that he chose his cabinet from all political parties. To have done otherwise might have precipitated dissensions at a time when he very wisely considered harmony the principal indication of success to a skeptical world. He cannot hope that the support of all political parties will be given him indefinitely, but the change when it comes will be no more violent for the delay. He has persistently refused to make an alliance with either of the political parties represented in the Cuban Congress to obtain a majority, but has ruled with the better element of each. He has held that the executive power should be one of the three forces of the State working in harmony.

That he has been able to govern the island for a year with the active assistance of the better element in politics, and at the same time convince the worse element of the wisdom of his intentions, stamps him as a ruler of exceptional executive ability. He has always appealed to the patriotism of his countrymen, and has believed that it should be sufficient stimulus to solve the questions of the hour and give life to the government. His influence with Congress has been sufficiently powerful to temper the hot-headed and indiscreet and to give complexion to legislation. In one instance only has he been forced to put his signature to a bill that did not meet with his approval, but his reasons for doing so were good. With a single exception he has so thoroughly introduced his ideas in legislation when it was in process of formation in Congress that he has had to exercise the power of veto but once, and then his reasons for doing this

were so powerful that the changes he recommended were promptly made. He has borne with rare patience the delays of Congress, and apparently has not expected the impossible. He has contented himself with the knowledge that but few radical revolutionary or reactionary laws have been enacted, if he has to admit that some laws have still to be framed that the country sorely needs.

His messages to Congress have been ably prepared, have been conciliatory and conservative, and have outlined the work of Congress in a careful and clear manner. In his first message he emphasizes the necessity for providing sufficient revenues to meet the expenses of the State; for public and political economy; for assisting agriculture and cattle raising; for arranging a reciprocity treaty with the United States; for developing public instruction; for encouraging railroads; for continuing public works; for maintaining a perfect understanding with the United States; for preserving good sanitary conditions in the island; for supporting hospitals and asylums and improving jails; for bettering the administration of justice; for paying the Liberating Army, and for organizing the diplomatic and consular services. How thoroughly this plan has been carried out will be seen further on.

Both branches of Congress met on May 5, 1902, at the call of the military governor, for the purpose of notifying him officially, before May 20, who had been elected President and Vice President of the Republic, and who Senators and Representatives, and to thus complete the organization of the new government as a running machine before the termination of the occupation. The Senate held two more sessions and the House three more before May 20, the day on which the military government ended, and in these sessions both branches passed upon the credentials of their respective members and completed their permanent organizations. The House numbers sixty-one members and the Senate twenty-four. Of the former but a very small percentage had had much previous experience in public affairs, or were even familiar with the rules and customs that were to guide them in their work. For four centuries the Cubans had been governed in such a way that there were no opportunities for experience in self-government, and their ideas at the best were such as they had got by reading, or by a term of office in some municipal council, or, in rare instances, in the constitutional convention. The Spanish colonial government had not furnished the Cubans with training in the organization and control of legislative bodies and in the framing of laws. Due to bitter jealousies and antagonisms among Cubans from different sections of the island, the Congressmen, when they assembled in Havana, came prepared to be jealous of one another, and generally speaking each was anxious to see only his own ideas triumphant. There were no strong political organizations to discipline them, nor was there any one of sufficient experience as a presiding officer to control them and direct their energies. A time so full of opportunities for personal notoriety would appeal to any politician, and was not to be permitted to pass by in idleness.

The first task of the two Houses was the framing of their respective rules and of those that were to govern both Houses when acting jointly. This took the greater part of the time for the first two months, but in the meantime absolutely necessary legislation was attended to, and at the earliest possible moment the consideration of the measures recommended in the President's first message was begun. Congress has been in session almost continuously for the past twelve months, and has passed sixty-six laws. The most important of these are the following: —

A law providing that the mayors, municipal councilmen, and municipal treasurers who were in office on June 30,

1902 (elected by popular vote during the occupation), should continue in their offices, or should be substituted by others according to existing statutes, until their cessation in office should be provided for by law. The occupation ended on May 20, 1902. The time for which these officials were elected expired on June 30; either these officials should be continued in office, or new elections should be held between May 20 and June 30. Due to the excited state of the country attending the change of government, it was deemed advisable to postpone the elections and permit these officials to continue in office beyond the time for which they were elected.

A law authorizing the President to meet all the liabilities of the government for the months of July and August, 1902; a law creating a board to revise the rolls of the disbanded Liberating Army and to determine the amount due each soldier by the Cuban government; a law authorizing the President to meet the liabilities of the Republic until further legislation on the matter; various laws creating legations and consulates in different parts of the world; a law modifying the tariff on stock imported into the island in such a way as to favor such importations; a law reorganizing the rural guard and increasing its strength to three thousand men; a law empowering the President to contract a loan of $35,000,000 for the payment of the Liberating Army and other debts of the Revolutionary government; a law fixing the revenues of consulates; and a law establishing the provisional government.

Everything considered, neither the volume nor the quality of the work of the first year of the Cuban Congress can be seriously criticised. Viewed in its entirety, conservatism has prevailed. For more than ten months Senators and Representatives have devoted all their time with unceasing energy and with honesty of purpose to the completion of the plan outlined for them by the President. An occasional false note can be detected, but there is a true ring to the finished article. The serious mistakes, the fraud and corruption, and even the inefficiency so frequently prophesied a few months ago are not to be encountered in the record of Congress up to date, and the evident desire to continue the work of government along the general lines established by the military government is shown in the cautious way in which all serious changes in military orders have been avoided.

However, in reviewing the work of the Congress for the first year of its existence, too much should not be expected, and it is but just to remember that it was a newly born legislative body that was ignorant of the procedure by which it was to make use of the faculties with which it was endowed. It had not the organization, training, discipline, or precedents of previous Congresses to assist it. It numbered among its members very few who had had any previous training in a legislative body of any consequence. The Constitution of the Republic was new, and interpretations of its less clear paragraphs were almost as plentiful as people to make them. Rules for governing the two branches of Congress had to be made, and when made they had to be interpreted. Almost every day a large part of the session was spent in wrangling over some point that would have been settled in a moment in an older Congress by some well-established precedent. There seemed to be no lack of desire to push legislation, but the machinery was new and untried, and it was passing through an adjustment period. In the meantime there was much working at cross-purposes and a lack of results.

It should also be remembered that there was a horde of individuals, corporations, etc., in the island, whose pet schemes had been politely rejected from time to time by the military governor, and they were crowding the lobbies of Congress before the latter had

been inaugurated, ready to renew their petitions. An older Congress would have found it difficult to refuse them some consideration, but for a Congress holding its first session this was well-nigh impossible.

A long series of events, in short, the history of the island for the past few years, made it practically impossible for Congress to avoid giving its first attention to such powerful questions as the payment of the army, the restoration of agriculture, etc. A lack of organization prevented the well-ordered settlement of these questions one by one, and from attempting to do all at once, nothing was accomplished.

It should not be forgotten that the Cuban Congress, like our Congress or any other Congress, is composed of politicians, good, bad, and indifferent, with perhaps a greater proportion of the first than is met with elsewhere, and politics have played their part in shaping, hastening, or retarding legislation, modified however by the lack of experience and machinery among the politicians.

I believe there is a steady increase in the volume of business transacted by Congress, and that as Congress becomes disciplined, as each member discovers his own limitations, as political parties become better organized, and as precedents are established, there will be more to fear in the future from the meddling that follows a lack of work than from the dangers of overwork. Fortunately the government was turned over to the Cubans a running machine, and Congress was free to organize, to contemplate its duties, and to cautiously proceed with the legislation recommended to its consideration by the President.

Hence, in a study of the work of Congress for the past year due weight and consideration should be given to the difficulties under which it has labored. Many of its critics have lost sight of what it has actually done in contemplation of the delay and wrangling that have attended its doing, and of the many radical and unwise bills that have been proposed from time to time, but which have failed. Much of the debate has no doubt proceeded from a Latin fondness for talking, but a large part of it has also been due to a natural cautiousness. If Congress has erred, it has been on the side of doing too little, which is far better than if it had rushed headlong into illy considered legislation.

In one of the first sessions of Congress a representative requested information of the amount owing to the army in order that he might present a bill providing for payment. The first of the transitory provisions of the Constitution recognizes the validity of the claim of the Cuban Liberating Army, and imposes on the government the obligation to pay it. The President in his first message called attention to this obligation, and emphasized the necessity for early meeting it. The country was thus irrevocably pledged to the payment of the army, and after some months of lively discussion it appears to be united in the opinion that the payment is wise and just. Boards for revising the army rolls and determining the correct amount due each soldier were appointed and have finished their task, although the result of their work has not yet been made public. This important work has been done in a thorough and systematic manner, and the report of the boards should be very accurate. The probable amount necessary for the payment was estimated, and on February 28 a law was enacted authorizing the President to raise a loan of thirty-five million dollars, twenty-seven million of which should be for the payment of the army. This loan is to be secured and guaranteed by a special tax on alcoholic beverages, artificial waters, matches, tobacco, sugar, and playing cards, as well as by the ordinary customs revenues of the island.

The principal reasons for the payment of the army are far from sentimental. It has formed a troublesome, but in no-

wise dangerous, element in the social and political existence of the island for the past five years, and it is generally conceded that a normal condition will not be secured until it is paid. The reason that appeals most strongly to the business classes is the impetus that will be given all kinds of business by suddenly placing so large an amount of money in circulation, the effects of which may be best estimated by the following comparison: the whole amount of money expended by the military government for all purposes during the occupation was a little more than fifty-five million dollars. It is estimated that it will require twenty-seven million dollars to pay the army; or within a few months there would be placed in circulation almost one half the entire amount so put in circulation by the government in four years. With reciprocity there is no doubt of the government's ability to bear the loan, and but very little doubt of it without reciprocity.

The remaining eight million dollars of the loan are for assistance to agriculture, and for the payment of the debts legitimately contracted during the Revolution, four million to each. The latter refers to the liabilities of the corps commanders between February 24, 1895, and September 19 of the same year and those of the Revolutionary government enacted after the latter date.

The former four millions are to be spent in assistance to agriculture in whatever way that Congress may decide upon. Mr. Terry, a practical sugar planter, was President Palma's first secretary of agriculture. He early announced his plan for assisting the sugar planters, and it was warmly received by the entire country as promising relief that would be far-reaching in its effects. It was favorably commented on by the Cuban press, and was eagerly supported by the planters. The plan was for the government to borrow four million dollars to be loaned to such planters as wished to borrow, such loan not to exceed fifty cents for every twenty-five hundredweight of cane ground in the season 1901–1902, and to be refunded in two payments, made in February and March of 1903, the government holding a lien on the cane as security for the loan. It received the unanimous approval of the Senate, but was amended in the House in such a manner as to combine the relief of the planters with the payment of the army. This was in July last, and the possibility of a four-million-dollar loan as such no longer existed after that date. It has been incorporated in the larger loan however, and the planters should soon receive its benefits. For three years it has been said that if the sugar planter did not obtain relief soon, and a better market for his sugar, he would have to abandon his estate; yet, despite the fact that relief has not come from the source where it was most expected, such is the vitality of the industry in the island that the crops have been steadily increasing since the war, and this year's crop will reach almost a million tons. The condition of uncertainty that has attended the delay in settling the reciprocity treaty has seriously retarded the development of sugar estates and has otherwise done much harm, and there will be general satisfaction when the matter is definitely settled, although the treaty should not be ratified. The sugar industry will struggle along even if all outside assistance should be denied, but the prosperity of the government is so dependent on the prosperity of its sugar planters that the failure of the latter means the loss of life and energy in the former.

The delays in the negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity with the United States are so generally known that it would not be necessary to mention this important question were it possible to avoid noting the childlike confidence with which all classes have founded their hopes on the desire of the people

of the United States for fair play with Cuba, and in spite of repeated failures they still hope that the treaty will soon be ratified. Their faith in the President of the United States is unbounded, and that more than anything else has influenced the Cuban Senate to accept the amendments recently made by the Senate of the United States.

The condition of public health remains about as it was a year ago. The sanitary methods employed by the military government are still enforced. Yellow fever has not reappeared; there has not been a case in Havana for almost two years, and in other cities of the island for a still longer period. An effective quarantine system is enforced. One of the last acts of the military governor was the issuing of a decree for the reorganization of the sanitary service of the island in conformity with the requirements of modern sanitation; it placed the supervision of all matters relating to the public health in the island in the hands of a superior sanitary board, and provided for the appointment of a local sanitary board in each municipality to assist the superior board. This decree was published three days before the termination of the occupation, and its enforcement was left to the new government. The reorganization of the sanitary service in accordance with this decree has been effected, and the new department is doing efficient work.

In the President's first message to Congress he declared it as his purpose to encourage public education, and to give it the preferential support of the government. He has done this, and in his efforts he has been assisted by Congress. This department has been disturbed less and subjected to fewer changes than any other, and such changes as have been made have been of minor importance. The Secretary of Public Instruction was authorized to appoint as many teachers as were employed last year until the regular annual appropriations could be made. The last statistics that are to be obtained show the number of teachers to be a few more than thirty-four hundred, with more than one hundred and fifty thousand pupils enrolled, of whom more than one hundred and twenty thousand are in constant attendance. The total amount of money appropriated for boards of education up to date is but little less than during a like period of the year before.

In October last a law was enacted increasing the rural guard, the regular army of Cuba, from about fourteen hundred to three thousand men, and giving it an organization more nearly like that of modern armies. There are to be three regiments, each consisting of eight troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry. The total annual expense of maintaining this force is estimated at a little more than a million and a half dollars. The whole object of the rural guard is to preserve order in the island. It is a force made up of intelligent, self-respecting men, who are well uniformed, and at all times have a soldierly bearing, and who are thoroughly trained and disciplined in the peculiar work for which they are intended. Their officers are efficient, and were trained in the wars of independence. Cuba has nothing to fear from militarism so long as her armed forces are as highly patriotic as her present rural guard. The absence of bandits or disorder of any kind is evidence of how thoroughly it does its duty and of the respect that it commands.

For some months a movement has been in progress to reorganize the various political elements of the island, consolidating in one party the radicals and in another the conservatives. The work has been gradually progressing until now the reorganization is all but completed. The strongest political factions have been the Nationalists, the Republicans, and the Democrats. Although they all counted among their

members those varying in opinions from the most radical to the most conservative, yet the Nationalists have always had a decidedly radical complexion, and the Republicans and Democrats have leaned toward conservatism. The first has naturally formed the nucleus about which the radicals have collected, and the latter two have formed the rallying point for the conservatives. There have been the usual number of municipal, provincial, and national conventions and the usual amount of wrangling and dissensions, but in the end order will probably be secured out of the chaotic state in which politics existed formerly.

In his first message the President indicated to Congress that its first and most important duty was to provide sufficient revenues to meet the expenses of the State, and to make the yearly appropriations with such care and economy that they should be within the receipts and leave a surplus for emergencies. Economy seems to have pervaded the atmosphere, and expenditures have been made with the greatest caution. The government was transferred to the Cubans with $689,191.02 in the treasury, and with more than a million and a half dollars free from allotments. At the end of April, 1903, there was in the treasury a balance of $2,699,071.55. From May 20, 1902, to April 30, 1903, the total revenues of the island amounted to $16,323,029.67, and the expenditures to approximately $14,000,000. The government is self-supporting, is without debts, and has a handsome unencumbered balance in its treasury.

Diplomatic and Consular services have been organized, and laws for the support and control of the latter have been enacted. It is believed that the laws fixing the revenues of the consulates will make these services self-supporting. Legations have been established in the principal foreign capitals, and consulates have been opened in all the principal east and south coast cities of the United States and in the larger shipping centres of Europe.

The policy of the government in its diplomatic relations with the United States can be shown in no better or more convincing way than by giving the following quotation from the message of President Palma to Congress at the opening of the third legislature in April: —

"The fellow feeling, the respect, and the just consideration of the American people, which day by day we inspire more and more by our exemplary conduct as an independent people, possessing a consciousness of our duties and responsibilities, as well as of our rights, are circumstances that contribute powerfully to guarantee a good understanding between the two nations.

"It is to our interests to worthily cultivate these sentiments of the American people, and we cannot do this in a more fitting way than by proceeding to comply with our obligations to the government at Washington, in a frank, expeditious, and correct manner, whether it be by granting what we owe, or by denying what we do not believe it just to concede."

Carrying out this policy an agreement has been made with the President of the United States, fixing the boundaries of the Cuban territory to be leased for coaling and naval stations, and there is no doubt but that this will soon receive the approval of the Cuban Senate.

The treaty for adjusting the title of ownership to the Isle of Pines and the permanent treaty spoken of in the eighth article of the Appendix to the Cuban Constitution (Platt Amendment), which shall embody all of the provisions of the seven other articles of this Appendix, are now being negotiated.

The Cuba Company's railway, begun during the occupation, has been completed, and is now in operation. The road joins the extreme eastern portion of the island with Havana, passing

through the richest but wildest and one of the most sparsely settled regions of the country, and it will have a wonderful influence on the early development of this region of virgin soil and forests, and will no doubt make the most desolate part of the island one of its most productive sections. Everything about this railroad system smacks of good management, and gives confidence in the schemes of the company for the development of the country, a greater project than the original scheme for building the road.

It is little less than remarkable, and speaks volumes for the efficiency of the recent military government and for the present civil government, that the work of the former has been assumed and continued by the latter without its progress being materially interrupted by so radical a change in governmental methods, and there is every reason to believe that the government will become more efficient with time. The people of the island are law abiding and orderly, although an economical condition prevails that might well produce serious discontent. Already there has been opportunity for noticing the absence of Revolutionary tendencies and of any disposition of the minority to refuse to be ruled by the majority, conditions so prevalent in some other Latin republics. With great wisdom the administration has devoted itself to the really important and urgent questions of the hour, and has not wasted time and energy. Much legislation was necessary before all the departments of the government were in a condition to properly perform their constitutional functions, and this is either complete or nearly so. Of equal importance have been considered the restoration of agriculture and business and the payment of the army. The revenues and expenses have been studied with the idea of raising the former and making every possible reduction in the latter. In short, up to date, the Cuban government is conspicuous for energy, honesty, economy, and ability.

Matthew Elting Hanna.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND THE STAGE.

Readers whose interest persists in the parlous question of the modern stage are likely to have read, not long ago, Mr. Gosse's essay in the Atlantic Monthly on Poetic Drama, and Mr. Corbin's article in The Forum dealing with the present dramatic situation in America. Both writers admit patiently, if not cheerfully, that most people may be expected to go to the theatre for trivial purposes, and that the stage offers little encouragement to those who wish to take the modern play seriously. "The drama," says Mr. Corbin, "is in precisely the condition in which literature would be if the reading public were limited to the ten-cent magazines." Mr. Gosse concedes that there will always be eighty per cent of theatre-goers "who take their theatre as if it were morphia or at least as if it were a glass of champagne. But," he proceeds, "we suggest that the residue, the twenty per cent, are now strong enough to be catered for also." This seems a reasonable demand: not that the stage be instantly "reformed" or bodily "elevated," simply that it do the right thing by all of its patrons. What, from the point of view of that imaginable twenty per cent, the right thing would be, is a subject well worth considering.

I.

By way of reply to the charge of current indifference to dramatic poetry, it is easy to allege the continued popularity of Shakespeare on the boards. Granted our fidelity to the Shakespeare tradition, it is to be doubted whether the interest of a modern audience in the Shakespeare play as now presented on the stage is often quite sincere. Moreover, even when we are not seduced into beholding the Ophelia of the lady who has just come up from vaudeville, or the Shylock of the gentleman who has just come down from melodrama, — even when we fare piously to the best attainable modern presentation of Shakespeare, — we have done nothing toward keeping English poetic drama alive. In truth, we know that as a practical influence the Shakespeare tradition itself has dominated English dramatic poetry quite too long. Since that great day of Elizabeth, the position and the methods of the stage have inevitably changed, a new language has arisen, and a new racial temperament. Yet there are very few plays in English verse now written, upon which we may dare look without fear of being once more confronted with the pale features of the exhumed Elizabethan Muse.

Among the surprising number of recent attempts in this kind, hardly one has succeeded in putting off the trappings of Shakespearean diction. Now and then the imitation has been deliberate, or at least confessed. Mr. Wendell's dramatic studies,[1] for example, are frank experiments in the Elizabethan manner. This is the result: —

"In substance all say this: Your royal James,
At peace with our King Philip, greeteth him,
Sending him message how you are gone forth
To seek rich mines still unpossessed by us.
He bids us guard our own, then; since aforetime
'T was whispered you were something careless of
The laws of mine and thine. So, if perchance
We find you trespassing and let you go
Unprisoned, why, your own just English law
Shall hold you answerable, if for nothing else.
Then for the sentence passed in Cobham's case
Upon your daring neck."

[1] *Ralegh in Guiana*, etc. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

This kind of verse creditably echoes the rhythm and diction of Shakespeare; a fact which limits the play as a whole to so much credit as is due a clever academic exercise. Taken even so, such a production by an accomplished student of the drama would seem to carry with it the discouraging implication that there is no use in trying to unite modern poetry and modern stage-craft. Of course the implication is an old one; it was made, in a way, by all those nineteenth-century cultivators of the "closet-drama." Why, they seem to have asked, should this abrogation of the footlights and the preoccupied audience matter much? One gets more pleasure from reading a Shakespeare play than from seeing it performed; why should one care to have his own poetic play actually produced? It would really be unsafe to appeal to Shakespeare in this connection, for his own plays probably meant little to him except as they were worth acting before an audience whose capacity he knew; and we, at this remove, and in our chosen part as readers, cannot help sharing in that old direct contact between the poet, the players, and the pit. What a leap from this vigorous kind of play to our reluctant and sedentary drama of the closet! — a drama which substitutes declamation for rapid dialogue, and retains merely some of the outward symbols and impedimenta of action. It has its exits and its entrances, its acts and scenes upon which the curtain is never to rise or fall except in fancy. Much admirable poetry may imbed itself in such a drama; but it is, at best, an interesting hybrid, rather than a pure form of literary or dramatic art. This was the fatal defect in Tennyson's dramatic essays, and, though in his case the diction was personally sincere, of Browning's.

Apart from personal sincerity of diction, however, there is a racial and temporal sincerity which in any age belongs to poetry of extensive as well as of intensive power. We shrink from connecting the notion of popularity with the idea of poetry, as it is probably right for us to shrink with regard to the higher lyrical or epical forms. But the stage is essentially a popular institution, and poetry, to achieve any vital connection with it, must in the matters of structure and diction go quite halfway to meet it. No play, therefore, which contravenes the principles of modern stage-craft, or of the simple diction which has become normal in modern poetry, can hope for anything better than a *succès d'estime;* that is, a success based upon its having done well something apart from what it primarily should have done. There have been only a few glorious instances in which the literary value of a dramatic composition has seemed to be independent of its usefulness to the contemporary stage. Most closet-dramas are seen in perspective to have been neither here nor there; neither very good as poems nor very good as plays. Human nature is, we are told, always the same; but each age and race has its own social nature, its own mental habit, its own emotional propriety even, — qualities which the dramatist can least afford to ignore. A living drama, in short, must not only "hold the mirror up to nature," but "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

II.

This is what, in its own way, our prose drama is doubtless attempting to do. It is natural that the modern play should have come to be, in form, pretty much everything that the Shakespeare play was not. Apart from the substitution of prose for verse, the tendency has been everywhere for simplification of substance and amplification of accessory. Our elaborate method of presentation exacts a less elaborate scheme of composition. The stage-manager, the costumer, and the scene-shifter have to be considered as ministers to the pleasure, and champions of the convenience, of the public; the five acts dwindle to three or four, and the number of scenes is cut down by more than half. Yet writers of so-called poetic drama have ignored this change of usage till the other day, when Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his very first play, took pains to require no impossible feats of modern stage-craft. A practical merit of Mr. Percy Mackaye's recently published comedy [1] consists in its possessing precisely four scenes. The play is cleverly constructed throughout, but it is in pretty bad taste, and contains little or no sincere poetry. One does not quite relish having the name of Chaucer taken in vain for the title of a romantic hero who reminds one now of the Villon of If I Were King and now of M. Rostand's Cyrano; and the sentimental affair with the Prioress and her "little pup," as it is pleasantly called, is from any reasonable point of view absurd. Nor does one quite take to the playwright's fancy of making Chaucer talk like an Elizabethan courtier: —

> "Sir, with your pardon,
> To me, our England is still 'Merry England!'
> Which nature cirqued with its green wall of seas
> To be her home and hearthstone; where no slave,
> Though e'er he crept in her lap and was nursed of her;
> But the least peasant, bow'd in lonely fief,
> Might claim his free share in her dower of grace;
> The hush, pied daisy for 's society,
> The o'erbubbling birds for mirth, the silly sheep
> For innocence. — Mirth, friendship, innocence:
> Where nature grants these three, what 's left for envy?
> These three, sir, serve for my theology."

Nothing could well be more clever than

[1] *The Canterbury Pilgrims.* By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this is in itself, or more perfectly out of place from the point of view of either poetic or dramatic sincerity.

A similar exception must be taken to the manner of Mr. Cale Young Rice's recent experiment in poetic drama.[1] It is a careful study in the style which least needs to be cultivated by modern writers of dramatic verse. Partly in consequence, no doubt, of the artificial medium of expression employed, the reader is likely to find himself sadly unconcerned with either characters or action. The play is a product of undoubted talent and diligence, but it could not conceivably grip and hold an audience; and, of the two, it is better for a play to hail from the property-room than from the library. The Princess of Hanover[2] is also undeniably a closet-play; in plot and scenical requirement it is far too elaborate to be actually produced on the modern stage. Its style is oddly eclectic, — a striking illustration of the vagary into which talent, even great talent, is inclined to lapse. Here is a passage obviously in the Greek tragic manner: —

"*Duchess.* Forgive —
Princess. Thou, mother, needest no forgiveness,
Who never sinned but of necessity.
Duchess. Compelled, I brought thee to an abhorred bridal,
Yielding thy cherished youth to a house of hate.
Princess. Accursed day!
Duchess. Enough of wasteful grief,
Which blasts thine own dear beauty but confounds not
One of our enemies. Nay, rejoice, my daughter,
Because thou hast conquered ancient enmity."

And here, a few pages later, a bit of pseudo-Shakespeare: —

"*Königsmarck.* No matter what the offense
Closed up my golden book. Let me be hasty
To seize the opportune moment, since your Highness
Deigns to review those dim and minor passages
In her rich memory, which firmly charactered
Stand in my obscure tablets, long perused
Yet no wise worn. Most humbly I beseech her.
On the knees of my heart, what is the newer offense
That has estranged now, since I came to Hanover,
One who were else unaltered?"

Mrs. Woods, as her lyrics and her former dramatic experiment, Wild Justice, have shown, is an intellectually imaginative and technically skillful poet; but she lacks the creative imagination which instinctively grasps and clings to its own manner of expression. In the present play she has at least one manner which may be called her own. It springs from a theory emphatically stated in her preface, the not unfamiliar theory that the rhythm of the best English blank verse is determined by stress rather than by the number of syllables. In her own application of this excellent principle Mrs. Woods seems at times to go far: —

"*Aurora.* Yet, my impetuous brother,
Our shrewd Electress may have excellent reasons
For wishing you in the Morea, at Kamschatka,
Anywhere, in short. Your visits to the Princess
Pass unobserved of the world, you being accompanied
Always by a young Prince of known devotion
To her. But something by the mind's finger and thumb
Not to be caught in a moment, something impalpable
As air and full as real, may be perceptible
To this old, hard, well-judging woman."

It is really too bad to cite the authority of Shakespeare and Milton for such writing as this, which, to the ordinary ear, is not verse at all.

Mrs. Woods has not quite succeeded in developing the materials of tragedy from the annals of the somewhat hum-

[1] *Charles di Tocca.* By Cale Young Rice. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

[2] *The Princess of Hanover.* By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

drum House of Hanover. Neither the Princess nor Königsmarck is endowed with sufficient dignity of character to serve as the central figure of a great dramatic action. When all is done, it is the uninspired George, with his consistent drunkenness and his interminable "what-whats," who has most engaged one's interest and sympathy.

In Maximilian,[1] blank verse is made the vehicle of an action still more modern. Unluckily, blank verse is the poetic form least amenable to reason; it has a way of appearing, after all possible pains have been taken, to have constructed itself according to the essential genius, rather than to the talented intention, of the author. So, too often, the royal chariot turns out to be nothing but a one-horse shay. To build a tragedy upon the career of the most luckless of emperors was a not unpromising enterprise; but it is still to be proved that American politics is capable of producing materials for anything graver than opera-bouffe. Not even the utmost copiousness of stage-direction can rescue the present essay from futility. Its quality may be fairly suggested by a quotation of the last few lines, and their accompanying commentary: —

(*Maximilian walks towards the door, stops and endeavors to master his feelings. Then with a look of inexpressible sorrow he lifts his hand solemnly and says*)

Maximilian — Oh, man! Oh, man!

(*He goes out. The convent bells ring, and through the open door and the window appears the city, bathed in the morning sunlight. There is a general ringing of bells, and now very suddenly, but with a slinking movement, Lopez enters, pale and nervous: he walks about rapidly in a distracted manner, muttering to himself. Then he goes to the window and clutches at the window frames*)

Lopez — I will not see it.

(*He stabs himself and dies. The bells continue to ring.* Enter *Gen. Escobedo, who goes to the window, and not seeing Lopez's body steps upon it*)

Escobedo — Ha! the renegade — And dead!

(*He looks out of the window.* Enter *Carlotta from the chamber and goes up to the table*)

Carlotta — The bells! the bells!

(*A sound of musketry*)

Escobedo — (*Not seeing Carlotta*) Thus are the roots of liberty refreshed!

(*Carlotta kneels, folds her arms upon the table, and bows her head in her arms as if in prayer*)

CURTAIN.

[1] *Maximilian: a Tragedy.* By Edgar Lee Masters. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1902.

III.

It has seemed worth while to lay so much stress upon the matters of structure and style as points of practical importance in considering a possible relation between modern poetry and the modern stage. If we have really no standards of poetic diction and of stage-craft which fit our time as the diction and stage-craft of Shakespeare and his contemporaries fitted the Elizabethan time, there is little hope of any such relation.

The question of theme is a pretty clear one. The poetic drama, if it continues to exist, will continue to concern itself with the ideal. We have, during the past half century, had much patter in prose, and not a little in verse, about the glorious opportunities for literature in the democracy, of commerce, of education and what not; but nobody is really deceived by it. The enslaving of electricity, the triumphs of barter, the iron tutelage of "imperialism," have somehow failed to expand the poet's chest or clear his voice. These things are business. The dramatic poet may therefore be expected still to treat the immemorial themes and, ordinarily, to reap advantage from a remote setting for his action. The merit of his work will depend mainly upon questions of form and method.

It is reasonable to suppose that both style and structure will be simple. To the modern theatre audience, even to the imaginable twenty per cent of it which is seeking a high and permanent satisfaction, the ideal will have to be presented in some concrete and decisive

form. There will be no diffusion of interest, — we have more than enough of that in practical life, — and there will be no uncertainty of effect. The fact has been illustrated very recently by the surprisingly enthusiastic hearing given to the revival of Everyman. Many of its hearers will be glad to possess the reprint now published.[1] A public taste which is approachable by that simple stern old morality need not be despaired of; it is really alive and ready to employ itself. It has been put off too long with imitations of Shakespeare, and with translations of foreign plays. Such pretty and melancholy hallucinations as Pelleas and Mélisande, such romantic extravagances as Cyrano de Bergerac, even such graceful parables as The Sunken Bell it will listen to with some forcing of the sympathy. In the end, it will demand something more easily appreciable by a solid, law-cherishing race, something simple, direct, and human.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his first play, actually achieved merit upon these terms. Paolo and Francesca, to be sure, bears marks of its origin in a sophisticated age, which, weary of its complications and subtleties, is inclined to react toward simple and stable forms of art. The simplicity of a twentieth-century Englishman cannot be quite a Greek or a mediæval simplicity. The story of Paolo and Francesca is not of the sort we are told the public expects. It is neither agreeable, nor sentimental, nor morbid; it is merely direct, sane, and intelligible. We can easily imagine, too, a style of less lyrical sweetness and of greater dramatic force. But the fact remains that most people who heard the drama, on both sides of the water, felt its beauty as poetry, and its effectiveness as a play. Whether Mr. Phillips will ever do anything else so good, whether he is to be the founder of a school, whether his genius is essentially dramatic, are questions of theory or of speculation. His first play, at least, we must value as one of the first plays in modern English verse.

It cannot be doubted that the practical success of Mr. Phillips's plays has been responsible for the number of subsequent essays in poetic drama, and for the quality of some of them. More than one of the best passages in The Princess of Hanover, the composite character of whose diction has been noted, seems to possess something of the graceful clarity of Mr. Phillips's style: —

> "*Princess.* . . . I never was alive till now, and afterwards
> I shall be dead, but in my sepulchre
> Let me be hymning joy because I lived
> Once, thus in thine arms.
> *Königsmarck.* Live happily and longer than thou bodest.
> Here will I charm away unhappy thoughts
> With one touch of my magic on thy brow,
> Thus with a little rain of tender charms,
> Forbid these eyes to tears."

Mr. Ewing's Jonathan[2] is written in a style of similar purity. The idyllic passages are perhaps the most successful, but the serene dignity of tone which belongs to the drama as a whole, the steady swing of the verse, which is Miltonic rather than Shakespearean, entitle it to a very respectful reading. Here are a few lines from one of David's speeches: —

> "I sleep upon a patch of tender grass,
> Upon the borders of a rivulet,
> Where sweet composure the vexed earth surrounds,
> And all the air is filled with gentle noise
> Of sheep at rest, and insects humming lightly,
> And rhythmic lapping of the running water,
> Which seems to flow along my veins and bathe
> My body with a clean and cool refreshment."

It cannot be asserted that the drama is fit to be acted; and it will be interesting to see by what difference of treatment Mr. Phillips's promised David and Bathsheba, the work of a poet who is also a master of stage-craft, will excel it in this regard.

[1] *Everyman: A Moral Play.* New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1903.

[2] *Jonathan: a Tragedy.* By Thomas Ewing, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1902.

Poetic drama is not likely soon, or ever, to recover its old supremacy on the English stage. But a beginning has now been made toward its reëstablishment in a position of influence; and it is fair to suppose that in the hands of Mr. Phillips, or of somebody else, the movement will go on. And if it does not displace prose — which Heaven defend! — work of this sort may, with its noble simplicity of theme, its noble purity of line, afford a priceless standard of current dramatic values, which will sensibly affect the quality of our prose drama. There are other good things in the world beside poetry, but few things which are not the better for being in the same world with it. Certainly if we could imagine a day when poetry should have been hopelessly exiled from the boards, we could imagine the drama to be doomed as a means of art, — that is, as a real influence in modern life.

H. W. Boynton.

Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.[1]

The matter contained in these volumes has for the most part appeared in various publications of the Society for Psychical Research; but that fact will hardly make the appearance of the collected work less welcome, since this vast mass of material is now brought into a form which makes it possible to apprehend more clearly and estimate more justly the character and value of the late F. W. H. Myers's contributions to this new field of human inquiry.

Readers not familiar with these matters, and not versed in the technicalities of modern psychology, will be inclined to shrink from such a formidable task as the reading of these two stout volumes; but a closer scrutiny will assure them that the undertaking is not so serious; they will find the general plan of the work easy to follow and the arrangement of its matter clear and systematic; a glossary will interpret the hard terms that may discourage at first glance some readers; syllabuses give a serviceable analysis of the successive chapters, and appendices contain abundant and interesting cases, which both illustrate the author's doctrine and are intended to establish his propositions. The work on the whole is admirably constructed, and can be successfully read by those not versed in the technicalities of such subjects.

F. W. H. Myers, whose death in January, 1901, was a distinct loss to the world, had long devoted all his rare powers to the field of psychical research in which he was a most enthusiastic and indefatigable worker, and his contributions to this branch of science had already won for him a high recognition.

The substantial value of Myers's work will remain unaffected by any fortune that may await his special theories. He has opened new fields to psychological science; he has made impossible the old limitations of that science; he has forced upon the psychologists of the future the recognition of new problems and the necessity of new solutions for old problems. He has enriched the field of scientific research by conceptions, by hypotheses, which, whether they are accepted or rejected, are destined to lead the way to other and truer conceptions.

The title of these volumes is at the same time the statement of the problem with which they deal, — the nature of human personality and the possibility of its continued existence after the death of the body. The problem itself is as old as man, and the most momentous question that has ever engaged his thought; for it is, after all, the problem of the world. These volumes are a new argument for immortality. Their originality lies in the method of approach to this old problem and in the solution offered. The old lines of speculative reasoning are abandoned; there is no appeal to supernatural revelation or to

[1] *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.* By Frederic W. H. Myers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. 2 vols.

authoritative dogmas; it is a new conception of our human personality, a new interpretation of the facts of our experience that is to open the door into that world which lies beyond death.

Two convictions impel the author in his undertaking: one is, that it is both necessary and possible to have a truer conception of human personality than the state of our knowledge has hitherto permitted; the other conviction is, that it is necessary to base our hope of immortality upon surer grounds than those reasons with which we have been compelled to content ourselves. So strong has become the current of scientific thought, so dominant its temper in all circles of culture, that we can no longer let our immortality remain an unverified hypothesis, or content ourselves with the "larger hope;" nor can any evidence hope for acceptance if it is not somehow continuous with that kind of evidence on which our other beliefs repose.

But if psychological analysis of our human personality shows it to be something that no mere blood and brain can explain; if there appears in our life here the working of a faculty which is not earth-born, and not dependent on bodily conditions; if there are phenomena which, while they do not break the continuity of our present experience, at the same time strongly point to the continued life of man after the death of the body, then the old hope can appeal to the latest science for its justification. Such is the claim of the author.

What then is this human personality, this self of ours? Recent psychology is making us familiar with a conception of the soul quite different from that idea of the human ego we have for the most part entertained. We are compelled to recognize that each man is potentially at least more and other than in his customary consciousness he takes himself to be; that what goes on in his every-day consciousness and above the threshold of it, so to speak, is not all that can, and under certain conditions does, go on within his individuality; and further, that the subliminal or submerged portion of our psychical life is in the case of some persons richer in content, better organized, wiser and saner than the supra-liminal portion.

It is no longer possible to regard the human soul as a single, simple, unchanging substance; we are rather multiplex in the structure of our egos; there exists more than one psychic personality in the life history of the same human individual.

Psychologists have known these facts for a considerable time; this subliminal region has long been recognized; but psychologists have been cautious about venturing to determine the nature and the limits of this region of psychic life. It is just here that Myers strikes out a new path, ventures a new hypothesis. That conception is the following: That which we call the self of every-day experience is in reality only a portion of a larger personality which is our true and larger self; the self of our customary consciousness is that part of our larger self which the conditions of our terrene existence have made possible. The constituents and powers of this self have been determined by a process of natural selection out of a larger possible psychic life. The other part of our total self exists and functions as a subliminal consciousness, at times manifesting itself in the supra-liminal field, as in the inspired achievements of genius; and, in the case of some individuals, this submerged self invades and takes temporary possession of the supra-liminal region, as in mediums and in alternating or secondary personalities.

The true self, the human soul, did not begin to exist with the life of the body; it will not cease with the cessation of that life. The human soul does not depend for its existence on the body, but only for its manifestations, the transmission of its thoughts to other souls; nor is the soul thus dependent

upon the body for the exercise of *all* its faculties; the subliminal self manifests intelligence and communicates thought independently of bodily functions.

This hypothesis will, to most readers, seem fanciful and romantic, a mere flight of a speculative genius, and to promise little help in the solution of the problems of our existence. But whoever reads carefully these two volumes will not deny one thing to this conception: it enabled Mr. Myers to group together in a most successful way a bewildering variety of seemingly unrelated phenomena, and this unification is no superficial affair; these facts are united by a common principle which affiliates them as truly and as intimately as does the law of gravitation the scattered masses of matter in the universe.

A successful classification of such widely separated and heterogeneous phenomena as those discussed in these volumes is itself an achievement fit to make a man's reputation, to say nothing of the strong indication it affords that the author is on the right track, and will ultimately be followed by those men who most strenuously reject his theory.

Not to follow the author into details, we note a few instances of the use he makes of this hypothesis in the explanation of such psychic phenomena as hypnotism, telepathy, phantasms of the living and of the dead, and alleged communications from such persons to the living. The hypnotic intelligence, the author maintains, is best explained if we regard it as only a "fragmentary intelligence, a dreamlike scrap of the subliminal self functioning apart from that central and profounder control;" these marvels of hypnotism are the "fragmentary expression of that more comprehensive intelligence, of a power which the supra-liminal self does not possess."

To take another instance; experiments have established as a fact the communication by one mind of thoughts to another mind without the medium of any known sensory or physical channels; and this communication between minds is not limited to particular perceptions or ideas; one person has been able to make himself appear to another person at a distance, in the entire absence of his bodily presentation. Accept the author's hypothesis and these facts are readily explained and fall into line with the facts of genius, — hypnotism and other allied phenomena; — the hypothesis fits them all.

But the chain of phenomena does not end here. If the work of the Census Bureau can be relied upon, these veridical hallucinations are continuous in kind with experimental cases of telepathy, and tend with them to establish the author's hypothesis.

More remarkable still, — the death of the body does not seem to break this chain of evidential facts; the ghost, rightly understood, presents no essential difference, no wide departure from the phenomena of telepathy and phantasms of the living.

To take a last step in this direction: whoever has read the alleged communications made through the medium Mrs. Piper will not find it easy to reject the author's contention, that the evidence which tends to establish the continued life of the human personality after the death of the body is continuous with the evidence that establishes the fact that a human personality here on the earth can communicate his thoughts and manifest himself to other persons without the medium of the body; and however reluctant such a reader may be to accept the author's hypothesis, we think he will agree with us that it is time for professed psychologists seriously to set about putting some other explanation in its place than the charge of fraud, self-deception, or childish credulity, which they have been content to substitute for serious examination of the alleged facts.

The author of these volumes will have accomplished his substantial purpose, if he compels the science of the future to face aright this question of the human soul and its destiny.

John E. Russell.

Some Recent Books of Travel.[1]

Among the sins of omission which are charged against that great stupid innocent bogy the Public, lack of interest in books of travel cannot be fairly numbered. No kind of bound publication seems to be more sure of a market. Perhaps this is because the "output" is limited, — possibly six or eight books in the year, during which the historian is producing his thousands and the novelist his tens of thousands. The writer of "travels" can even afford to be solid and improving. Books like Nansen's Farthest North or Landor's Through the Forbidden Country are quite as likely to be forgotten in ten years as many narratives in which fewer things happen. Perils and privations are in fact not essential to the happiness of your true reader of travels. Description is the main thing, and the object described does just as well not to be in any sense too outlandish.

Winter India is a very good travel-book of the lighter kind. It is the work of an experienced traveler and writer of travels, a book of the pleasant, fluent, chattering variety, written frankly from the tourist's point of view. The author cares little for foreigners, and less for foreign problems; she simply likes to see things, and is clever in describing them. A good illustration of her style, which is always animated and often amusing, is afforded by the account of her first impression of Nautch dancing: —

"Six barefooted, neat-looking colored girls in starched muslin dress skirts and velvet jackets of antiquated cut and no fit whatever, stepped forward and, in methodical march and countermarch to a nasal chorus, braided the Maypole's ribbons down to their hands; in reverse order unbraided them, and stepped demurely back in line. We were breathless with surprise.

"Was that the famous sacred temple dance? Could six octoroons, matter-of-fact young 'yaller gals,' shuffling slowly around a Maypole, ever give rise to such visions of beauty and grace as only the name of the Nautch dance conjures up? Oh, no! It was surely coming next. There would be something graceful and bewitching, something in gorgeous native costume, after this purposely tame and tedious cake-walk by colored church members in velveteen basques trimmed with cotton lace."

The author pretends to no sympathy with the people whom she is observing: "All these diverse races and peoples are picturesque to look upon, with their graceful draperies of brilliant colors and the myriad forms of turbans; but they are not an attractive, a winning, and sympathetic, or a lovable people. They are as antipathetic and devoid of charm as the Chinese, as callous, as deficient in sympathy and the sense of pity as those next neighbors of theirs in Asia, and as impossible for the Occidental to fathom or comprehend, — an irresistible, inexplicable, unintelligible repulsion controlling one."

This is very different from the spirit in which Mr. Nichols's book is written. He has not simply observed the Chinese as a tourist, but has lived with them as a friend. Consequently he does not find them "antipathetic," "callous," or "deficient in sympathy." Shensi is the most isolated of the Chinese provinces,

[1] *Winter India.* By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

Through Hidden Shensi. By Francis H. Nichols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

Across Coveted Lands. By A. H. Savage-Landor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The Home-Life of the Borneo Head-Hunters: Its Festivals and Folk-Lore. By William Henry Furness, 3rd. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

the home of the old race, and therefore the best possible place to study the Chinese character in its purity. Mr. Nichols entered Shensi shortly after the Boxer uprising, with no prepossession in favor of the natives: "I had all the prejudices of the foreigner when I crossed the gray plain and met the old race. They seemed then only a perpetuation of the commonplace; but as I went in and out among them they began to interest me. I found that they had achieved much, but were free from boasting; that they loved their own kind of learning; that their pride was tempered by reason and by the isolated experience of their country; that they strove to do right as they saw the right; that they did not covet, and that because they had always honoured their fathers and mothers their days had been longer in the land than had been the days of any other race on earth. I came to respect their eternity and to admire their love of their parents, their ancestors, and their past." Mr. Nichols's errand (the distribution of money collected in America for the famine-sufferers of Shensi) entailed no hazardous adventures, and his account of his personal achievements is extremely modest. Moreover, though his impression of Chinese life is surprisingly favorable, the quiet humor of his commentary frees him from suspicion of being *advocatus diaboli*, for a strong man who does not take himself too seriously may be counted upon for a sensible judgment of other people. He particularly avoids the set discussion of problems: "For the fault of the absence from these pages of both a militant and a missionary spirit, let me urge in extenuation that this narrative offers no solution of Chinese problems, points no morals, and draws no conclusions. It is an attempt at a picture of Oldest China and its people as I saw them in their land, — sowing, reaping, toiling, thinking, and misjudging the world beyond their mountains as persistently as that world misjudges them."

Mr. Landor's Across Coveted Lands is, it must be confessed, disappointingly dull. The word could not be used of his narrative of travels in Thibet, in which many of the recorded adventures are of a character which made one delightedly fancy that a new Marco Polo, not to say Munchausen, had arisen. In the present pair of fat volumes the reader will find a variety of facts about Persia and the outlying deserts, some of them statistics and some of them matters observed. What one misses is any sort of spontaneous enthusiasm of interest on the part of the writer. These volumes, in short, record the observations of a professional traveler and sight-seer during an overland journey from Flushing to Calcutta.

Dr. Furness's book has the advantage of dealing with a fresh theme. What most of us know about Borneo, we owe to Mr. Barnum; and it is in the nature of a shock to discover that the natives are really pretty well domesticated and very nearly hairless, a race of happy and irresponsible infants not unlike the island peoples described by Herman Melville years ago. The life of one of the inland tribes seems to him especially idyllic: "Were the choice of a residence in a Bornean tribe forced on me, I should not hesitate long in casting in my lot with the Punans. They have never thought of the morrow; no cares; no responsibilities; no possessions; no enemies, for they desire nothing that other people have, not even clothes; money is dross; and home is where they rest their blow-pipes and hang up their parangs. Night can never find them homeless; home is wherever the setting sun finds them; does rain threaten, a few poles and a few leaves make a house; let the night be clear, and a soft bed of leaves in a nook between the great flat roots of a tapang tree is luxury itself; for 'where youth with unstuffed brain [never was a Punan brain stuffed] doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.'"

The luxury of condescension has much

to do with the pleasure of travel, but it is evident that to the larger mind, whether it is concerned with the impressions of an ancient civilization like that of Shensi, or with an ancient savagery like that of Borneo, the very finest product of the unusual contact is in the attainment of a mood quite different from that of condescension. The richer the nature of the observer, the more certain he is to listen to the "message" (to use a cant word) which only an alien race and life can have for him. It may be loyalty, it may be light-heartedness, — there will be some quality in which he feels himself excelled; and his racial condescension will be wholesomely tempered with something very like humility.

H. W. B.

CHADWICK'S WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.[1]

THOSE who revere the memory of Channing owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Chadwick. "The Star of the American Church," as Emerson called the great preacher, now shines clearly and humanly for the ordinary reader, to whom he was practically inaccessible in the three volumes of the Memoir by his nephew, or in the abridged but bulky one-volumed edition of the same, issued as a Centenary Memorial in 1880 by the American Unitarian Association. If Mr. Chadwick would now prepare a volume of some of the great addresses of Channing that are still of contemporary interest and value — such as Self-Culture, On the Elevation of the Laboring Classes, On Preaching the Gospel to the Poor, The Present Age, Spiritual Freedom, and perhaps War, Temperance, and Education — he would do still more toward bringing Channing within reach of the present generation, which needs him so much, and might thus be tempted to read him at first hand.

Channing's main significance is intellectual, spiritual, yet Mr. Chadwick gives us full details of his life and personality. It is interesting to hear that he had vigorous health and sometimes abandoned himself to unrestrained hilarity as a college boy. Austerities at Richmond, Va., whither he went afterward as a tutor, — austerities partly forced by poverty, and partly his own choice, — lowered his animal spirits and broke his constitution. A certain amount of irritability he seems to have inherited from his mother, and Mr. Chadwick thinks that he was making public confession when in his preaching he wrote of the wretchedness caused by fretfulness and anger in social intercourse. He was an unsociable man when he began his ministry, — annoyed rather than pleased by visitors, declining, if possible, all invitations; and long afterwards Emerson spoke of his cold temperament as making him the most unprofitable companion. His conversation wanted ease and freedom, — this and his letters also easily slid into the sermon tone. Mr. Chadwick "wonders" whether with his self-absorption he did not fall at times into some inconsiderateness to others, — to his young colleague, Mr. Gannett, for instance, who would go to church on Sunday morning, without knowing till he got there whether he was to preach or not. His "self-tending" (which was necessary, since the most he could hope for was "to keep a sound mind in a weak body") sometimes went to an amusing extreme. "Why do you not go out, sir, and take a walk?" said a parishioner who found him miserable and

[1] *William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion.* By JOHN WHITE CHADWICK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

depressed. Channing pointed a tragic finger to the vane of Park Street Church and said, "Do you see that?" "Yes," answered the parishioner, "I see it, and it has been stuck fast and pointing northeast for a fortnight." Then Channing sallied out to find the warm south wind turning the Common green. Another incident shows that Channing was capable of a little humor (as well as tartness) himself. We owe the story to Mr. Chadwick, who says he had never seen it in print: —

"Dr. Tuckerman, on one of his frequent visits, enquired for Mrs. Channing, and was informed that she had gone to Newport to open the house for the summer. 'Alone?' asked Dr. Tuckerman. Dr. Channing assented, and Dr. Tuckerman, responding, said, 'Do I understand you to say that Mrs. Channing has gone into the country *alone* to open the house for the summer?' 'That is what I said, Dr. Tuckerman.' 'Well, Dr. Channing,' said his friend, 'you will permit me to say that *I* should not think of asking Mrs. Tuckerman to go into the country *alone* to open the house for the summer.' Then Dr. Channing laughed his small, dry laugh and said,' Very likely, Dr. Tuckerman; and, if you should, most probably *she would not go.*'"

These are human touches, but they are not at all inconsistent with Channing's spiritual greatness, with a rare inner conscientiousness and self-control (for, according to Mr. Chadwick, he made a good fight with his native irritability and sharpness of speech and manner and came off more than conqueror), with a courage which was all the greater because it was reflective and not headlong, and even with a certain sweetness which made little children run into his arms, though strong men stood in awe of him. There was something quite wonderful about his eye and voice; Emerson says that his discourses lose their best in losing them. If the discourses affect us by their elevation, their noble ardor, their spiritual passion, as we read them, what must it have been to hear them!

There are two notes in Dr. Channing's preaching — and preaching comes pretty near being the word for almost everything he said and wrote — that give it lasting significance and distinction. The first is the spirit of intellectual freedom, the idea of the rights of the mind; the second, social idealism. To both, his new biographer does full justice. Dr. Channing's specific theological opinions, aside from his general spiritual philosophy, are not perhaps of particular interest to the present day. Many shared them in his own time, or were even more conservative than he, or, if we like the other tendency better, more radical; but this fact has not served to give them immortality or even remembrance. It was not his opinions, but the spirit in which he held them, and in which he maintained the right of others to hold different opinions; it was his magnificent assertion of the ethics of the intellect, and his own free and open mind, that in part give him his unique place in American religious history: —

"I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will."

"I owe the little that I am to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections springing up in my own mind to what I have inclined and sometimes thirsted to believe, and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state."

It is sentences like these, along with his vindication of the right of men like Theodore Parker and Abner Kneeland to say what they thought, though it grieved or shocked him, that mark the real greatness of the man. Mr. Chadwick does indeed tell us, as he was in duty bound, the story of the evolution of Channing's opinions; he is at much pains, and does the work with scholarly

exactness; it is interesting, too, as a matter of not very ancient history. But Mr. Chadwick himself says, "Channing's intellectual virtue was the most characteristic aspect of his life;" the present writer would only correct this by saying, "one of the two most characteristic aspects of his life."

Social idealism is indeed implicit in Christianity, but it has been a more or less elusive quantity since the definite relegation of the triumph of the social ideal to another world, that began, we may roughly say, with St. Augustine. Secular writers like Hutcheson, Ferguson, and Rousseau seem to have awakened it in Channing, though once aroused it easily blended with the traditional Christian conceptions of the Kingdom of Heaven, the original human and social significance of which scholars are now at last making us realize. Those who wish to understand this root-motive of Channing's life (and to see an impressive and indeed touching statement of it) should read the letter written to his friend, William S. Shaw, in his twentieth year, from Richmond, quoted by Mr. Chadwick.[1] In it he launches "into speculations on the possible condition of mankind in the progress of their improvement," and he finds "*avarice* the great bar to all my schemes." He thinks communism is the only corrective, and his views of human nature are such that he believes in the possibility of communism. He grants that man is selfish, but he holds that benevolence, sympathy, humanity are also natural, and that by education they instead of selfishness might become man's principle of action. We may set down his communism as a bit of youthful naïveté, but we must remember that it was not a forced or political but a voluntary scheme he believed in, that he counted entirely on education and religious enthusiasm to accomplish it, that then and always he distrusted associations not springing from inner conviction and spiritual affinity, becoming indeed as extreme an individualist as Emerson was. Moreover, if man is capable of the disinterested affection in which Hutcheson had taught him to believe, — and the hour in which the conviction was borne in upon him and the clump of willows under which he was walking, book in hand, were ever afterwards sacred in his memory, — one weighty practical objection to community of property vanishes. Such disinterestedness, too, was a large part of the meaning of that dignity of human nature, that greatness of the soul, which to some is Channing's characteristic doctrine, and rightly from one point of view, since it is the common root from which his emphasis of the rights of reason and his social idealism alike sprang. Man is so great that he can transcend his prejudices and lay hold of absolute Divine truth, and so great that he can transcend his selfishness and live in universal love. It is a noble conception, covering many sins or errors of practical calculation. Nothing ever came of the twenty-year-old proposal of an educational propaganda to convince mankind that they are parts of a great whole, bound to labor for the good of the whole, but the light of the early dream never forsook him. In the next to the last year of his life he wrote to the head of the Mendon "Community" that he had long "dreamed of an association in which the members, instead of preying on one another and seeking to put one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth." He made earnest practical suggestions; he had his fears, but also his hopes, — he wrote Miss Peabody a little later he "never hoped so strongly and so patiently." "I should die in greater peace," he declared, "could I see in any quarter the promise of a happier organization of society." In this, as in the impassioned prayer closing the Lenox

[1] Pp. 48, 49 (more fully in Life, pp. 63–67, Memoir, i. 111–116).

address of a year later, we see him as Matthew Arnold says of Marcus Aurelius, stretching out his arms for something beyond, — *tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*

Practically Channing gave the greater part of his life, aside from his unwilling excursions into the field of theological controversy, to the propagation of those idealistic social principles which were connected in his youthful mind with communism and yet are detachable from it (as a definite, formulated scheme). If his early preaching was cast in a somewhat conventional mould, this leaven was still there. The ideal of love and brotherhood was at a great distance from the actual world, but under its influence he opposed slavery and war; he reasoned about intemperance, — "one cause," he said, "of the commonness of intemperance in the present state of things is the heavy burden of care and toil which is laid on a large multitude of men;" he called for improvements in education, knowing that the preparation for all social change was there. The industrial world itself seemed far removed from the fraternal spirit, — it was broken up into classes warring with one another; "rich and poor," he said, "seem to be more and more oppressed with incessant toil, exhausting forethought, anxious struggles, feverish competition;" and again, "Business is war, a conflict of skill, management, and, too often, fraud; to snatch the prey from our neighbor is the end of all this stir." According to Mr. Chadwick, he "distrusted absolutely the competitive system of trade, and doubted a man's ability to engage in it without loss of personal integrity." This may be too strong a statement, for Channing once said, "Commerce is a noble calling;" but it is not far from the truth. His general view of our civilization was that it is on a low level; "our whole civilization," he wrote in 1841 to Sismondi, "is so tainted by selfishness, mercenariness, and sensuality, that I sometimes fear that it must be swept away to prepare for something better." "The present selfish, dissocial system," he declared, "must give way," — it "cannot last forever." He turned longing, believing eyes to a new order, wherein "new ties" should take "the place of those which have hitherto connected the human race." He triumphantly expected it, saying, "A better day is coming, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." It is the old Christian attitude over again, with its disdain of the world that now is and its joyful awaiting of a world that is to come. The ideal in the mind shall at last find a corresponding reality, — or, as an Oxford scholar, memorable for this sentence, if for no other, put it, "Conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms; it is conscience and the issue of things which go together."

One who challenges his age cannot expect to be altogether popular. Whittier speaks of Channing as having "the proudest reputation, in letters and theology, of his day." But when he came out flat-footedly against slavery, after his visit to the West Indies in 1830, the love of his people for him began to wax cold, — or, asks Mr. Chadwick, was the beginning still further back, in the assaults he had made upon the love of gain, a Northern as much as a Southern fault? When he headed the petition for the Faneuil Hall meeting, which became famous through Wendell Phillips's speech, and himself spoke there in a similar vein, more parishioners and friends fell away. "His well-bred parishioners, 'gentlemen of property and standing,' often passed him on the street," says Mr. Chadwick, "without a sign of recognition or the most indifferent." Theodore Parker did not perhaps greatly exaggerate when he gave it as his opinion that at this time a man with Channing's liberal opinions and reformatory spirit, unknown to fame, "could not find a place for the sole of

his foot in Boston, though half a dozen pulpits were vacant." But had not Channing spoken of Christianity as "so at war with the present condition of society that it cannot be spoken and acted out without giving great offense"? If one wishes to be popular, he must say fine things, but not bring them home. "People bear patiently," to quote Channing again, "what it is understood they will not practice. But if the preacher 'come down,' as it is called, from these heights, and assail in sober earnest deep-rooted abuses, respectable vices, inhuman institutions or arrangements, and unjust means of gain, which interest, pride, and habit have made dear and next to universal, the people who exact from him official holiness are shocked, offended. 'He forgets his sphere.'" It is related of Dr. James Walker that he kept so close to "personal religion" that he did not permit himself to *vote!*

I have been so interested in making this slight and no doubt partial portrayal of Channing that I have done no adequate justice to the merits of Mr. Chadwick's book. In it the reader will find an ample and all-round portrait. It is written with Mr. Chadwick's well-known facility and felicity of phrase. One sees the poet in many a metaphor; I could only wish that he had felt free to insert his own perfect sonnet suggested by Channing's exclamation, "Always young for liberty" (after the Paris Revolution of 1830, which Channing hailed with delight, as contrasted with young Harvard's deadness to the event, and in answer to a young Harvard friend, who had said, "You seem to be the only young man I know"). One is pleased, too, at the personal touches and reminiscences, which give a delightful air of ease and freedom to the narrative. Mr. Chadwick does not conceal his own feelings and preferences. He loves the things one ought to love in these distracted days; he, too, is young for liberty and right and a higher issue of things than our present "plutocratic feudalism." It is good to have the old-time heroes and authors of our liberties, such as Parker and Channing, brought before us by a sympathetic hand like his. Every man of generous mind will thank him.

William Mackintire Salter.

THE STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.[1]

"When I read the book, the biography famous," remarked Walt Whitman, "and is this then (said I) what the author calls a man's life . . . why, even I myself, I often think, know little or nothing of my real life; only a few hints, — a few diffused faint clues and indirections." There are doubtless few meditative readers who have not at some time or other been driven by a smart, impertinent biography into this agnosticism; nor are there likely to be many more who have not some time been led through reflection upon the shadowy, inward flow of personality to distrust even the great biographies. If there is any short and easy method with the skeptical majority, it is to commend to their reading Sir Leslie Stephen's Studies of a Biographer. With his wonted modesty, — a modesty that is one of the most effective literary weapons of our time, — Sir Leslie would surely disclaim any intention of doing more than to catch and convey a few hints and indirections. Nevertheless his native genius for biography has been so trained by long delv-

[1] *The Studies of a Biographer.* By Leslie Stephen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899–1902. 4 vols.

ing amid the myriad human records from which the great Dictionary of National Biography was composed, that his power of seizing the significant fact is accompanied by a rare gift of almost instinctive generalization, whereby the convincing, and, as it were, evidential resurrection of a man is accomplished.

Almost without exception the essays in these four volumes were written as review articles upon the appearance of some important, or otherwise considerable, biographic work. It is pretty certain that the "reviewals" were not uniformly gratifying to the writers of the works under review; for Sir Leslie Stephen has a way of gracefully assembling their painfully acquired information into portraits of their subjects quite different from theirs. But this faculty which tends to their exasperation promotes our delight. He knows, none better, the trade of the biographical delver, who, as he says, "is at least laying bricks, not blowing futile soap-bubbles," but his own true work is of the imagination. He has that deep feeling, to which the unaided and unimaginative Skeptical Understanding rarely attains, that "our ancestors were once as really alive as we are now." Hence when he writes of an author, whether of old time or of to-day, his aim is to know the man rather than to "criticise" his work; indeed he willfully holds that the root of the matter is in "working with a will and defying the critics and all their ways."

But at no point is Sir Leslie Stephen more sharply distinguished from the unimaginative delver than in his skill at selecting and weaving into his narrative little human ironies from the lives and works of unread, often of unreadable authors. How good it is to know of John Byrom's forgotten "pastoral" addressed to Phebe, that "a Mr. Mills, years afterwards, kissed the book when he read it;" how engaging is the image of Boyse, "whose only clothing was a blanket with holes in it through which his hands protruded to manufacture verses;" and what is more delightful and suggestive than to learn that "Arthur Bedford, an orthodox clergyman, had (in 1719) collected seven thousand immoral sentiments from British dramatists."

Notwithstanding these numerous and sprightly graces, there is nothing in any essay to suggest the "Sympathetic Interpreter," whose biographical writing is the most insidious of corruptions. Sir Leslie Stephen is always more concerned with character than with temperament, with ideas than with moods. He grasps the notions dominating his subjects firmly, and he expounds them lucidly, often with sweetly provoking coolness and poise. The range of his biographical comprehension as it is indicated in these Studies is very noteworthy. Viewing the gathering as a whole, we find it curiously divided. There is a group of men of imagination, spontaneity, and somewhat wayward impulse, studied with a certain sympathetic enthusiasm, and yet with his tongue in his cheek, so to say: Froude, Donne, Stevenson, Arthur Young, Wordsworth in his youth, Emerson, Ruskin; then comes a quartette of queer doctrinaires, dry-workers, vain men, Byrom, Godwin, Trollope, Boswell, all portrayed with nothing less than affection; Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, Gibbon, the heavy-metaled authors, are studied with a realizing understanding and a happy absence of breathlessness; while Tennyson and Jowett, hesitant believers, who, as Sir Leslie thinks, subjugated reason to a wish, are rather rudely, though subtilely, mocked at. In none of the above cases is there any lack of intellectual comprehension, but perhaps he is in most brilliant touch with the kindly, half-cynical moralists, fervent skeptics, whimsical and witty reformers, in short, with men like Holmes, Pascal, and Bagehot; and he is all for Johnson. To complete the catalogue, mention must be made of some half-dozen more dis-

cursive essays on such tempting themes as National Biography, In Praise of Walking, or The Evolution of Editors.

It were a pleasant adventure to traverse some or all of these papers, to resay their good things, perhaps, very mildly and meekly, to disagree with some of them; how fain, for example, would one fence with him, for a passado or two, as to The Evolution of Editors. Sir Leslie Stephen, the reader must be regretfully informed, is but little impressed by the Divinity which doth hedge an Editor; indeed, he scientifically traces his evolution out of Grub Street, and boldly asserts that even in the proud consciousness of your full-blown editor the sense of genius is not always constant, and in that profound the vision of Grub Street, an awful possibility, darkly rises. But, as must always be the case with any book that is a book, the author is more interesting than his subjects, or than any of his pronouncements. It will be better to leave the adjudication of moot points to the reader's leisure, and see what result a humble application of our author's method to his own writings will yield us.

The most personal and characteristic trait in all these collected essays is the continual play of a kind of ironical casuistry. On every page we see a keen and brilliant intellect seeking to ease the burden of the mystery, or of sad conviction, by the exercise of witty logic.

"A conscience is," he says, speaking of Rugby, "no doubt a very useful possession in early years. But when a man has kept one till middle life, he ought to have established a certain *modus vivendi* with it; it should be absorbed and become part of himself, — not a separate faculty for delivering oracular utterances. The amiable weakness of the Rugby school was a certain hypertrophy of the conscience." Or take his wicked fling at Matthew Arnold: "And I have often wished, I must also confess, that I too had a little sweetness and light, that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies."

But perhaps the best example of this ironical casuistry is in a hypothetical reply which he frames to certain contentions of Pascal's: —

"According to you the slightest belief is a sufficient reason. Then why try to hold an absolute belief? After all, if there be such a God as you suppose, He may choose — it is not a very wild hypothesis — to damn me for lying or deliberate self-deception. If, as we are supposing, He has not supplied me with evidence of a fact, He may be angry with me for deliberately manufacturing beliefs without evidence, — for believing absolutely what I can only know to be probable; He may do so, — if we may venture to attribute to Him a certain magnanimity, — even if the fact considered be the fact of His own existence. You contemplate a Deity who wishes to be believed to all hazards, even if He has not given reasons for belief, even therefore if the demand imply the grossest injustice. What is the chance that God, if there be a God, acts on this principle, and not on the opposite principle?"

Here is a faculty which would have adorned a Jesuit's chair; but it is to be noted that Sir Leslie's casuistry is always, as has been said, ironical, and but rarely the vehicle of his own convictions. He professes himself — ironically perhaps — a "Lockist," yet he contrives to avoid falling in with any philosophic sect, and always maintains an individual point of view, whence, Montaigne-like, he may poke fun at the fallacies of all. He assumes the rôle of *filius terræ*, who was anciently appointed to make sport of persons in high places, lest they become overweening. Cambridge was his university, and, as he more than once reminds us, Cambridge has always been a little distrustful of Oxford with her "mighty voices," spiritual guides, and Platonic dreamers. Lockist as he is, he is never cold to any unaffected enthusiasm for an ideal, — of Emerson as the typical American

idealist he is keenly appreciative, — but in the long run his true sympathy is with the more generous sort of utilitarian. A man's deepest predilection is pretty sure to crop out in his day-dreaming; there is in the essay on Gibbon a whimsically lyrical passage about the mid-eighteenth century which is significant: —

"When I indulge in day-dreams, I take flight with the help of Gibbon, or Boswell, or Horace Walpole, to that delightful period. I take the precaution, of course, to be born the son of a prime minister, or, at least, within the charmed circle where sinecure offices may be the reward of a judicious choice of parents. There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than in this march of mind, as well as more than in the state of nature on the islands where one is mated with a squalid savage. There I can have philosophy enough to justify at once my self-complacency in my wisdom, and acquiescence in established abuses. I make the grand tour for a year or two on the Continent, and find myself at once recognized as a philosopher and statesman simply because I am an Englishman. I become an honorary member of the tacit cosmopolitan association of philosophers, which formed Parisian salons, or collected around Voltaire at Ferney. I bring home a sufficient number of pictures to ornament a comfortable villa on the banks of the Thames; and form a good solid library in which I write books for the upper circle, without bothering myself about the Social Question or Bimetallism, or swallowing masses of newspaper and magazine articles to keep myself up to date. I belong to a club or two in London, with Johnson and Charles Fox, the authors and the men of fashion, in which I can 'fold my legs and have my talk out,' and actually hear talk which is worth writing down. If I do not aspire to be one of the great triumvirate of which Gibbon was proud to be a member, I fancy at least I can allow my thoughts to ripen and mellow into something as neat and rounded as becomes a fine gentleman."

If we read with this a more seriously intended complementary and correcting passage concerning Arnold's poetic melancholy, we shall be not far away from our sturdy essayist's central thought: —

"The universe is open to a great many criticisms; there is plenty of cause for tears and for melancholy; and great poets in all ages have, because they were great poets, given utterance to the sorrows of their race. But I don't feel disposed to grumble at the abundance of interesting topics or the advance of scientific knowledge, because some inconveniences result from both. I say all this simply as explaining why the vulgar — including myself — fail to appreciate these musical moans over spilt milk, which represent rather a particular eddy in an intellectual revolution than the deeper and more permanent emotions of human nature."

For all his ironical casuistry and mocking wit, it is always these deeper and more permanent emotions of human nature which warm and vitalize Sir Leslie Stephen's writing. His cool, familiar manner, so express and admirable, tells of turbulence subdued; and reveals rather than hides the mellow soundness of the writer. He is the chief biographical craftsman of English Literature, and the Dictionary of National Biography is a practical achievement which must have brought its first editor a fuller joy "than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian." But there are valid standards judged by which these occasional essays are more memorable than the Dictionary or than the *magnum opus* on the English Utilitarians. Though cast in the form of Biographical Studies, they are really discursive moral essays in which, through delightful, unaffected discourse, sanity, sincere truth, right feeling, the things that are eternally worth while, are seen for what they are. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Reflections of a Fringer.

It was with something of a shock that I read not long ago in a delightful contribution to the Club that the writer called himself a "fringer" upon literature. At a first reading I passed over that humble phrase with perfect complacency, thinking that of course one who claimed merely to be a friend of some young authors might fairly enough consider himself as a mere hanger-on to the skirts of My Lady Literature. But presently I began to grow uneasy. Just what, after all, could he mean, I wondered. Was he not making this very disclaimer in the pages of the Contributors' Club? Nay, was he not in that case a contributor to the Atlantic? Could it then be that any one who had ever had anything approved by that august tribunal might continue to regard himself, save in a very Uriah-like ecstasy of humility, in the light of a fringer? Each of these inquiries sounded in my ears more loud and insistent than the last, until the closing phrase was pitched at a desperate and rather defiant shout. For I very well knew what they were all leading up to; they were leading up to *me*. What about me, then? I was forced to consider the matter. Am I, then, I wondered reluctantly, who myself have had the satisfaction of speaking from this very rostrum, I, who have fancied because I had tasted the ineffable joys of a "first acceptance" in these columns that I was leading the "literary life," am I then but a fringer too? It seemed that I must be, and the assurance was bitter as hemlock.

I had entirely to reconstruct my theory of myself. For ever since that golden day which marked my first acceptance I have walked the earth a new being. The shining halo of "author" — invisible to others, perhaps, but a burning consciousness to me — has blazed upon my brow. On the highway, in the street-car, in all the public ways, I have carried about with me the radiant knowledge that I am a writer for the magazines. Never did the famous mayor of that little French village feel more heavily than I the burden of his incognito! Do I observe a traveler in the railway-carriage about to cut his new copy of the Atlantic, *my* Atlantic, I can hardly restrain myself from saying, "Pray, my dear sir, let me commend to you that charming little department in the back — the Contributors' Club I believe they call it — [Oh, exquisite unconsciousness!] where you will find an excellently wise and witty little article which you are sure to enjoy. I can cordially recommend it, I — ahem — wrote it myself." Does a stranger jostle me, a waiter use me with rudeness, a porter abstain from brushing my coat in the face of my obvious quarter, I but hug my dignity the closer and think to myself, "How differently would these *canaille* treat me if they only knew who I really am." "Ladies and gentlemen," I inwardly harangue the audience of which I chance to be one, "little do you think as you listen so eagerly to the gentleman yonder upon the platform, that you have in the very midst of you the author of that brilliant little paper which you so enjoyed in last month's Atlantic." All this, you see, it means to have had an essay accepted by the Contributors' Club. And such are the godlike joys I must give over now I find I am declined into a fringer.

However, like everything else, being a fringer has its compensations. I have been studying them out since I found I was one, and have discovered three. Compensation Number One is fame; a fame, moreover, not to be belittled by criticism, for, thanks to the admirable

contrivance of this department, nobody knows exactly which production is yours. So your friends go about the world saying, "You know Smith, of course? Well, he writes for the Atlantic." Or better still, because still more vast and full of possibilities, simply, "He writes." He writes! People do not say that, *bien entendu*, without meaning likewise "he publishes," and in this day of prostrate adoration before the printed word who could desire a more dazzling advertisement?

Compensation Number Two is the unearned increment. After your friends have learned that you have had one effort accepted by the Club, they will naturally look for more, and will credit you with many excellent things (because they are "so like you") which you did not write, and could not have written to save your life. There is a slight drawback, you will perceive, to Compensation Number Two. It is a little painful to have to explain that the one you wrote is not yonder brilliant performance they have laid at your door, but this little scrubby one which they did not like. Still, when you can get out of explaining, the unearned increment is by no means to be despised.

Compensation Number Three is the education of the emotions. Being a fringer furnishes at small outlay all the palpitations of a *grande passion*, and if we share the belief of the Latin races that the unpardonable stupidity is not to have *felt*, then we shall be grateful for this exercise of the sensibilities. Most writers have been fringers first and authors afterward, but some poor souls have "commenced author" in very sooth, and these are to be commiserated. Two young friends of my own (for, like that other fringer who, whether he likes it or not, is responsible for these present reflections, I too have "literary friends") make it their boast that they have never had a manuscript refused. It should be their despair. One avenue of emotion is as effectually closed to them as to the poor clods who have never "written." What! never to have speculated upon the fate of a manuscript, never to have said to one's self, "Now by to-day it will have reached the editor, by next week he may have read it, the week after I may begin to scan the mails." I suppose the only speculation of this kind which enters their Olympian minds is, "Well, it must be about time for my check." Think of having to regard the postman as a mere messenger-boy employed to deliver checks, instead of as a modern, gray incarnation of Nemesis!

For my part, when I see him coming I am in as many minds about meeting him as a girl with her lover. I have tried all methods of approach, and believe in the time-honored rule that applies to the way of a maid with a man: Never show him how much you care! To meet him with hungry, outstretched hand at the door is only too apt to inspire him to fill it with that undesired largesse, the homing manuscript. Better not to look out of the window for him, I find, better not to listen for the bell, better surely not to descend breathlessly in the wake of his double ring to see what may now be awaiting you on the table. (Too often it will be a long, narrow, ah! how ominous, fat, white envelope.) Best of all, probably, to contrive to be out of the house entirely at mail times, and try not to think about it on the way home. Even when arrived thither, do not rush to scan the letter-tray, nor ask with a fine assumption of carelessness, "Did I happen to have any mail?" The gods are not deceived, you must go the whole measure. Sit down in a corner with a book, all more personal literature forgetting, until some one suddenly remembers to say, "Oh, by the way, Henry, there is a letter for you." And if you have faithfully observed all these rules, that *may* be the letter you long to see.

But all these lover-like precautions and diplomacies are unknown to suc-

cess; how gray, how gray must be the literary life!

"'T is better to have loved and lost" —

'T is better, perhaps, to be a fringer and have a few emotions. So, the ecstasies of first love may be made to last a lifetime; but success resembles the assured and unillusioned habitudes of marriage. Does the married lover preserve his lady's letters? Does the successful author guard the *billets-doux* of publishers? Yet I dare swear that every fringer that ever was has kept each scrap of writing from his editor, even those humanely anæsthetic notes which seek to mitigate rejection. Oh, Ernest Dowson and his decadent companions, whom Mr. Arthur Symons has celebrated and Mr. Andrew Lang has derided, are welcome to their hashish dreams; this is *my* "favorite form of intoxication."

The Day After.

MANIFOLD are the songs that celebrate our holidays and anniversaries, plentiful are the pages filled with suitable selections and appropriate refrains commemorating this great day or that remarkable occasion. Lives there a holiday so humble that it has not its host of eulogists? Is there a memorable time that has escaped due recognition?

Yes, one, — and that of such incalculable importance that it should stand preëminent among red-letter days: a day the value of which none may ignore; the vast significance of which all must acknowledge; a day that plays a vital part in every life and makes or mars the history of every soul. It is a petty day of judgment. A day that tests our passions, and tries our strength and patience, and teaches us the worth of all other red-letter days, none of which may dare rival this one in might and majesty.

It is a strange omission that the "Day After," supreme and epoch-making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

The Day After the feast, we run slight risk of overrating its value. The Day After the ball, we can sit down to analyze our partners. The Day After the wedding begins a new régime, for better or for worse. The Day After the funeral, the bereaved realize that the beloved one has departed.

That is the day that tests, and tells, and laughs, and weeps, and registers its date upon the soul.

The battle surely tries the general's skill and strength, but the Day After reveals his character and greatness.

The coronation is a mighty spectacle, but the Day After we learn the measure of the king.

Upon a summer day we shout the wondrous victory of Manila, but the Day After perchance we may deplore the burden of the Philippines.

What mean those two great words "success" and "defeat" save in the light of the Day After?

The angel with the flaming sword drives Adam and Eve from Paradise, and then begins the story of the world.

A climax is much oftener a beginning than an ending. We follow a series of great events up to that instant of triumph or despair, and then we end abruptly; such a conclusion is verily artistic!

The curtain falls as Phyllis murmurs "yes," but still the audience wonders if the glad ending will really prove so, when tested by the clear prosaic daylight that is to come.

Ah, vital day of days, we are incapable of measuring our other days except by you!

Breathing your calm tranquillity, we learn regret and thankfulness. In your judicial presence we recognize success and failure, which in the rush of swift events and stirring action we are unable to distinguish.

And at the end, we speak of "Death" with lowered tones and dim forebodings, yet 't is not Death we fear, but the Day After.

A Great Person and Certain Bores.

I HAVE lately been private secretary and literary adviser to a Great Person. She is a woman known all over the world, loved, admired, and misunderstood by more kinds of people than drink tea. The world is so good to her that it is ungrateful to quarrel with its ways, but it has given me a hard time. What is more important, the Great Person has had a hard time too, and I hope for her sake that there will be among those who read this one or two who have been intending to give her trouble, and who will forthwith learn better.

The worst enemy to the Great Person is the autograph collector. Now, the collector who buys with good money autographs that are already on paper, or who begs from his friends, or who knows celebrities well enough to ask them to their faces for their signatures, may be, and I am sure is, a great nuisance. But he is not a foe to society. The collector who asks a person who has never heard of him for a letter or for a signature "on the inclosed card" is a selfish parasite. My Great Person works ten hours a day. Not to speak of the unknown petitioners who ask merely for a signature and those more cunning beggars who ask questions adroitly inviting her to write more than a bare autograph, — not to speak of the mob of strangers, — if she answered all the genuine friendly letters and the meritorious requests for help, she would not have time left to add anything to the greatness which causes her to be pestered now.

What hypocritical apologists these brazen collectors are! "You will no doubt be surprised to receive a request from one who is a perfect stranger to you." No, not surprised, — the morning's mail contains no surprises, — but wearied, sometimes angry. These are the emotions of the secretary, not of the Great Person. She is sweet, easily taken in by a false plea for help, and all too honest. She will not even keep the stamp inclosed for reply. I record with satisfaction that a wealthy beggar (she wrote on expensive paper gloriously embossed with a golden monogram) who asked for a photograph and inclosed two stamps got only one back on the outside of the reply I wrote. The other stamp is spoil more precious than its poor two cents' worth; it is the fine of justice, the prize of the hard-laboring secretary who must reply to these buzzing parasites.

How politely the secretary writes to the daily swarm of beggars who ask, not for bread, not for drink, nor for any necessary thing, but for a valuable curio, for one of the idle trumperies of life to grace a rich man's cabinet. "—— regrets her inability to comply with the many requests she receives for autographs, samples of her dress, books, pictures, locks of her hair, photographs, pens she has used, poems, belt-buckles, and shoe-strings." The secretary signs this gracious and comprehensive refusal in dull patience. This is the letter he writes in his mind: —

"If you are young, you still have a chance to learn that you have no right to take the time and the strength of one who is of service to the world, or to annoy her much respected and valuable secretary. You are trying to rob society. If you are grown up and hardened in evil ways, if you are a professional collector of great men's letters and relics, you ought to be" —

For another kind of bore who has cost me much labor, and all but soured my sweet temper, I have some pity. This kind of bore is born, not made. I mean the amateur poet, who writes execrable verse to the Great Person. I have burned a hundred and fifty of these poems in six months. None of them was funny enough to print. Most of them were simply bad. In some there was unconscious pathos, for through the crude limping phrases there shone, not the cold conceit of the amateur writer, but the sincerity of a great inarticulate

affection. Most of the rest were written to win a reply, and in these the workmanship was usually better than in the more genuine tributes; unhappily, good workmanship too often goes with conceit and selfishness, whereas he who would sing an honest hymn to his idol confounds the grammar of the English language.

These poor poets, like the autograph collectors, should be cured, not for the sake of the great people they annoy, but for their own sakes. Here, however, protest is in vain: nothing will cure the amateur poet.

A Middle-Aged Woman.

This is intended only for the middle-aged. Others will not read it. I say middle-aged advisedly, rather than thirty or forty or fifty years, because there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the exact figures. I have a young friend who puts middle-age at thirty. She affirms that sixty is a high average of mortality, and that thirty is, therefore, middle-age, and that women would be a good deal more sensible if they faced the fact courageously, and lived up to it, and dressed up to it, and stopped calling one another girls, which, she declares, is "perfectly sickening." She will not hear of placing the beginning of middle-age a day beyond thirty; and I suspect that she thinks the woman of forty is already upon the downward path of old age. However, as I said before, she is young, very young, several years younger than I am, and her opinion may change with advancing years. Opinions have a way of changing with the years, I notice. Old Age skips nimbly away as we approach. Just as our outstretched fingers touch his garment, a hand is laid upon our eyes and we fall asleep, not knowing that we have come upon him unawares. So, too, middle-age has a way of evading approach, slipping from thirty to forty, and from forty to fifty, with placid disregard of fact and of logic. Surely thirty is not middle-age, — nay, then, forty; but some live to be a hundred, — why not halve it? It is easy and natural to think in centuries, and to figure in round numbers. "Threescore years and ten?" Ay. But that was long ago, — the average of mortality is increasing, — and fifty is a comfortable number. Let us put off the evil day as long as we may. For some morning we shall awake to middle-age, — all of us. A few only will escape, the few chosen of the gods.

And now at last, after this long preamble, I am able to say what I started out to say, namely, that I am a middle-aged woman. Pray do not think hardly of me. I am still respectable. I enjoy music, and I play golf with my son. Occasionally I beat him. But I am middle-aged. How do I know it? By the same token that you would know it, were I to have the pleasure of meeting you, by the fact that the hard days of life are past. The long, level plain of the upland stretches before me. By and by I shall descend the hill that lies beyond. But that is far in the distance. Now, at last, for a stretch of level road, for the days of the upper air. It has been a hard climb. Surely one may take deep, full breaths and look before and behind and around. When I first woke to the consciousness that I was here at last, I looked about me, and I saw my neighbors, each in her little tent of her chosen task. I saw what was expected of me if I would be as others are.

My neighbor on the right is a middle-aged woman, too. She has been a good mother and a kind neighbor, and every day till she came to middle-age was filled to the brim. Now her children are all in college or in business. But do not think that time hangs heavy on her hands. I never run in for a moment's chat that I do not find her at work. Yesterday she was piecing and turning an old carpet from the attic — for the servant's room. To-day it is probably an overcoat, and to-morrow it

may be an undershirt. Or I may find her mounted on a chair, her skirt pinned carefully about her, looking over the things that have accumulated on the top pantry shelf. Things too good to throw away and too bad to keep, — the chocolate pot with the broken nose and the plate in two pieces that might be stuck together with white lead, — no, it 's not worth it, — but it seems almost too bad to throw it away, — it was always such a pretty plate, — it would do at least for cookies if it were mended carefully, and the plate goes back to the top shelf, — to wait another day of reckoning and indecision. My hostess dusts her fingers and climbs down from the chair, a little stiff in the joints, — from middle-age, — and greets me with a joyous smile. It is the smile of righteousness. The smile that the attack on the top shelf never fails to bring to the face of a worthy and care-driven housekeeper. The smile that my neighbor will smile to the end of her days, — happy sister! It is only a little while since the days were so full that she could mount to the top shelf but once a year, perhaps not that. It hung over her always, the top shelf. And the day when at last it could be cleaned was marked with a white stone. Now the months are sprinkled with shining, white stones, the graveyard of a life. But she will never know. I shall not tell her, though I shout it aloud to the whole world; and I cherish a hope that I may keep it from her to the last.

We have been neighbors many years. We climbed the hill together. Our children had the same joys and the same sorrows and the same diseases. We went through scarlet fever together — a double quarantine — and croup and diphtheria. What one had, the other had. There was no escape for them or for us. My neighbor, as a young woman, was very beautiful, a kind of regal beauty that made one glad at heart — and proud. I thought of it the other day as she dusted her fingers and climbed down from her chair by the pantry shelf. I have watched the beauty go — and the dreams — from her face. It was the scarlet fever winter that wrought the worst. It left her a middle-aged woman, contented if the sink drain was clean and the cellar well aired. She has always been a good housekeeper. Her home is her kingdom. Her husband and her children are well cared for. But sometimes when I lie awake at night, my heart aches for the regally beautiful creature that began to climb the hill with me, — the woman whose mind stirred, whose laugh flashed along the way. And when I look at her husband, — the rotund, the well-preserved John, — and at her children, wooden and conscientious and selfish, for the most part, I become a violent woman's-righter.

Not many rights do I ask, — oh, Protectors of the Poor, — only the right to one's soul. Not my soul, — I, as you may have suspected long since, am *not* a good housekeeper. I have no top pantry shelf; and if I had one, there would probably be nothing on it. And my husband hath a lean and hungry look, and I am very proud of him. As for my children, they must speak for themselves, — they usually do. No, it is not for myself alone that I ask the rights of a human being; but for that other soul that started with me on the way. The rotund John is *not* an equivalent. I will have none of him. In the name of her lost soul, I ask it, and for those others, whose tents are pitched along the upper plain, far as the eye can reach. For all of us, — squaws of civilization, each in her little tent, with our pots and pans and our bead-work, with church work and clubs and pantry shelves for consolation, with the smile of achievement on our lips and the dust of dead dreams blown about in our souls, — for all of us, I ask it, — oh, ye men born of woman, — the right to a vital and self-respecting and beautiful middle-age.

THE

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DAPHNE.

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

I.

"Her Excellency, — will she have the politeness," said Daphne slowly, reading with some difficulty from a tiny Italian-English phrase-book, "the politeness to" — She stopped helpless. Old Giacomo gazed at her with questioning eyes. The girl turned the pages swiftly and chose another phrase.

"I go," she announced, "I go to make a walk."

Light flashed into Giacomo's face.

"*Si, si,* Signorina; yes, yes," he assented with voice and shoulders and a flourish of the spoon he was polishing. "*Capisco;* I understand."

Daphne consulted her dictionary.

"Down there," she said gravely, pointing toward the top of the great hill on whose side the villa stood.

"Certainly," answered Giacomo with a bow, too much pleased by understanding when there was no reason for it to be captious in regard to the girl's speech. "The Signorina *non ha paura,* not 'fraid?"

"I 'm not afraid of anything," was the answer in English. The Italian version of it was a shaking of the head. Then both dictionary and phrase-book were consulted.

"To return," she stated finally, "to return to eat at six hours." Then she looked expectantly about.

"Assunta?" she said inquiringly, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, for other means of expression had failed.

"*Capisco, capisco,*" shouted Giacomo, in his excitement trailing on the marble floor the chamois skin with which he had been polishing the silver, and speaking in what seemed to his listener one word of a thousand syllables.

"The — Signorina — goes — to — walk — upon — the — hills — above — the — villa — because — it — is — a — most — beautiful — day. — She — returns — to — dine — at — six — and — wishes — Assunta — to — have — dinner — prepared. — Perhaps — the — Signorina — would — tell — what — she — would — like — for — her — dinner? — A — roast — chicken, — yes? — A — salad, — yes?"

Daphne looked dubiously at him though he had stated the case with entire accuracy, and had suggested for her solitary meal what she most liked. There was a slight pucker in her white forehead, and she vouchsafed no answer to what she did not understand.

"*Addio, addio,*" she said earnestly.

"*A rivederla!*" answered Giacomo, with a courtly sweep of the chamois skin.

The girl climbed steadily up the moist, steep path leading to the deep shadow of a group of ilex trees on the hill. At her side a stream of water trickled past drooping maidenhair fern and over immemorial moss. Here and

there it fell in little cascades, making a sleepy murmur in the warm air of afternoon. Halfway up the hill Daphne paused and looked back. Below the yellow walls of the Villa Accolanti, standing in a wide garden with encompassing poplars and cypresses, stretched great grassy slopes and gray-green olive orchards. The water from the stream, gathered in a stone basin at the foot of the hill, flowed in a marble conduit through the open hall. As she looked she was aware of two old brown faces anxiously gazing after her. Giacomo and Assunta were chattering eagerly in the doorway, the black of his butler's dress and the white of his protecting apron making his wife's purple calico skirt and red shoulder shawl look more gay. They caught the last flutter of the girl's blue linen gown as it disappeared among the ilexes.

"*È molto bella*, very beautiful, the Signorina," remarked Assunta. "What gray eyes she has, and how she walks!"

"But she knows no speech," responded her husband.

"*Ma che!*" shouted Assunta scornfully, "she talks American. You could n't expect them to speak like us over there. They are not Romans in America."

"My brother Giovanni is there," remarked Giacomo. "She could have learned of him."

"She is like the Contessa," said Assunta. "You would know they are sisters, only this one is younger and has something more sweet."

"This one is grave," objected Giacomo as he polished. "She does not smile so much. The Contessa is gay. She laughs and sings and her cheeks grow red when she drinks red wine, and her hair is more yellow."

"She makes it so!" snapped Assunta.

"I have heard they all do in Rome," said Giacomo. "Some day I would like to go to see."

"To go away, to leave this girl here alone with us when she had just arrived!" interrupted Assunta. "I have no patience with the Contessa."

"But was n't his Highness's father sick? And did n't she have to go? Else they would n't get his money, and all would go to the younger brother. You don't understand these things, you women." Giacomo's defense of his lady got into his fingers, and added much to the brightness of the spoons. The two talked together now, as fast as human tongues could go.

Assunta. She could have taken the Signorina.

Giacomo. She could n't. It 's fever.

Assunta. She could have left her maid.

Giacomo. Thank the holy father she did n't!

Assunta. And without a word of language to make herself understood.

Giacomo. She can learn, can't she?

Assunta. And with the cook gone, too! It's a great task for us.

Giacomo. You 'd better be about it! . . . Going walking alone on the hills! And calling me "Excellency." There 's no telling what these Americans will do.

Assunta. She did n't know any better. When she has been here a week she won't call you "Excellency!" I must make macaroni for dinner.

Giacomo. *Ma che!* Macaroni? Roast chicken and salad.

Assunta. *Niente!* Macaroni!

Giacomo. Roast chicken! You are a pretty one to take the place of the cook!

Assunta. Roast chicken then! But what are you standing here for in the hall polishing spoons? If the Contessa could see you!

Assunta dragged her husband by the hem of his white apron through the great marble-paved dining room out into the smoke-browned kitchen in the rear.

"Now where 's Tommaso, and how am I going to get my chicken?" she demanded. "And why, in the name of all the saints, should an American signorina's illustrious name be Daphne?"

II.

An hour later it was four o'clock. High, high up among the sloping hills Daphne sat on a great gray stone. Below her, out beyond olive orchards and lines of cypress, beyond the distant stone pines, stretched the Campagna, rolling in, like the sea that it used to be, wave upon wave of color, green here, but purple in the distance, and changing every moment with the shifting shadows of the floating clouds. Dome and tower there, near the line of shining sea, meant Rome.

Full sense of the enchantment of it all looked out of the girl's face. Wonder sat on her forehead, and on her parted lips. It was a face serious, either with persistent purpose or with some momentary trouble, yet full of an exquisite hunger for life and light and space. Eyes and hair and curving cheek, — all the girl's sensitive being seemed struggling to accept the gift of beauty before her, almost too great to grasp.

"After this," she said half aloud, her far glance resting on Rome in the hazy distance, "anything is possible."

"I don't seem real," she added, touching her left hand with the forefinger of her right. "It is Italy, *Italy*, and that is Rome. Can all this exist within two weeks of the rush and jangle of Broadway?"

There was no answer, and she half closed her eyes, intoxicated with beauty.

A live thing darted across her foot, and she looked down to catch a glimpse of something like a slender green flame licking its way through the grass.

"Lizards crawling over me unrebuked," she said smiling. "Perhaps the millennium has come."

She picked two grass blades and a single fern.

"They are n't real, you know," she said, addressing herself. "This is all too good to be true. It will fold up in a minute and move away to make ready for the next act, and that will be full of tragedy, with an ugly background."

The heights still invited. She rose, and wandered on and up. Her step had the quick movement of a dweller in cities, not the slow pace of those who linger along country roads, keeping step with nature. In the cut and fashion of her gown was evinced sophistication, and a high seriousness, possibly not her own.

She watched the deep imprint that her footsteps made in the soft grass.

"I 'm half afraid to step on the earth here," she murmured to herself. "It seems to be quivering with old life."

The sun hung lower in the west. Of its level golden beams were born a thousand shades of color on the heights and in the hollows of the hills. Over all the great Campagna blue, yellow, and purple blended in an autumn haze.

"Oh!" cried the girl, throwing out her arms to take in the new sense of life that came flooding in upon her. "I cannot take it in. It is too great."

As she climbed, a strength springing from sheer delight in the wide beauty before her came into her face.

"It was selfish, and I am going to take it back. To-night I will write and say so. I could face anything now."

This hill, and then the side of that; one more gate, then Daphne turned for another look at Rome and the sea. Rome and the sea were gone. Here was a great olive orchard, there a pasture touching the sky, but where was anything belonging to her? Somewhere on the hills a lamb was bleating, and near the crickets chirped. Yes, it was safe, perfectly safe, yet the blue gown moved where the heart thumped beneath it.

A whistle came floating down the valley to her. It was merry and quick, but it struck terror to the girl's breast. That meant a man. She stood and watched, with terrified gray eyes, and presently she saw him: he was crashing

through a heavy undergrowth of bush and fern not far away. Daphne gathered her skirts in one hand and fled. She ran as only an athletic girl can run, swiftly, gracefully. Her skirt fluttered behind her; her soft dark hair fell and floated on the wind.

The whistle did not cease, though the man was motionless now. It changed from its melody of sheer joy to wonder, amazement, suspense. It took on soothing tones; it begged, it wheedled. So a mother would whistle, if mothers whistled, over the cradle of a crying child, but the girl did not stop. She was running up a hill, and at the top she stood, outlined in blue, against a bluer sky. A moment later she was gone.

Half an hour passed. Cautiously above the top of the hill appeared a girl's head. She saw what she was looking for: the dreaded man was sitting on the stump of a felled birch tree, gazing down the valley, his cheeks resting on his hands. Daphne, stealing behind a giant ilex, studied him. He wore something that looked like a golf suit of brownish shade; a soft felt hat drooped over his face. The girl peered out from her hiding place cautiously, holding her skirts together to make herself slim and small. It was a choice of evils. On this side of the hill was a man; on that, the whole wide world, pathless. She was hopelessly lost.

"No bad man could whistle like that," thought Daphne, caressingly touching with her cheek the tree that protected her.

Once she ventured from her refuge, then swiftly retreated. Courage returning, she stepped out on tiptoe and crept softly toward the intruder. She was rehearsing the Italian phrases she meant to use.

"Where is Rome?" she asked pleadingly, in the Roman tongue.

The stranger rose, with no sign of being startled, and removed his hat. Then Daphne sighed a great sigh of relief, feeling that she was safe.

"Rome," he answered, in a voice both strong and sweet, "Rome has perished, and Athens too."

"Oh" — said the girl. "You speak English. If you are not a stranger here, perhaps you can tell me where the Villa Accolanti is."

"I can," he replied, preparing to lead the way.

Daphne looked at him now. He was different from any person she had ever seen. Face and head belonged to some antique type of virile beauty; eyes, hair, and skin seemed all of one golden brown. He walked as if his very steps were joyous, and his whole personality seemed to radiate an atmosphere of firm content. The girl's face was puzzled as she studied him. This look of simple happiness was not familiar in New York.

They strode on side by side, over the slopes where the girl had lost her way. Every moment added to her sense of trust.

"I am afraid I startled you," she said, "coming up so softly."

"No," he answered smiling. "I knew that you were behind the ilex."

"You could n't see!"

"I have ways of knowing."

He helped her courteously over the one stone wall they had to climb, but, though she knew that he was watching her, he made no attempt to talk. At last they reached the ilex grove above the villa, and Daphne recognized home.

"I am grateful to you," she said, wondering at this unwonted sense of being embarrassed. "Perhaps, if you will come some day to the villa for my sister to thank you" — The sentence broke off. "I am Daphne Willis," she said abruptly, and waited.

"And I am Apollo," said the stranger gravely.

"Apollo — what?" asked the girl. Did they use the old names over here?

"Phœbus Apollo," he answered, unsmiling. "Is America so modern that you do not know the older gods?"

"Why do you call me an American?"

A smile flickered across Apollo's lips.

"A certain insight goes with being a god."

Daphne started back and looked at him, but the puzzled scrutiny did not deepen the color of his brown cheek. Suddenly she was aware that the sunlight had faded, leaving shadow under the ilexes and about the fountain on the hill.

"I must say good-night," she said, turning to descend.

He stood watching every motion that she made until she disappeared within the yellow walls of the villa.

III.

Through the great open windows of the room night with all her stars was shining. Daphne sat by a carved table in the salon, the clear light of a four-flamed Roman lamp falling on her hair and hands. She was writing a letter, and, judging by her expression, letter writing was a matter of life and death.

"I am afraid that I was brutal," the wet ink ran. "Every day on the sea told me that. I was cowardly, too."

She stopped to listen to the silence, broken only by the murmur of insects calling to each other in the dark. Suddenly she laughed aloud.

"I ought never to have gone so far away," she remarked to the night. "What would Aunt Alice say? Anyway he is a gentleman, even if he is a god!"

"For I thought only of myself," the pen continued, "and ignored the obligations I had accepted. It is for you to choose whether you wish the words of that afternoon unsaid."

The letter signed and sealed, she rose with a great sigh of relief, and walked out upon the balcony. Overhead was the deep blue sky of a Roman night, broken by the splendor of the stars. She leaned over the stone railing of the balcony, feeling beneath her, beyond the shadow of the cypress trees, the distance and darkness of the Campagna. There was a murmur of water from the fountain in the garden, and from the cascades on the hill.

"If he were Apollo," she announced to the listening stars, "it would not be a bit more wonderful than the rest of it. This is just a different world, that is all, and who knows whom I shall meet next? Maybe, if I haunt the hills, Diana will come and invite me to go a-hunting. Perhaps if Anna had stayed at home this world would seem nearer."

She came back into the salon, but before she knew it, her feet were moving to a half-remembered measure, and she found herself dancing about the great room in the dim light, the cream-colored draperies of her dinner gown moving rhythmically after her. Suddenly she stopped short, realizing that her feet were keeping pace with the whistling of this afternoon, the very notes that had terrified her while the stranger was unseen. She turned her attention to a piece of tapestry on the wall, tracing the faded pattern with slim fingers. For the twentieth time her eyes wandered to the mosaic floor, to the splendid, tarnished mirrors on the walls, to the carved chairs and table legs, wrought into cunning patterns of leaf and stem.

"Oh, it is all perfect! And I 've got it all to myself!" she exclaimed.

Then she seated herself at the table again and began another letter.

PADRE MIO, — It is an enchanted country! You never saw such beauty of sky and grass and trees. These cypresses and poplars seem to have been standing against the blue sky from all eternity; time is annihilated, and the gods of Greece and Rome are wandering about the hills.

Anna has gone away. Her father-in-law is very ill, and naturally Count Accolanti is gone too. Even the cook has departed, because of a family crisis

of his own. I am here with the butler and his wife to take care of me, and I am perfectly safe. Don't be alarmed, and don't tell Aunt Alice that the elaborate new gowns will have no spectators save two Roman peasants and possibly a few sheep. Anna wanted to send me an English maid from Rome, but I begged with tears, and she let me off. Assunta is all I need. She and Giacomo are the real thing, peasants, absolutely unspoiled. They have never been five miles away from the estate, and I know they have all kinds of superstitions and beliefs that go with the soil. I shall find them out when I can understand. At present we converse with eyes and fingers, for our six weeks' study of Italian has not brought me knowledge enough to order my dinner.

Padre carissimo, I've written to Eustace to take it all back. I am afraid you won't like it, for you seemed pleased when it was broken off, but I was unkind and I am sorry, and I want to make amends. You really ought n't to disapprove of a man, you know, just because he wants altar candles and intones the service. And I think his single-minded devotion is beautiful. You do not know what a refuge it has been to me through all Aunt Alice's receptions and teas.

Do leave New York, and come and live with me near ancient Rome. We can easily slip back two thousand years.

I am your spoiled daughter,

DAPHNE.

There was a knock at the door.

"Avanti," called the girl.

Assunta entered, with a saffron-colored nightcap on. In her hand she held Giacomo's great brass watch, and she pointed in silence to the face, which said twelve o'clock. She put watch and candle on the table, marched to the windows, and closed and bolted them all.

"The candles are lighted in the Signorina's bedroom," she remarked.

"Thank you," said Daphne, who did not understand a word.

"The bed is prepared, and the night things are put out."

"Yes?" answered Daphne, smiling.

"The hot water will be at the door at eight in the morning."

"So many thanks!" murmured Daphne, not knowing what favor was bestowed, but knowing that if it came from Assunta it was good.

"Good-night, Signorina."

The girl's face lighted. She understood that.

"Good-night," she answered, in the Roman tongue.

Assunta muttered to herself as she lighted her way with her candle down the long hall.

"*Molto intelligente, la Signorina!* Only here three days, and already understands all."

"You don't need speech here," said Daphne, pulling aside the curtains of her tapestried bed a little later. "The Italians can infer all you mean from a single smile."

Down the road a peasant was merrily beating his donkey to the measure of the tune on his lips. Listening, and turning over many questions in her mind, Daphne fell asleep. A flood of sunshine awakened her in the morning, and she realized that Assunta was drawing the window curtains.

"Assunta," asked the girl, sitting up in bed, and rubbing her eyes, "are there many Americans here?"

"*Si*," answered Assunta, "very many."

"And many English?"

"Too many," said Assunta.

"Young ones?" asked the girl.

Assunta shrugged her shoulders.

"Young men?" inquired Daphne.

The peasant woman looked sharply at her, then smiled.

"I saw one man yesterday," said Daphne, her forehead puckered painfully in what Assunta mistook for a look of fear. Her carefully prepared

phrases could get no nearer the problem she wished solved.

"*Ma che! agnellina mia*, my little lamb!" cried the peasant woman, grasping Daphne's hand in order to kiss her fingers, "you are safe, safe with us. No Americans nor English shall dare to look at the Signorina in the presence of Giacomo and me."

IV.

It was not a high wall, that is, not very high. Many a time in the country Daphne had climbed more formidable ones, and there was no reason why she should not try this. No one was in sight except a shepherd, watching a great flock of sheep. There was a forgotten rose garden over in that field: had Cæsar planted it, or Tiberius, centuries ago? Certainly no one had tended it for a thousand years or two, and the late pink roses grew unchecked. Daphne slowly worked her way to the top of the wall: this close masonry made the proceeding more difficult than it usually was at home. She stood for a moment on the summit, glorying in the widened view, then sprang, with the lightness of a kitten, to the other side. There was a skurry of frightened sheep, and then a silence. She knew that she was sitting on the grass, and that her left wrist pained. Some one was coming toward her.

"Are you hurt?" asked Apollo anxiously.

"Not at all," she answered, continuing to sit on the grass.

"If you were hurt, where would it be?"

"In my wrist," said the girl, with a little groan.

The questioner kneeled beside her, and Daphne gave a start of surprise that was touched with fear.

"It is n't you?" she stammered. "You are n't the shepherd?"

A sheepskin coat disguised him. The rough hat was of soft drooping felt, like that of any shepherd watching on the hills, and in his hand he held a crook. An anxious mother-sheep was sniffing eagerly at his pockets, remembering gifts of salt.

"Apollo was a shepherd," said Daphne slowly, with wonder in her face. "He kept the flocks of King Admetus."

"You seem to be well read in the classical dictionary," remarked the stranger with twinkling eyes. "You have them in America then?"

He was examining her wrist with practiced fingers, touching it firmly here and there.

"We have everything in America," said the girl, eyeing him dubiously.

"But no gods, except money, I have heard."

"Yes, gods, and impostors too," she answered significantly.

"So I have heard," said Apollo, with composure.

The maddening thing was that she could not look away from him: some radiance of life in his face compelled her eyes. He had thrown his hat upon the grass, and the girl could see strength and sweetness and repose in every line of forehead, lip, and chin. There was pride there, too, and with it a slight leaning forward of the head.

"I presume that comes from listening to beseeching prayers," she was thinking to herself.

"Ow!" she remarked suddenly.

"That is the place, is it?"

He drew from one of the pockets of the grotesque coat a piece of sheepskin which he proceeded to cut into two strips with his knife.

"It seems to be a very slight sprain," remarked Apollo. "I must bandage it. Have you any pins about you?"

"Can the gods lack pins?" asked the girl, smiling. She searched, and found two in her belt, and handed them to him.

"The gods do not explain themselves," he answered, binding the sheepskin tightly about her wrist.

"So I observe," she remarked dryly.

"Is that right?" he asked. "Now, when you reach home, you must remove the bandage, and hold your hand and wrist first in very hot water, then in cold. Is there some one who can put the bandage back as I have it? See, it simply goes about the wrist, and is rather tight. You must pardon my taking possession of the case, but no one else was near. Apollo has always been something of a physician, you know."

"You apparently used the same classical dictionary that I did," retorted Daphne. "I remember the statement there."

Then she became uncomfortable, and wished her words unsaid, for awe had come upon her. After all, nothing could be more unreal than she was to herself in these days of wonder. Her mind was full of dreams as they sat and watched white clouds drifting over the deep blue of the sky. Near them the sheep were cropping grass, and all the rest was silence.

"You look anxious," said the physician. "Is it the wrist?"

"No," answered the girl, facing him bravely, under the momentary inspiration of a wave of common sense, "I am wondering why you make this ridiculous assumption about yourself. Tell me who you really are."

If he had defended himself she would have argued, but he was silent and she half believed.

"But you look like a mortal," she protested, answering her own thoughts. "And you wear conventional clothing. I don't mean this sheepskin, but the other day."

"It is a realistic age," he answered, smiling. "People no longer believe what they do not see. We are forced to adopt modern methods and modern costume to show that we exist."

"You do not look like the statue of Apollo," ventured Daphne.

"Did people ever dare tell the truth about the gods? Never! They made up a notion of what a divine nose should be, and bestowed it upon all the gods impartially. So with the forehead, so with the hair. I assure you, Miss Willis, we are much more individual than Greek art would lead you to expect."

"Do you mind just telling me why you are keeping sheep now?"

"I will, if you will promise not to consider a question of mine impertinent."

"What is the question?"

"I only wished to know why an American young lady should bear a Greek name? It is a beautiful name, and one that is a favorite of mine, as you may know."

"I did n't know," said Daphne. "It was given me by my father. He was born in America, but he had a Greek soul. He has always longed to live in Greece, but he has to go on preaching, preaching, for he is a rector, you know, in a little church in New York, that is n't very rich, though it is very old. All his life he has been hungry for the beauty and the greatness of the world over here."

"That accounts for your expression," observed Apollo.

"What expression?"

"That is n't the question I promised to answer. If you will take a few steps out of your way, I can satisfy you in regard to the first one you asked."

He rose, and the white shepherd dog sprang ahead, barking joyously. The sheep looked up and nibbled in anxious haste, fearing that any other bit of pasture might be less juicy than this. Daphne followed the shepherd god to a little clump of oak trees, where she saw a small, rough gray tent, perhaps four feet in height. Under it, on brown blankets, lay a bearded man, whose eyes lighted at Apollo's approach. A blue bowl with a silver spoon in it stood on the ground near his head, and a small heap of charred sticks with an overhanging kettle showed that cooking had been done there.

"The shepherd has a touch of fever," explained the guide. "Meanwhile, somebody must take care of the sheep. I am glad to get back my two occupations as shepherd and physician at the same time."

The dog and his master accompanied her part way down the hill, and the girl was silent, for her mind was busy, revolving many thoughts. At the top of the last height above the villa she stopped and looked at her companion. The sun was setting, and a golden haze filled the air. It ringed with light the figure before her, standing there, the face, with its beauty of color, and its almost insolent joyousness, rising above the rough sheepskin coat.

"*Who* are you?" she gasped, terrified. "Who are you, really?" The confused splendor dazzled her eyes, and she turned and ran swiftly down the hill.

V.

"A man is ill," observed Daphne, in the Roman tongue.

"What?" demanded Giacomo.

"A man is ill," repeated Daphne firmly. She had written it out, and she knew that it was right.

"Her mind wanders," Giacomo hinted to his wife.

"No, no, no! It 's the Signorina herself," cried Assunta, whose wits were quicker than her husband's. "She is saying that she is ill. What is it, Signorina mia? Is it your head, or your back, or your stomach? Are you cold? Have you fever?"

"*Si*," answered Daphne calmly. The answer that usually quieted Assunta failed now. Then she tried the smile. That also failed.

"Tell me," pleaded Assunta, speaking twice as fast as usual in order to move the Signorina's wits to quicker understanding. "If the Signorina is ill the Contessa will blame me. It is measles perhaps; Sor Tessa's children have it in the village." She felt of the girl's forehead and pulse, and stood more puzzled than before.

"The Signorina exaggerates, perhaps," she remarked in question.

"Thank you!" said Daphne beseechingly. That was positively her last shot, and if it missed its aim she knew not what to do. She saw that the two brown faces before her were full of apprehension, and she came back to her original proposition.

"A man is ill."

The faces were blank. Daphne hastily consulted her phrase-book.

"I wish food," she remarked glibly. "I wish soup, and fish, and red wine and white, and everything included, *tutto compreso*."

The two faces lighted: these were more familiar terms.

"Now?" cried Assunta and Giacomo in one breath, "at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"*Si*," answered Daphne firmly, "please, thank you." And she disappeared.

An hour later they summoned her, and looked at her in bewilderment when she entered the dining-room with her hat on. Giacomo stood ready for service, and the Signorina's soup was waiting on the table.

The girl laughed when she saw it.

"*Per me?* No," she said, touching her dress with her finger; "for him, up there," and she pointed upward.

Giacomo shook his head and groaned, for his understanding was exhausted.

"I go to carry food to the man who is ill," recited Daphne, her foot tapping the floor in impatience. She thrust her phrase-book out toward Giacomo, but he shook his head again, being one whose knowledge was superior to the mere accomplishment of reading.

Daphne's short skirt and red felt hat disappeared in the kitchen. Presently she returned with Assunta and a basket. The two understood her immediate purpose now, however bewildering the ulti-

mate. They packed the basket with a right good will: red wine in a transparent flask, yellow soup in a shallow pitcher, bread, crisp lettuce, and thin slices of beef. Then Daphne gave the basket to Giacomo and beckoned him to come after her.

He climbed behind his lady up the narrow path by the waterfall, through damp grass and trickling fern, then up the great green slope toward the clump of oak trees. By the low gray tent they halted, and Giacomo's expression changed. He had not understood the Signorina, he said hastily, and he begged the Signorina's pardon. She was good, she was gracious.

"Speak to him," said Daphne impatiently; "go in, give him food."

He lifted the loose covering that served as the side of a tent and found the sick man. Giacomo chattered, his brown fingers moving swiftly by way of punctuation. The sick man chattered, too, his fingers moving more slowly in their weakness. Giacomo seemed excited by what he heard, and Daphne, watching from a little distance, wondered if fever must not increase under the influence of tongues that wagged so fast. She strolled away, picking tiny, pink-tipped daisies and blue succory blossoms growing in the moist green grass. From high on a distant hillside, among his nibbling sheep, the shepherd watched.

Giacomo presently stopped talking and fed the invalid the soup and part of the wine he had brought. He knew too much, as a wise Italian, to give a sick man bread and beef. Then he made promises of blankets, and of more soup to-morrow, tucked the invalid up again, and prepared to go home. On the way down the hill he was explosive in his excitement: surely the Signorina must understand such vehement words.

"The sheep are Count Gianelli's sheep," he shouted. "I knew the sheep before, and there is n't a finer flock on the hills. This man is from Ortalo, a day's journey. The Signorina understands? "

She smiled, the reassuring smile that covers ignorance. Then she came nearer, and bent her tall head to listen.

"His name is Antoli," said Giacomo, speaking more distinctly. "Four days ago he fell ill with fever and with chills. He lay on the ground among the sheep, for he had only his blanket that the shepherds use at night. The sheep nibbled close to him, and touched his face with their tongues, and bit off hairs from his head as they cropped the grass, but they did not care. Sheep never do! Ah, how a dog cares! The Signorina wishes to hear the rest? "

Daphne nodded eagerly, for she had actually understood several sentences.

"The second day he felt a warm tongue licking his face, and there were paws on his breast as he waked from sleep. It was a white dog. He opened his eyes, and there before him was a Signorino, young, beautiful as a god, in a suit of brown. Since then Antoli has wanted nothing, food, nor warm covering, nor medicine, nor kind words. The Signorino wears his sheepskin coat and tends his sheep! "

Giacomo's voice was triumphant with delight as he pointed toward the distant flock with the motionless attendant. The girl's face shone, half in pleasure, half in fear. "Beautiful as a god " was more like the Italian she had read in her father's study in New York than were the phrases Giacomo and Assunta employed for every day. She had comprehended all of her companion's excitement, and many of his words, for much of the story was already hers.

"Giacomo," she said, speaking slowly, "are the gods here yet? "

The old peasant looked at her with cunning eyes, and made with his fingers the sign of the horn that wards off evil.

"*Chi lo sa?* Who knows, Signorina? " he said, half whispering. "There are stories — I have heard — the Signorina sees these ilex trees? Over yon-

der was a great one in my father's day, and the old Count Accolanti would have it cut. He came to watch it as it fell, and the tree tumbled the wrong way and struck him so that he half lost his wits. There are who say that the tree god was angry. And I have heard about the streams too, Signorina: when they are turned out of their course, they overflow and do damage, and surely there used to be river gods. I do not know; I cannot tell. The priest says they are all gone since the coming of our Lord, but I would n't, not for all the gold in Rome, I would n't see this stream of the waterfalls turned away from flowing down the hill and through the house. What there is in it I do not know, but in some way it is alive."

"Thank you!" said Daphne. The look on her face pleased the old man.

"I think I prefer her to the Contessa after all," said Giacomo that afternoon to Assunta as he was beating the salad dressing for dinner. "She is *simpatica!* It is wonderful how she understands, though she cannot yet talk much. But her eyes speak."

They served her dinner with special care that night, for kindness to an unfortunate fellow peasant had won what still needed winning of their hearts. She sat alone in the great dining-hall, with Giacomo moving swiftly about her on the marble floor. On the white linen and silver, on her face and crimson gown gleamed the light of many candles, standing in old-fashioned branching candlesticks. She pushed away her soup: it seemed an intrusion. Not until she heard Giacomo's murmur of disappointment as she refused salad did she rouse herself to do justice to the dressing he had made. Her eyes were the eyes of one living in a dream. Suddenly she wakened to the fact that she was hungry, and Giacomo grinned as she asked him to bring back the roast, and let him fill again with cool red wine the slender glass at her right hand. When the time for dessert came, she lifted a bunch of purple grapes and put them on her plate, breaking them off slowly with fingers that got stained.

"I shall wake up by and by!" she said, leaning back in her carved Florentine chair. "Only I hope it may be soon. Otherwise," she added, nibbling a bit of ginger, unconscious that her figures were mixed, "I shall forget my way back to the world."

VI.

There were two weeks of golden days. The sun rose clear over the green hills behind the villa, and dropped at night into the blue sea the other side of Rome. Daphne counted off the minutes in pulse beats that were actual pleasure. Between box hedges, past the clusters of roses, chrysanthemums and dahlias in the villa garden, she walked, wondering that she had never known before that the mere crawling of the blood through the veins could mean joy. She was utterly alone, solitary, speechless; there were moments when the thought of her sister's present trouble, and of the letter she was expecting from New York, would take the color from the sky; but no vexatious thought could long resist the enchantment of this air, and she forgot to be unhappy. She saw no more of the shepherd god, but always she was conscious of a presence in the sunshine on the hills.

On the eighth morning, as she paced the garden walks a lizard scampered from her path, and she chased it as a five year old child might have done. A slim cypress tree stood in her way; she grasped it in her arms, and held it, laying her cheek against it as if it were a friend. Some new sense was dawning in her of kinship with branch and flower. She was forgetting how to think: she was Daphne, the Greek maiden, whose life was half the life of a tree.

When she took her arms from the tree she saw that he was there, looking

at her from over the hedge, with the golden brown lights in eyes and hair, and the smile that had no touch of amusement in it, only of happiness.

"Sometimes," he murmured, "you remind me of Hebe, but, on the whole, I think you are more like my sister Diana."

"Tell me about Diana," begged Daphne, coming near the hedge, and putting one hand on the close green leaves.

"We were great friends as children," observed Apollo. "It was I who taught her how to hunt, and we used to chase each other in the woods. When I went faster than she did, she used to get angry and say she would not play. Oh, those were glorious mornings, when the light was clear at dawn!"

"Why are you here?" asked Daphne abruptly, "and, if you will excuse me, where did you come from?"

"Surely you have heard about the gods being exiled from Greece! We wander, for the world has cast us out. Some day they will need us again, and will pluck the grass from our shrines, and then we shall come back to teach them."

"Teach them what?" asked the girl. She could make out nothing from the mystery of that face, and, besides, she did not dare to look too closely.

"I should teach them joy," he answered simply.

They were so silent, looking at each other over the dark green hedge, that the lizards crept back in the sunshine close to their feet. Daphne's blue gown and smooth dark hair were outlined against the deep green of her cypress tree. A grape-vine that had grown about the tree threw the shadow of delicate leaf and curling tendril on her pale cheek and scarlet lips. The expression of the heathen god as he looked at her denoted entire satisfaction.

"I know what you would teach them," she said slowly. "You would show them how to ignore suffering and pain. You would turn your back on need. Oh, that makes me think that I have forgotten to take your friend Antoli any soup lately! For three days I took it, and then, and then — I have been worried about things."

His smile was certainly one of amusement now.

"You must pardon me for seeming to change the subject," he said. "Why should you worry? There is nothing in life worth worrying about."

Fine scorn crept into the girl's face.

"No," he continued, answering her expression. "I don't ignore. I am glad because I have chosen to be glad, and because I have won my content. There is a strenuous peace for those who can fight their way through to it."

Suddenly, through the beauty of his color, the girl saw, graven as with a fine tool upon his face, a story of grief mastered. In the lines of chin and mouth and forehead it lurked there, half hidden by his smile.

"Tell me," said Daphne impulsively. Her hand moved nearer on the hedge, but she did not know it. He shook his head, and the veil dropped again.

"Why tell?" he asked. "Is n't there present misery enough before our eyes always without remembering the old?"

She only gazed at him, with a puzzled frown on her forehead.

"So you think it is your duty to worry?" he asked, the joyous note coming back into his voice.

Daphne broke into a smile.

"I suppose I do," she confessed. "And it 's so hard here. I keep forgetting."

"Why do you want to remember?"

"It is so selfish not to."

He nodded, with an air of ancient wisdom.

"I have lived on this earth more years than you have, some thousands, you remember, and I can assure you that more people forget their fellows because of their own troubles than because of their own joys."

The girl pulled at a tendril of the vine with her fingers, eyeing her companion keenly.

"I presume," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "that you are an Englishman, or an American who has studied Greek thought deeply, being tired of modern people and modern ways, and that you are trying to get back to an older, simpler way of living."

"It has ever been the custom," said Apollo, gently taking the tendril of the vine from her fingers, "for nations to refuse to believe the divinity of the other's gods."

"Any way," mused the girl, not quite conscious that she was speaking aloud, "whatever you think, you are good to the shepherd."

He laughed outright.

"I find that most people are better than their beliefs," he answered. "Now, Miss Willis, I wonder if I dare ask you questions about the way of living that has brought you to believe in the divine efficacy of unhappiness."

"My father is a clergyman," answered the girl, with a smile.

"Exactly!" said the heathen god.

"We have lived very quietly, in one of the streets of older New York. I won't tell you the number, for of course it would not mean anything to you."

"Of course not," said Apollo.

"He is rector of a queer little old-fashioned church that has existed since the days of Washington. It is quaint and irregular, and I am very fond of it."

"It is n't the Little Church of All the Saints," demanded her companion.

"It is. How did you know?"

"Divination," he answered.

"Oh," said Daphne. "Why don't you divine the rest?"

"I should rather hear you tell it, if you don't mind."

"I have studied with my father a great deal," she went on. "And then, there have been a great many social things, for I have an aunt who entertains a great deal, and she always needs me to help her. That has been fun, too."

"Then it has been religion and dinners," he summarized briefly.

"It has."

"With a Puritan ancestry, I suppose?"

"For a god," murmured Daphne, "it seems to me you know a great deal too much about some things, and not enough about others."

"I have brought you something," he said, suddenly changing the subject.

He lifted the sheepskin coat and held out to her a tiny lamb, whose heavy legs hung helpless, and whose skin shone pink through the little curls of wool. The girl stretched out her arms, and gathered the little creature in them.

"A warm place to lie, and warm milk are what it needs," he said. "It was born out of its time, and its mother lies dead on the hills. Spring is for birth, not autumn."

Daphne watched him as he went back to his sheep, then turned toward the house. Giacomo and Assunta saw her coming in her blue dress between the beds of flowers with the lambkin in her arms.

"Like our Lady," said Assunta, hurrying to the rescue.

The two brown ones asked no questions, possibly because of the difficulty of conversing with the Signorina, possibly from some profounder reason.

"Maybe the others do not see him," thought the girl in perplexity. "Maybe I dream him, but this lamb is real."

She sat in the sun on the marble steps of the villa, the lamb on her lap. A yellow bowl of milk stood on the floor, close to the little white head that dangled from her blue knee. Daphne, acting on Assunta's directions, curled one little finger under the milk and offered the tip of it to the lamb to suck. He responded eagerly, and so she wheedled him into forgetfulness of his dead mother.

An hour later, as she paced the gar-

den paths, a faint bleat sounded at the hem of her skirt, and four unsteady legs supported a weak little body that tumbled in pursuit of her.

VII.

Up the long smooth road that lay by the walls of the villa came toiling a team of huge grayish oxen, with monstrous spreading horns tied with blue ribbons. The cart that they drew was filled with baskets loaded with grapes, and a whiff of their fragrance smote Daphne's nostrils as she walked on the balcony in the morning air.

"Assunta, Assunta!" she cried, leaning over the gray, moss-coated railing, "what is it?"

Assunta was squatting on the ground in the garden below, digging with a blunt knife at the roots of a garden fern. There was a gay red cotton shawl over her head, and a lilac apron upon her knees.

"It 's the vintage, Signorina," she answered, "the wine makes itself."

"Everything does itself in this most lazy country," remarked Daphne. "Dresses make themselves, boots repair themselves, food eats itself. There 's just one idiom, *si fa*," —

"What?" asked Assunta.

"Reflections," answered the girl, smiling down on her. "Assunta, may I go and help pick grapes?"

"*Ma che!*" screamed the peasant woman, losing her balance in her sudden emotion and going down on her knees in the loosened soil. "The Signorina, the sister of the Contessa, go to pick grapes in the vineyard?"

"*Si*," answered Daphne amiably. Her face was alive with laughter.

"But the Contessa would die of shame!" asserted Assunta, rising with bits of dirt clinging to her apron, and gesticulating with the knife. "It would be a scandal, and all the pickers would say, 'Behold the mad Englishwoman!'"

She looked up beseechingly at her mistress. She and Giacomo never could tell beforehand which sentences the Signorina was going to understand.

"Come with me!" coaxed the girl.

"But does the Signorina want to" —

"I want everything!" Daphne interrupted. "Grapes and flowers and wine and air and sunshine. I want to see and feel and taste and touch and smell everything there is. The days are too short to take it all in. Hurry!"

As most of this outburst was in English, Assunta could do nothing but look up with an air of deepened reproach. Daphne disappeared from the railing, and a minute later was at Assunta's side.

"Come, come, come!" she cried, pulling her by the lilac apron. "Our time is brief, and we must gather rosebuds while we may. I am young and you are old, and neither of us has any time to lose."

Before she knew it, Assunta was trotting meekly down the road at the young lady's heels, carrying a great flat basket for the Signorina's use in picking grapes.

They were bound for the lower slopes; the grapes ripened earlier there, the peasant woman explained, and the frosts came later. The loaded wagons that they met were going to Arata, a wine press in the valley beyond this nearest hill. Perhaps the Signorina would like to go there to see the new wine foaming in the vat? Strangers often went to see this.

Daphne's blood went singing through her veins, with some new sense of freedom and release, for the gospel of this heathen god was working in her pulses. Wistfully her eyes wandered over the lovely slopes with their clothing of olive and of vine, and up and down the curling long white roads. At some turning of the way, or at some hilltop where the road seemed to touch the blue sky, surely she would see him coming with that look of divine content upon his face!

Suddenly she realized that they were inside the vineyard walls, for fragrance assailed her nostrils, fragrance of ripened grapes, of grapes crushed under foot as the swift pickers went, snipping the full purple bunches with their shears.

"I shall see Bacchus coming next," she said to herself, but hoping that it would not be Bacchus. "He will go singing down the hill with his Mænads behind him, with fluttering hair and draperies."

It was not nearly so picturesque as she had hoped, she confessed to herself, as her thoughts came down to their customary level. The vineyard of her dreams, with its long, trailing vines, was not found in this country; there were only close-clipped plants, trained to stakes. But there was a sound of talking and of laughter, and the pickers, moving among the even lines in their gay rags, lent motley color to the picture. There was scarlet of waistcoat or of petticoat, blue and saffron of jacket and apron, and a blending of all bright tints in the kerchiefs above the hair. The rich dark soil made a background for it all: the moving figures, the clumps of pale green vine leaves, the great baskets of piled-up grapes.

Assunta was chattering eagerly with a young man who smiled, and took off his hat to the Signorina, and said something polite, with a show of white teeth. Daphne did not know what it was, but she took the pair of scissors that were given her, and began to cut bunch after bunch of grapes. If she had realized that the peasant woman, her heart full of shame, had confessed to the overseer her young lady's whim, and had won permission for her to join the ranks of the pickers, she might have been less happy. As it was she noticed nothing, but diligently cut her grapes, piling them, misty with bloom, flecked with gold sunlight, in her basket. Then she found a flat stone and sat on it, watching the workers, and slowly eating a great bunch of grapes. She had woven green leaves into the cord of her red felt hat; the peasants as they passed smiled back to her in swift recognition of her beauty and her friendliness.

Her thoughts flamed up within her with sudden anger at herself. The encompassing beauty and this vivid joy had but one meaning: it was her sense of the glad presence of this new creature, man or god, who seemed continually with her, were he near or far.

"I 'm as foolish as a sixteen-year-old girl," she murmured, fingering the grapes in the basket with their setting of green leaves, "and yet, and yet he is n't a man, really; he is only a state of mind!"

She sat, with the cool air of autumn on her cheeks, watching the pickers who went with even motion up the great slope. Sometimes there was silence on the hillside: now and then there was a fragment of song. One gay, tripping air, started by three women who stood idle with arms akimbo for a moment on the hillside, was caught up and echoed back by invisible singers on the other side of the hill. And once the red-cheeked Italian lads who were carrying loaded baskets down toward the vineyard gates burst into responsive singing that made her think that she had found, on the Roman hills, some remnant of the old Bacchic music, of the alternate strains that marked the festival of the god of wine. It was something like this: —

Carlo.

"Of all the gifts of all the gods
I choose the ruddy wine.
The brimming glass shall be my lot" —

Giovanni (interrupting).

"Carlotta shall be mine!

Take you the grape, I only ask
The shadow of the vine
To screen Carlotta's golden head" —

Carlo (interrupting).

"Give me the ruddy wine."

Together.

G. "Carlotta shall be mine!"
C. "Give me the ruddy wine!"

Assunta was visibly happy when the Signorina signified her willingness to go home. The pride of the house servant was touched by being compelled to come too closely in contact with the workers in the fields, and where is there pride like that of a peasant? But her joy was short-lived. Outside the great iron gates stood a team of beautiful fawn-colored oxen, with spotless flanks, and great, blue, patient eyes looking out from under broad foreheads. They were starting, with huge muscles quivering under their white skin, to carry a load of grapes to the wine press, the yield of this year being too great for the usual transportation on donkey back.

"Assunta, I go too," cried Daphne.

Five minutes later, the Signorina, with her unwilling handmaid at her side, rode in triumph up the broad highway with the measured motion of slow oxen feet. Place had been made for them among the grape baskets, and they sat on folded blankets, Assunta's face wearing the expression of one who was a captive indeed, the Signorina's shining with simple happiness, and somewhat stained by grapes.

The wine press was nothing after all but a machine, and, though a certain interest attached to the great vats, hollowed out in the tufa rock, into which the new-made wine trickled, Daphne soon signified her willingness to depart. Before she left they brought her a great glass of rich red grape juice, fresh from the newly crushed grapes. She touched her lips to it, then looked about her. Assunta was talking to the workman who had given it to her and he was looking the other way. She feasted her eyes on the color of the thing she held in her hand. It was a rough glass whose shallow bowl had the old Etruscan curves of beauty, and the crimson wine caught the sunlight in a thousand ways. Bending over, she poured it out slowly on the green grass.

"A libation to Apollo," she said, not without reverence.

VIII.

"I shall call you," said Daphne to the lamb on the fourth day of his life with her, "I shall call you Hermes, because you go so fast."

Very fast indeed he went. By garden path, or on the slopes below the villa he followed her with swift gallop, interrupted by many jumps and gambols, and much frisking of his tail. If he lost himself in his wayward pursuit of his mistress, a plaintive bleat summoned her to his side. On the marble stairs of the villa, even in the sacred precincts of the salon, she heard the tinkle of his hard little hoofs, and she had no courage to turn him back. He bleated so piteously outside the door when his lady dined that at last he won the desire of his heart and lapped milk from a bowl on the floor at her side as she broke her salad or ate her grapes.

"What scandal!" muttered Giacomo every time he brought the bowl. The Contessa would discharge him if she knew! But he always remembered, even if Daphne forgot, and meekly dried the milk from his sleek black trousers whenever Hermes playfully dashed his hoof, instead of his nose, into the bowl. As Giacomo explained to Assunta in the kitchen, it was for the Signorina, and the Signorina was very lonely.

She was less lonely with Hermes, for he spoke her language.

"It is almost time to hear from Eustace," Daphne told him one day, as she sat on a stone under an olive tree in the orchard below the house. Hermes stood before her, his head down, his tail dejectedly drooped.

"Perhaps," she added, dreamily looking up at the blue sky through its broken veil of gray-green olive leaves, "perhaps he does not want me back, and the letter will tell me so."

Hermes gave an incredible jump high in the air, lighted on his four feet, pranced, gamboled, curveted.

"It is very hard to know one's duty or to do it, Hermes," said Daphne, patting his woolly brow. Hermes intimated by means of frisking legs and tail that he would not try.

"I believe you are bewitched," said the girl, suddenly taking him up in her arms. "I believe you are some little changeling god, sent by your master Apollo to put his thoughts into my head."

He squirmed, and she put him down. Then she gave him a harmless slap on his fleecy side.

"But you are n't a good interpreter, Hermes. Some way, I think that his joyousness lies the other side of pain. He never ran away from hard things."

This was more than the lambkin could understand or bear, and he fled, hiding from her in the tall fern of a thicket in a corner of the field.

The days were drifting by too fast. Already the Contessa Accolanti had been away three weeks, and her letters held out no hope of an immediate return. Giacomo and Assunta were very sorry for their young mistress, not knowing how little she was sorry for herself, and they tried to entertain her. They had none of the hard exclusiveness of English servants, but admitted her generously to such of their family joys as she would share. Giacomo introduced her to the stables and the horses; Assunta initiated her into some of the mysteries of Italian cooking. Tommaso, the scullion, and Pia, the maid, stood by in grinning delight one day when the Contessa's sister learned to make macaroni.

"Now I know," said Daphne, after she had stood for half an hour under the smoke-browned walls of the kitchen, watching Assunta's manipulation of eggs and flour, the long kneading, the rolling out of a thin layer of dough, with the final cutting into thin strips: "to make Sunday and festal-day macaroni you take all the eggs there are, and mix them up with flour, and do all that to it; and then you boil it on the stove, and make a sauce for it out of everything there is in the house, bits of tomato, and parsley, and onion, and all kinds of meat. *È vero?*"

"*Si,*" said Assunta, marveling at the *patois* that the Signorina spoke, and wondering if it contained Indian words.

The very sight of the rows of utensils on the kitchen walls deepened the rebellious mood of this descendant of the Puritans.

"Even the pots and pans have lovely shapes," said Daphne wistfully, for the slender necks, the winning curves, the lines of shallow bowl and basin bore testimony to the fact that the meanest thought of this people was a thought of beauty. "I wonder why the Lord gave to them the curve, to us the angle?"

When the macaroni was finished, Assunta invited the Signorina to go with her to a little house set by itself on the sloping hill back of the kitchen.

"*È carin'*, eh?" demanded Assunta, as she opened the door.

Fragrance met them at the threshold, fragrance of fruit and of honey. The warm sun poured in through the dirty, cobwebbed window when Assunta lifted the shade. Ranged on shelves along the wall stood bottles of yellow oil: partly buried in the ground were numerous jars of wine, bottles and jars both keeping the beautiful Etruscan curves. On shallow racks were spread bunches of yellow and of purple grapes, and golden combs of honey gleamed from dusky corners.

"*Ecco!*" said Assunta, pointing to the wine jar from which she had been filling the bottle in her hand. "The holy cross! Does the Signorina see it?"

"*Si,*" said Daphne.

"And here also?" asked Assunta, pointing to another.

The girl nodded doubtfully. Two irregular scratches could, by imaginative vision, be translated into a cross.

"It 's on every one, Signorina," said Assunta triumphantly. "And nobody puts it there. It comes by itself."

"Really?" asked the girl.

"*Veramente,*" replied the peasant woman. "It has to, and not only here, but everywhere. You see, years and years ago, there were heathen spirits in the wine, and they made trouble when our Lord came. I have heard that the jars burst and the wine was wasted because the god of the wine was angry that the real God was born. And it lasted till San Pietro came and exorcised the wicked spirit, and he put a cross on a wine jar to keep him away. Since then, every wine jar bears somewhere the sign of the cross."

"What became of the poor god?" asked Daphne.

"He fled, I suppose to hell," answered Assunta piously.

"Poor heathen gods!" murmured Daphne.

The sunshine, flooding the little room, fell full on her face, and made red lights in her brown hair.

"There was a god of the sun, too, named Apollo," she said, warming her hands in level rays. "Was he banished too?"

Assunta shrugged her shoulders.

"Who knows? They dare not show their faces here since the Holy Father has blessed the land."

Hermes bleated at the door, and the trio descended the hill together, Assunta carrying a basket of grapes and a bottle of yellow oil, Daphne with a slender flask of red wine in her hand.

The next day the heavens opened, and rain poured down. The cascades above the villa became spouting waterfalls; the narrow path beside them a leaping brook. The rain had not the steady and persistent motion of well-conducted rain: it came in sheets, blown by sudden gusts against the windows, or driven in wild spurts among the cypresses. The world from the villa windows seemed one blur of watery green, with a thin gray veil of mist to hide it.

Daphne paced the mosaic floors in idleness, or spelled out the meaning of Petrarchan sonnets in an old vellum copy she had found in the library. Sometimes she sat brooding in one of the faded gilt and crimson chairs in the salon, by the diminutive fireplace where two or three tiny twigs burned out their lives in an Italian thought of heat.

What did a Greek god do when sunshine disappeared? she wondered. Or had the god of the sun gone away altogether, and was this deluge the result? The shepherd Antoli had been taken home, Giacomo assured her, but he was exceedingly reticent when asked who was herding the sheep, only shrugging his shoulders with a "*Chi lo sa?*"

On the second day of the rain Daphne saw that the flock had come near the house. From the dining-room window she could see the sheep, with water soaking into their thick wool. Some one was guarding them. With little streams dashing from the drooping felt hat to the sheepskin clad shoulders, the keeper stood, motionless in the pelting rain. The sheep ate greedily the wet, juicy grass, while the shepherd leaned on his staff and watched. Undoubtedly it was Antoli's peasant successor, Daphne thought, as she stood with her face to the dripping window pane. Then the shepherd turned, and she recognized, under the wet hat brim, the glowing color and undaunted smile of her masquerading god. Whether he saw her or not she could not tell, but she stood by the storm-washed window in her scarlet house gown, and watched, longing to give him shelter.

IX.

He came to her next through music, when the rain clouds had broken away. That divine whistle, mellow, mocking, irresistible, still was heard when morning lay on the hills. Often, when afternoon had touched all the air to gold, when the shadows of chestnut and cypress and gnarled olive lay long on the

grass, other sounds floated down to Daphne, music from some instrument that she did not know. It was no harp, surely, yet certain clear, ringing notes seemed to come from the sweeping of harp strings; again, it had all the subtle, penetrating melody of the violin. Whatever instrument gave it forth, it drew the girl's heart after it to wander its own way. When it was gay it won her feet to some dance measure, and all alone in the great empty rooms she would move to it with head thrown back and her whole body swaying in a new sense of rhythm. When it was sad, it set her heart to beating in great throbs, for then it begged and pleaded. There was need in it, a human cry that surely was not the voice of a god. It spoke out of a great yearning that answered to her own. Whether it was swift or slow she loved it, and waited for it day by day, thinking of Apollo and his harping to the muses nine.

So her old life and her old mood slipped away like a garment no longer needed: her days were set to melody, and her nights to pleasant dreams. The jangle of street cars and the twinges of conscience, the noises of her native city, and her heart searchings in the Little Church of All the Saints faded to the remoteness of a faint gray bar of cloud that makes the sunset brighter in the west. She went singing among the olives or past the fountain under the ilexes on the hill: duties and perplexities vanished in the clear sunshine and pleasant shadow of this golden world.

And all this meant that she had forgotten about the mails. She had ceased to long for letters containing good news, or to fear that one full of bad tidings would come, and every one knows that such a state of mind as this is serious. Now, when Assunta found her one morning, pacing the long, frescoed hall, by the side of the running water, and put a whole sheaf of letters into her hand, Daphne looked at them cautiously, and started to open one, then lost her courage and held them for a while to get used to them. Finally she went upstairs and changed her dress, putting on her short skirt and red felt hat, and walked out into the highway with Hermes skipping after her. She walked rapidly up the even way, under the high stone walls green with overhanging ivy and wistaria vines, and the lamb kept pace with her with his gay gallop, broken now and then by a sidelong leap of sheer joy up into the air. Presently she found a turning that she had not known before, marked by a little wayside shrine, and taking it, followed a narrow grass-grown road that curled about the side of a hill.

She read her father's letter first, walking slowly and smiling. If he were only here to share this wide beauty! Then she read her sister's, which was full of woeful exclamations and bad news. The sick man was slowly dying, and they could not leave him. Meanwhile she was desolated by thinking of her little sister. Of course she was safe, for Giacomo and Assunta were more trustworthy than the Italian government, but it must be very stupid, and she had meant to give Daphne such a gay time at the villa. She would write at once to some English friends at Lake Scala, ten miles away, to see if they could not do something to relieve her sister's solitude.

"To relieve my solitude!" gasped Daphne. "Oh, I am so afraid something will!"

There were several other letters, all from friends at home. One, in a great square envelope, addressed with an English scrawl, she dreaded, and she kept it for the last. When she did tear it open her face grew quite pale. There was much in it about duty and consecration, and much concerning two lives sacrificed to the same great ideal. It breathed thoughts of denial and of annihilation of self, and, — yes, Eustace took her at her word and was ready to welcome again the old relation. If she

would permit him, he would send back the ring.

Hermes hid behind a stone and dashed out at his mistress to surprise her, expecting to be chased as usual, but Daphne could not run. With heavy feet and downcast eyes she walked the green roadway, then, when her knees suddenly became weak, sat down on a stone and covered her face with her hands. She had not known until this moment how she had been hoping that two and two would not make four; she had not really believed that this could be the result of her letter of atonement. Her soul had traveled far since she wrote that letter, and it was hard to find the way back. Hiding the brown and purple distances of the Campagna came pictures of dim, candle-lighted spaces, of a thin face with a setting of black and white priestly garments, and in her ears was the sound of a voice endlessly intoning. It made up a vision of the impossible.

She sat there a long, long time, and when she wakened to a consciousness of where she was, it was a whining voice that roused her.

"Signorina, for the love of heaven, give me a few soldi, for I am starving."

Daphne looked up and was startled, and yet old beggar women were common enough sights here among the hills. This one had an evil look, with her cunning, half-shut eyes.

The girl shook her head.

"I have no money with me," she remarked.

"But Signorina, so young, so beautiful, surely she has money with her." A dirty brown hand came all too close to Daphne's face, and she sprang to her feet.

"I have spoken," she said severely, giving a little stamp. "I have none. Now go away."

The whining continued, unintermittent. The old woman came closer, and her hand touched the girl's skirt. Wrenching herself away, Daphne found herself in the grasp of two skinny arms, and an actual physical struggle began. The girl had no time for fear, and suddenly help came. A firm hand caught the woman's shoulder, and the victim was free.

"Are you hurt?" asked Apollo anxiously.

She shook her head, smiling.

"Frightened?"

"No. Don't you always rescue me?"

"But this is merest accident, my being here. It really is n't safe for you alone on these roads."

"I knew you were near."

"And yet, I have just this minute come round the hill. You could not possibly have seen me."

"I have ways of knowing," said Daphne, smiling demurely.

A faint little bleat interrupted them.

"Oh, oh!" cried the girl, "she is running away with Hermes!"

Never did Apollo move more swiftly than he did then; Daphne followed, with flying feet. He reached the beggar woman, held her, took the lamb with one hand from her and handed it to Daphne. There followed a scene which the girl remembered afterward with a curious sense of misgiving and of question. The thief gave one glance at the beautiful, angry face of the man, then fell at his feet, groveling and beseeching. What she was saying the girl did not know, but her face and figure bore a look of more than mortal fear.

"What does she think him?" murmured the girl. Then she turned away with him, and, with the lamb at their heels, they walked together back along the grassy road.

"You look very serious," remarked her protector. "You are sure it is not fright?"

She shook her head, holding up her bundle of letters.

"Bad news?"

"No, good," she answered, smiling bravely.

"I hope good news will be infre-

quent," he answered. "You look like Iphigenia going to be sacrificed."

"Well, I 'll admit that there is a problem," said the girl. "There 's a question about my doing something."

"And you know it must be right to do it because you hate it?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Don't you think so, too? Now when you answer," she added triumphantly, "I shall know what kind of god you are."

They had reached the turning of the ways, and he stopped, as if intending to leave her.

"I cannot help you," he said sadly, "for I do not know the case. Only, I think it is best not to decide by any abstruse rule. Life is life's best teacher, and out of one's last experience comes insight for the next. But don't be too sure that duty and unhappiness are one."

She left him, standing by the little wayside shrine with a queer look on his face. A tortured Christ hung there, casting the shadow of pain upon the passers-by. The expression in the brown eyes of the heathen god haunted her all the way down the hill, and throughout the day: they seemed to understand, and yet be glad.

X.

It was nine o'clock as the Signorina descended the stairs. Through the open doorway morning met her, crisp and cool, with sunshine touching grass and green branch, still wet with dew. The very footfalls of the girl on the shallow marble steps were eager and expectant, and her face was gayer than those of the nymphs in the frescoes on the wall. At the bottom of the stairs, Giacomo met her, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Bertuccio has returned," he announced.

"*Si, si,* Signorina," came the voice of Assunta, who was pushing her way through the dining-room door behind Giacomo. She had on her magenta Sunday shawl, and the color of her wrinkled cheeks almost matched it.

"What is Bertuccio?" asked the girl. "A kitten?"

"A kitten!" gasped Assunta.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" swore Giacomo.

Then the two brown ones devoted mind and body to explanation. Giacomo gesticulated and waved the napkin he had in his hand; Assunta shook her black silk apron: and they both spoke at once.

"*Il mio Bertuccio!* It is my little son, Signorina, and my only, and the Signorina has never seen his like. When he was three years old he wore clothing for five years, and now he is six inches taller than his father."

This and much more said Assunta, and she said it as one word. Giacomo, keeping pace and giving syllable for syllable, remarked: —

"It is our Bertuccio who has been working in a tunnel in the Italian Alps, and has come home for rest. He is engineer, Signorina, and has genius. And before he became this he was guide here in the mountains, and he knows every path, every stone, every tree."

"What?" asked Daphne feebly.

Then, in a multitude of words that darkened knowledge, they said it all over again. Bertuccio, the light of their eyes, the sole hope of their old age, had come home. He could be the Signorina's guide among the hills, being very strong, very trusty, *molto forte, molto fedele.*

"Oh, I know!" cried the Signorina, with a sudden light in her face. "Bertuccio is your son!"

"*Si, si, si,* Signorina!" exclaimed Giacomo and Assunta together, ushering her into the dining-room.

"It is the blessed saints who have managed it," added Assunta devoutly. "A wreath of flowers from Rome, all gauze and spangles, will I lay at the shrine of our Lady, and there shall be

a long red ribbon to say my thanks in letters of gold."

The hope of the house was presented to the Signorina after breakfast. He was a broad-shouldered, round-headed offshoot of Italian soil, with honest brown eyes like those of both father and mother. It was a face to be trusted, Daphne knew, and when, recovering from the embarrassment caused by his parents' pride in him, he blurted out the fact that he had already been to the village that morning to find a little donkey for the Signorina's wider journeyings, the girl welcomed the plan with delight. Grinning with pride Bertuccio disappeared among the stables, and presently returned, leading an *asinetto*. It was a little, dun-colored thing, wearing a red-tasseled bridle, and a small sheepskin saddle with red girth, but all the gay trappings could not soften the old primeval sadness of the donkey's face, under his long, questioning ears. So Daphne won palfrey and cavalier.

In the succeeding days the two jogged for hours together over the mountain roads. Now they followed some grassy path climbing gently upward to the site of a buried town, where only mound and gray fragment of stone marked garden and forum. Here was a bit of wall, with a touch of gay painting mouldering on an inner surface, Venus, in robe of red, rising from a daintily suggested sea in lines of green. They gathered fragments of old mosaic floor in their hands, blue lapis lazuli, yellow bits of giallo antico, red porphyry, trodden by gay feet and sad, unnumbered years ago. They found broken pieces of iridescent glass that had fallen, perhaps, from shattered wine cups of the emperors, and all these treasures Bertuccio stored away in his wide pockets. Again, they climbed gracious heights and looked down over slopes and valleys, where deep grass grew over rich, crumbling earth, deposit of dead volcanoes, or saw, circled by soft green hills, some mountain lake, reflecting the perfect blue of Italian sky.

Bertuccio usually walked behind; Daphne rode on ahead, with the sun burning her cheeks, and the air, fragrant with the odor of late ripening grapes on the upper hillsides, bringing intoxication. She seemed to herself so much a thing of falling rain, rich earth, and wakening sunshine, that she would not have been surprised to find the purple bloom of those same grapes gathering on her cheeks, or her soft wisps of hair curling into tendrils, or spreading into green vine leaves. They usually came home in the splendor of sunset, tired, happy, the red of Daphne's felt hat, the gorgeousness of Bertuccio's blue trousers and yellow waistcoat lighting the gloom of the cool, green-shaded ways. Hermes always ran frisking to meet them, outstripping by his swiftness the slow plodding of the little ass. Perhaps the lambkin felt the shadow of a certain neglect through these long absences, but at least he was generous and loved his rival. Quitting the kitchen and dining-room, he chose for his portion the pasture where the donkey grazed, in silence and in sadness, and frisked dangerously near his comrade's heels. For all his melancholy, the *asinetto* was not insensible to caresses, and at night, when the lamb cuddled close to him as the two lay in the grass in the darkness, would curl his nose round now and then protectingly to see how this small thing fared.

So Daphne kept forgetting, forgetting, and nothing recalled her to her perplexity, except her donkey. San Pietro Martire she named him, for on his face was written the patience and the suffering of the saints. Some un-Italian sense of duty stiffened his hard little legs, gave rigid strength to his back. Willing to trudge on with his load, willing to rest, carrying his head a little bent, blinking mournfully at the world from under the drab hair on his forehead, San Pietro stood as a type of the disciplined and chastened soul. His very way of cropping the grass had some-

thing ascetic in it, reminding his mistress of Eustace at a festive dinner.

"San Pietro, San Pietro," said Daphne one day, when Bertuccio was plodding far in the rear, whistling as he followed, "San Pietro, must I do it?"

There was a drooping forward of the ears, a slight bending of the head, as the little beast put forth more strength to meet the difficulty of rising ground.

"San Pietro, do you know what you are advising? Do you at all realize what it is to be a clergyman's wife?"

The steady straining of the donkey's muscles seemed to say that, to whatever station in life it pleased Providence to call him, he would think only of duty.

Then Daphne alighted and sat on a stone, with the donkey's face to hers, taking counsel of those long ears which were always eloquent, whether pricked forward in expectation or laid back in wrath.

"San Pietro, if I should give it up, and stay here and live, — for I never knew before what living is, — if I should just try to keep this sunshine and these great spaces of color, what would you think of me?"

Eyes, ears, and the tragic corners of the mouth revealed the thought of this descendant of the bearers of burdens for all the earth's thousands of years.

"Little beast, little beast," said Daphne, burying her face in the brownish fuzz of his neck, and drying her eyes there, "you are the one thing in this land of beauty that links me with home. You are the Pilgrim Fathers and the Catechism in one! You are the Puritan Conscience made visible! I will do it; I promise."

San Pietro Martire looked round with mild inquiry on his face as to the meaning and the purpose of caresses in a hard world like this.

XI.

Bertuccio sprawled on his stomach on the grassy floor of the presence chamber in a palace of the Cæsars', kicking with one idle foot a bit of stone that had once formed the classic nose of a god. San Pietro Martire was quietly grazing in the long spaces of the Philosophers' Hall, nibbling deftly green blades of grass that grew at the bases of the broken pillars. Near by lay the old amphitheatre, with its roof of blue sky, and its rows of grassy seats, circling a level stage and pit, and rising, one above another, in irregular outlines of green. Here, in the spot on which the central royal seat had once been erected, sat Daphne on her Scotch plaid steamer blanket: her head was leaning back against the turf, her lips were slightly parted, her eyes half closed. She thought that she was meditating on the life that had gone on in this imperial villa well-nigh two thousand years ago: its banquets, its philosophers' disputes, its tragedies and comedies played here with tears and laughter. In reality she was half asleep.

They were only a half mile from home, measuring by a straight line through the intervening hill; in time they were two hours away. San Pietro had climbed gallantly, with little silvery bells tinkling at his ears, to the summit of the mountain, and had descended, with conviction and with accuracy, planting firm little hard hoofs in the slippery path where the dark soil bore a coating of green grass and moss. For all their hard morning's work they were still on the confines of the Villa Gianelli, whose kingdom was partly a kingdom of air and mountain.

Drowsing there in the old theatre in the sun, Daphne presently saw, stepping daintily through one of the entrances at the side, an audience of white sheep. They overspread the stage, cropping as they went. They climbed the green encircling seats, leaping up or down, where a softer tuft of grass invited. They broke the dreamy silence with the muffled sound of their hoofs, and an occasional bleat.

The girl knew them now. She had seen before the brown-faced twins, both wearing tiny horns; they always kept together. She knew the great white ewe with a blue ribbon on her neck, and the huge ram with twisted horns that made her half afraid. Would he mind Scotch plaid, she wondered, as he raised his head and eyed her? She sat alert, ready for swift flight up the slope behind her in case of attack, but he turned to his pasture in the pit with the air of one ready to waive trifles, and the girl leaned back again.

When Apollo, the keeper of sheep, entered, Daphne received his greeting with no surprise: even if he had come without these forerunners she would have known that he was near. It was she who broke the silence as he approached.

"A theatre seems a singularly appropriate place for you and your flock," she remarked. "You make a capital actor."

There was no laughter in his eyes today, and he did not answer. A wistful look veiled the triumphant gladness of his face.

"They did n't play pastorals in olden time, did they?" asked Daphne.

"No," he answered, "they lived them. When they had forgotten how to do that they began to act."

He took a flute from his pocket and began to play. A cry rang out through the gladness of the notes, and it brought tears to the girl's eyes. He stopped, seeing them there, and put the flute back into his pocket.

"Did you take my advice the other day?" he asked.

"The advice was very general," said Daphne. "I presume an oracle's always is. No, I did not follow it."

"Antigone, Antigone," he murmured.

"Why Antigone?" demanded the girl.

"Because your duty is dearer to you than life, and love."

"Please go down there," said the girl imperiously, "and play Antigone for me. Make me see it and feel it. I have been sitting here for an hour wishing that I could realize here a tragedy of long ago."

He bowed submissively.

"Commands from Cæsar's seat must always be obeyed," he observed. "Do you know Greek, Antigone?"

She nodded.

"I know part of this play by heart," she faltered. "My father taught me Greek words when I was small enough to ride his foot."

He stepped down among the sheep to the grassy stage, laying aside his hat and letting the sun sparkle on his bright hair. The odd sheepskin coat lent a touch of grotesqueness to his beauty as he began.

"'Nay, be thou what thou wilt; but I will bury him: well for me to die in doing that. I shall rest, a loved one with him whom I have loved, sinless in my crime; for I owe a longer allegiance to the dead than to the living: in that world I shall abide forever.'"

Slow, full, and sweet the words came, beating like music on the girl's heart. All the sorrow of earth seemed gathered up in the undertones, all its hunger and thirst for life and love: in it rang the voice of a will as strong as death and strong as love.

The sheep lifted their heads and looked on anxiously, as if for a moment even the heart of a beast were touched by human sorrow. From over the highest ridge of this green amphitheatre San Pietro looked down with the air of one who had nothing more to learn of woe. Apollo stood in the centre of the stage, taking one voice, then another: now the angry tone of the tyrant, Creon, now the wail of the chorus, hurt but undecided, then breaking into the unspeakable sweetness and firmness of Antigone's tones. The sheep went back to their nibbling; San Pietro trotted away with his jingling bells, but

Daphne sat with her face leaning on her hands, and slow tears trickling over her fingers.

The despairing lover's cry broke in on Antigone's sorrow; Hæmon, "bitter for the baffled hope of his marriage," pleaded with his father Creon for his beloved's life. Into his arguments for mercy and justice crept that cry of the music on the hills that had sounded through lonely hours in Daphne's ears. It was the old call of passion, pleading, imperious, irresistible, and the girl on Cæsar's seat answered to it as harp strings answer to the master's hand. The wail of Antigone seemed to come from the depths of her own being: —

"Bear me witness, in what sort, unwept of friends, and by what laws I pass to the rock-closed prison of my strange tomb, ah me unhappy! . . . No bridal bed, no bridal song hath been mine, no joy of marriage."

The sun hung low above the encircling hills when the lover's last cry sounded in the green theatre, drowning grief in triumph as he chose death with his beloved before all other good. Then there was silence, while the round, golden sun seemed resting in a red-gold haze on the hilltop, and Daphne, sitting with closed eyes, felt the touch of two hands upon her own.

"Did you understand?" asked a voice that broke in its tenderness.

She nodded, with eyes still closed, for she dared not trust them open. He bent and kissed her hands, where the tears had fallen on them, then, turning, called his sheep. Three minutes later there was no trace of him or of them: they had vanished as if by magic, leaving silence and shadow. The girl climbed the hill toward home on San Pietro's back, shaken, awed, afraid.

XII.

If Bertuccio had but shown any signs of having seen her companion of yesterday, Daphne's bewilderment would have been less; but to keep meeting a being who claimed to belong to another world, who came and went, invisible, it would seem, when he chose, to other eyes except her own, might well rouse strange thoughts in the mind of a girl cut off from her old life in the world of commonplace events. To be sure, the shepherd Antoli had seen him, but had spoken of him voluntarily as a mysterious creature, one of the blessed saints come down to aid the sick. The beggar woman had seen him, but had fallen prostrate at his feet as in awe of supernatural presence. When the wandering god had talked across the hedge the eyes of Giacomo and Assunta had apparently been holden; and now Bertuccio, whose ears were keen, and whose eyes, in their lazy Italian fashion, saw more than they ever seemed to, Bertuccio had been all the afternoon within a stone's throw of the place where the god had played to her, and Bertuccio gave no sign of having seen a man. She eyed him questioningly as they started out the next morning on their way to the ruins of some famous baths on the mountain facing them.

There was keenness in the autumn air that morning, but the green slopes far and near bore no trace of flaming color or of decay, as in fall at home; it was rather like a glimpse of some cool, eternal spring. A stream of water trickled down under thick grass at the side of the road, and violets grew there.

"San Pietro!" said Daphne, with a little tug at the bridle. The long ears were jerked hastily back to hear what was to come. "I know you disapprove of me, for you saw it all."

The ears kept that position in which any one who has ever loved a donkey recognizes scathing criticism. Daphne fingered one of them with her free hand.

"It is only on your back that I feel any strength of mind," she added. "When I am by myself something seems sweeping me away, as the tides sweep

driftwood out to sea; but here, resolution crawls up through my body. We must be a new kind of centaur, San Pietro."

Suddenly her face went down between his ears.

"But if you and I united do drive him away, what shall we do, — afterwards?"

"Signorina!" called Bertuccio, running up behind them. "Look! The olives pick themselves."

At a turn in the road the view had opened. There, in a great orchard on the side of the hill, the peasants were gathering olives before the coming of the frost. There were scores of pickers wearing great gay-colored aprons in which they placed the olives as they gathered them from the trees. Ladders leaned against knotty tree trunks; baskets filled with the green fruit stood on the ground. Ladder and basket suggested the apple orchards of her native land, but the motley colors of kerchief and apron, yellow, magenta, turquoise, and green, and the gray of the eternal olive trees with the deep blue of the sky behind them, recalled her to the enchanted country where she was fast losing the landmarks of home.

"Signorina Daphne," said Bertuccio, speaking slowly as to a child, "did you ever hear them tell of the maiden on the hills up here who was carried away by a god?"

Daphne turned swiftly and tried to read his face. It was no less expressionless than usual.

"No," she answered. "Tell me. I am fond of stories."

They were climbing the winding road again, leaving the olive pickers behind. Bertuccio walked near, holding the donkey's tail to steady his steps.

"It was long ago, ages and ages. Her father had the care of an olive orchard that was old, older than our Lord," said Bertuccio, devoutly crossing himself. "There was one tree in it that was enormously big, as large as this, — see the measure of my arms. It was open and hollow, but growing as olives will when there is every reason why they should be dead. One night the family were eating their *polenta* — has the Signorina tasted our *polenta?* It makes itself from chestnuts, and it is very good. I must speak to my mother to offer some to the Signorina. Well, the door opened without any knocking, and a stranger stood there: he was young, and beyond humanity, beautiful."

Bertuccio paused; the girl felt slow red climbing to her cheek. She dared not look behind, yet she would have given half her possessions to see the expression of his face. Leaning forward, she played with the red tassels at San Pietro's ears.

"Go on! go on!" she commanded. "*Avanti!*"

San Pietro thought that the words were meant for him, and indeed they were more appropriate here for donkey than for man.

"He sat with them and shared their *polenta,*" continued Bertuccio, walking more rapidly to keep up with San Pietro's quickened step. "And he made them all afraid. It was not that he had any terrible look, or that he did anything strange, only, each glance, each motion told that he was more than merely man. And he looked at the maiden with eyes of love, and she at him," said Bertuccio, lacking art to keep his hearer in suspense. "She too was beautiful, as beautiful, perhaps, as the Signorina," continued the story-teller.

Daphne looked at him sharply: did he mean any further comparison? There were hot waves now on neck and face, and her heart was beating furiously.

"He came often, and he always met the maiden by the hollow tree: it was large enough for them to stand inside. And her father and mother were troubled, for they knew he was a god, not one of our faith, Signorina, but one of

the older gods who lived here before the coming of our Lord. One day as he stood there by the tree and was kissing the maiden on her mouth, her father came, very angry, and scolded her, and defied the god, telling him to go away and never show his face there again. And then, he never knew how it happened, for the stranger did not touch him, but he fell stunned to the ground, with a queer flash of light in his eyes. When he woke, the stars were shining over him, and he crawled home. But the maiden was gone, and they never saw her any more, Signorina. Whether it was for good or for ill, she had been carried away by the god. People think that they disappeared inside the tree, for it closed up that night, and it never opened again. Sometimes they thought they heard voices coming from it, and once or twice, cries and sobs of a woman. Maybe she is imprisoned there and cannot get out: it would be a terrible fate, would it not, Signorina? Me, I think it is better to fight shy of the heathen gods."

Bertuccio's white teeth showed in a broad smile, but no scrutiny on Daphne's part could tell her whether he had told his story for pleasure merely, or for warning. She rode on in silence, realizing, as she had not realized before, how far this peasant stock reached back into the elder days of the ancient world.

"Do you think that your story is true, Bertuccio?" she asked, as they came in sight of the grass-grown mounds of the buried watering-place toward which their steps were bent.

"*Ma che!*" answered Bertuccio, shrugging his shoulders, and snapping his fingers meaningly. "Much is true that one does not see, and one cannot believe all that one does see."

Daphne started. What *had* he seen?

"Besides," added Bertuccio, "there is proof of this. My father's father saw the olive tree, and it was quite closed."

XIII.

Over the shallow tufa basin of the great fountain on the hill Daphne stood gazing into the water. She had sought the deep shadow of the ilex trees, for the afternoon was warm, an almost angry summer heat having followed yesterday's coolness. Her yellow gown gleamed like light against the dull brown of the stone and the dark moss-touched trunks of the trees. Whether she was looking at the tufts of fern and of grass that grew in the wet basin, or whether she was studying her own beauty reflected there, no one could tell, not even Apollo, who had been watching her for some time.

Into his eyes as he looked leaped a light like the flame of the sunshine beyond the shadows on the hill; swiftly he stepped forward and kissed the girl's shoulder where the thin yellow stuff of her dress showed the outward curve to the arm. She turned and faced him, without a word. There was no need of speech: anger battled with unconfessed joy in her changing face.

"How dare you?" she said presently, when she had won her lips to curves of scorn. "The manners of the gods seem strange to mortals."

"I love you," he answered simply.

Then there was no sound save that of the water, dropping over the edge of the great basin to the soft grass beneath.

"Can't you forgive me?" he asked humbly. "I am profoundly sorry; only, my temptation was superhuman."

"I had thought that you were that too," said the girl in a whisper.

"There is no excuse, I know; there is only a reason. I love you, little girl. I love your questioning eyes, and your firm mouth, and your smooth brown hair" —

"Stop!" begged Daphne, putting out her hands. "You must not say such things to me, for I am not free to hear them. I must go away," and

she turned toward home. But he grasped one of the outstretched hands and drew her to the stone bench near the fountain, and then seated himself near her side.

"Now tell me what you mean," he said quietly.

"I mean," she answered, with her eyes cast down, "that two years ago I promised to love some one else. I must not even hear what you are trying to say to me."

"I think, Miss Willis," he said gently, "that you should have told me this before."

"How could I?" begged the girl. "When could I have done it? Why should I?"

"I do not know," he answered wearily; "only, perhaps it might have spared me some shade of human anguish."

"Human?" asked Daphne, almost smiling.

"No, no, no," he interrupted, not hearing her. "It would not have done any good, for I have loved you from the first minute when I saw your blue drapery flutter in your flight from me. Some deeper sense than mortals have told me that every footstep was falling on my sleeping heart and waking it to life. You were not running away; in some divine sense you were coming toward me. Daphne, Daphne, I cannot let you go!"

The look in the girl's startled eyes was his only answer. By the side of this sun-browned face, in its beauty and its power, rose before her a vision of Eustace Denton, pale, full-lipped, with an ardor for nothingness in his remote blue eyes. How could she have known, in those old days before her revelation came, that faces like this were on the earth: how could she have dreamed that glory of life like this was possible?

In the great strain of the moment they both grew calm and Daphne told him her story, as much of it as she thought it wise for him to know. Her later sense of misgiving, the breaking of the engagement, the penitence that had led to a renewal of the bonds, she concealed from him; but he learned of the days of study and of quiet work in the shaded corners of her father's library, and of those gayer days and evenings when the figure of the young ascetic had seemed to the girl to have a peculiar saving grace, standing in stern contrast to the social background of her life.

He thanked her, when she had finished, and he watched her, with her background of misty blue distance, sitting where the shadow of the ilexes brought out the color of her scarlet lips and deep gray eyes.

"Daphne," he said presently, "you have told me much about this man, but you have not told me that you love him. You do not speak of him as a woman speaks of the man who makes her world for her. You defend him, you explain him, you plead his cause, and it must be that you are pleading it with yourself, for I have brought no charge, that you must defend him to me. Do you love him?"

She did not answer.

"Look at me!" he insisted. Her troubled eyes turned toward his, but dared not stay, and the lashes fell again.

"Do not commit the crime of marrying a man you do not love," he pleaded.

"But," said the girl slowly, "even if I gave him up I might not care for you."

"Dear," he said softly, "you do love me. Is it not so?"

She shook her head, but her face belied her.

"I have waited, waited for you," he pleaded, in that low tone to which her being vibrated as to masterful music, "so many lifetimes! I have found you out at last!"

"How long?" she asked willfully.

"Æons," he answered. "Since the

foundation of the world. I have waited, and now that I have found you I will not let you go. I will not let you go!"

She looked at him with wide-opened eyes: a solemn fear possessed her. Was it Bertuccio's story of yesterday that filled her with foreboding? Hardly. Rather it seemed a pleasant thought that he and she should feel the bark of one of these great trees closing round them, and should have so beautiful a screen of brown bark and green moss to hide their love from all the world. No, no fear could touch the thought of any destiny with him: she was afraid only of herself.

"You are putting a mere nothing between us," the voice went on. "You are pretending that there is an obstacle when there is none, really."

"Only another man's happiness," murmured the girl.

"I doubt if he knows what happiness is," said Apollo. "Forgive me, but will he not be as happy with his altar candles and his chants without you? Does he not care more for the abstract cause for which he is working than for you? Has n't he missed the simple meaning of human life, and can anything teach it to him?"

"How did you know?" asked Daphne, startled.

"The gods should divine some things that are not told! Besides, I know the man," he answered, smiling, but Daphne did not hear. She had leaned back and closed her eyes. The warm, sweet air, with its odor of earth, wooed her; the little breeze that made so faint a rustle in the ilex leaves touched her cheek like quick, fluttering kisses. The rhythmical drops from the fountain seemed falling to the music of an old order of things, some simple, elemental way of loving that made harmony through all life. Could love, that had meant only duty, have anything to do with this great joy in mere being, which turned the world to gold?

"I must, I must win you," came the voice again, and it was like a cry. "Loving with more than human love, I will not be denied!"

She opened her eyes and watched him: the whole, firmly-knit frame in the brown golf-suit was quivering.

"It has never turned out well," she said lightly, "when the sons of the gods married with the daughters of men."

Perhaps he would have rebuked her for the jest, but he saw her face.

"I offer you all that man or god can offer," he said, standing before her. "I offer you the devotion of a whole life. Will you take it?"

"I will not break my promise," said the girl, rising. Her eyes were level with his. She found such power in them that she cried out against it in sudden anger.

"Why do you tempt me so? Why do you come and trouble my mind and take away my peace? Who are you? What are you?"

"If you want a human name for me" — he answered.

She raised her hand swiftly to stop him.

"No, don't!" she said. "I do not want to know. Don't tell me anything, for the mystery is part of the beauty of you."

A shaft of golden sunlight pierced the ilex shade and smote her forehead as she stood there.

"Apollo, the sun god," she said, smiling, as she turned and left him alone.

XIV.

Overhead was a sky of soft, dusky blue, broken by the clear light of the stars: all about were the familiar walks of the villa garden, mysterious now in the darkness, and seeming to lead into infinite space. The lines of aloe, fig, and palm stood like shadows guarding a world of mystery. Daphne, wandering alone in the garden at midnight,

half exultant, half afraid, stepped noiselessly along the pebbled walks with a feeling that that world was about to open for her. Ahead, through an arch where the thick foliage of the ilexes had been cut to leave the way clear for the passer-by, a single golden planet shone low in the west, and the garden path led to it.

Daphne had been unable to sleep, for sleeplessness had become a habit during the past week. Whether she was too happy or too unhappy she could not tell: she only knew that she was restless and smothering for air and space. Hastily dressing, she had stolen on tiptoe down the broad stairway by the running water and out into the night, carrying a tiny Greek lamp with a single flame, clear, as only the flame of olive oil can be. She had put the lamp down in the doorway and it was burning there now, a beacon to guide her footsteps when she wanted to return. Meanwhile, the air was cool on throat and forehead and on her open palms: she had no wish to go in.

Here was a fountain whose jets of water, blown high from the mouths of merry dolphins, fell in spray in a great stone basin where mermaids waited for the shower to touch bare shoulders and bended heads. The murmur of the water, mingled with the murmur of unseen live things, and the melody of night touched the girl's discordant thoughts to music. Of what avail, after all, was her fierce struggle for duty? Here were soft shadows, and great spaces, and friendly stars.

Of course her lover-god, Apollo, was gone. She had known the other day when she left him on the hill that she would not see him again, for the look of his face had told her that. Of course, it was better so. Now, everything would go on as had been intended. Anna would come home; after this visit was over, there would be New York again, and Eustace. Yes, she was brave to share his duty with him, and the years would not be long. And always these autumn days would be shining through the dark hours of her life, these perfect days of sunshine without shadow. Of their experiences she need not even tell, for she was not sure that it had actually been real. She would keep it as a sacred memory that was half a dream.

She was walking now by the rows of tall chrysanthemums, and she reached out her fingers to touch them, for she could almost feel their deep yellow through her finger-tips. It was like taking counsel of them, and they, like all nature, were wise. Cypress and acacia and palm stood about like strong comforters; help came from the tangled vines upon the garden wall, from the matted periwinkle on the ground at her feet, and the sweet late roses, blossoming in the dark.

Yes, he was gone, and the beauty and the power of him had vanished. It was better so, she kept saying to herself, her thoughts, no matter where they wandered, coming persistently back, as if the idea, so obviously true, needed proving after all. The only thing was, she would have liked to see him just once more to show him how invincible she was. He had taken her by surprise that day upon the hill, and had seen what she had not meant to tell. Now, if she could confront him once, absolutely unshaken, could tell him her decision, give him words of dismissal in a voice that had no tremor in it, as her voice had had the other day, that would be a satisfactory and triumphant parting for one who had come badly off. Her shoulder burned yet where he had kissed it, and yet she was not angry. He must have known that day how little she was vexed. If she could only see him once again, she said wistfully to herself, to show him how angry she was, all would be well.

Daphne had wandered to the great stone gate that led out upon the highway, and was leaning her forehead against a moss-grown post, when she heard a sud-

den noise. Then the voice of San Pietro Martire broke the stillness of the night, and Daphne, listening, thought she heard a faint sound of bleating. Hermes was calling her, and Hermes was in danger. Up the long avenue she ran toward the house, and, seizing the tiny lamp at the doorway, sped up the slope toward the inclosure where the two animals grazed, the flame making a trail of light like that of a firefly moving swiftly in the darkness. The bray rang out again, but there was no second sound of bleating. Inside the pasture gate she found the donkey anxiously sniffing at something that lay in the grass. Down on her knees went Daphne, for there lay Hermes stretched out on his side, with traces of blood at his white throat.

The girl put down her lamp and lifted him in her arms. Some cowardly dog had done this thing, and had run away on seeing her, or hearing her unfasten the gate. She put one finger on the woolly bosom, but the heart was not beating. The lamb's awkward legs were stretched out quite stiffly, and his eyes were beginning to glaze. Two tears dropped on the fat white side; then Daphne bent and kissed him. Looking up, she saw San Pietro gazing on with the usual grief of his face intensified. It was as if he understood that the place at his back where the lamb had cuddled every night must go cold henceforward.

"We must bury him, San Pietro," said Daphne presently. "Come help me find a place."

She put the lambkin gently down upon the ground, and, rising, started, with one arm over San Pietro's neck, to find a burial place for the dead. The donkey followed willingly, for he permitted himself to love his lady with a controlled but genuine affection; and together they searched by the light of the firefly lamp. At last Daphne halted by a diminutive cypress, perhaps two feet high, and announced that she was content.

The tool-house was not far away. Investigating, she found, as she had hoped, that the door was not locked. Arming herself with a hoe she came back, and, under the light of southern stars, dug a little grave in the soft, dark earth, easily loosened in its crumbling richness. Then she took the lamp and searched in the deep thick grass for flowers, coming back with a mass of pink-tipped daisies gathered in her skirt. The sight of the brown earth set her to thinking: there ought to be some kind of shroud. Near the tool-house grew a laurel tree, she remembered, and from that she stripped a handful of green, glossy leaves, to spread upon the bottom of the grave. This done, she bore the body of Hermes to his resting-place, and strewed the corpse with pink daisies.

"Should he have Christian or heathen burial?" she asked, smiling. "This seems to be a place where the two faiths meet. I think neither. He must just be given back to Mother Nature."

She heaped the sod over him with her own hands, and fitted neatly together some bits of turf. Then she took up her lamp to go. San Pietro, tired of ceremony, was grazing in the little circle of light.

"To-morrow," said Daphne, as she went down the hill, "he will be eating grass from Hermes' grave."

XV.

The shadow of branching palms fell on the Signorina's hair and hands as she sat at work near the fountain in the garden weaving a great wreath of wild cyclamen and of fern gathered from the hillside. Assunta was watching her anxiously, her hands resting on her hips.

"It 's a poor thing to offer the Madonna," she said at length, "just common things that grow."

Daphne only smiled at her and went on weaving white cord about the stems under green fronds where it could not be seen.

"I was ready to buy a wreath of beautiful gauze flowers from Rome," ventured Assunta, "all colors, red and yellow and purple. I have plenty of silver for it upstairs in a silk bag. Our Lady will think I am not thankful, though the blessed saints know I was never so thankful in my life as I was for Bertuccio's coming home when he did."

"The Madonna will know," said Daphne. "She will like this better than anything else."

"Are you sure?" asked Assunta dubiously.

"Yes," asserted the girl, laughing. "She told me so!"

The audacity of the remark had an unexpected effect on the peasant woman. Assunta crossed herself.

"Perhaps she did! Perhaps she did! And do you think she does not mind my waiting?"

"No," answered Daphne gravely. "She knows that you have been very busy taking care of me."

Assunta trotted away, apparently content, to consult Giacomo about dinner. The girl went on working with busy fingers, the shadow of her lashes on her cheek. As she worked her thoughts wove for her the one picture that they made always for her now: Apollo standing on the hillside under the ilexes with the single ray of sunshine touching his face. All the rest of her life kept fading, leaving the minutes of that afternoon alone distinct. And it was ten days ago!

Presently Giacomo came hurrying down the path toward her, dangling his white apron by its string as he ran.

"Signorina!" he called breathlessly. "Would the Signorina, when she has finished that, graciously make another wreath?"

"Certainly. For you?"

"Not for me," he answered mysteriously, drawing nearer. "Not for me, but for Antoli, the shepherd who herds the flock of Count Gianelli. He has seen from the window the Signorina making a wreath for our Lady, and he too wants to present her with a thank-offering for the miracle she wrought for him. But will the Signorina permit him to come and tell her?"

Even while Giacomo was speaking Daphne saw the man slowly approaching, urged on apparently by encouraging gestures from Assunta, who was standing at the corner of the house. A thrill went through the girl's nerves as she saw the rough brown head of the peasant rising above the sheepskin coat that the shepherd-god had worn. Unless miracle had made another like it, it was the very same, even to the peculiar jagged edge where it met in front.

Antoli's expression was foolish and ashamed, but at Giacomo's bidding he began a recital of his recent experiences. The girl strained her ears to listen, but hardly a word of this dialect of the Roman hills was intelligible to her. The gesture wherewith the shepherd crossed himself, and his devout pointing to the sky were all she really understood.

Then Giacomo translated.

"Because he was ill — but the Signorina knows the story — the blessed Saint Sebastian came down to him and guarded the sheep, and he went home and became well, miraculously well. See how he is recovered from his fever! It was our Lady who wrought it all. Now he comes back and all his flock is there: not one is missing, but all are fat and flourishing. Does not the Signorina believe that it was some one from another world who helped him?"

"*Si*," answered Daphne, looking at the sheepskin coat.

"No one has seen the holy saint except himself, but the blessed one has appeared again to him. Antoli came back, afraid that the sheep were scattered, afraid of being dismissed. He found his little tent in order; food was there, and better food than shepherds have, eggs and wine and bread. While he waited the blessed one himself came,

with light shining about his hair. He brought back the coat that he had worn: see, is it not proof that he was there?"

"The coat was a new one," interrupted the shepherd.

Giacomo repeated, and went on.

"He smiled and talked most kindly, and when he went away — the Signorina understands?"

Daphne nodded.

"He gave his hand to Antoli," said Giacomo breathlessly.

"I will make the wreath," said the Signorina smiling. "It shall be of these," and she held up a handful of pink daisies, mingled with bits of fern and ivy leaves. "Assunta shall take it to the church when she takes hers. I rejoice that you are well," she added, turning to Antoli with a polite sentence from the phrase-book.

As she worked on after they were gone, Assunta came to her again.

"The Signorina heard?" she asked.

"*Si.* Is the story true?" asked Daphne.

Assunta's eyes were full of hidden meaning.

"The Signorina ought to know."

"Why?"

"Has not the Signorina seen the blessed one herself?" she asked.

"I?" said Daphne, starting.

"The night the lambkin was hurt, did not the Signorina go out in great distress, and did not the blessed one come to her aid?"

"*Ma che!*" exclaimed Daphne faintly, falling back upon Assunta's vocabulary in her astonishment.

"I have told no one, not even Giacomo," said Assunta, "but I saw it all. The noise had wakened me, and I followed, but I stopped when I saw that the divine one was there. Only I watched from the clump of cypress trees."

"Where was he?" asked Daphne with unsteady voice.

"Beyond the laurel trees," said Assunta. "Did not the Signorina see?"

The girl shook her head.

"How did you know that he was one of the divine?" she asked.

"Can I not tell the difference between mortal man and one of them?" cried the peasant woman scornfully. "It was the shining of his face, and the light about his hair, Signorina. Every look and every motion showed that he was not of this world. Besides, how could I see him in the dark if he were not the blessed Saint Sebastian? And who sent the dog away if it was not he?" she added triumphantly.

"But why should he appear to me?" asked Daphne. "I have no claim upon the help of the saints."

"Perhaps because the Signorina is a heretic," answered Assunta tenderly. "Our Lady must have special care for her if she sends out the holy ones to bring her to the fold."

The woman's face was alight with reverence and pride, and Daphne turned back to her flowers, shamed by these peasant folk for their belief in the immanence of the divine.

Half an hour later Assunta reappeared, clad in Sunday garments, wearing her best coral earrings and her little black silk shoulder shawl covered with gay embroidered flowers. She held out a letter to the girl.

"I go to take the wreaths to our Lady," she announced, "and to confess and pray. The Signorina has made them pretty, if they are but common things."

Daphne was reading her letter; even the peasant woman could see that it bore glad tidings, for the light that broke in the girl's face was like the coming of dawn over the hills.

"Wait, Assunta," she said quietly, when she had finished, and she disappeared among the trees. In a minute she came back with three crimson roses, single, and yellow at the heart.

"Will you take them with your wreaths for me to the Madonna?" she said, putting them into Assunta's hand. "I am more thankful than either one of you."

XVI.

Assunta had carried a small tray out to the arbor in the garden, and Daphne was having her afternoon tea there alone. About her, on the frescoed walls of this little open-air pavilion, were grouped pink shepherds and shepherdesses, disporting themselves in airy garments of blue and green in a meadow that ended abruptly to make room for long windows. The girl leaned back and sipped her tea luxuriously. She was clad in a gown that any shepherdess among them might have envied, a pale yellow crêpy thing shot through with gleams of gold. Before her the Countess Accolanti's silver service was set out on an inlaid Florentine table, partially protected by an open work oriental scarf. Upon it lay the letter that had come an hour before, and the Signorina now and then feasted her eyes upon it. Just outside the door was a bust of Masaccio, set on a tall pedestal, grass growing on the rough hair and heavy eyelids. Pavilion and tea-table seemed an odd bit of convention, set down in the neglected wildness of this old garden, and Daphne watched it all with entire satisfaction over her Sèvres teacup.

Presently she was startled by seeing Assunta come hurrying back with a teacup and saucer in one hand, a hot water jug in the other. The rapid Italian of excited moments Daphne never pretended to understand, consequently she gathered from Assunta's incoherent words neither names nor impressions, only the bare fact that a caller for the Countess Accolanti had rung the bell.

"He inquired, too, for the Signorina," remarked the peasant woman finally, when her breath had nearly given out.

"Do you know him?" asked Daphne. "Have you seen him before?"

"But yes, thousands of times," said Assunta in a stage whisper. "See, he comes. I thought it best to say that he would find the Signorina in the garden. And the Signorina must pardon me for the card: I dropped it into the tea-kettle and it is wet, quite wet."

Assunta had time to note with astonishment before she left that hostess and caller met as old friends, for the Signorina held out her hand in greeting before a word of introduction had been said.

"I am told that your shepherd life is ended," remarked Daphne, as she filled the cup just brought. Neither her surprise nor her joy in his coming showed in her face.

"For the present, yes."

"You have won great devotion," said Daphne, smiling. "Only, they all mistake you for a Christian saint."

"What does it matter?" said Apollo. "The feeling is the same."

"Assunta knew you at once as one of those in her calendar," the girl went on, "but she seems to recognize your supernatural qualities only by candlelight. I am a little bit proud that I can detect them by day as well."

Her gayety met no response from him, and there was a long pause. To the girl it seemed that the enveloping sunshine of the garden was only a visible symbol of her new divine content. If she had looked closely, which she dared not do, she would have seen that the lurking sadness in the man's face had leaped to the surface, touching the brown eyes with a look of eternal grief.

"I ventured to stop," he said presently, "because I was not sure that happy chance would throw us together again. I have come to say good-by."

"You are going away?"

"I am going away," he answered slowly.

"So shall I, some day," said Daphne, "and the moss will grow green on my seat by the fountain, and San Pietro will be sold to some peddler who will beat him. Of course it had to end! Sometimes, when you tread the blue heights of Olympus, will you think of me walking on the hard pavements of New York?"

"I shall think of you, yes," he said, failing to catch her merriment.

"And if you ever want a message from me," she continued, "you must look for it on your sacred laurel there on the hill by Hermes' grave. It is just possible, you know, that I shall be inside, and if I am, I shall speak to you through my leaves, when you wander that way."

Something in the man's face warned her, and her voice became grave.

"Why do you go?" she asked.

"It is the only thing to do," he answered. "Life has thrown me back into the old position, and I must face the same foes again. I always rush too eagerly to snatch my good; I always hit my head against some impassable wall. I thought I had won my battles and was safe, and then you came."

The life had gone out of his voice, the light from his face. Looking at him Daphne saw above his temples a touch of gray in the golden brown of his hair.

"And then?" she asked softly.

"Then my hard won control vanished, and I felt that I could stake my hopes of heaven and my fears of hell to win you."

"A Greek god, with thoughts of hell?" murmured Daphne.

"Hell," he answered, "is a feeling, not a place, as has often been observed. I happen to be in it now, but it does not matter. Yes, I am going away, Daphne, Daphne. You say that there are claims upon you that you cannot thrust aside. I shall go, but in some life, some time, I shall find you again."

Daphne looked at him with soft triumph in her eyes. Secure in the possession of that letter on the table, she would not tell him yet! This note of struggle gave deeper melody to the joyous music of the shepherd on the hills.

"I asked you once about your life and all that had happened to you: do you remember?" he inquired. "I have never told you of my own. Will you let me tell you now?"

"If you do not tell too much and explain yourself away," she answered.

"It is a story of tragedy, and of folly, recognized too late. I have never told it to any human being, but I should like you to understand. It has been an easy life, so far as outer circumstances go. Until I was eighteen I was lord and dictator in a household of women, spoiled by mother and sisters alike. Then came the grief of my life. Oh, I cannot tell it, even to you!"

The veins stood out on his forehead, and his face was indeed like the face of a tortured Saint Sebastian. The girl's eyes were sweet with sympathy, and with something else that he did not look to see.

"There was a plan made for a journey. I opposed it for some selfish whim, for I had a scheme of my own. They yielded to me as they always did, and took my way. That day there was a terrible accident, and all who were dear to me were killed, while I, the murderer, was cursed with life. So, when I was eighteen, my world was made up of four graves in the cemetery at Rome, and of that memory. Whatever the world may say, I was as guilty of those deaths as if I had caused them by my own hand."

He had covered his face with his palms, and his head was bent. The girl reached out as if to touch the rumpled brown hair with consoling fingers, then drew her hand back. In a moment, when her courage came, he should know what share of comfort she was ready to give him. Meanwhile, she hungered to make the farthest reach of his suffering her own.

"Since then?" she asked softly.

"Since then I have been trying to build my life up out of its ruins. I have tried to win content and even gladness, for I hold that man should be master of himself, even of remorse for his old sins. You see, I've been busy trying to find out people who had the same kind of misery, or some other kind, to face."

"Shepherd of the wretched," said the girl dreamily.

"Something like that," he answered.

The girl's face was all a-quiver for pity of the tale; in listening to the story of his life she had completely forgotten her own. Then, before she knew what was happening, he rose abruptly and held out his hand.

"Every minute that I stay makes matters harder," he said. "I 've got to go to see if I cannot win gladness even out of this, for still my gospel is the gospel of joy. Good-by."

Suddenly Daphne realized that he was gone! She could hear his footsteps on the pebble-stones of the walk as he swung on with his long stride. She started to run after him, then stopped. After all, how could she find words for what she had to say? Walking to the great gate by the highway she looked wistfully between its iron rods, for one last glimpse of him. A sudden realization came to her that she knew nothing about him, not even an address, "except Delphi," she said whimsically to herself. Only a minute ago he was there; and now she had wantonly let him go out of her life forever.

"I wonder if the Madonna threw my roses away," she thought, coming back with slow feet to the arbor, and realizing for the first time since she had reached the Villa Accolanti that she was alone, and very far away from home.

XVII.

San Pietro and Bertuccio were waiting at the doorway, both blinking sleepily in the morning air. At San Pietro's right side hung a tiny pannier, covered by a fringed white napkin, above which lay a small flask decorated with corn husk and gay yarn, where red wine sparkled like a ruby in the sunshine. The varying degrees of the donkey's resignation were registered exactly in the changing angles at which his right ear was cocked.

"*Pronta!*" called Assunta, who was putting the finishing touches on saddle and luncheon basket. "If the Signorina means to climb the Monte Altiera she must start before the sun is high."

On the hillside above Daphne heard, but her feet strayed only more slowly. She was wandering, with a face like that of a sky across which thin clouds scud, in the grass about Hermes' grave. In her hand was the letter of yesterday, and in her eyes the memory of the days before.

"It is all too late," said Daphne, who had learned to talk aloud in this world where no one understood. "The Greeks were right in thinking that our lives are ruled by mocking fate. I wonder what angry goddess cast forgetfulness upon my mind, so that I forgot to tell Apollo what this letter says."

Daphne looked to the open sky, but it gave no answer, and she paused by the laurel tree with head bent down. Then, with a sudden, wistful little laugh, she held out the letter and fastened it to the laurel, tearing a hole in one corner to let a small bare twig go through. With a blunt pencil she scribbled on it in large letters: "Let Apollo read, if he ever wanders this way."

"He will never find it," said the girl, "and the rain will come and soak it, and it will bleach in the sun. But nobody knows enough to read it, and I shall leave it there on his sacred tree, as my last offering. I suppose there is some saving grace even in the sacrifices that go astray."

Then she descended the hill, climbed upon San Pietro's back, and rode through the gateway.

An hour later, Assunta, going to find a spade in the tool-house, for she was transplanting roses, came upon the Signorina's caller of yesterday standing near the tool-house with something in his hand. The peasant woman's face showed neither awe nor fear; only lively curiosity gleamed in the blinking brown eyes.

"Buon' giorno," said Apollo, exactly as mortals do.

"Buon' giorno, Altezza," returned Assunta.

"Is the Signorina at home?" asked the intruder.

"But no!" cried Assunta. "She has started to climb the very sky to-day, Monte Altiera, and for what I can't make out. It only wears out Bertuccio's shoes and the *asinetto's* legs."

"Grazia," said Apollo, moving away.

"Does his Highness think that the Signorina resembles her sister, the Contessa?" asked the peasant woman for the sake of a detaining word.

"Not at all," answered the visitor, and he passed into the open road.

Then he turned over in his hand the letter which he had taken from the laurel. Though he had read it three times he hardly understood as yet, and his face was the face of one who sees that the incredible has come to pass. The letter was made up of fifteen closely written pages, and it told the story of a young clergyman, who, convinced at last that celibacy and the shelter of the Roman priesthood were his true vocation, had, after long prayer and much meditation, decided to flee the snares of the world and to renounce its joys for the sake of bliss the other side of life.

"When you receive this letter, my dear Daphne," wrote Eustace Denton, "I shall have been taken into the brotherhood of Saint Ambrose, for I wish to place myself in a position where there will be no retracing my steps."

The face of the reader on the Roman hills, as it was lifted from the page again to the sunshine, was full of the needless pity of an alien faith.

Along the white road that led up the mountain, and over the grass-grown path that climbed the higher slopes, trod a solitary traveler. Now his step was swift, as if some invisible spirit of the wind were wafting him on; and again the pace was slow and his head bent, as if some deep thought stayed his speed. There were green slopes above, green slopes below, and the world opened out as he climbed on and up. Out and out stretched the great Campagna, growing wider at each step, with the gray, unbroken lines of aqueduct leading toward Rome and the shining sea beyond.

. . . . . .

On a great flat stone far up on the heights sat two motionless figures: below them, partly veiling the lower world, floated a thin mist of cloud.

"This must be Olympus," said Daphne.

"Any mountain is Olympus that touches the sky," answered Apollo.

"Where are the others?" demanded the girl. "Am I not to know your divine friends?"

"Don't you see them?" he asked as in surprise, — "Aphrodite just yonder in violet robe, and Juno, and Hermes with winged feet" —

"I am afraid I am a wee bit blind, being but mortal," answered Daphne. "I can see nothing but you."

Beside them on the rock, spread out on oak leaves, lay clusters of purple grapes, six black ripe olives, and a little pile of *biscotti Inglesi*. The girl bent and poured from the curving flask red wine that bubbled in the glass, then gave it to her companion, saying: "Quick, before Hebe gets here," and the sound of their merriment rung down the hillside.

"Hark!" whispered Daphne. "I hear an echo of the unquenchable laughter of the gods! They cannot be far away."

From another stone near at hand Bertuccio watched them with eyes that feigned not to see. Bertuccio did not understand English, but he understood everything else. Goodly shares of the nectar and ambrosia of this feast had fallen to his lot, and Bertuccio was almost as happy as the lovers in his own way. In the soft grass near San Pietro Martire nibbled peacefully, now and then lifting his eyes to see what was going on.

Once he brayed. He alone, of all nature, seemed impervious to the joy that had descended upon earth.

It was only an hour since Daphne had been overtaken. Few words had sufficed for understanding, and Bertuccio had looked away.

"My only fear was that I should find you turned into a laurel tree," said Apollo. "I shall always be afraid of that."

"Apollo," said Daphne irrelevantly, holding out to him a bunch of purple grapes in the palm of her hand, "there is a practical side to all this. People will have to know, I am afraid. I must write to my sister."

"I have reason to think that the Countess Accolanti will not be displeased," he answered. There was a queer little look about his mouth, but Daphne asked for no explanation.

"There is your father," he suggested.

"Oh!" said Daphne. "He will love you at once. His tastes and mine are very much alike."

The lover-god smiled, quite satisfied.

"You chose the steepest road of all to-day, little girl," he said. "But it is not half so long nor so hard as the one I expected to climb to find you."

"You are tired!" said Daphne anxiously. "Rest."

Bertuccio was sleeping on his flat rock; San Pietro lay down for a brief, ascetic slumber. The lovers sat side by side, with the mystery of beauty about them: the purple and gold of nearness and distance; bright color of green grass near, sombre tint of cypress and stone pine afar.

"I shall never really know whether you are a god or not," said Daphne dreamily.

"A very proper attitude for a woman to have toward her husband," he answered with a smile. "I must try hard to live up to the character. You will want to live on Olympus, and you really ought, if you are going to wear gowns woven of my sunbeams like the one you had on yesterday. How shall I convince you that Rome must do part of the time? You will want me to make you immortal: that always happens when a maiden marries a god."

"I think you have done that already," said Daphne.

Margaret Sherwood.

THE CONCENTRATION OF BANKING INTERESTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

I.

Ever since Andrew Jackson overthrew the Second Bank of the United States, the American banking system has consisted of a large number of small institutions possessing little desire or power of helpful coöperation. Large banks with numerous branches, such as exist in Canada and Scotland, have been unknown in the United States, save for a few transient enterprises of ante-bellum days. A central institution, enjoying federal patronage and serving to unify banking interests, has been a political impossibility since Nicholas Biddle rashly ventured upon a trial of strength with the masterful statesman from Tennessee. National banks, state banks, private banks, trust companies, competing vigorously for public favor, have met tolerably well the needs of the country in fair weather; but in times of stress and storm these separate institutions have been unable to oppose a united front to the forces of financial

disorder. Yet, upon the whole, this decentralization of banking interests has been generally approved as democratic in its tendencies and well adapted to the diverse needs of our vast territory.

At the head of the system stand the national banks, which possess the exclusive power to issue circulating notes. For twenty years following the civil war this privilege remained sufficiently remunerative to gain for these institutions a decided predominance over the banks of deposit and discount incorporated by the several states; but since the early eighties causes which are well understood have reduced the profit derived from the issue of notes, and have decreased the attractiveness of a federal charter. In 1884 there were 2550 national banks and but 1022 state associations, while in 1902 there existed 5397 state banks and 4601 national. In point of resources and banking power the national associations still retain their preëminence, having nearly three times the capital and over twice the deposits shown by the state institutions; yet banks of the latter class are increasing more rapidly than those of the former, despite the temporary influence of recent changes in the national banking laws.

The state banks of deposit and discount have multiplied rapidly in the Mississippi Valley, and especially in the South and West. In general, the laws under which they are formed are more liberal in their provisions concerning loans upon real estate, and permit the establishment of banks with smaller capitals than are required under the federal statutes. This last circumstance accounts for the rapid growth of state associations in communities where a capital of $25,000, the minimum fixed for national banks, is too large to be employed with the greatest profit. In some cases the state laws may verge perilously toward the point of laxity, but in general these banks are safely conducted and enjoy excellent credit in their own communities. In New England and the Middle Atlantic States a decided preference is shown for national banks; but New York has nearly two hundred state associations, some of which, in New York city, make large advances to operators on the exchanges.

Private bankers are very numerous in most parts of the United States, and are usually allowed to conduct their business without public supervision. In 1902 no less than 4188 such individuals or firms paid the internal revenue tax then levied upon their capital and surplus. In most sections their resources are small, and their average capital in many states does not exceed ten or fifteen thousand dollars. In agricultural districts such agencies are useful in supplying credit facilities, but in recent years the state bank with small capital has secured an increasing share of such business. Our large cities, however, have many private bankers who are conducting enterprises of the largest size. Besides receiving deposits and making discounts, these firms frequently do a brokerage business or deal in foreign exchange. Many of them have gained their greatest reputation and profits from promoting, consolidating, or reorganizing large corporations. In New York city there are private bankers whose capital is counted by the millions, and whose names have become household words.

In recent years a new class of institutions has forced its way into the field of American banking. Trust companies have existed in the United States for three quarters of a century, but up to fifteen or twenty years ago their number was small and the scope of their operations was restricted. Originally they were formed to act as trustees of estates and to execute other trusts, while they often conducted a safe-deposit business. With the growth of corporations, trust companies began to act as transfer agents, or as trustees under mortgage deeds executed to secure corporation

bonds. Such functions were of great financial importance, but did not carry the earlier companies into the territory occupied by banks of deposit and discount. Indeed, it not seldom happened that their charters or the general laws of the state prohibited them from receiving ordinary deposits or doing a discount business. Gradually, however, a change was effected in the law or in the practice of these associations, and trust companies began to engage in the work of commercial banks. To-day, besides receiving time deposits, they accept deposits that are subject to instant withdrawal by check; and they make extensive loans, generally upon collateral security. To their original business, therefore, they have added the ordinary banking functions; and these are exercised without the restrictions which the law imposes upon banking institutions. The result has been that trust companies have multiplied rapidly, especially in the financial centres, and that their competition has been felt severely by the banks. In 1902 there were 727 of these institutions in the United States, and their aggregate deposits exceeded $1,500,000,000.

At the present moment, therefore, there are no less than 14,913 associations in the United States that are engaged in commercial banking. In the ordinary discount and deposit business, the national banks still predominate, but their supremacy is challenged by the competition of other institutions. State banks appeal to the needs of certain sections of the country; private bankers maintain an important position, especially in financing corporate enterprises; and trust companies have constantly increased the scope of their operations. But with all these developments, our banking system remained decentralized, and better adapted for fair weather than for foul. In times of actual panic the banks in the largest cities had sometimes utilized the clearing houses for the purpose of adopting common measures of defense. By the issue of clearing-house certificates they were able to tide the weaker institutions over the period of greatest stress; but this was merely a temporary expedient, and did not change the essential feature of the system. Prior to 1898 it would have been difficult to discover any appreciable tendency toward the concentration of the banking interests of the United States.

II.

In this respect, however, the situation has been radically altered during the last five years. In the first place, the organization of trusts in various branches of manufactures has brought to the great financial centres a large amount of business which formerly fell to the banks of the localities where the separate factories were situated. Many loans which independent manufacturers would have secured from local bankers are now negotiated in the larger cities where the combinations have established their headquarters. While the aggregate sums borrowed may not have been increased by this process, it is evident that corporation loans have been centralized to a very marked degree; and it is well known that New York city has been the principal beneficiary of the change.

A similar tendency is disclosed by an examination of the movement of bank reserves. The national banking laws permit the country banks to deposit a certain proportion of their reserves with institutions located in various cities, and recent years have witnessed a rapid flow of such moneys toward New York. This is due, in part, to the drift of corporation business to that city; since country bankers have deposited there, at interest, some of the funds formerly loaned to concerns that have been absorbed by the trusts. Then, too, some of the metropolitan banks have been making very vigorous efforts to secure such deposits; so that in April of the present

year eight of the principal institutions held no less than $160,000,000 of funds deposited by other national banks. The reserves of state banks and trust companies are handled in the same manner; and on September 15, 1902, the national banks of New York city had $414,000,000 of deposits that belonged to other institutions. This means, of course, that the bank reserves of the United States are concentrated more and more in a single city, just as, in France or England, the reserves are stored in a great central bank.

The marvelous development of American industry in recent years has increased very decidedly the demands made upon our banking system at the very time when such business has been drifting toward the city of New York. Between 1897 and 1902 the total bank clearings of the country increased from fifty-four to one hundred and sixteen billions of dollars, while the proportion falling to the New York Clearing House rose from fifty-seven to sixty-four per cent of the entire volume of these transactions. This has caused an unprecedented increase of the capital employed; so that within five years the banking institutions of New York have enlarged their capital, surplus, and undivided profits from $232,000,000 to $451,000,000. And if, to these figures, we add the increased deposits secured from outside banks, we can form some adequate estimate of the strength of the forces that have been concentrating our banking interests in a single city.

To no small extent this demand for additional capital has been met by the establishment of new institutions, particularly by the formation of trust companies; but in a much larger measure it has occasioned an increase of the resources of existing banks. Prior to 1898 the banks of New York had been of very moderate size. Only two had a capital of $5,000,000, and the average for the clearing house institutions was less than $1,000,000; to-day the average capital is nearly twice as great, while three banks have as much as $10,000,000 and one has $25,000,000. In 1895 the capital, surplus, and undivided profits of the fifty national banks amounted to $110,000,000, and their deposits stood at $507,000,000; in 1902 the number of these institutions had fallen to forty-five, while their capital, surplus, and profits had risen to $191,000,000, and their deposits to $1,057,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that the rapid expansion of the business conducted in New York city has stimulated the growth of larger institutions than the country has known since the days of the Second Bank of the United States, which, it will be remembered, employed a capital of $35,000,000.[1]

The increased capital of the larger banks has been secured in many instances by subscriptions from the existing stockholders, but in other cases it has come from the consolidation of two or more institutions. The national banking laws do not authorize explicitly the combination of banking associations, yet one section relating to voluntary liquidation seems to contemplate such an occurrence. Mergers are sometimes effected through the purchase of the assets and the assumption of the liabilities of the institution that is to be absorbed. In other cases one bank increases its capital and sells the new shares to the stockholders of the liquidated association for the cash that they receive in payment for their original holdings. Occasionally both banks are placed in liquidation, and their assets are bought by a new institution which also assumes their liabilities. In his last report, the Comptroller of the Cur-

[1] It should be observed that our largest bank, the National City, with its capital of $25,000,000, is smaller than the great banks of other countries. The capital of the Bank of England is $72,000,000; that of the Bank of France amounts to $36,000,000; while the Bank of the Empire of Germany has a capital of $30,000,000.

rency recommended that the law should be amended in such a manner as to simplify the process of consolidation.

In New York city these bank mergers have attracted great attention, and the First National Bank, the National City, the Bank of Commerce, the Hanover National, and many others have figured in such transactions. But in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Omaha the process has been repeated; so that reports of bank consolidations have become quite the order of the day. In 1901 twenty-one national banks were absorbed by other national associations, while six were merged with state banks or trust companies; in 1902 there were forty-six consolidations of the former class, and eleven of the latter. Apparently we are now witnessing a movement which resembles, at least superficially, that which has proceeded so rapidly in the field of transportation and manufactures.

But actual consolidation is not the only method by which our banking capital is being aggregated in larger masses; for in many cases a common ownership has been established in institutions which retain a formal independence. The national banking laws prohibit one association from holding stock in another, but there is nothing to prevent a group of men from buying a controlling interest in any number of banks. This method is exemplified by the groups of institutions which Mr. Charles W. Morse has brought together in several cities. It has been followed, also, by the capitalists who control the great National City Bank, and by others. Sometimes a great deal of diplomacy is required to effect such an arrangement, since prosperous banks of long standing are jealous of their independence and their stock is held at very high prices. An illustration of this is seen in the relations of the First National Bank of New York with the Chase National. In this case some degree of union was secured through an exchange of holdings and of directors, so that the resources of the two banks are now under a joint control. In many cases it is supposed that stockholders of one bank have purchased an interest in other institutions with money that has been borrowed by pledging as collateral security the shares thus acquired. Such a practice makes it possible to secure an extensive control with a small amount of capital, and may yet prove to be a source of danger. Obviously, if a number of banks that are involved in the same set of enterprises make numerous loans upon each other's shares, an impairment of capital might result from the failure of the undertakings in which such loans were used.

Finally, in addition to all the centralizing tendencies which have been described, every effort has been made to secure coöperation on the widest possible scale, through arrangements designed to unify the world of finance. The larger life insurance companies have become interested in various banks or trust companies; and their officers, in a purely private capacity, are influential in many other institutions. Private banking houses are represented among the owners and managers of national and state associations, while the good offices of influential capitalists have been enlisted as far as practicable. As a prominent banker has stated: "We now have skill and resources combined, with a strength never before seen in the United States and perhaps never in the markets of Europe." In the present day of unbounded prosperity the structure erected upon the principle of community of interest presents an imposing, even awe-inspiring, appearance; its solidity, however, will not be subjected to the decisive test until we reach a season of adversity.

III.

It is difficult to trace with entire accuracy the complex relationships which

now unite so many of the financial institutions of the city of New York. In broadest outlines, however, the situation can be described by saying that two major and two minor spheres of influence can be clearly recognized. A brief description of these will serve to give greater definiteness to our statement of existing conditions and tendencies.

Of the major spheres of influence the first is dominated, although not absolutely controlled at all points, by what are known as the Standard Oil interests. Ten or twelve years ago the magnates of the oil combination secured control of the National City Bank, which, within a decade, has increased its capital, surplus, and undivided profits from three to forty-one millions; and its deposits, from twelve to one hundred and thirty millions. This corporation is believed to be connected more or less closely with some fifty other institutions located in various parts of the country. In New York it stands at the head of a chain of eleven or twelve banks and trust companies. Some of these, as the Second National Bank, are wholly controlled by the interests which the City Bank represents, and are operated virtually as branches of the larger institution; others, as the United States Trust Company, possess greater independence, but work in harmony with the general policy of the group. The entire chain of institutions employs a capital and surplus of $92,000,000, holds deposits amounting to $377,000,000, and carries loans that aggregate $266,000,000. With the National City interests, also, there are identified some of the leading officials of the New York Life Insurance Company and the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.[1]

The same interests control, also, a second chain of institutions. This is headed by the Hanover National Bank, and includes two smaller banks and the Trust Company of America. The total capital of the four institutions is $16,000,000; their deposits amount to $97,000,000, and their loans stand at $57,000,000. With the Hanover Bank, moreover, the Union Trust Company, controlling $52,000,000 of deposits and $44,000,000 of loans, is known to have intimate relations. If now we combine the figures for the two chains of institutions associated with the City and the Hanover Banks, it appears that within our first sphere of influence there have been aggregated $108,000,000 of banking capital, $474,000,000 of deposits, and $323,000,000 of loans. And these data, it should be remembered, take no account of the control exercised over banks located outside of New York.

The other major sphere of influence is controlled from the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company and from the offices of two of the large insurance companies. Perhaps little violence will be done to the facts if, henceforth, we call this the Morgan sphere; for it seems certain that the dominating influence emanates from 23 Wall Street. Three chains of banking institutions are the repositories of the power here represented. One of them is headed by the First National Bank, which, within ten years, has increased its total resources from thirty-one to one hundred and ten millions, and now has a capital, surplus, and undivided profits amounting to over twenty-three millions. In this institution Mr. Morgan's control is almost undisputed; and with it are associated the powerful Chase National Bank, the Liberty and Astor Banks, and the Manhattan Trust Company. This group of institutions possesses an aggregate banking capital of $33,000,000, while its deposits and loans stand respectively at $149,000,000 and $72,000,000.

A second chain of banks is led by the National Bank of Commerce, in which the Mutual Life Insurance Company is one of the principal stockholders. With it are grouped four other institutions,

[1] Many of the facts here presented may be found in the Wall Street Journal for February 11, 1903.

of which the largest is the Morton Trust Company. At the head of a third chain stands the Western National Bank, which is associated with the Mercantile and the Equitable Trust Companies.[1] The Equitable Life Assurance Society holds large blocks of the stock of the first two of these institutions, and the Gould interests are represented in the ownership and management of the Mercantile Trust Company. If both of these chains are combined with the one controlled through the First National Bank, we find in the Morgan sphere of influence a banking capital of $97,000,000, deposits amounting to $472,000,000, and loans which aggregate $299,000,000. In addition to this, the two life insurance companies just mentioned have outstanding loans of $28,000,000 upon collateral security.[1]

Compared with the Standard Oil and the Morgan interests, the chain of institutions known as the "Morse" group is of decidedly minor importance. But this includes twelve banks and two trust companies, with an aggregate capital of $23,000,000, and loans amounting to over $100,000,000. Mr. Morse and his associates have purchased the control of these institutions, perhaps, with the aid of loans secured in the manner described in an earlier paragraph. At present the group is supposed to be operated upon an independent basis, but there is no little speculation concerning the possibility of its being merged with one of the larger banking combinations.

And, finally, we come to the National Park Bank, with its group of affiliated institutions. Four of these are small state banks in different parts of New York, which are operated virtually as branches of the larger corporation; the fifth is the Colonial Trust Company. The banking capital of the six associations is $13,000,000, and their loans do not exceed $76,000,000; ownership and management rest with the Astor, Vanderbilt, and Belmont interests.

Outside of these various spheres of influence, there are many strong and independent banks, some of which a decade ago occupied the leading positions. Then, too, many new institutions, generally employing a small capital, have been established during the recent period of business expansion. Yet the Morgan and the Standard Oil alliances control not less than $205,000,000 of the $451,000,000 of banking capital invested in the city of New York; and, in all probability, secure a similar proportion of the business transacted. Time alone can tell whether these mighty aggregations can be held together; but for the present, at any rate, a signal victory has been gained for the principle of community of interest.

The relations between the magnates who control the two great alliances have not always been harmonious, as was seen in the Northern Pacific corner of 1901; and at times there have been lively exchanges of blows and of epithets. Considerable divergence of interest is likely to continue both within and without the purlieus of Wall Street; but it is interesting to observe that certain affiliations exist between the two groups of capitalists. One of the directors of the National City Bank is a partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company, while another is a director of the First National. Both of these gentlemen are officials of the New York Life Insurance Company, which appears to have cultivated friendly relations within both spheres of influence. An examination of the directorates of banks and trust companies discloses a few other cases in which similar connections have been established; but there is no indication that closer union is desired.

[1] As this article goes to print, it is reported that the National Bank of Commerce and the Western National are to be merged in a new institution with a capital of $25,000,000. Upon the committee which will supervise the transaction, the First National Bank and the Morton Trust Company are represented.

IV.

In explanation of the present tendency toward the consolidation of banking power, emphasis is usually laid upon the undoubted fact that the growth of gigantic industrial corporations has created a demand for accommodations which smaller banks would be unable to supply. Only a large institution, or a group of powerful banks and trust companies, can effect a $5,000,000 loan at an hour's notice, or undertake the vast enterprises that are characteristic of the times. Frequently such movements must be conducted with secrecy, at least in their early stages; and this condition is difficult to secure when the coöperation of a large number of bankers must be invited. Then, too, the national banking laws limit the size of a loan negotiated by a single borrower to one tenth of the capital of the bank. This restriction is so poorly enforced that its importance is rather sentimental than practical, but it has been one of the reasons for increasing the capital of some institutions.

Again, it seems certain that concentration results in considerable economies in operation, since the outlay for clerical assistance and for some other purposes does not increase as rapidly as the volume of business transacted. A recent investigation by the Comptroller of the Currency shows that, with banks having a capital of a million or more dollars, the operating expenses are but 1.33 per cent of the aggregate loans and discounts; while in the case of banks with a capital of $100,000, the proportion rises to 2.34 per cent. Moreover, it is possible for a large institution to employ, at high salaries, men of special ability in each department of work. Within the limits in which these considerations apply, it would seem that concentration heightens the efficiency of our banking capital.

But the further claim is made that our larger banking institutions will contribute to the stability of financial conditions, and it is said that a plan of harmonious coöperation has been developed which will materially diminish the injury produced by the next industrial crisis. In this direction our independent banks, each compelled to seek its own safety in times of impending danger, have not possessed the strength which a unified banking system would exhibit. Of this fact we have had so many demonstrations that serious argument upon the subject is hardly necessary; but it does not follow forthwith that any and all movements toward consolidation will result in increased stability; much will depend, inevitably, upon the wisdom and conservatism which the great institutions display.

In this connection it must be observed that the largest banks in New York are, for all practical purposes, corporation banks. Some of them frankly state that they do not care for small customers, by which is meant depositors whose accounts average from one to twenty thousand dollars; and all of them cultivate principally the business of the larger corporations and of out-of-town banks. These features of their policy entail certain important results. It is a well-known fact that deposits of a small or moderate size are more stable than "millionaire" accounts, which are likely to be drawn down very rapidly when money is high. Only a short time ago one of the big banks was notified, an hour before closing for the day, that a check for $5,000,000 had been drawn against a large account. With "a little skirmishing," so a reliable financial paper states, "the situation was met in a few minutes;" but the incident illustrates the conditions under which the operations of such institutions must be conducted. The same tendencies exist also in the case of the deposits by country banks. At the approach of anything resembling a panic these are withdrawn with great rapidity; so that they have been justly called the "explosive ele-

ment" of our banking system. It is evident, therefore, that more than ordinary conservatism will be required if the largest banks are to exercise a steadying influence in times of actual or impending danger.

This point can be made somewhat clearer by a brief reference to the conditions that prevail in other lands. In France or in England, for example, the specie reserves of the whole country are concentrated very largely in the vaults of a central bank. The Bank of France and the Bank of England occupy an independent position, and are dominated by no outside interests that can involve them in the fortunes of special enterprises. Sobered and steadied at all times by an appreciation of the enormous moral responsibility that rests upon them, the managers of these institutions adhere to their ultra-conservative policy even when the spirit of speculation is rampant in other financial circles. Against its enormous deposits the Bank of England maintains a cash reserve of over fifty per cent, while the position of the Bank of France is even stronger; when, therefore, other banks experience a demand for ready money, relief can be quickly afforded by these central institutions. And it is only through such conservatism as these banks display in periods of prosperity that they can contribute to stability in times of stress and storm. When it is remembered that the reserves of the New York banks seldom exceed very greatly the twenty-five per cent limit which has been established by law and by custom, the contrast between American and French or English conditions becomes at once apparent. For an independent bank, which is free to seek its own safety at the approach of danger, a reserve of twenty-five per cent should ordinarily prove to be ample; but for institutions that aspire to the rank of central banks such a safeguard must be wholly inadequate.

This leads us to another weighty consideration. Unlike the central banks of other countries, our largest institutions are closely connected with various industrial interests, so that they do not occupy an independent position. Their policy is not controlled with sole regard for the general welfare of our banking system; but they have been drawn into vast enterprises, into promotions or reorganizations, often of a speculative character, and have displayed less, not more, than ordinary conservatism. The National City Bank stood as sponsor for the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the First National has lent its aid to various undertakings with which Mr. Morgan has been identified. This is not to say, even by remotest implication, that the safety of the banks has been endangered by such transactions; but it is mentioned in order to illustrate the fact that these institutions are not free to husband their resources in order to insure the stability of the money market, and are not, at present, qualified to assume the rôles of the Bank of England and the Bank of France. It is to be feared that our financiers have not yet learned the difference between banking and the promotion of companies; but until this distinction is better understood, New York city will not rival London as an international financial centre.

One thing, however, may be conceded to the claim that the union of banking interests already effected may do something to mitigate the severity of future panics. A mere increase of capital will accomplish nothing in this direction, if banks in the day of prosperity use their credit "up to the hilt" in their ordinary enterprises. But the common control of large groups of institutions may develop the habit and power of more effective coöperation. This will not, it is true, avert the inevitable consequences of over-speculation; it will not prevent a certain depletion of bank reserves under the demands made by depositors whose affairs have become involved; but

it may allay that senseless feeling of panic which is always responsible for some of the worst features of a crisis. In a situation where purely psychological forces play so large a part, even the expedients of the faith-curist are not to be despised.

V.

The concentration of banking power has now proceeded so far that discussion has inevitably arisen concerning the length to which it will be carried and the possible dangers of the movement. In the counting room and upon the street, New Yorkers are pondering upon these questions, and not infrequently pointed remarks are made about the "Money Trust." If this expression were heard only in the region of the hundredth meridian, its interpretation would be obvious; but within the sacred precincts of Wall Street, such words cannot fail to produce a certain impression. At least they serve to suggest some concluding remarks.

It is sometimes said that the weekly statement of the condition of the New York banks is being manipulated for speculative purposes, and that it "can be made favorable or unfavorable, according to the market position of the larger interests in finance." If, for example, it is desired to depress the prices of stocks, it is thought that large sums are withdrawn from the Clearing House banks, in order to reduce the surplus reserves which are commonly accepted as the index of the condition of the money market. This charge is, from the very nature of the case, extremely difficult to prove or to disprove. Such transfers of money might certainly be made; but in the absence of positive proof, one cannot assert that they are of frequent occurrence.

Other disagreeable rumors concern discrimination in extending or withdrawing loans, by which, it is said, certain concerns that have attempted to compete with some of the Trusts have been forced to inevitable ruin. Here, again, decisive proofs are hard to obtain. The withdrawal of bank accommodations has always been a possible means of commercial reprisal, but it is usually conceivable that some other reason exists for the action of the banker. Doubtless the concentration of great power in a few hands increases the dangers that may be apprehended from this practice; but up to the present time the evil is probably more potential than actual.

The question of greatest interest, however, is: How far is the process of concentration to go? If two groups of magnates control to-day nearly one half of the banking capital of New York, what is to prevent them from establishing a practical monopoly of the business? There can be no doubt that money is now held much more tightly than formerly, and it is not strange that the situation has caused some apprehension.

In considering the matter it is possible to steady one's judgment by recalling the fact that, of all forms of capital, banking capital is absolutely the freest. It is unnecessary for the banker to erect an expensive plant which will be rendered worthless if his competitors are able to drive him out of business. Provided that care is exercised in making loans, it is possible for any concern to enter or to retire from the field without losing any appreciable portion of its investment. The trouble and expense of incorporating a banking association need not be incurred by any individual or firm that may desire to lend money upon personal or collateral security. No crude materials have to be transported through pipe lines or upon railroads that refuse equal opportunities to all shippers. The post office does not attempt to discriminate between its patrons, and express companies would hardly be so foolish as to hasten the establishment of a parcels post by adopting such a short-sighted policy. Moreover, the average small customer, like

the average large depositor or borrower, prefers to have personal relations with his banker; and this becomes increasingly difficult as the size of an institution increases. Under such circumstances, the establishment of anything resembling a complete monopoly is quite inconceivable. Even when a government grants special privileges to a central bank, as has been the case in Europe, a vigorous competition still persists. By the side of the Bank of England there has grown up a vast system of private and incorporated banks, and the Bank of France is confronted by such rivals as the Crédit Lyonnais.

But even if complete monopoly is impossible, it does not follow that the prospect is free from all unpleasant features. So large a part of the resources of the New York banks is now controlled by the great alliances that it would be difficult to finance a corporate enterprise of the largest size without the consent of the Morgan or the Rockefeller interests. For such a purpose outside capital might possibly be enlisted, but this would probably entail considerable risk and effort; so that, for the present, a few magnates have the situation pretty well in hand. Then, again, it is unfortunate to have the largest banks and their affiliated institutions so closely identified with particular corporate interests. This gives to the great captains of industry almost unlimited control over other people's capital, and enables them to tie up in their own enterprises banking resources that should be available for the use of the community at large. Especially undesirable is it to have life insurance and trust companies drawn so largely into the domain of speculative finance. The general tendency of the times seems to be to confuse the distinction between enterprises that are safe investments for funds held in a fiduciary capacity and ventures that should be undertaken only with capital that is otherwise provided. Underwriting projects in which a profit of two hundred per cent is considered none too large a compensation for the risks assumed, do not furnish a good field for the conservative employment of trust funds. It is in these directions, rather than in the menace of a monopoly, that the present dangers of the concentration movement are to be found.

The systematization and, within conservative limits, the unification of our banking system offer large opportunities for legitimate enterprise, and contain the possibility of great advantages for the entire country. The analogies furnished by the experience of other nations suggest, at any rate, that such developments are likely to occur during the next decade. The joint control of numerous banks will probably lead to what will amount virtually to the growth of branch banking, which has proved so successful wherever it has been tried. Monopoly will not be the result of such a process, if the example of other lands may serve as a guide for our conclusions; rather will it increase the effectiveness with which capital competes with capital in all parts of the United States. But the movement must be guided with great circumspection if political antagonism of the most violent character is not to be aroused; and it must not be directed with a view to the advantage of ulterior industrial interests. At the centre of any stable system there must stand large banks of which the independence and the conservatism must be as unquestioned as the power. Without these qualities, mere bigness will be of no avail; and this is the fact that must receive chief emphasis in the consideration of present conditions and tendencies.

Charles J. Bullock.

THE SEA WIND.

Winnow me through with thy keen clean breath,
  Wind with the tang of the sea!
Speed through the closing gates of the day,
Find me and fold me; have thy way
  And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky —
  Gray sky of this sullen day!
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,
  Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
  Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
While the last lights die in the yellow west
  Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
  And set my spirit free!
For I stifle here in this crowded place,
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
  Wind with the tang of the sea!

Arthur Ketchum.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

If it be true that the critical spirit to-day, in presence of the rising tide of prose fiction, a watery waste out of which old standards and landmarks are seen barely to emerge, like chimneys and the tops of trees in a flooded land, — if it be true that the anxious observer, with the water up to his chin, finds himself asking for the *reason* of the strange phenomenon, for its warrant and title, so we likewise make out that these credentials rather fail to float on the surface. We live in a world of wanton and importunate fable, we breathe its air and consume its fruits; yet who shall say that we are able, when invited, to account for our preferring it so largely to the world of fact? To do so would be to make some adequate statement of the good the product in question does us. What does it do for our life, our mind, our manners, our morals, — what does it do that history, poetry, philosophy, may not do, as well or better, to warn, to comfort and command the countless thousands for whom and by whom it comes into being? We seem too often left with our riddle on our hands. The lame conclusion on which we retreat is that "stories" are multiplied, circulated, paid for, on the scale of the present hour, simply because peo-

ple "like" them. As to why people *should* like anything so loose and cheap as the preponderant mass of the "output," so little indebted for the magic of its action to any mystery in the making, is more than the actual state of our perceptions enables us to say.

This bewilderment might be our last word if it were not for the occasional occurrence of accidents especially appointed to straighten out, a little, our tangle. We are reminded that if the unnatural prosperity of the wanton fable cannot be adequately explained, it can at least be illustrated with a sharpness that is practically an argument. An abstract solution failing, we encounter it in the concrete. We catch, in short, a new impression — or, to speak more truly, we recover an old one. It was always there to be had, but we throw off, ourselves, an oblivion, an indifference, for which there are plenty of excuses. We become conscious, for our profit, of a *case*, and we see that our mystification was in the way cases had appeared, for so long, to fail us. None of the shapeless forms about us, for the time, had attained to the dignity of one. The one I am now conceiving as suddenly effective — for which I fear I must have looked on it as somewhat in eclipse — is that of Émile Zola, whom, as a manifestation of the sort we are considering, three or four striking facts have lately combined to render more objective, and, so to speak, more massive. His close connection with the most resounding of recent public quarrels; his premature and disastrous death; above all, at the moment I write, the appearance of his last-finished novel, bequeathed to his huge public from beyond the grave — these rapid events have made him more evident, made him loom abruptly larger; much as if our pedestrian critic, treading the dusty highway, had turned a sharp corner.

It is not, assuredly, that Zola has ever been veiled or unapparent; he had, on the contrary, been digging his field, for thirty years and for all passers to see, with an industry that kept him, after the fashion of one of the grand, grim sowers or reapers of his brother of the brush, or at least of the canvas, Jean-François Millet, duskily outlined against the sky. He was there, in the landscape of labor — he had always been; but he was there as a big natural or pictorial feature, a spreading tree, a battered tower, a lumpish, round-shouldered, useful hayrick, confounded with the air and the weather, the rain and the shine, the day and the dusk, merged more or less, as it were, in the play of the elements themselves. We had got used to him, and, thanks in a measure to this stoutness, precisely, of his presence, to the long regularity of his performance, had come to notice him hardly more than the dwellers in the market place notice the quarters struck by the town-clock. On top of all, accordingly, for our skeptical mood, the sense of his work, — a sense determined afresh by the strange climax of his personal history, — rings out almost with violence as a reply to our wonder. It is as if an earthquake, or some other rude interference, had shaken from the town-clock a note of such unusual depth as to compel attention. We therefore once more give heed, and the result of this is that we feel ourselves, after a little, probably as much answered as we can hope ever to be. We have worked round to the so marked and impressive anomaly of the adoption of the "cheap" art by one of the stoutest minds and stoutest characters of our time. This extraordinarily robust worker has found it good enough for him, and if the fact is, as I say, anomalous, we are doubtless helped to conclude that by its anomalies, in future, the bankrupt business, as we are so often moved to pronounce it, will most recover credit.

What is at all events striking for us, critically speaking, is that, in the midst of the dishonor it has gradually harvested by triumphant vulgarity of prac-

tice, its pliancy and applicability can still plead for themselves. The curious contradiction stands forth for our relief, — the circumstance that, thirty years ago, a young man of extraordinary brain and indomitable purpose, wishing to give the measure of these endowments in a piece of work supremely solid, conceived and sat down to Les Rougon-Macquart rather than to an equal task in physics, mathematics, politics, economics. He saw his undertaking, thanks to his patience and courage, practically to a close; so that, precisely, it is neither of the so-called constructive sciences that happens to have had the benefit, intellectually speaking, of one of the few most constructive achievements of our time. There then, provisionally at least, we touch bottom; we get a glimpse of the pliancy and variety — the ideal of vividness — on behalf of which our equivocal form may appeal to a strong head. In the name of what ideal, on its own side, however, does the strong head yield to the appeal? What is the logic of its so deeply committing itself? Zola's case seems to tell us, as it tells us other things. The logic is in its huge freedom of adjustment to the temperament of the worker, which it carries, so to say, as no other vehicle can do. It expresses fully and directly the whole man, and, big as he may be, it can still be big enough for him without becoming false to its type. We see this truth made strong, from beginning to end, in Zola's work; we see the temperament, we see the whole man, with his size and all his marks, stored and packed away in the huge hold of Les Rougon-Macquart as a cargo is packed away on a ship. His personality is the thing that finally pervades and prevails, just as, so often, on a vessel, the presence of the cargo makes itself felt for the assaulted senses. What has most come home to me in reading him over is that a scheme of fiction so conducted is in fact a capacious vessel. It can carry anything — with art, with force, in the stowage; nothing in this case will sink it. And it is the only form for which such a claim can be made. All others have to confess to a smaller scope — to selection, to exclusion, to the danger of distortion, explosion, combustion. The novel has nothing to fear but sailing too light. It will take all we bring, in good faith, to the wharf.

An intense vision of this truth must have been Zola's comfort from the earliest time, — the years, immediately following the crash of the Empire, during which he settled himself to the tremendous task he had mapped out. No finer act of courage and confidence, I think, is recorded in the history of letters. The critic in sympathy with him returns again and again to the great wonder of it, in which something so strange is mixed with something so august. Entertained and carried out almost from the threshold of manhood, the high project, the work of a lifetime, announces beforehand its inevitable weakness, and yet speaks in the same voice for its admirable, its almost unimaginable, strength. The strength was in the young man's very person — in his character, his will, his passion, his fighting temper, his aggressive lips, his squared shoulders (when he "sat up") and overweening confidence; his weakness was in that inexperience of life from which he proposed not to suffer, from which he in fact suffered, on the surface, remarkably little, and from which he was never to suspect, I judge, that he had suffered at all. I may mention, for the interest of it, that, meeting him during his first short visit to London — made several years before his stay in England during the Dreyfus trial — I received a direct impression of him that was more informing than any previous study. I had seen him a little, in Paris, years before that, when this impression was a perceptible promise, and I was now to perceive how time had made it good. It consisted, simply stated, in his fairly

bristling with the betrayal that nothing whatever had happened to him in life but to write Les Rougon-Macquart. It was even, for that matter, almost more as if Les Rougon-Macquart had written *him*, written him as he stood and sat, as he looked and spoke, as the long, concentrated, merciless effort had made and stamped and left him. Something very fundamental was to happen to him, in due course, it is true, shaking him to his base; fate was not wholly to cheat him of an independent evolution. Recalling him from this London hour one strongly felt, during the famous "Affair," that his outbreak in connection with it was the act of a man with arrears of personal history to make up, the act of a spirit for which life, or for which at any rate freedom, had been too much postponed, treating itself at last to a luxury of experience.

I welcomed the general impression, at all events — I intimately entertained it; it represented so many things, it suggested, just as it was, such a lesson. You could neither have everything nor be everything — you had to choose; you could not at once sit firm at your job and wander through space inviting initiations. The author of Les Rougon-Macquart had had all those, certainly, that this wonderful company could bring him; but I can scarce express how it was implied in him that his time had been fruitfully passed with *them* alone. His artistic evolution struck one thus as, in spite of its magnitude, singularly simple, and evidence of the simplicity seems further offered by his last production, of which we have just come into possession. Vérité truly does give the measure, makes the author's high maturity join hands with his youth, marks the rigid straightness of his course from point to point. He had seen his horizon and his fixed goal from the first, and no cross-scent, no new distance, no blue gap in the hills to right or to left ever tempted him to stray. Vérité, of which I shall have more to say, is in fact, as a moral finality and the crown of an edifice, one of the strangest possible performances. Machine-minted and solidified by an immense expertness, it yet makes us ask how, for disinterested observation and perception, the writer had used so much time and so much acquisition, and how he can, all along, have handled so much material without some larger subjective consequence. We really rub our eyes, in other words, to see so great an intellectual adventure as Les Rougon-Macquart terminate in unmistakable desert sand. Difficult truly to read, because showing him at last almost completely a prey to the danger that had, for a long time, more and more dogged his steps, the danger of the mechanical, all confident and triumphant, the book is nevertheless full of interest for a reader desirous to penetrate. It speaks with more distinctness of the author's temperament, tone, and manner than if, like several of his volumes, it had a really successful life of its own. Its heavy completeness, with all this, as of some prodigiously neat, strong, and complicated scaffolding constructed by a firm of builders for the erection of a house whose foundations refuse to bear it and that is unable therefore to rise — its very betrayal of a method and a habit more than adequate, on past occasions, to similar ends, carries us back to the original rare phenomenon, the grand assurance and grand patience with which the system was launched.

If it topples over, the system, by its own weight, in these last applications of it, that only makes the history of its prolonged success the more curious and, speaking for myself, the spectacle of its origin more attaching. Readers of my generation remember well the publication of La Conquête de Plassans and the portent, indefinable but irresistible, after perusal of the volume, conveyed in the general rubric under which it was a first installment, Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second

Empire. It loomed large, the announcement, from the first, and we were to learn promptly enough what a fund of life it masked. It was like the mouth of a cave with a signboard hung above, or better still perhaps like the big booth at a fair with the name of the show across the flapping canvas. One strange animal after another stepped forth into the light, each in its way a monster bristling and spotted, each a curiosity of that "natural history" in the name of which we were addressed, though it was doubtless not till the appearance of L'Assommoir that the true type of the monstrous seemed to be reached. The enterprise, for those who had attention, was even at a distance impressive, and the nearer the critic gets to it retrospectively, the more so it becomes. The pyramid had been planned and the site staked out, but the young builder stood there, in his sturdy strength, with no equipment save his two hands and, as we may say, his wheelbarrow and his trowel. His pile of material — of stone, brick, and rubble, or whatever — was of the smallest, but that he apparently felt as the least of his difficulties. Poor, uninstructed, unacquainted, unintroduced, he set up his subject wholly from the outside, proposing to himself, wonderfully, to get into it, into its depths, as he went.

If we imagine him asking himself what he knew of the "social" life of the second Empire to start with, we imagine him also answering in all honesty: "I have my eyes and my ears — I have all my senses: I have what I 've seen and heard, what I 've smelled and tasted and touched. And then I 've my curiosity and my pertinacity; I 've libraries, books, newspapers, witnesses, the material, from step to step, of an *enquête*. And then I 've my genius — that is, my imagination, my sensibility to life. Lastly, I 've my method, and that will be half the battle. Best of all, perhaps even, I 've an incomparable absence of doubts." Of the paucity of his doubts indeed, of his inability, once his direction taken, to entertain so much as the shadow of one, Vérité is a positive monument — which again represents in this way the unity of his tone and the meeting of his extremes. If we remember that his design was nothing if not architectural, that a "majestic whole," a great balanced façade, with all its orders and parts, that a unity of effect, in fine, was before him from the first, his notion of picking up his bricks as he proceeded becomes, in operation, heroic. It is not in the least as a record of failure for him that I note this particular fact of the growth of the long series as the liveliest interest, on the whole, it has to offer. "I don't know my subject, but I must live into it; I don't know life, but I must learn it as I work" — that attitude and programme represent, to my sense, a drama more intense on the worker's own part than any of the dramas he was to invent and put before us.

It was the fortune, it was in a manner the doom, of Les Rougon-Macquart to deal with things almost always in gregarious form, to be a picture of *numbers*, of classes, crowds, confusions, movements, industries — and this for a reason of which it will be interesting to attempt some account. The individual life is, if not wholly absent, reflected in coarse and common, in generalized terms; whereby we arrive precisely at the oddity just named, the circumstance that, looking out somewhere, and often woefully athirst, for the taste of fineness, we find it not in the fruits of our author's fancy, but in a different matter altogether. We get it in the very history of his effort, the image itself of his lifelong process, comparatively so personal, so spiritual even, and, through all its patience and pain, of a quality so much more distinguished than the qualities he succeeds in attributing to his figures even when he most aims at distinction. There can be no question, in these narrow limits, of my taking

the successive volumes one by one — all the more that our sense of the exhibition is as little as possible an impression of parts and books, of particular "plots" and persons. It produces the effect of a mass of imagery in which shades are sacrificed, the effect of character and passion in the lump or by the ton. The fullest, the most characteristic episodes affect us like a sounding chorus or procession, as with a hubbub of voices and a multitudinous tread of feet. The setter of the mass into motion, he himself, in the crowd, figures best, with whatever queer idiosyncrasies, excrescences, and gaps, as a being of a substance akin to our own. Taking him as we must, I repeat, for quite heroic, the interest of detail in him is the interest of his struggle, at every point, with his problem.

The sense for crowds and processions, for the gross and the general, was largely the *result* of this predicament, of the disproportion between his scheme and his material — though it was certainly also in part an effect of his particular turn of mind. What the reader easily discerns in him is the sturdy resolution with which breadth and energy supply the place of penetration. He rests to his utmost on his documents, devours and assimilates them, makes them yield him extraordinary appearances of life; but in his way he too improvises in the grand manner, the manner of Walter Scott and of Dumas the elder. We feel that he *has* to improvise for his moral and social world, the world as to which vision and opportunity must come, if they are to come at all, unhurried and unhustled — must take their own time, helped, doubtless, more or less, by blue-books, reports, and interviews, by inquiries, "on the spot," but never wholly replaced by such substitutes without a general disfigurement. Vision and opportunity reside in a personal sense and a personal history, and no short cut to them in the interest of plausible fiction has ever been discovered. The short cut, it is not too much to say, was with Zola the subject of constant ingenious experiment, and it is largely to this source, I surmise, that we owe the celebrated element of his grossness. He was *obliged* to be gross, on his system, or neglect, to his cost, an invaluable aid to representation, as well as one that apparently struck him as lying close at hand; and I cannot withhold my frank admiration from the courage and consistency with which he faced his need.

His general subject, in the last analysis, was the nature of man; in dealing with which he took up, obviously, the harp of most numerous strings. His business was to make these strings sound true, and there were none that he did n't, so far as his general economy permitted, persistently try. What happened then was that many — say about half, and these, as I have noted, the most silvered, the most golden — refused to give out their music. They would only sound false, since (as with all his earnestness he must have felt) he could command them, through want of skill, of practice, of ear, to none of the right felicity. What therefore was more natural than that, still splendidly bent on producing his illusion, he should throw himself on the strings he *could* thump with effect, and should work them, as our phrase is, for all they were worth? The nature of man, he had plentiful warrant for holding, is an extraordinary mixture, but the great thing was to represent a sufficient part of it to show that it was, solidly, palpably, commonly, the nature. With this preoccupation he doubtless fell into extravagance — there was so much, obviously, to encourage him. The coarser side of his subject, based on the community of all the instincts, was, for instance, the more practicable side, a sphere the vision of which required but the general human, scarcely more than the plain physical, initiation, and dispensed thereby, conveniently enough, with special introductions or revelations. A free entry into

this sphere was undoubtedly compatible with a youthful career as hampered, right and left, even as Zola's own.

He was in prompt possession, thus, of the range of sympathy that he *could* cultivate, though it must be added that the complete exercise of that sympathy might have encountered an obstacle that would somewhat undermine his advantage. Our friend might have found himself able, in other words, to pay to the instinctive, as I have called it, only such tribute as protesting taste (his own dose of it) permitted. Yet there it was again that fortune and his temperament served him. Taste as he knew it, taste as his own constitution supplied it, proved to have nothing to say to the matter. His own dose of the precious elixir had no perceptible regulating power. Paradoxical as the remark may sound, this accident was positively to operate as one of his greatest felicities. There are parts of his work, those dealing with romantic or poetic elements, in which the inactivity of the principle in question is sufficiently hurtful; but it surely should not be described as hurtful to such pictures as Le Ventre de Paris, as L'Assommoir, as Germinal. The idea on which each of these productions rests is that of a world with which taste has nothing to do, and though the act of representation may be justly held, as an artistic act, to involve its presence, the discrimination would probably have been in fact, given the particular illusion sought, more detrimental than the deficiency. There was a great outcry, as we all remember, over the rank materialism of L'Assommoir, but who cannot see, to-day, how much a milder infusion of it would have weakened the whole strong treatment of the subject? L'Assommoir is the nature of man, but it is not his finer, nobler, cleaner, or more cultivated nature; it is the image of his free instincts, the better and the worse, the better struggling as they can, gasping for light and air, the worse making themselves at home in darkness, ignorance, and poverty. The whole handling makes for emphasis and scale, and it is not to be measured how, as a picture of conditions, the thing would have suffered from timidity. The qualification of the painter was precisely his strength of stomach, and we scarce exceed in saying that to have captured less of the air would, with such a resource, have meant the waste of a faculty.

I may add, in this connection, moreover, that refinement of intention did, on occasion, and after a fashion of its own, unmistakably preside at these experiments; making the remark in order to have done, once for all, with a feature of Zola's literary physiognomy that appears to have attached the gaze of many persons to the exclusion of every other. There are judges, in these matters, so perversely preoccupied that for them to see anywhere the "improper" is for them straightway to cease to see anything else. The said improper, looming supremely large and casting all the varieties of the proper quite into the shade, suffers thus in their consciousness a much greater extension than it ever claimed, and this consciousness becomes, for the edification of many and the information of a few, a colossal reflector and record of it. Much may be said, in relation to some of the possibilities of the nature of man, of the nature in especial of the "people," on the defect of our author's sense of proportion. But the sense of proportion of many of those he has scandalized would take us further yet. I recall, at all events, as relevant — for it comes under a very attaching general head — two occasions, of long ago, two Sunday afternoons in Paris, on which I found the question of intention very curiously lighted. Several men of letters of a group in which almost every member either had arrived at renown or was well on his way to it, were assembled under the roof of the most distinguished of their number, where they exchanged free

confidences, on current work, on plans and ambitions, in a manner full of interest for one never previously privileged to see artistic conviction, artistic passion (at least on the literary ground) so systematic and so articulate. "Well, I on my side," I remember Zola's saying, "am engaged on a book, a study of the *mœurs* of the people, for which I am making a collection of all the 'bad words,' the *gros mots*, words of the language, those with which the vocabulary of the people, those with which their familiar talk, bristles." I was struck with the tone in which he made the announcement — without bravado and without apology, as an interesting idea that had come to him and that he was working, really to arrive at character, with all his conscience; just as I was struck with the unqualified interest that his plan excited. It was *on* a plan that he was working — formidably, almost grimly, as his fatigued face showed; and the whole consideration of this interesting feature of it partook of the general seriousness.

But there comes back to me also, as a companion-piece to this, another day, after some interval, on which the interest was excited by the fact that the work on behalf of which the brave license had been taken was actually under the ban of the daily newspaper that had engaged to "serialize" it. Publication had definitively ceased. The thing had run a part of its course, but it had outrun the courage of editors and the curiosity of subscribers — that stout curiosity to which it had, evidently in such good faith, been addressed. The chorus of contempt for the ways of such people, their pusillanimity, their superficiality, vulgarity, intellectual platitude, was the striking note on this occasion; for the journal in question had declined to proceed, and the serial, broken off, been obliged, if I am not mistaken, to seek the hospitality of other columns, secured indeed with no great difficulty. The composition so qualified for future fame was none other, as I was later to learn, than L'Assommoir; and my reminiscence has perhaps no greater point than in connecting itself with a matter always dear to the critical spirit, especially when the latter has not too completely elbowed out the romantic — the matter of the "origins," the early consciousness, early steps, early tribulations, early obscurity, as so often happens, of productions finally crowned by time.

Their greatness is for the most part a thing that has originally begun so small; and this impression is particularly strong when we have been in any degree present, so to speak, at the birth. The history is apt to tend preponderantly in that case to enrich our stores of irony. In the eventual conquest of consideration by an abused book we recognize, in other terms, a drama of romantic interest, a drama often with large comic no less than with fine pathetic interweavings. It may of course be said in this particular connection that L'Assommoir had not been one of the literary things that creep humbly into the world. Its "success" may be cited as almost insolently prompt, and the fact remains true if the idea of success be restricted, after the inveterate fashion, to the idea of circulation. What remains truer still, however, is that for the critical spirit circulation mostly matters not the least little bit, and it is of the success with which the history of Gervaise and Coupeau nestles in *that* capacious bosom, even as the just man sleeps in Abraham's, that I am speaking. But it is a point on which I can speak better a moment hence.

Though a summary study of Zola need not too anxiously concern itself with book after book — always with a partial exception from this remark for L'Assommoir — groups and varieties none the less exist in the huge series, aids to discrimination without which no measure of the presiding genius is possible. These divisions seem to me,

roughly speaking, however, scarce more than three in number — that is, if the ten volumes of the Œuvres Critiques and the Théâtre be left out of account. The critical volumes in especial abound in the characteristic, as they were also a wondrous addition to his sum of achievement during his most strenuous years. But I am forced to neglect them. The two groups constituted after the close of Les Rougon-Macquart — Les Trois Villes and the incomplete Quatre Évangiles — distribute themselves easily among the three types, or, to speak more exactly, stand together under one of the three. This one, so comprehensive as to be the author's main achievement, includes, to my sense, all his best volumes — to the point in fact of producing an effect of distinct inferiority for those outside of it, which are, luckily for his general credit, the less numerous. It is so inveterately pointed out in any allusion to him that one shrinks, in repeating it, from sounding flat; but as he was admirably equipped, from the start, for the evocation of number and quantity, so those of his social pictures that most easily surpass the others are those in which appearances, the appearances familiar to him, are at once most magnified and most multiplied.

To make his characters swarm, and to make the great central thing they swarm about "as large as life," portentously, heroically big, that was the task he set himself very nearly from the first, that was the secret he triumphantly mastered. Add that the big central thing was always some highly representative institution or industry of the France of his time, some seated Moloch of custom, of commerce, of faith, lending itself to portrayal through its abuses and excesses, its idol-face and great devouring mouth, and we embrace the main lines of his attack. In Le Ventre de Paris he had dealt with the life of the huge Halles, the general markets and their supply, the personal forces, personal situations, passions, involved in (strangest of all subjects) the nutrition of the monstrous city, the city whose victualing occupies so inordinately much of its consciousness. Paris richly gorged, Paris sublime and indifferent in her assurance (so all unlike poor Oliver's) of "more," figures here the theme itself, lies across the scene like some vast ruminant creature breathing in a cloud of parasites. The book was the first of the long series to show the full freedom of the author's hand, though La Curée had already been symptomatic. This freedom, after an interval, broke out on a much bigger scale in L'Assommoir, in Au Bonheur des Dames, in Germinal, in La Bête Humaine, in L'Argent, in La Débâcle, and then again, though more mechanically, and with much of the glory gone, in the more or less wasted energy of Lourdes, Rome, Paris, of Fécondité, Travail, and Vérité.

Au Bonheur des Dames handles the colossal modern shop, traces the growth of such an organization as the Bon-Marché or the Magasin-du-Louvre, sounds the abysses of its inner life, marshals its population, its hierarchy of clerks, counters, departments, divisions and subdivisions, plunges into the labyrinth of the mutual relations of its personnel, and above all traces its ravage amid the smaller fry of the trade, of all the trades, pictures these latter gasping for breath in an air pumped clean by its mighty lungs. Germinal revolves about the coal-mines of Flemish France, with the subterranean world of the pits for its central presence, just as La Bête Humaine has for its protagonist a great railway, and L'Argent makes supremely personal and "intimate" the fury of the Bourse and the money-market. La Débâcle takes up, magnificently, the first act of the Franco-Prussian war, the collapse at Sedan, and the titles of the six volumes of The Three Cities and The Four Gospels sufficiently explain them. I may mention,

however, for the last lucidity, that, among these, Fécondité manipulates, with an amazing misapprehension of means to ends, of remedies to ills, no less populous a subject than that of the decline in the French birth rate, and that Vérité presents a fictive equivalent of the Dreyfus case, with a vast and elaborate picture of the battle, in France, between lay and clerical instruction. I may even further mention, to clear the ground, that with the close of Les Rougon-Macquart the diminution of freshness in the author's energy, the diminution of intensity and, in short, of quality, becomes such as to render sadly difficult a happy life with some of the later volumes. Happiness of the purest strain never indeed, in old absorptions of Zola, quite sat at the feast; but there was mostly a measure of coercion, a spell without a charm. From these last-named productions of the climax everything strikes me as absent but quantity (Vérité, for instance, is, with the possible exception of Nana, the longest of the list); though indeed there is something impressive in the way his quantity represents his patience.

There are efforts here, at stout perusal, that, frankly, I have been unable to make, and I should like in fact, in connection with the vanity of these, to dispose on the spot of the sufficiently strange phenomenon constituted by what I have called the climax. It embodies, truly, an immense anomaly; it casts back over Zola's prime and his middle years the queerest gray light of eclipse. Nothing, moreover, — nothing "literary," — was ever so odd as, in this matter, the whole history, the consummation so logical yet so unexpected. Writers have grown old and withered and failed; they have grown weak and sad; they have lost heart, lost ability, yielded in one way or another — the possible ways being so numerous — to the cruelty of time. But the singular doom of this genius — and which began, for that matter, to threaten ten years before his death — was to find, with life, at fifty, still rich in him, strength only to undermine all the "authority" he had gathered. He had not grown old and he had not grown feeble; he had only grown mortally insistent, set himself to wreck, poetically, his so massive identity — to wreck it in the very waters in which he had formerly arrayed his victorious fleet. (I say "poetically" on purpose, to give him the just benefit of all the beauty of his power.) The process of the disaster, so full of the effect, though so without the intention, of perversity, is difficult to trace in a few words; it may best be indicated by an example or two of its action.

The example that perhaps most comes home to me is again connected with a personal reminiscence. In the course of some talk that I had with him during his first visit to England I happened to ask him what opportunity to travel (if any) his immense application had ever left him, and whether in particular he had been able to see Italy, a country from which I had either just returned, or which I was, luckily, — not having the Natural History of a Family to count with, — about to revisit. "All I 've done, alas," he replied, "was, the other year, in the course of a little journey to the south, to my own *pays* — all that has been possible was then to make a little dash as far as Genoa, a matter of only a few days." Le Docteur Pascal, the conclusion of Les Rougon-Macquart, had appeared shortly before, and it further befell that I asked him what plans he had for the future, now that, still *dans la force de l'âge*, he had so cleared the ground. I shall never forget the fine promptitude of his answer — "Oh, I shall begin at once Les Trois Villes." "And which cities are they to be?" The reply was finer still — "Lourdes, Paris, Rome."

It was splendid for confidence and cheer, but it left me, I fear, more or less gaping, and it was to give me after-

wards the key, critically speaking, to many a mystery. It struck me as breathing to an almost tragic degree the fatuity of those whom the gods ruin through their blindness. He was an honest man — he had always bristled with it at every pore; but no artistic reverse was inconceivable for an adventurer who, stating in one breath that his knowledge of Italy consisted of a few days spent at Genoa, was ready to declare in the next that he had planned, on a scale, a picture of Rome. It flooded his career, to my sense, with light; it showed how he had marched from subject to subject, and how he had "got up" each in turn — showing also how consummately he had reduced such getting-up to a science. He had success, he had a rare impunity, behind him; but nothing would now be so interesting as to see if he could again play the trick. One would leave him, and welcome, Lourdes and Paris — he had already dealt, on a scale, with his own country and people. But was the adored Rome also to be his on such terms, the Rome he was already giving away before having acquired an inch of it? One thought of one's own frequentations, saturations — a history of long years, and of how the effect of them had somehow been but to make the subject too august. Was *he* to find it easy through a visit of a month or two with "introductions" and a Bædeker?

It was not indeed that the Bædeker and the introductions did n't show, to my sense, at that hour, as extremely suggestive; they were positively a part of the light struck out by his announcement. They defined the system on which he had brought Les Rougon-Macquart safely into port. He had had his Bædeker and his introductions for Germinal, for L'Assommoir, for L'Argent, for La Débâcle, for Au Bonheur des Dames; which advantages, which researches, had been, clearly, all the more in character for being documentary, bibliographic, a matter of *renseignements,* published or private, even when most mixed with personal impressions snatched, with *enquêtes sur les lieux,* with facts obtained from the best authorities, proud and happy, in so famous a connection, to coöperate. That was, as we say, all right, all the more that the process, to my imagination, became vivid, was wonderfully reflected back from its fruits. There *were* the fruits — so it had n't been presumptuous. Presumption, however, was now to begin, and what omen might n't there be in its beginning with such serenity? Well, time would show — as time, in due course, effectually did show. Rome, as the second volume of The Three Cities, appeared, with high punctuality, a year or two later; and the interesting question, an occasion really for the moralist, was by that time not to recognize in it the mere triumph of a mechanical art, a "receipt" applied with the skill of long practice, but to do much more than this — really to give a name, that is, to the particular shade of blindness that could constitute a trap for so great an artistic intelligence. The presumptuous volume, without sweetness, without antecedents, superficial and violent, has the minimum instead of the maximum of *value;* so that it betrayed or "gave away," just in this degree, the state of mind, on the author's part, responsible for it. To put one's finger on the state of mind was to find out, accordingly, what was, as we say, the matter with him.

It seemed to me, I remember, that I found out as never before when, in its turn, Fécondité began the work of crowning the edifice. Fécondité is physiological, whereas Rome is not, whereas Vérité likewise is not; yet these three productions joined hands, at a given moment, to fit into the lock of the mystery the key of my meditation. They came to the same thing, to the extent of permitting me to read into them together the most precious of lessons. This lesson may not, barely stated,

sound remarkable; yet without being in possession of it I should have ventured on none of these remarks. "The matter with" Zola then, so far as it goes, is that, as the imagination of the artist is, in the best cases, not only clarified but intensified by his equal possession of Taste (deserving here, if ever, the old-fashioned honor of a capital), so, when he has, lucklessly, never inherited that auxiliary blessing, the imagination itself inevitably breaks down as a consequence. There is simply no limit, in fine, to the misfortune of being tasteless; it does n't simply disfigure the surface and the fringe of your performance — it eats back into the very heart and enfeebles the sources of life. When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like Rome, which are without intellectual modesty, books like Fécondité, which are without a sense of the ridiculous, books like Vérité, which are without the finer vision of human experience.

It is marked that in each of these examples the deficiency has been directly fatal. No stranger doom was ever appointed for a man so plainly desiring only to be just than the absurdity of not resting till he had buried the felicity of his past, such as it was, under a great flat leaden slab. Vérité is a plea for science, as science, to Zola, is *all* truth, the mention of any other kind being mere imbecility; and the simplification of the human picture to which his negations, his exasperations, have here conducted him was not, even when all had been said, credible in advance. The result is amazing when we consider that the finer observation is the supposed basis of all such work. It is not that even here the author has not a queer idealism of his own; this idealism is on the contrary so present as to show, positively, for the falsest of his simplifications. In Fécondité it becomes grotesque, makes of the book the most energetic mistake of *sense* probably ever committed. Where was the judgment of which experience is supposed to be the guarantee when the perpetrator could persuade himself that the lesson he wished in these pages to convey could be made immediate and direct, chalked, with loud taps and a still louder commentary, the sexes and generations all convoked, on the blackboard of the "family sentiment?"

I have mentioned, however, all this time, but one of his categories. The second consists of such things as La Fortune des Rougon and La Curée, as Eugène Rougon and even Nana, as Pot-Bouille, as L'Œuvre and La Joie de Vivre. These volumes may rank as social pictures in the narrower sense, studies, comprehensively speaking, of the manners, the morals, the miseries — for it mainly comes to that — of a grossly materialized *bourgeoisie*. They deal with the life of individuals, of the liberal professions, of political and social adventurers, and offer the personal character and career, more or less detached, as the centre of interest. La Curée is an evocation, violent and "romantic," of the extravagant appetites, the fever of the senses, supposedly fostered, for its ruin, by the hapless Second Empire, upon which general ills, turpitudes at large, were at one time so freely and conveniently fathered. Eugène Rougon carries out this view in the high color of a political portrait, not other than scandalous, for which one of the ministerial *âmes damnées* of Napoleon III., M. Rouher, is reputed, I know not how justly, to have sat. Nana, attaching itself by a hundred strings to a prearranged table of kinships, heredities, transmissions, in the large, crowded *epos* of the daughter of the people, filled with poisoned blood and sacrificed, as well as sacrificing, on the altar of luxury and lust; the panorama of such a "progress" as Hogarth would more definitely have named — the progress across the high plateau of

"pleasure" and down the facile descent on the other side. Nana is truly a monument to Zola's patience; the subject being so ungrateful, so formidably special, that the multiplication of illustrative detail, the plunge into pestilent depths, represents a kind of technical heroism.

There are other plunges, into different sorts of darkness; of which the æsthetic, even the scientific, even the ironic, motive fairly escapes us — explorations of stagnant pools like that of La Joie de Vivre, as to which, granting the nature of the curiosity and the substance worked in, the patience is again prodigious, but which make us wonder what pearl of philosophy, of suggestion, or just of homely recognition, the general picture, as of rats dying in a hole, has to offer. Our various senses, sight, smell, sound, touch, are, as with Zola always, more or less convinced; but when the particular effect upon each of these is added to the effect upon the others the mind still remains bewilderedly unconscious of any use for the total. I am not sure indeed that the case in this respect is better with the productions of the third order — La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret, Une Page d'Amour, Le Rêve, Le Docteur Pascal — in which the appeal is more directly, is in fact quite earnestly, to the mind; so much, on such ground, was to depend precisely on those discriminations in which the writer is least at home. The volumes whose names I have just quoted are his express tribute to the "ideal," to the romantic and the charming — fair fruits of invention intended to remove from the mouth, so far as possible, the bitterness of the ugly things in which so much of the rest of his work had been condemned to consist. The subjects in question then are "idyllic" and the treatment poetic — concerned essentially to please, on the largest lines, and involving at every turn that salutary need. They are matters of conscious delicacy, and nothing might interest us more than to see what, in the shock of the potent forces enlisted, becomes of this shy element. Nothing might interest us more, literally, and might positively affect us more, even very nearly to tears, though indeed sometimes also to smiles, than to see the constructor of Les Rougon-Macquart trying, "for all he is worth," to be delicate, trying to be finely tender, trying to be, as it is called, distinguished, in the face of constitutional hindrance.

The effort is admirably honest, the tug at his subject splendidly strong; but the consequences remain of the strangest, and we get the impression that — as representing discriminations unattainable — they are somehow the price he paid. Le Docteur Pascal, for instance, which winds up the long chronicle on the romantic note, on the note of invoked beauty, in order to sweeten, as it were, the total draught — Le Docteur Pascal, treating of the erotic ardor entertained for each other by an uncle and his niece, leaves us amazed at such a conception of beauty, such an application of romance, such an estimate of sweetness, so eccentric a sacrifice, in short, to poetry and passion. Of course, we definitely remind ourselves, the whole long chronicle is explicitly a scheme, solidly set up and intricately worked out, lighted, according to the author's pretension, by "science," high, dry, and clear, and with each part involved and necessitated in all the other parts, each block of the edifice, each "morceau de vie" *physiologically* determined by previous combinations. "How can I help it, we hear the builder of the pyramid ask, if experience (by which alone I proceed) shows me certain plain results — if, holding up the torch of my famous 'experimental method,' I find it stare me in the face that the union of certain types, the conflux of certain strains of blood, the intermarriage, in a word, of certain families, produces nervous con-

ditions, conditions temperamental, psychical, and pathological, in which nieces *have* to fall in love with uncles and uncles with nieces? Observation and imagination, for any picture of life," he as audibly adds, "know no light but science, and are false to all intellectual decency, false to their own honor, when they fear it, dodge it, darken it. To pretend to any other guide or law is mere base humbug."

That is very well, and the value, in a hundred ways, of a mass of production conceived in such a spirit can never (when robust execution has followed) be small. But the formula really sees us no further. It offers a definition which is no definition. "Science" is soon said; the whole thing depends on what is meant by it. Science accepts, surely, *all* our consciousness of life; even, rather, the latter closes maternally round it — so that, becoming thus a force within us, not a force outside, it exists, it illuminates, only as we apply it. We do emphatically, in art, apply it. But Zola would apparently hold that it much more applies *us*. On the showing of many of his volumes, then, it makes a dim use of us, and this we should still consider the case even were we sure that the article offered us in the majestic name is absolutely at one with its own pretension. This confidence we can, on too many grounds, never have. The thing is a matter of appreciation, and when an artist answers for science who answers for the artist — who, at the least, answers for art? Thus it is with the mistakes that affect us, I say, as Zola's penalties. We are reminded by them that the game of art has, as the phrase is, to be played. It cannot, with any sure felicity for the result, be both taken and left. If you insist on the common you must submit to the common; if you discriminate, on the contrary, you must, however invidious your discriminations may be called, trust to them to see you through.

To the common, then, Zola, often with splendid results, inordinately sacrifices, and this fact of its overwhelming him is what I have called his paying for it. In L'Assommoir, in Germinal, in La Débâcle, productions in which he must most survive, the sacrifice is ordered and fruitful, for the subject and the treatment harmonize and work together. He describes what he best feels, and feels it, more and more, as it naturally comes to him — quite, if I may allow myself the image, as we zoölogically see some mighty animal, a beast of a corrugated hide and a portentous snout, soaking with joy in the warm ooze of an African riverside. In these cases everything matches, and "science," we may be permitted to believe, has little hand in the business. The author's perceptions go straight, and the subject, grateful and responsive, gives itself wholly up. It is no longer a case of an uncertain smoky torch, but of a personal vision, the vision of genius, springing from an inward source. Of this genius L'Assommoir is, to my sense, the most extraordinary record. It contains, with the two companions I have given it, all the best of Zola, and the three books together are solid ground — or would be could I now so take them — for a study of the particulars of his power. His strongest marks and features abound in them; L'Assommoir, above all, is (not least in respect to its bold, free linguistic reach, already glanced at) completely genial, while his misadventures, his unequipped and delusive pursuit of the intimate and fine, are almost completely absent.

It is a singular sight enough, that of a producer of illusions whose interest, for us, is so independent of our pleasure, or at least of our complacency — who touches us, deeply, even while he most "puts us off," who makes us care for his ugliness and yet himself pitilessly (pitilessly, that is, for *us*) plays with it, who fills us with a sense of the rich which is, none the less, never the rare. Gervaise, the most immediately "felt,"

I cannot but think, of all his characters, is a lame washerwoman, loose and gluttonous, without will, without any principle of cohesion, the sport of every wind that assaults her exposed life, and who, rolling from one gross mistake to another, finds her end in misery, drink, and despair. But her career, as presented, has fairly the largeness that, throughout the chronicle, we feel as epic, and the intensity of her creator's vision of it and of the dense sordid life hanging about it is to my sense one of the great things the modern novel has been able to do. It has done nothing more completely constitutive and of a tone so rich and full and sustained. The tone of L'Assommoir is, for mere "keeping up," unsurpassable, a vast, deep, steady tide on which every object represented is triumphantly borne. It never shrinks nor flows thin, and nothing for an instant drops, dips, or catches; the high-water mark of sincerity, of the genial, as I have called it, is unfailingly kept.

For the artist in the same general "line" such a production has an interest almost inexpressible, — a mystery, as to origin and growth, over which he fondly but rather vainly bends. How, after all, does it so get itself *done* — the "done" being, admirably, the sign and crown of it? The light of the richer mind has been, elsewhere, as I have sufficiently hinted, frequent enough, but nothing truly, in all fiction, was ever built so strong or made so solid. Needless to say there are a thousand things with more charm in their truth, with more beguilement of every sort, more prettiness of pathos, more innocence of drollery, for the spectator's sense of truth. But I doubt if there has ever been a more totally *represented* world, anything more founded and established, more provided for all round, more organized and carried on. It is a world practically workable, with every part as much done as every other, and with the parts all chosen for direct mutual aid. Let it not be said, either, that the equal doing of parts makes for repletion or excess; the air circulates and the subject blooms; deadness comes only, in these matters, when the right parts are absent and there is vain beating of the air in their place — the refuge of the fumbler incapable of "doing" at all.

The mystery I speak of, for the reader capable of observation, is the wonder of the scale and energy of Zola's assimilations. This wonder besets us above all throughout the three books I have placed first. How, all sedentary and "scientific," did he get so *near?* By what art, inscrutable, immeasurable, indefatigable, did he arrange to make of his documents, in these connections, a use so vivified? Say he was "near" the subject of L'Assommoir in imagination, in more or less familiar impression, in temperament and humor, he could not after all have been near it in personal experience, and the copious personalism of the picture yet remains its note and its strength. When the note had been struck in a thousand forms we had, by multiplication, as a kind of cumulative consequence, the finished and rounded book; just as we had the same result, by the same process, in Germinal. It is not of course that multiplication and accumulation, the extraordinary pair of legs on which he walks, are easily or directly consistent with his projecting himself morally; this immense diffusion, with its appropriation of everything it meets, affects us, on the contrary, as perpetually delaying access to what we may call the private world, the world of the individual. Yet as the individual — for it so happens — is simple and shallow, our author's dealings with him, as frankly met, maintain their resemblance to those of the lusty bee who succeeds in plumping for an instant, of a summer morning, into every flower-cup of the garden.

Grant — and the generalization may

be emphatic — that the shallow and the simple are *all* the population of his richest and most crowded pictures, and that his "psychology," in a psychologic age, remains thereby comparatively coarse — grant this and we get but another view of the miracle. We see enough of the superficial among the novelists at large, assuredly, without deriving from it, as we derive from Zola at his best, the concomitant impression of the solid. It is in general — I mean among the novelists at large — the impression of the *cheap*, which the author of Les Rougon-Macquart, honest man, full, after all, of his own delicacies, manages to spare us even in the prolonged sandstorm of Vérité. The Common is another matter; it is one of the forms of the superficial — pervading and consecrating all things in such a book as Germinal — and it only adds to the number of our critical questions. How in the world is it made, this deplorable, democratic, malodorous Common, so strange and so interesting? How is it taught to receive into its loins the stuff of the epic and still, in spite of this association with poetry, never depart from its nature? It is in the great lusty game he plays with the shallow and the simple that Zola's mastery resides, and we see of course that when values are small it takes innumerable items and combinations to make up the sum. In L'Assommoir and in Germinal, to some extent even in La Débâcle, the values are all, morally, personally, of the lowest (the highest is poor Gervaise herself, richly human in her generosities and follies), yet each is as distinct as a brass-headed nail.

What we come back to, accordingly, is the rare phenomenon of the combination of the writer's parts. Painters, of great schools, often of great talent, have responded, liberally, on canvas, to the appeal of ugly things, of Spanish beggars, squalid and dusty-footed, of martyred saints, or other convulsed sufferers, tortured and bleeding, of boors and louts soaking a Dutch proboscis in perpetual beer; but we had never before had to reckon with so literary a treatment of the vulgar. When we others of the Anglo-Saxon race are vulgar we are, handsomely, and with the best conscience in the world, vulgar all through, too vulgar to be in any degree literary, and too much so therefore to be reckoned with, critically, at all. The French are different — they separate their sympathies, remain more or less outside of their worst disasters. They mostly contrive to get the *idea*, in however dead a faint, down into the lifeboat. They may lose sight of the stars, but they save in some such fashion as that their intellectual souls. Zola's own reply to all puzzlements would have been, at any rate, I take it, a simple summary of his inveterate professional habits. "It is all very simple — I produce, roughly speaking, a volume a year, and of this time some five months go to preparation, to special study. In the other months, with all my *cadres* established, I write the book. And I can hardly say which part of the job is the hardest."

The story was not more wonderful for him than that, nor the job more complex; which is why we must say of his whole process and its results that they constitute together perhaps the most extraordinary *imitation* of experience that we possess. Balzac appealed to "science" and proceeded by her aid; Balzac had *cadres* enough and a tabulated world, rubrics, relationships and genealogies; but Balzac affects us, in spite of everything, as personally overtaken by life, as fairly hunted and run to earth by it. He strikes us as struggling and all but submerged, as beating, over the scene, such a pair of wings as were not soon again to be wielded by any visitor of his general air and as had not, at all events, attached themselves to Zola's rounded shoulders. His bequest is, in consequence, immeasurably more interesting; yet who shall declare

that his adventure was, in its greatness, more successful? Zola "pulled it off," as we say, supremely, in that he never but once found himself obliged to quit, to our vision, his magnificent treadmill of the pigeonholed and documented — the region that I qualify as that of experience by imitation. His splendid economy saw him through; he labored, to the end, within sight of his notes and his charts.

The extraordinary thing, however, is that on the single occasion when, publicly, — as his whole manifestation was public, — life did swoop down on him, the effect of the visitation was quite perversely other than might have been looked for. His courage in the Dreyfus matter testified admirably to his ability to live for himself and out of the order of his volumes — little indeed as living at all might have seemed a question for one exposed, when his crisis was at its height and he was found guilty of "insulting" the powers that were, to be literally torn to pieces in the precincts of the Palace of Justice. Our point is that nothing was ever so odd as that these great moments should appear to have been wasted, after all, for his creative intelligence. Vérité, as I have intimated, the production in which they might most have been reflected, is a production unrenewed and unrefreshed by them, spreads before us as somehow flatter and grayer, not richer and more relieved, by reason of them. They arrived, really, I surmise, too late in the day; the imagination they might have vivified was already fatigued and spent.

I must not moreover appear to say that the power to evoke and present has not even on the dead level of Vérité its occasional minor revenges. There are passages, whole pages, of the old full-bodied sort, pictures that elsewhere in the series would, in all likelihood, have seemed abundantly convincing. Their misfortune is to have been discounted by our intensified, our finally fatal sense of the *procédé*. Quarreling with all conventions, defiant of them in general, Zola was yet inevitably to set up his own group of them — as, for that matter, without a sufficient collection, without their aid in simplifying and making possible, how could he ever have seen his big ship into port? Art welcomes them, feeds upon them, always; no sort of form, at least, is practicable without them. It is only a question of what particular ones we use — to wage war on certain others. The convention of the blameless being, the thoroughly "scientific" creature, possessed, impeccably, of all truth and serving as the mouthpiece of it and of the author's highest complacencies — this character is for instance a convention inveterate and indispensable, without whom the "sympathetic" side of the work could never have been achieved. Marc in Vérité, Pierre Froment in Lourdes and in Rome, the wondrous representatives of the principle of reproduction in Fécondité, the exemplary painter of L'Œuvre, sublime in his modernity and paternity, the patient Jean Macquart of La Débâcle, whose patience is as guaranteed as the exactitude of a well-made watch, the supremely enlightened Docteur Pascal even, as I recall him, all amorous nepotism, but all virtue too and all beauty of life, — such figures show us the reasonable and the good not merely in the white light of the old George Sand novel and its improved moralities, but almost in that of our childhood's nursery and schoolroom, that of the moral tale of Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Thomas Day.

Yet let not these restrictions be my last word. I had intended, under the effect of a reperusal of La Débâcle, Germinal, and L'Assommoir, to make no discriminations that should not be in our friend's favor. The prolonged incident of the marriage of Gervaise and Cadet-Cassis, and that of the Homeric birthday feast later on, in the laundress's workshop, each treated from beginning to end and in every item of their

coarse comedy and humanity, still show the unprecedented breadth by which they originally made us stare, still abound in the particular kind and degree of vividness that helped them, when they appeared, to mark a date in the portrayal of manners. Nothing had then been so sustained and, at every moment of its grotesque and pitiful existence, lived into as the nuptial day of the Coupeau pair in especial, their fantastic processional pilgrimage through the streets of Paris in the rain, their bedraggled exploration of the halls of the Louvre Museum, lost as in the labyrinth of Crete, and their arrival at last, ravenous and exasperated, at the *guinguette* where they sup at so much a head, each paying, and where we sit down with them, in the grease and the perspiration, and succumb, half in sympathy half in shame, to their monstrous pleasantries, acerbities, and miseries. I have said enough of the mechanical in Zola; here in truth is, given the elements, almost insupportably the sense of life. It is equally in the historic chapter of the miners' strike in Germinal, another of those illustrative episodes, viewed as great passages to be "rendered," as to which our author established altogether a new measure and standard of handling, a new energy and veracity: something, absolutely, since which the old trivialities and poverties of treatment of such occasions have become incompatible, for the novelist, with either rudimentary intelligence or rudimentary self-respect.

As for La Débâcle, finally, it takes its place with Tolstoi's very much more universal, but very much less composed and condensed epic as an incomparably human picture of war. I have been rereading it, but with, I confess, a certain timidity — the dread of perhaps impairing the deep impression received from it at the time of its appearance. I recall the effect it then produced on me as a really luxurious act of submission. It was early in the summer; I was in an old Italian town; the heat was oppressive, and one could but recline, in the lightest garments, in a great dim room and give one's self up. I like to think of the conditions and the emotion, which melt for me together into the memory I fear to imperil. I remember that, in the glow of my admiration, there was not a reserve I had ever made that I was not ready to take back. As an application of the author's system and of his supreme faculty, as a triumph of what these things could do for him, how could such a performance be surpassed? The long, complex, horrific, pathetic battle, captured, mastered, with every crash of its squadrons, every pulse of its thunder and blood resolved for us, by reflection, by communication from two of the humblest and obscurest of the military units, into immediate vision and contact, into deep human thrills of terror and pity — this bristling centre of the book was "done" (to come back to our word) in a way to shut our mouths. That doubtless is why a generous critic, nursing the sensation, may desire to drop, for a farewell, no word into the other scale. That our author was clearly great at congruous subjects — this may well be our last. If the others, subjects of the private and intimate order, gave him more or less inevitably "away," they yet left him the great distinction that the more he could be promiscuous and collective, the more even he could be — to repeat my imputation — common, the more he could strike us as penetrating and true. It was a distinction not easy to win and that his name is not likely soon to lose.

Henry James.

LAWN TENNIS.

THERE will probably be no quarrel with the statement that the value of any outdoor game is measured not so much by the physical exercise it necessitates, as by the satisfaction and outlet it gives to the spirit of combat that troubles us. Those in search of exercise for its own sake, desirous of enlarging their muscles, expanding their chests, and improving their state of health, will be better rewarded by devoting themselves to calisthenics and gymnastics, to swimming or riding, than by the enthusiastic pursuit of any game. The symmetrical development of the body is not the usual result of games, any more than it is their primary object; and it need not disparage their value to make this admission at the outset. It is, however, an admirable quality which they all possess that they call for muscular activity in some form or other, and that they cause it to be exercised with zest and enjoyment instead of as an irksome duty that one owes to one's person. And therefore, in estimating the value of a game, we cannot quite leave out of account the possibilities it affords for exercise; supposing that in other respects there were equality, that game would be the best which called into play the freest use of the body.

As a matter of fact, there is no equality among games; they do not all have the same effect on the character, they do not satisfy quite the same emotions or suit equally all temperaments, as is evident when one considers that different games appeal to different men. Yet in them all, modulated to various degrees of youth or age, strength or weakness, it is the element of contest that supplies the interest and performs the greatest service to the players. And that game which on the whole best satisfies the contentious spirit may be said to fulfill most completely its purpose.

I start with the proposition that this game is lawn tennis. I am not indifferent to the merits of golf, baseball, football, or any other outdoor game, but which of these demands of its *every* participant the direct, constant, and active opposition of tennis? "Football," you say at once; well, perhaps. Shall I seem to evade the issue if I submit the point that football in its most important manifestations is now a spectacle rather than a game, that except among schoolboys it is played not so much for fun as for a certain glory, that it is for us, as the gladiatorial combats were for the Romans, as the bullfight is for the people of Spain and Mexico, an amusement for the spectators rather than a recreation for the participants? I have often been struck by the satisfaction of college players when the season closes and by their readiness after they leave college to drop football entirely. The game which so many are glad to have done with and which requires sacrifices that men beyond a certain age are unwilling to make does not serve most completely the purpose of a game.

In baseball the nine players on each team are not all simultaneously and constantly in action. If it is a "pitchers' battle," the three outfielders have a dull time of it, and the team at bat have long idle periods. It is a good game, it is the national game, yet one would hesitate to say that it meets more fully than any other the requirements.

In golf you can do nothing to harass your antagonist, outmanœuvre him, check him when he is winning, or lure him into pitfalls; you can strive to improve your own play, you cannot hamper his. There is no need of quick decision, there is no opportunity for strategy, the element of direct, aggressive opposition is lacking; therefore golf does not best fulfill the purpose of a game.

Of cricket in this country there is not much need to speak; we are pretty generally agreed that it falls far short of the essentials. The saying attributed to the Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the cricket fields of Eton and Rugby is doubtless apocryphal. If he actually made the remark, it must have been with the subtle intimation that their favorite sport had taken none of the fight out of the young Englishmen, and that they had therefore plenty to spare.

Hockey is a game deserving wider and more enthusiastic recognition than it has yet won. In its swift, unceasing action and its constant conflict it comes near being an ideal game. But it is hardly universal enough; on each side there is one player condemned to a post of responsible idleness which is only now and then enlivened by brief flurries. While the others are whirling back and forth on the ice, the goal keeper stands alone, freezing his toes. And because of this melancholy adjunct, because it does not permit to all its players an equal degree of activity and opposition, one must regretfully deny to hockey the palm. Yet there need never be any rivalry between tennis and hockey; the conditions that make possible the one forbid the other.

Now let us examine the case for tennis. That it is entitled to the place of supremacy among games seems to me no unreasonable claim.

First of all and most important; when you are playing tennis, whether in singles or doubles, it is always you and your opponent. You are not looking on, except for the briefest moment; you are not getting any more rest than you wish, you are more often not having as much as you would like. From the first stroke of the game to the last you are in constant yet always changing opposition to another player. Even in doubles on the strokes that are your partner's you are not a mere spectator; you are running backward, forward, keeping pace with him, seeking the position in which the next ball may be most advantageously received. Your decision must be instant; in the fraction of a second you determine whether you shall drive the ball or toss it into the air, place it on the left or on the right, rush to the net or run back; you must have an instinctive knowledge of what your opponent expects you to do and then, if possible, do something else. Once you have succeeded in outwitting him, the triumph is all yours; you divide the honors with no one. Tennis more than any other game has the qualities that gave the duel its fascination; it is all eager and alive, two men at close quarters, feinting, parrying, thrusting, both alert for an opening to give the final *coup de grace*.

Call to mind some long rally that you have had; remember how on one occasion when your opponent was playing deep in the court you drew him to the net by a ball chopped skillfully just over it; how he returned the stroke, and how you next shot the ball down the side line, thinking to pass him. But he had anticipated the attempt and volleyed cleverly; then, instead of trying the cross court shot that he was waiting for, you tossed the ball high over his head, and while he spun round and raced for it you trotted to the net, prepared to "kill" the lob that he should send in return. And, just as you had hoped, it was a short lob; but instead of killing it, you decided it would be more fun to keep him running, and you turned the ball over into the farther corner of his court. He went after it at full speed and lobbed again — it was all he could do, poor fellow — and again the ball fell short, again you had him at your mercy. Nor did you smash the ball this time; instead, you turned it off slowly into the other corner. He sprinted hard and reached it, only to pop it up easily once more. And now you gathered yourself; you saw out of the tail of your eye that he had turned and had

already started back desperately toward the farther corner; and you landed on that ball with all your might, beat it to the earth, and sent it bounding straight at the place he was leaving. He made a miserable, futile effort to right himself and shift his racket; then you saw him walk slowly after the ball, with his head drooping and his shoulders heaving up about his ears, and you chuckled to yourself with huge approval of your own astute play — "That got his wind, I guess."

There is a human amusement in making your antagonist run back and forth thus earnestly and desperately; but one has a more exalted satisfaction in placing a shot so sudden, swift, and accurate that the opposing player has not time to move. Teasing your man, you feel your power over a particular individual; paralyzing him by a stroke, you experience a moment of omnipotence. "There," you say, "there I sent a ball that nobody could touch." In your sublimity you may even spare a moment's compassion for the poor wretch who stands rooted in astonishment, dazed by the bolt before which champions had been powerless. You say to him condescendingly, "I caught that just right;" you may even intimate, if you are magnanimous, that you do not expect to do the thing every time. But in your heart you are boastfully hopeful, you feel that at last you have found your game, and you believe that you have the man cowed.

And how is it when instead of driving your opponent before you and exhibiting a cleverness that seems really outside yourself, a supernatural precision of eye and arm, you are going down to defeat? Is there any delight in that? From a wide range of personal experience I would modestly assert that there is. Although you realize that the doom is drawing nearer, although to avert it you put forth your mightiest efforts and only lose in strength and breath while your adversary seems to be renewing his inhuman power, you fight on, hoping even to the last that you may turn the tide and pull out a glorious victory. You make a stroke that spurs you on, you follow it with three that provoke your bitterest self-contempt, and you plant yourself with melodramatic determination in your soul and, doubtless, upon your face. "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders;" was there no joy for them in their supreme, superb annihilation? It makes after all little difference to you emotionally whether your fight against odds is a winning or a losing one, so long as it is the best fight that you can put forward. To be in the thick of it, battering away undaunted, is the fun. Even if your opponent so far overmatches you that the outcome is hardly in question, you may have as good a time as if you stood to win; for you go in resolved to break down his cool assurance, to make him show his best efforts, to unmask and damage his strategy and gain his respect; and while you are striving with all your pigmy fury to achieve this, you now and then must pause to admire the overwhelming strokes of his resourceful master hand.

It seems fitting here to consider the theory, often advanced and seldom disputed, that a sport is the better for an element of danger. If this is true, the advocates of tennis must be dumb. Nothing worse than a sprained ankle or a wrenched knee can befall a man on a tennis court; and these, however painful, are not heroic injuries. I once heard an eloquent and distinguished man in the course of a brilliant address declare that the occasional deaths occurring in polo, in football, on the hunting field, are the price the Anglo-Saxon race pays for its position of headship and command. It was an impressive and inspiring oration; and this sentiment was echoed with a great outburst of applause. Yet it does not bear cool scrutiny. The football player will tell you that, once in the game, the possibility of injury does not occur to him; the polo player will

say the same; after you have taken the first jump, danger in the hunting field does not beset you. Where there is no consciousness of danger, there is no bravery. In the heat of battle no man is a poltroon. Yes, but to take the first jump, to go into the game, it is urged; does not that compel and develop a man's courage? Only if he is physically unfit or dangerously ignorant; under other circumstances to enter a sport in which there is an element of peril is as natural for the boy or the man, and as little an indication of character, as to go to bed when one is sleepy or to eat when one is hungry. The boy who is heavy and strong and whose friends are playing football will take up the game; the man who rides well and whose friends are playing polo will try his hand at it; and in neither case is there on account of the physical risk any access of courage to the novice. The football player is no more to the front when there is a runaway horse to be stopped or a woman to be saved from drowning than any other chivalrous and hardy man. It is not the element of danger in a game which trains one to fortitude and courage; it is the element of opposition, purely. He is the courageous man who in the crisis of the contest responds the more daringly and steadfastly the more he is tried; and that he may be at the moment in some remote peril of life or limb adds nothing to his stature, increases not at all the importance of the test. The injuries and deaths that sometimes take place in our rougher sports should not be viewed as glorifying these forms of contest; they are deplorable calamities, with no mitigation. It seems to me beyond debate that the game which is entirely harmless in its play, which does not imperil the man, and which has none the less qualities that make for manliness, is the best of all games.

Certainly of them all tennis is the most universal; small boys, girls, women, men of three generations play it, and the crack has not very much more enjoyment out of it than the duffer. So long as a player feels within him possibilities of growth he enjoys the game; and even when these fail, even when he realizes that he is slipping backward, he clings on, light-heartedly contesting every inch of the decline with some one of his contemporaries. "If I cannot keep pace with the advancing battalion, I shall not head those who are in retreat," cries your optimist; and so — because tennis players are generally optimists — you will see on any warm summer day veterans urging their old limbs upon the grassy courts, crouching in their play with racket held stiffly, trotting with little, timorous steps, poking at the ball with the gesture of uncertain vision; and you watch them awhile and think perhaps in the pride of your youth, "There can't be much fun in that." And then, while you are looking on, they begin to wrangle about some point; they are suspicious as to whether or not that ball actually did strike the line; and such verbal vitality as those four old men will then display, congregating at the net, wagging their heads, and finally examining the ball itself for traces of whitewash! You do not doubt any longer that their tennis is something of extreme moment to them; and you wonder if with your own occasional slipshod indifference to your rights on doubtful points you do not show an unworthy slight regard for a noble game.

In fact, I think that a match between old men deeply in earnest is a spectacle more inspiring to one's humanity than a tournament of champions. I do not mean that I would rather watch it; I do not deny that for a spectator in ordinary mood it is a slumberous proceeding. Yet if one is in an idle, reflective, kindly frame of mind, there is nothing so cheering to one's faith, so soothing to one's soul, so hopeful and sane and healthy as the sight of these graybeards, — venerable enough when you meet

them on the street, and now scampering after a ball with the single-minded passion of a dog or a child. Their squabbles and their laughter are alike pleasant to the ear; and when they stop between sets to rest and draw their asthmatic breath, you look at them admiringly and hope that when you grow old you too may be this kind of fine old boy.

There is charm also, though of a different nature, in observing the young duffer. I know not why it should be so, but the strong young duffer in tennis is a more ungainly and grotesque creature than any that is furnished forth in other sports. The golfer who swings without hitting the ball is an object of mild derision; his crestfallen appearance after so tremendous an output of power delights our hard American humor. In the same way the spectacle of an unskillful baseball player awkwardly muffing a "fly" has always a ludicrous aspect for the "bleachers." If we do not sit upon the bleachers, we withhold the ridiculing outcry, but our amusement is no less keen for being suppressed. The gingerly clumsiness with which a well-grown man will hold up a tennis racket, seeming appalled by the harmless instrument, prepares us to watch for his next entertaining capers. He poses himself with great care, gives a fine preliminary flourish of his weapon, and then taps the ball with a lady-like movement and laborious intentness of aim. It goes wild, and he screws his body to one side with a frantic instinct to correct the disappointing flight. I would not seem unsympathetic with the duffer; how should I hope for mercy, showing none!

Given, as he usually is, to expletive and malediction, the beginner is never so rampant as he who has progressed a stage and is trying strokes. *Genus irritabile!* The duffer is determined to master the drive — that long low stroke that skims the net and then drops sharply, the stroke that is invaluable to one playing in the back of the court. Holding his racket conscientiously in the manner prescribed, he advances upon an easy bound, swings, leaping from the earth with both feet, and sends the ball flying over the club-house. Then what vociferation! He has not the contained solemnity of the veterans playing near by, or the absorbed anxiety of mien of the utter duffer; his interest in the game itself seems not so profound and therefore is not so touching as theirs; he is animated too keenly by an egotistical desire for self-improvement.

When the duffer has at last attained a "stroke," it is too often only to become its slave. There is so much physical satisfaction in making a clean, swift, forehand drive across court or down the side line, that a player who has a moderate proficiency in this will try it under the most rash and ill-favored conditions. Running at full speed and just reaching the ball that he should lob, he will swipe desperately, and the occasional lucky shot that he achieves compensates him for the half-dozen that he has sent wild. But in the score his errors are not forgotten; and at the end of the game he will perhaps wonder why so brilliant a player as himself does not more often win. Generally speaking, the player who cultivates a stroke lays himself open to attack at every other point; his backhand is liable to be weak, his game at the net is neglected, he becomes obsessed with the notion that if he can only get that stroke going hard and accurately, it will carry him through unaided. And that is why many a showy player goes down before one whose game is more slow and dull to watch. For any high degree of proficiency, speed is of course an essential; but extreme speed is more often exhibited by players of the second or third class than by the most successful cracks. The supreme skill lies in the ability to hit a ball as well from one position as from another, backhand, forehand, volley, or half-volley, and next to that in adjusting the balance between speed

and accuracy; even by long practice you may never learn to gauge the pace above which or below which you may not go without sacrificing precision or direction. This requires a genius for tennis, a native instinct, and an unusual power of coördination.

I have never seen a match between players of the first rank without having a slightly disappointed sense that their performance seemed less wonderful than it actually was. I fancy that to any one who has played tennis a little such an exhibition falls in just this way short of anticipation. The game is not a sequence of magnificent bursts of speed, sensational smashes, extraordinary rallies, although at moments these do flash and electrify; it proceeds with an outward smoothness, ease and rhythm of movement that by no means intimates the tension of the contest. The spectator is tempted to the remark, "It seems so simple; why should n't anybody play that way?" Every swing of the rackets is free, absolutely unstudied, propelled with the least muscular effort; you feel that if you were to pick up a racket for the first time that would be exactly the way you would naturally swing it. And the players seem not to be running about so very violently; on the whole, not so violently as you yourself run when you play; you watch them and do not understand how they manage this. One places the ball, you would say, definitely, yet without much apparent exertion the other is there and has returned it. The explanation is that these players by instinct and long experience know how to cover their court and economize their strength; anticipating every stroke, they are quick at starting; every movement counts, and they go through no unnecessary floundering; immediate perception does for them what sheer strength and speed can never do for the less gifted. In tennis, as in other matters, the highest achievements often seem spontaneous and casual.

Unquestionably the most distinguished exponents of the game that is both leisurely yet cat-like in quickness are the English gentlemen who challenged for the International Cup last year. In contrast to their method of covering the court, even our best American players seemed to rush and scramble. The Englishmen moved with an unassuming stealth and were not overanxious to receive the ball at the most favorable point of the bound. Our players obviously took greater pains to get into position. The English game was on the whole the more finished and perfect; the American game — in singles only — the more aggressive and compulsive. The Englishmen, playing at top notch and with all desperation, gave the impression of still having something in reserve; it was always clear when the Americans were straining every resource. In the American game there was more personality; in the English game there was more form. The qualities came out curiously in many ways — even in the matter of dress. In this respect the visitors were as precise as in their play, appearing always in the freshest white clothes, white even to their shoes, wearing their long sleeves flapping modestly about their wrists; the Americans, with their various drab flannels, their black spiked shoes, and their rolled-up sleeves, presented a more dangerous and less attractive appearance. The dilettante aspect of the English champions made their efficient performance the more astonishing to our eyes. They moved softly upon the grass with their rubber-soled shoes instead of tearing it with spikes according to our barbarous practice; they preserved unruffled through five hard sets the garden party look with which they first appeared; they almost made us feel that to perspire when playing tennis, if not actually vulgar, is at least undisciplined. With such refinement of appearance, the most scrupulous courtesy and sportsmanship were to be ex-

pected; and indeed one of the visitors performed the prettiest act of the tournament. When on a close decision the umpire awarded him a point that he felt was not rightfully his, he carefully drove the next ball out of court, restoring the advantage to his opponent.

The gracefulness of the act was unusual, but the spirit that prompted it prevails widely in tennis, and it is this that gives the game so pleasant an atmosphere. Except occasionally for a hurried, excited "How 's that?" when the player is uncertain whether a ball is in or out, there is never a word said to the umpire; and the times when one may see disgust, resentment, even a passing surprise expressed on a player's face at a flagrantly mistaken decision are so rare as to be memorable. I recall at least two matches of an agonizing closeness that turned on faulty decisions, yet on neither occasion did the sufferer betray by glance at umpire or spectators any sense of injury. In no other game, I think, are self-control and a readiness to put the best face on misfortune so generally the rule.

And this is of course a part of not taking one's game too seriously. It is no uncommon thing, according to reports, for the defeated contestants in a decisive rowing race or football match to burst into tears. I have never heard of a deposed tennis champion making such a demonstration. What is the difference? Is it that the tension is really so much greater in one form of sport than in another? Partly this, perhaps; but I am inclined to think the deeper cause lies in the fact that in tennis you go down to defeat alone or at most with only one other; while in football and rowing your grief is reduplicated for all the comrades with whom you have met disaster, — who undertook with you some responsibility that at the time looms disproportionately great. Now it is a fine thing to experience sorrow in this way, even though to us on the outside the cause appears trifling; such suffering promotes one's sympathy and opens one's heart, and when we consider the humanizing influence of a defeat at rowing or football, we do not weigh too heavily the foolishness of the occasional hysterical outburst. And tennis has no such moments of dramatic awakening. Its after effects are comparatively mild. Even in the case of doubles, where you have another to be sorry for, defeat brings out a mutual spirit of good humor and acquiescence; you reproach yourself and your partner reproaches himself, but neither of you sits in gloom; there is a light touch in your mutual apology. And the game that is permeated with so tolerant and gay a spirit seems to me better than the one that probes the deeps in men's souls. We must not suffer too much in our sports; shall we have no joy in life?

I am trespassing on my purpose in entering again for even a moment the field of controversy, but before emerging and because it bears some relation to this subject of not taking one's game too seriously, I would point out that as yet there have been in tennis no squabbles about "eligibility" and "amateur standing," no noisy coaching from the side-lines, and no professional teachers. A game which thrives yet which offers no inducement to the "professional" is one that is played in a sufficiently light-hearted spirit.

This does not qualify the importance of the actual contest. Those who cannot throw themselves into it as if for the time being it were the most momentous thing in life will never appreciate its delights. The overmastering, avaricious desire to win is always to be deprecated, but to be keen to play one's best and bear one's self steadily and valorously in the crisis should be the essential spirit of the game. To be sure, that is the spirit in which all games should be played; but tennis least of all permits any shirking of the issue. When the crisis comes, there is no chance for the weak-hearted to thank his stars

that some one else than himself is called upon; and if he has the spark of manhood he will not look too complacently upon defeat. Excitement and exhaustion may wear the player down, but he must set himself only the more resolutely to the task of playing better than he has ever yet done. The time comes when his heart pounds and his lungs are pumping for air; when he walks drooping and reeking under the blazing sun; but he must not allow his misery to engage his mind, he must not debate the question how much longer he can endure; he must bend all his intentness of purpose, all the remnant of his strength, upon repelling the final assault of the foe. Of such importance is the actual contest, — and its importance ceases utterly when the last point has been played.

I am drawing for illustration upon an extreme case; in our ordinary matches we stop short of the point where suffering begins. We are leisurely, and we do not prolong our game until we are threatened with collapse on the court. But however leisurely our methods, however mild our strokes, tennis makes an exacting demand upon our faculties; the temper of the game is ardent, not phlegmatic. One of the best players this country has ever produced will come into the club-house between sets of an insignificant match, panting more with nervousness than with fatigue, trembling so that he cannot hold his racket steady, looking harassed, frightened, and desperate. He calls on his friends to fan him with towels, he tells them how scared he is, he holds the glass of water brought him in a shaking hand. Yet after the interval he will return to the court, make unerring shots along the lines, and show the most thorough command of nerves and muscles, even though between plays he is twitching with excitement. And after he has won, as is his usual custom, the game is of hardly enough interest to him to serve as the briefest topic of conversation; he jumps under the shower, and then while he dresses he discusses with you where he had better dine and how he shall pass the evening; he may even insist on reading to you from some precious little book of poems that he keeps in his locker; although it is more likely that he will be throwing towels and accusing some one of having stolen his shoes.

The manners of tournament players in the presence of spectators are an interesting if trivial study. Some of them make it a point never to glance at the audience; in idle moments they keep their eyes on the ground or perhaps toss them skyward as they walk to their places. Others favor the crowd with an occasional stolid, inexpressive stare. A few have adopted an ingenuous, cheerful, confiding smile which they flash at certain junctures — as when they make a particularly bad shot. When they do something brilliant and there is applause, they look stern, even annoyed. Mannerisms wear off in some degree as the player becomes involved in the excitement of the game ; but the grand stand player never quite forgets himself. There will be the mute appeal to the heavens when his shot goes extravagantly wild, or the staggering display of exhaustion when he has crowned a long rally with a brilliant stroke.

But these are superficial trifles on which to dwell, and we shall err if we regard them too narrowly. Your grand stand player is often as worthy a person as the man whom you would more readily define as of "sterling" character; pass by the weakness of a little vanity, and he is perhaps as alert to opportunities, as keen in the game, as plucky a fighter as his more steady-going opponent. Indeed, we are in danger of trusting our games too implicitly as tests of character. With all our enthusiasm for our own particular sports, we shall do well to pause and consider whether on the whole the men of high attainments in these go farther than other

men. The great football hero of fifteen years ago is still remembered; but since running the length of the field for a touchdown, has he done anything that is worthy of note? We Americans are inclined to set too high a value on athletic prowess of any kind; our newspapers thrust fame on heads too young to wear it, and there is sometimes a melancholy petty tragedy in the case of the man who is more widely celebrated at the age of twenty-one than he will ever be again. Very likely he is a person of good average abilities and persevering character, who will fill a worthy quiet corner and look back with pleasure on his shining and triumphant youth; then there is no great harm done. But now and then one sees a man who played a game too conspicuously well and, doing so, fulfilled his destiny.

Tournaments and match play are by no means the only feature of tennis that should be considered; indeed they are perhaps the least important. There are a hundred people getting enjoyment out of the game for every one who enters a tournament. It does not trouble the boy that his court is not good or that his racket is ill-balanced and poorly strung; he marks out the lines with his own hands, pulls his own roller, and then plays the game, blithely indifferent to all imperfections. Many a suburbanite now has his cramped, sometimes his undersized court, where he engages in conflict with the neighbor on a Saturday afternoon; cities are finding it necessary to provide facilities for tennis in the public playgrounds; and young people gather there, bringing half-worn balls and old rackets, and await patiently their turn.

There is, however, no advantage to be gained from playing under difficulties; the better the court, the better the fun. As your game improves, it ceases to be a laughable phenomenon if the ball repeatedly strikes some irregularity of surface and bounds off at right angles to its proper course. After a time you appreciate with exasperation what it means to have only three feet of space behind the base-line; you are sure that with a fair chance you could return those deep-driven balls, and you long for an opportunity to try. So you abandon your private court to the children and join a club. It is a wise move; not only are the courts maintained in better condition, but you also have the advantage of testing your game against a variety of opponents instead of in repeated meetings with the same one or two. Your play improves rapidly — up to the point where improvement ceases.

It is no more than reasonable that lawn tennis should be at its best on grass. In this country, however, it is usually played on a surface of dirt or ashes; and certainly for the enthusiast who is impatient for the end of winter and does not put away his racket until after the snow flies in the late autumn, the dirt court is a necessity. It prolongs the tennis season by more than two months. When rain and mist and dew dampen the turf and make *lawn* tennis impossible, the dirt court is still hard and dry. It is very wearing on shoes and balls and rackets, it soils the clothes, it blisters the feet, it sends jarring vibrations through the system; but it enables us to play in April and October. We slip and slide if we try to turn sharply, we find the aggressive game at the net hardly practicable; yet with all its infirmities the dirt court is a most excellent makeshift. A good dirt court is preferable to a mediocre grass court; a poor dirt court is better than none at all. He who has played on championship grounds and therefore declines a contest on his friend's home-made court is a tennis snob; happily, the type is rare.

The good grass court is a luxury and a delight. To throw off one's clothes on a hot summer day, put on the coolest and lightest of garments, and run out across the sunny lawn, where the after-

noon shadows lay their quiet fingers; to prance there and rush about and breast the net, from which your adversary tries hotly to dislodge you; to hit out with the exhilarating sweep of arm and body, to feel the racket responsive in your hand, to see the ball fly swiftly where you would have it go; and through all the stress and sweat to be conscious of the kind sun and the quick turf and the green maples and elms that fringe the field — is not this one of life's priceless pleasures? He is happy who learns to know it in his youth; he is happy who finds that it does not fail him in his age. It is true that when we play tennis we may not observe closely the trees or listen for the songs of birds or have leisure to admire the shapes and hues of floating clouds; no, tennis does not bring us into any definite relation with nature, but that is the inevitable defect of an engrossing game. Nor is it the most social of our sports. Golf is a conversational opportunity; in baseball, to coach from the side-lines must satisfy the most talkative. But tennis is all strife, with no time for comment. In doubles you now and then exchange with your partner a word of advice, approval, or encouragement; in singles you ejaculate to your opponent, "Good shot!" or "Hard luck!" Beyond this, intercourse does not go. It is, even in critical matches, a noiseless battle; the droning iteration of the score from the referee sitting on his high seat by the net, the soft thud of the ball upon the racket, the swift catlike steps of the players, convey no adequate intimation of the struggle. It is far different in atmosphere from a rowing race with the coxswains of the crews yelling madly through their megaphones, from a baseball game with its shrill chatter, from a football game with the quarterback shouting raucous signals in the arena and the inclosing myriads roaring out their cheers. Although it is so nervous and active, it is of all games the most silent and self-contained

It is not, however, utterly unsocial. There is talk enough afterwards in the club-house; and even on the court players become in an acute and sympathetic though unspeaking way aware of one another. In the end tennis brings its followers into a more intimate relation with human nature. It purges them of their cares and their unhealthy thoughts and desires, it clarifies the mind and makes sane the soul, it satisfies the restlessness and contentiousness of the spirit and gives it peace. On the tennis court there is developed steadfastness of aim and purpose, a better temper, and a kinder heart; here, through striving with your fellow man, you may learn to love him. Foes in sport are friends in spirit; if the hand of every man seems against us, and our hand against every man, let us spill our antagonism harmlessly upon the tennis court. Many a blue devil has here been crushed under heel, many an animosity has been softened. You cannot think altogether ill of any man against whom you have stood in a hard and fairly fought game; you may even come to think well of one whom you have hitherto held in slight regard. Likewise, in their humble way, do our international matches have a civilizing influence. The surest guarantee of a permanent peace among nations would be to have them striving keenly with one another in their games.

Some verses read at a tennis club dinner represent an effort to express, not too seriously, the best that the game does for its players: —

One time the most of us, no doubt,
  Had open hearts for others;
We scorned the shield Distrust held out,
  We met all men as brothers.

With years cool wisdom on us slips
  The armor once declined;
The laugh grows idle on our lips,
  Or purpose lurks behind.

Fearful to lose our little place,
  We dare not venture far
To welcome others of our race,
  Men of the self-same star.

Eager to win beyond our ranks,
We trample others down,
And pressing o'er them murmur thanks,
Our eyes upon the crown.

And yet we bear no enmity;
"It 's life," we sadly say;
"We would be genial, open, free
To all men as the day.

"This armor that doth make us safe,
This visor to the eye,
We feel their weight, we feel them chafe,
We fain would put them by."

And when we come to our green field,
Far from the strife of town,
Forthwith in gentleness we yield
And lay that armor down.

The touch of flannels to our skin,
Of grass beneath our feet,
Of sun at throat may help us win
Safe past the judgment seat.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

THE TRAIL OF THE TANGLER.

THE "Electric" left the Fifteenth Street Terminal in Kansas City in the yellow dawn of an October morning; the car, with its snub nose and projecting forward cage, nosing on like a great catfish across bridges, railroad switches, and cross streets up to Ninth Street, where it headed toward the town of Independence, Mo., at a smooth, swimming gait. Just beyond the Belt Crossing the motorman glanced back at the conductor for an inquiring half second, the inquiry being, "Do I dare?" and the conductor flashed back at the motorman, "Sure, dare!" The motorman's eyes were shining and the conductor's eyes were shining. The car began to go faster. Beyond Sheffield, in the open stretch with its sprinkling of country houses, the speed was a thing to question, and, quitting the rear cage where he had been talking to two men, the conductor passed through the car to the motorman out front. Two or three of the few passengers aboard, who were noticing, were glad to see that the conductor was disposed to put a stop to the motorman's foolishness.

In the forward cage the conductor, his breath issuing explosively in steamy whiffs, was shrieking to the motorman: "Jimmy! Mr. Shore says a hundred more if we reach Shore Station in fifteen minutes! Let her go! Let her go!"

Then he passed back through the car, humming, to hide his excitement from the passengers.

"See here," said an uneasy man, plucking at the conductor's sleeve as he passed, "what 's this for? Ain't we a-going too fast?"

"Fast?" repeated the conductor, with a look of competency betrayed, "fast?" He passed on haughtily, but turned, on some charitable impulse, to say behind his hand, "We *are* runnin' on skedaddle time, but that 's an expert at the motor, need n't worry, no matter how fast we go." With that, he went on back to the rear, where the two men were waiting for him, the eyes of both burning with impatience and distress. One of them, a big fellow, who seemed to carry one arm with a little nursing care, and who looked ill despite his great size, thundered impotently at the conductor: —

"See here, Henry, what are we crawling along like this for? If this is the best you can get out of this damned snail" —

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Shore," interposed the conductor soothingly, "I 'll let you come through and stand by Jimmy. Then you can see how fast we are goin', and mabby that 'll quiet you."

"Let 's do that. Let 's move up

there in front, Hardin." As he spoke the slighter and taller of the two men stooped for a medicine case that sat at his feet, and with the case in one hand steadied the big man with the other until they reached the front cage, where they took up positions behind the motorman, their urging for speed becoming like the crack of a whip about the motorman's ears.

Ahead of them Jackson County stretched into the pale, gleaming east with the limitless, dipping roll of the Missouri country. Fields where the corn had been shocked stretched off on the right, up the curve of a hill, into the sky, the line of small dun stacks like so many space markers to the watchers behind the motorman. The tiny red station sheds, the gleam of the silver-white mail boxes on the fences, the three or four big houses of gray stone, the numerous natty houses of brick and shingle, all marked space in running laps for the watchers behind the motorman. Woods tipped with the blood-red sumach, flaunting hillside sweeps of golden-rod, long, lean pastures, switches of rank horse-weed, — all were etched out, clean and sharp, against the eastern light, only to be succeeded by other woods, other sweeps, other pastures, other switches, in a ceaseless, merciless duplication for the two behind the motorman.

"Great God!" cried the big man at last, "there is no agony on earth like the agony of waiting to learn whether you are going to be agonized or not." He forgot the trouble that his lame arm caused him, and flung both hands out in front of him in a tortured helplessness.

"Careful, be careful," said the other man warningly, "be careful with your arm, Hard."

"Careful, nothing!" groaned the big man, his heavy hands working convulsively; "what 's the use of being careful about me, what 's the use of anything when she — Now here, Jimmy, you 've got to do better than this, we 're walking, walking!" He turned upon the motorman with irresponsible vehemence, but his companion laid a restraining hand upon him.

"Well, you see, the road being so full of curves, Mr. Shore," — began the motorman in a faint demur, but letting his car out a little more, his eyes straining toward the weird veiled dawn in the east, his muscles tense with the might of his endeavor to reach Shore Station in the appointed fifteen minutes, — "road being so full of curves, I don't dare go too fast."

"Go just as fast as you do dare, Jimmy." Shore's lips shook so that he could hardly talk, and he turned his wide, well-featured face to the man beside him, in a dumb reliance that seemed to be habit with him. Unfortunately for him, just at that moment the look in the other man's eyes was appalling. "G-r-r-r-h! It 's no great comfort to look at you! What 's the matter, what do you mean" — The words, begun as a cry of protest, were beaten into a hopeless mumble by Shore's tempestuous despair. "If you give up, if you lose hope, you!" he cried, and the other drew up quickly under some lash of self-control. His face stayed as gray as wood ashes, but his tone was quiet and his eyes were steady.

"No, oh no," he said earnestly, his low voice rich and warm and confident; "it 's not that I have given up, not that I have lost hope. Only, you know, I have not seen her myself, I have had to take your impression for my impression, and it 's hard to wait till I see her and can get my own impression; that 's all."

"Oh, it 's awful, — to keep riding on and on, — and we don't get there at all." Shore's thought was submerged by his tears, and came out in fragments like drowned flotsam. That he was dramatically unconscious of the moment's drama, that he was as simple and direct as he was big, was evident from the loose way in which he went to pieces, careless of appearances, shaken inside and out by the emotion that pos-

sessed him. The motorman scratched his ear, and the other man looked off into the silver-yellow light in the east. "I ought n't to have left her," sobbed Shore, "but I could n't seem to stay in that house any longer until I had you there with me. You know how it goes with me in my own sickness when I have n't you about, — it 's infinitely worse now with her sick," — he took his hand from his eyes and sought the eyes of the other imploringly.

The other, as though beating about for relief, began to ask questions that had been asked and answered many times before on that same morning. "When did Carey see her first?" he unclamped his teeth to say, and while his arm steadied Shore, he was conscious of a twitching tremor all over his own body.

"Why, seven or eight days ago," answered Shore, moistening his lips and leaning nearer his comrade with that same insistent appeal for help, that same close reliance, that same gigantic helplessness. "This was the order of things: We had had a good summer at Mackinac, after that last séance with my arm in the spring, and we left there three weeks ago, she and the boy and I, all well. I was getting along shipshape, so I came straight through from Chicago, and she went down to that forsaken Illinois town of Dixburn. She has a married friend there, and of course she was interested in the place because you had once lived there. Well, she stayed there a week, and came on home with her head aching. It did n't quit, so I brought Carey out, and he said malaria. And though that fool 's been out every day since, he never once said danger till last night. Last night he said typhoid, and I wired to Penangton for you. This morning she — Why, why, she does n't know even me!" All his profound assumption of her love for him was patent in his inflection. "I could n't stand it. You don't know what it is to a man married like I am to be without her, — without her consciousness of herself and of him, — without her spirit" — He stopped trying to talk, and gnawed at his lower lip.

"And Dr. Carey thinks that this turn for the worse — thinks that she is in danger?" Shore's emotionalism seemed hard on the other man, whose questions clicked out sharply.

"Why, that 's just it, — that 's why I 'm done with Carey, — told me to be prepared, — aw, I can't talk, — Carey 's a fool!"

"How many nurses have you out there, Hard?"

"Oh, two or three shifts of them; seems to me I 've seen four or five girls around."

"We 'll let all but one go. I 'll nurse and you can nurse, and we don't want to be cluttered up with too much checked gingham and white apron. How nearly there are we now, Hardin?"

"Just around that curve yonder. Go on, Jimmy, go on! Go on!"

The motorman yielded helplessly, and the car, obedient to his daring, all but leaped from the track around the curve, slid, lock-wheeled, on a down grade for a rod, and stopped.

Afterwards, the rush of that ride across country always stood out in the mind of one of the men as a part — the beginning — of the longer, doubling, twisting trail over which he was to go.

"Thank God and you, Jimmy!" cried Hardin Shore, as he and his comrade leaped through the gates that were thrown open.

"Get the doctor's case there, Tom," commanded Shore to the servant, who stood waiting beside a light trap at the station shed. "Don't let that nigger tell me she 's worse," he snarled on in a stiff-lipped agony, as he read through the gloom on the negro's face. Hurrying into the trap beside the doctor, he gathered up the reins in his well hand and guided his horses across the car track, speeding the strong, clean-limbed animals down the country road for half

a mile, without word or pause, then up a long driveway to a stone house.

As they came on under the overhanging grove of young walnut trees, the yellow light of the morning sifted through the leaves and fell upon the house beyond with a pallid illumination hateful to see, and the prescience of the house's disaster lifted like a visible thing and drifted toward the men in the trap, lodging in the trees overhead with a low and mournful rustle. There was a chilling sense of a lost presence in the air, a sense of something gone, something that had vitalized and irradiated, whose absence left an oppressive emptiness. At the corner of the house a group of negro women stood in nerveless fright, their hands working in their aprons. Behind the women some small black children gaped wonderingly. The fright, the stricken expectancy, was hard to bear, and Shore got down from the trap with a sick inward trembling; but fright and stricken expectancy were acting like a challenge upon the other man, whose eyes had narrowed into long steely gleams, and whose bearing showed fight.

Inside the wide hall, one of the nurses came noiselessly to meet them. "Yes, seventh-day crisis, I reckon, or fourteenth-day," she whispered to the physician, and then drew Shore into a chair. "Sit there for a moment, won't you, until you feel better," she said, taking charge of Shore with an expert recognition of the latent invalidism showing plainly now in the drawn lines of his face.

"That 's right, don't come for a second, Hardin. But don't be afraid. You have not lost her; you are not going to. Wait here till I send down for you." The physician went up the stairs on his quick feet, and into the typhoid patient's room. Carey, the doctor in attendance, stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his case in gloomy helplessness, while over at the window one of the nurses was putting crushed ice into an ice-cap. The little tinkle of the ice intermingled with the murmuring voice of the woman on the pillow, and the two sounds were like the tumbling unrest of a hill stream.

"Can't stop that," whispered Carey, holding with relief to the hand of the newcomer, who nodded understandingly, slipped past him, and put his hand on the woman's hand, outwardly the physician only, perceptive at once of the crucial untowardness of the outlook, the thready pulse, the short breathing, the hurrying delirium. With his ear close to her lips he caught the words: —

"A long trail, twisting and turning." Then a rhythmic pause, and the beat of the words again: "Don't forget Hardin, he will suffer — that 's true — I am far along on the tangling trail — ah me! we go fast, too fast!" A flickering, frightened cry! The physician's hand tightened on her hand, and for a troubled second she was quiet, then her eyes opened staringly, flashed, and steadied. "Garth! Garth!" she cried, and tried to leap up, her eyes wide open upon his eyes, her arms lifted to his shoulders; but he laid her back, and held her with firm, detaining hands, a sudden illumination in his eyes, as wild, as delirious as that in her own. Little by little her head ceased to roll upon the pillow; her lips stopped twitching, and her thick lashes drooped till the fiery gleam beneath them was quite shut out. Carey came around softly from the foot of the bed.

"Wonderful past any 'pathy, that touch of yours!" he murmured, looking down upon the woman's hypnotic calm. Over at the window the nurse was watching, a trained blankness on her face.

"She will have a conscious moment when she rouses. Will you have Mr. Shore here; she will ask for him," said the doctor in low, resonant tones that glided across the air with a musical suggestion more effective than a command. His eyes stayed brilliant, full of a strange, white radiance.

An hour later the woman, after a briefly conscious interval, was sleeping; Hardin Shore sat in the next room with a look of hope on his face; in the lower hall the two doctors were talking the case over softly, Carey telling what he had done and had been just about to do, the other not listening, but acquiescing and approving, all after the dicta of the Code; in the room assigned to the nurses the two who were to go were packing their traveling cases in open rebellion.

"Who-all is he anyway, this new man, I wish you 'd say," grumbled one. She was the girl who had been last on duty in the sickroom, and there was a significant resentment in her tone.

"A country doctor, from that little town of Penangton down the river where Mrs. Shore used to live, that 's all the who," answered the other, equally petulant; "a friend who runs the Shores, if I can read anything, — sending people away!"

"And what 's his name?" pursued the first speaker, that trained blankness again on her face.

"Henderson."

"But his first name?"

"I d'n' know, — Garth, I believe."

"Oh, I see!"

"See what?"

A look of ostentatious discretion passed over the face of the first nurse; she would not say what, and presently the two went out of the house and back to the city with Carey.

The people who were left ranged up, watchful and alert, under Henderson's leadership, for their fight with the fever.

"It 's treacherous, typhoid," Henderson told Hardin Shore in the very beginning; "it will double on us, it will let us hope, it will cheat us, it will lead us on a long trail, the old tangler." He had got immediately at the woman's notion that the dizziness of her head was the ceaseless twisting and turning of an aeriform Something that flew with her, and he expressed himself with an unconscious assumption of her fancy. "All we can do," he told Shore, "is to keep up with it, keep a hand on it, till we tire it out, then pull her back to us."

The Shore child was sent away, and from morning until night there was no sound in the great house, save the coming and going of careful servants and the low whispered word; but through it all, up to the day of the last crisis, the household having responded confidently to Henderson's presence, the house seemed less sensitively prescient that disaster hovered over it; the servants smiled sometimes, and in far corners of the grounds the small black children laughed gayly.

"I feel that I 'm unfair to you, a regular burden, Henderson," said Shore, who stayed near the sickroom helplessly but enviously; "still, I don't know where to begin to stop it. I 'm foolish about you. I want you to be in there with her all the time, and when you are not with her, I have to have you with me."

For a number of years Shore, through a long fight of his own with disease, had been expressing this sort of dependence upon Henderson; for years, through long tests of friendship, he had been utterly trustful; for years, through blinding mists of passion, Henderson had been entirely reliable, entirely true; for years the woman had stood between them; until now, her eyes always insistently upon Hardin Shore's eyes, her hand sometimes in Henderson's hand in secure friendliness, a delicate protective aura playing from her consciousness like a luminous ether, through which Henderson could not look, and would not have dared look if he could.

That had been the way for years. But now, out on the red range of the fever, had not the luminous veil fluttered raggedly back, and for once, whether he would or not, had he not seen beneath it? "Garth! Garth!" she had cried, and had clung to him. Was it all the craziness of the fever, — *had she not known him?* The mad question became

a companion thing of that hurrying delirium of hers, leading him on and on after her, twisting, turning, coiling. And over and over he put his hands upon his shoulders as though he must push in deeper the burn of those hands of hers; over and over, as her eyes opened staringly upon him, he told himself that the question reached her and was answered, that off on the devious trail of her delirium she came face to face with him and knew him for himself. When he was not beside her, his forehead would grow cool, and he would explain the whole thing to himself; remind himself of the generic truth that the revelations of delirium were reliable for the purposes of the pathological novel only, not for any honest weighing of things; that instead of being taken as signal flashes from the sub-consciousness of the patient, they should be taken for what they were, distorted gleams, refracted through the red, obstructive media of the fever-hot brain cells. And finally, and specifically, whatever this particular woman said in her delirium, the fact remained that in the full possession of her faculties, she handed herself and her great power of loving to her husband more unequivocally, more fully, and more beautifully than any woman in the world. — Then he would go back to her again.

The cycles went by, from seventh day to fourteenth day, to twenty-first day, in the weird rhythm of the fever, and as he sat beside her, ceaseless in vigilance, meeting the disease, symptom by symptom, fighting, nursing, quieting, a strange thing came to pass, — he began to see that there were two of him, one, the physician at the bedside, watching the zigzag climb of the fever, his hand on the jerking thread of the patient's pulse; the other, a dreamer who, following a red trail daringly, found what he sought in a tumultuous, sublimated freedom overhead. To the physician below the woman's broken words were formless and void, but the dreamer up above shut his soul about them and made life of them.

"I must be going!" she would cry. "Are you here? Are you ready?"

"Oh yes, I am ready," he would say, that mystical quieting force of his in the smile that he turned upon her. As she grew still, he would talk on, without the spoken word or the need of it: "Now we are flying free! Now the trail leads us higher, higher! Now we are in our place of dreams!" He would lie back in his chair then and close his eyes, as softly as hers were closed.

"That Thing went fast over the tangling trail!" The fever would be driving her on again.

"Did you get tired?" he would say, "I never tire coming up here."

Sometimes the physician was sorry for the dreamer, thinking of the awakening that was to come, but the dreamer was heedless. It was so real to him, he followed the trail so often, that it came about that he recognized his sensations like landmarks along the way, — the first uplift of his spirit, the wild strength of his soaring, the tremulous joy of finding her.

"The end of the tangling trail," she would mutter.

"I am here at the end. I shall be here always, always waiting," he would insist, a great calm satisfaction on his face, and would open his eyes to find Hardin Shore standing beside them.

"Asleep, Henderson?"

"No, more awake than ever before in my life."

"Is she better, old man? Every time I hear you speak like that I think she must be better, must be coming back to me, there 's such a singing joy in your voice, Henderson. Is it true? Is she coming back?"

"Oh yes, she is coming back, not quite yet perhaps, but she is coming back."

"What is it that she repeats like that all the time, Henderson? Can you understand it?"

"It 's dream - talk, — I would n't bend too close, Hard, it disquiets her. You will hear only fragments about the tangling trail of the Thing that flies with her."

"Keeps muttering," repeated Shore wistfully. He put his great hand over his wife's hand in a nerve-racked frenzy of love, and she opened her eyes and gazed at him for a moment, then some bewildered effort at control shivered through her and she lay still.

"Oh, get away, Hard! That 's bad, that 's bad!" Henderson pulled Shore up with an irresistible hand and drew him into the next room. "You see, Hardin," he explained, driving himself on to comfort Shore with a singular consciousness that the woman was directing him to the explanation, "her thought has come to be so constantly of saving you anxiety because of your own illness that now she is ill her chief worry is that you are in the way of distress about her. It is n't that she does n't know you; it 's that she does, — comprehends just enough to be trying to protect you."

The grieved look on Shore's face lifted happily. "That 's right, you old conjurer," he said. "Put me back upon the thought of her love of me. I know, — trying to think of me, even when she can't think."

From twenty-first day to twenty-eighth day! In the blackness of that last night, Henderson, the dreamer, passed out of the Shore house into the grounds. He walked, blindly anxious for motion, over the soft, thick turf, with its shaggy mat of leaves, to the wall around the young orchard behind the house. The night was in the deep after-midnight lull, infinitely quiet, but Henderson pressed his hand to his head as though to shut out great noises, and peered out into the dense, clinging darkness as though to sight the flight of something that swept past overhead.

If she died! Foolish, futile thought! He would not let it keep form; he sent it hurling as it hovered, vulture-like, about his mind. She need not die. He would not let her die. Had it not been his again and again to rescue the sick, to hold back the dying? She need not die. His the power. He knew himself. He was not afraid.

And if she lived! His the power, — to bring her back to the other man, to bring her back now, bring her home from the wild trail of their going, from the high realm of his fancy, reëstablish her in her old relations, not as the free, flying spirit that he had known in that upper living, — ah, God, to do that!

Across the black quiet of the night another figure was vaguely outlined at the orchard wall. Shore was standing there forlornly, his lame arm across his knee, his eyes burning into the darkness, seeking, seeking.

"I am so lost, Henderson," he groaned, as Henderson came up silently. "I followed you out here. I can't stay in that house. You see, with her unconscious, it 's as though she is n't here. I 'm so used to having her here, Henderson. She has had always the strangest, fullest capacity for being here, all around and in and through me, everything that a man needs to finish his comprehension of himself and everything else, — Henderson, if you only understood what I feel, you would n't let her go, you could n't."

"Oh, stop, Hardin!"

"Time and again, Henderson, you 've interposed that will of yours, that power of yours, between death and me; time and again I 've felt it like a thing to touch and see; time and again you 've kept me here when I should have gone but for you" —

"Hardin Shore, do I need this urging?" cried Henderson, the clarion ring of his voice piercingly clear in the night's quiet.

"It 's because I know your ability, Henderson," went on Shore, bungling miserably, "that I want to know that you are using every ounce of that ability. You will save her for me, won't

you, old man — you will save her — for me" —

"Yes, I 'll save her for you," answered Henderson, with that final assured confidence which he always used to compel confidence. "Come on back to the house, Hard. It 's hour by hour till dawn now." He put his arm through Hardin Shore's arm, and they went into the house together.

Back in the sickroom Henderson, the physician, took up his vigil again alone. He made Hardin Shore wait in an adjoining room with the nurse, and, alone, he sat down beside his patient, the strength of destiny in his eyes. The seconds went by with a little clicking catch in their going, marked by the flicker of her breathing, and she gave no heed to the compulsion in the physician's touch upon her hand. The seconds went by with a little clicking catch in their going, and the physician became the dreamer and began to talk to her, urging himself far out after her, matching the red range of the fever with his own tenacious swiftness: "Come back, come back! We may not stop at the place of dreams! It is all over and ended! Come back!"

Tossing, rocking, her head, with its great, tumbled mass of soft hair, came nearer, and her cheek cradled into the hand that he stretched out supportingly.

"Oh," she cried, "the end of the trail at last? The real?"

He put his hand on her shoulder gently. "The real," he said. The last of all reality, it seemed to him the finish of the wild dream-fancies that had been for him so long the fullest and richest reality.

Her eyes opened, shut, opened and fixed upon him, her tension relaxing, her mind clearing, her breathing quieting, the mystic fever cycle ended.

"Why, it 's you, dear old doctor-boy!" She had come back, the sane, strong, delicate-fibred woman, who for years had been the flower of his fancy, the root of his morality, his courage! The craziness, his and the fever's, was a thing of the past, the mad aerial journeying was over, she had come back! The physician was sorry for the dreamer as Henderson laid his hand upon her lips and looked once into her earnest questioning eyes: —

"Don't talk; you 're back, that 's enough; you 're saved, that 's enough."

"It was good of you — to save me — for Hard," she said softly, brokenly, fast growing drowsy again, but comprehending still. Hardin Shore tipped to the door, his wide face lit with joy, and even as he bent and kissed her forehead worshipfully, his wife was safely sleeping.

Long, quiet days followed, and at the end of one of them, Henderson, still neglectful of his Penangton practice, sat at the window across the room from her bedside. Hardin Shore was in his own room, sleeping off the exhaustion of those weeks of anxiety for which he had been so illy conditioned, and the nurse was out in the young orchard, methodically measuring off her evening exercise. Beyond the window the sun had set, and a soft, thickening gloom lay over the room. Through it the two figures, the woman on the pillow and the man in the chair by the window, were barely visible to each other. She lay with her hands above her head, the new thinness of her face softened by the fall of lace from her wrists. He sat in his chair with his head thrown back wearily, the worn fatigue of his face lifting and floating away like a gossamer whenever his eyes rested upon her. The physician had stayed sorry for the dreamer; the memory of an illusion is hard to bear.

"You are all tired out," she said.

"You are all wrong," he said.

"Do you hear the sleepy things outside?" she asked. The katydids were crying and the crickets were chirping in a drowsy remoteness. "It 's strange to hear things and see things and know them for what they really are."

He glanced at her comprehendingly, thinking to let her know that he understood the little shock of amusement with which she was finding herself again, but seeing how beautifully her hair lay about her face, and how subtly her grace showed in the languid, swinging movements of her long arms, he was not sure what he had let her know.

"That trail, that tangling trail!" she began next, as though feeling her way, and Henderson sat up and bent forward, his eyes fixed upon her.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, his breath hard and short.

"Well, I don't know, do you?" She smiled at him, but the little shaking span of her voice showed that she was using it to bridge some chasm that yawned before her. She raised her arms and let the laces tumble more thickly about her face, then looked at him through the veil in an uncertain flare of bravery. "Did it tangle you, too?" she asked.

He leaned forward on the arm of his chair and his eyes burned through the laces into her eyes. "Did what tangle me?"

"Why, the trail that we followed, — did it tangle you, too?"

He had a sudden mannish impulse to candor, absolute and entire, — "Then there was a trail for you, as for me!" he cried hoarsely, "and you realized," — he stopped in that impulse to candor, for she had drawn the laces closely about her eyes. Seeing her do that, seeing the hurt to her, he dropped back in his chair with a low, sighing breath. "I understand," he said, "you need not be afraid."

"No, not of — not of a sick woman's fancies, need I? Need you?" The voice quivered, and the hand above her head closed tightly. "There was one fancy," she went on, as though to an appointed task, "there was one about — the place of dreams — at the end of the trail — where somebody — Hardin, I expect — always found me. Did I ever — did I ever speak of that?" Her intention to define for him their old rightful relations touched him like an accolade, raising him a bewildered knight-errant, to go whither she pointed.

"My, yes," he answered her evenly, "and next you would cry, 'Hardin! Hardin!' and we should have to scamper after Hard." The laces pressed close to the eyes and the tight hand relaxed. "Oh, you were a nuisance about Hard," went on Henderson in a resonant, songful tone now, his eyes flashing fire to the west, "'Hardin! Hardin!' you were always crying."

She began to laugh, tremulous with success under her laces. "I suppose it must have been like that. I could n't always tell what I was doing and saying, whose name I was calling, I was whirled about so, — it was such a long trail, that old tangler's. But if it did n't tangle you, if you understand" — Her slender clasped hands were raised to him, her voice swayed to him with a fine, remote music like a wind-blown bell.

"Yes, I understand. And it did n't tangle me," answered Henderson, folding his arms and striding to the window, where he stood for a moment, a lean young figure, erect and powerful, cleanly cut against the light in the west.

R. E. Young.

HOME ACRES.

I.

A SENSE of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing things,
Trembling of blossom, blade and wings,
Perfume and beauty everywhere, —
Skies, trees, the grass, the very loam,
I love them all; this is our home.

II.

God, make me worthy of thy land
Which mine I call a little while! —
This meadow where the sunset's smile
Falls like a blessing from thy hand,
And where the river singing runs
'Neath wintry skies and summer suns.

III.

Million on million years have sped
To frame green fields and bowering hills;
The mortal for a moment tills
His span of earth, then is he dead:
This knows he well, yet doth he hold
His paradise like miser's gold.

IV.

I would be nobler than to clutch
My little world with gloating grasp;
Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
Or let me hold it not so much
For my own joy as for the good
Of all the gentle brotherhood.

V.

And as the seasons move in mirth
Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
May my calm spirit rise from grief
In solace of the lovely earth;
And though the land lie dark or lit,
Let me but gather songs from it.

R. W. Gilder.

CONSECRATED TO CRIME.

"The breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration." — *Fra Lippo Lippi.*

Not long ago I saw these lines quoted to show the blessedness of sanctuary; quoted with a serious sentimentality which left no room for their more startling significance. The writer drew a parallel between the ruffian sheltered by his church and the soldier sheltered by his flag, forgiven much wrong-doing for the sake of the standard under which he has served and suffered. But Mr. Browning's murderer has not served the church. He is unforgiven, and, let us hope, eventually hanged. In the interval, however, he poses as a hero to the children, and as an object of lively interest to the pious and Mass-going Florentines. A lean monk praying on the altar-steps would have awakened no sentiment in their hearts; yet even the frequency, the cheapness of crime failed to rob it of its lustre. It was not without reason that Plutarch preferred to write of wicked men. He had the pardonable desire of an author to be read.

In these less vivid days we are seldom brought into such picturesque contact with assassins. The majesty of the law is strenuously exerted to shield them from open adulation. We have grown sensitive too, and prone to consider our own safety, which we call the welfare of the public. Some of us believe that criminals are madmen, or sick men, who should be doctored rather than punished. On the whole, our emotions are too complex for the straightforward enjoyment with which our robust ancestors contemplated — and often committed — deeds of violence. Murder is to us no longer as

"... a dish of tea,
And treason, bread and butter."

We have ceased to stomach such sharp condiments.

Yet something of the old glamour, the glamour with which the Serpent beguiled Eve, still hangs about historic sins, making them — as Plutarch knew — more attractive than historic virtues. Places consecrated to the memory of crime have so keen an interest that travelers search for them painstakingly, and are often both grieved and indignant because some blood-soaked hovel has not been carefully preserved by the ungrateful community which harbored — and hanged — the wretch who lived in it.

I met in Edinburgh a disappointed tourist, — a woman and an American, — who had spent a long day searching in vain for the house in which Burke and Hare committed their ghastly murders, and for the still more hideous habitation of Major Weir and his sister. She had wandered for hours through the most offensive slums that Great Britain has to show; she had seen and heard and smelt everything that was disagreeable; she had made endless inquiries, and had been regarded as a troublesome lunatic; and all that she might look upon the dilapidated walls, behind which had been committed evils too vile for telling. And this in Edinburgh, the city of great and sombre tragedies, where Mary Stuart held her court, and Montrose rode to the scaffold. With so many dark pages in her chronicles, one has scant need to burrow for ignoble guilt.

There are deeds, however, that have so colored history, stained it so redly, and so imperishably, that their seal is set upon the abodes that witnessed them, and all other associations grow dim and trivial by comparison. The murder of a Douglas or of a Guise by his sovereign is the apotheosis of crime, the zenith of horror. As long as the stones of Stir-

ling or of Blois shall hold together, that horror shall be their dower. The walls shriek their tale. They make a splendid and harmonious background for the tragedy that gives them life. They are fitting guardians of their fame. It can never be sufficiently regretted that the murder of Darnley had so mean a setting, and that the methods employed by the murderers have left us little even of that meanness. Some bleak fortress in the north should have sheltered a crime so long impending, and so grimly wrought; but perhaps the paltriness of the victim merited no better *mise en scène*. The Douglas and the Guise were made of sterner stuff, and the world — the tourist world — pays in its vaporing fashion a tribute to their strength. It buys pathetically incongruous souvenirs of the "Douglas room;" and it traces every step by which the great Duke, the head and the heart of the League, went scornfully to his death.

Blois *has* associations that are not murderous. It saw the solemn consecration of the standard of Joan of Arc, and the splendid feasts which celebrated the auspicious betrothal of Henry of Navarre to his Valois bride. The statue of Louis the Twelfth, "Father of his people," sits stiffly astride of its caparisoned charger above the entrance gate. But it is not upon Joan, nor upon Navarre, nor upon good King Louis that the traveler wastes a thought. The ghosts that dominate the château are those of Catherine de Médicis, of her son, wanton in wickedness, and of the murdered Guise. Castle guides are notoriously short of speech, sparing of time, models of bored indifference. But the guardian of Blois waxes eloquent over the tale he has to tell, and, with the dramatic instinct of his race, strives to put its details vividly before our eyes. He assigns to each assassin his post, shows where the wretched young king concealed himself until the deed was done, and points out the exact spot in the Cabinet Vieux where the first blow was struck. "Behold the perfect tableau!" he winds up enthusiastically, and we are forced to admit that, as a tableau, it lacks no element of success. Mr. Henry James's somewhat cynical appreciation of this "perfect episode" — perfect, from the dramatist's point of view — recurs inevitably to our minds: —

"The picture is full of light and darkness, full of movement, full altogether of abominations. Mixed up with them all is the great theological motive, so that the drama wants little to make it complete. The insolent prosperity of the victim; the weakness, the vices, the terrors of the author of the deed; the admirable execution of the plot; the accumulation of horror in what followed, — render it, as a crime, one of the classic things."

Classic surely were the repeated warnings, so determinedly ignored. Cæsar was not more plainly cautioned of his danger than was the Duke of Guise. Cæsar was not more resolved to live his life fearlessly, or to die. Cæsar was not harder to kill. It takes many a dagger stroke to release a strong spirit from its clay.

There were dismal prophecies months ahead, advance couriers of the slowly maturing plot. "Before the year dies, you shall die," was the message sent to the Duke when the States-General were summoned to Blois. His mother, ceaselessly apprehensive, his mistress, Charlotte de Sauves, besought him to leave the château. Nine ominous notes, crumpled bits of paper, each written at the peril of a life, admonished him of his fate. The ninth was thrust into his hand as he made his way for the last time to the Council Chamber. "*Le ciel sombre et triste*" frowned forebodingly upon him as he crossed the terrace, and La Salle and D'Aubercourt strove even then to turn him back. At the foot of the beautiful spiral staircase sat the jester, Chicot, singing softly under his breath a final word of warning, "Hé, j'ay Guise." He

dared no more, and he dared that much in vain. The Duke passed him disdainfully, and — smitten by the gods with madness — went lightly up the steps to meet his doom.

This is the story that Blois has to tell, and she tells it with terrible distinctness. She is so steeped in blood, so shadowed by the memory of her crime, that there is scant need for her guides to play their official parts, nor for her museum walls to be hung round with feeble representations of the murder. But it is strange, after all, that the beautiful home of Francis the First should not speak to us more audibly of him. He built its right wing, "the most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance." He stamped his own exuberant gayety upon every detail. His salamander curls its carven tail over stairs and doors and window sills. He is surely a figure striking enough, and familiar enough to enchain attention. Why don't we think about him, and about those ladies of "mutable connections" whose names echo buoyantly from his little page of history? Why do our minds turn obstinately to the Cabinet Vieux, or to those still more mirthless rooms above where Catherine de Médicis lived and died. "*Il y a de méchantes qualités qui font de grandes talents*," but these qualities were noticeably lacking in the Queen Mother. It is not the good she tried and failed to do, but the evils that she wrought which give her a claim to our magnetized interest and regard.

To the tolerant observer it seems a work of supererogation, a gilding of refined gold, to add to the sins of really accomplished sinners like Catherine and Louis the Eleventh. These sombre souls have left scant space for our riotous imaginations to fill in. Their known deeds are terrible enough to make us quail. It might be more profitable — as it is certainly more irksome — to search for their redeeming traits: the tact, the mental vigor of the queen, and the efforts she made to bind together the distracted factions of France; the courage, sagacity, and unflinching resolution with which Louis strengthened his kingdom, and protected those whose mean estate made them wholly uninteresting to nobler monarchs. These things are worth consideration, but far be it from us to consider them. High lights and heavy shadows please us best; and by this time the shadows have been so well inked that their blackness is impenetrable. It can never be said of Catherine de Médicis, as it is said of Mary Stuart, that she has been injured by the zeal of her friends, and helped by the falsehoods of her enemies. Catherine has few friends, and none whose enthusiasm is burdensome to endure. She has furnished easily used material for writers of romance, who commonly represent her as depopulating France with poisoned gloves and perfumery; and she has served as a target — too big to be missed — for tyros in historical invective. We have come to regard her in a large, loose, picturesque way as an embodiment of evil, — very much, perhaps, as Mr. John Addington Symonds regards Clytemnestra, — fed and nourished by her sins, waxing fat upon iniquity, and destitute alike of conscience and of shame. And this is the reason that women, who have spent their lives in practicing laborious virtues, stand fluttering with delight in that dark Medicean bed-chamber. "Blois is the most interesting of all the châteaux," said one of them to me; — she looked as if she could n't even tell a lie, — "you see the very bed in which Catherine de Médicis died." And I thought of the Florentine children at the altar-steps.

Mr. Andrew Lang is of the opinion that if an historical event could be discredited, like a ghost story, by discrepancies in the evidence, we might maintain that Darnley never was murdered at all. We might also be led to doubt the existence of Cardinal Balue's cage, that ingenious torture-chamber which has added so largely and so deservedly to the repu-

tation of Louis the Eleventh. There is a drawing of the cage, or rather of *a* cage, still to be seen, and there is the bill for its making, — what a prop to history are well-kept household accounts! — while, on the other hand, its ubiquitous nature staggers our trusting faith. Loches claims it as one of her traditions, and so does Plessis les Tours. Loches is so rich in horrors that she could afford to dispense with a few; but the cage, if it ever existed at all, was undoubtedly one of the permanent decorations of her tower. The room in which it hung is cheerful and commodious when compared to the black donjons of Saint Vallier and to the Bishops of Puy and Autun. The cardinal could at least see and be seen, if that were any amelioration of his lot, and we are still shown the turret stairs down which the king stepped warily when he came to visit his prisoner.

But Plessis les Tours covets the distinction of the cage. She is not without some dismal memories of her own, though she looks like a dismantled factory, and she strives with pardonable ambition to make them dismaler. The energetic and intelligent woman who conducts visitors around her mouldering walls has in a splendid spirit of assurance selected a small dilapidated cellar, open to the sky, and a small dilapidated flight of steps, not more than seven in number. Beneath these steps — where a terrier might perhaps curl himself in comfort — she assured us with an unflinching front the cardinal's cage was tucked; and, reading the doubt in our veiled eyes, she stooped and pointed out a rusty bit of iron riveted in the wall. "See," she said triumphantly, "there still remains one of the fastenings of the cage." The argument was irresistible.

"Behold this walrus tooth."

The fact is that it has been found necessary to exert a great deal of ingenuity in order to meet the popular demand for cold-blooded cruelty where Louis the Eleventh is concerned. He is an historic bugbear, a hobgoblin, at whose grim ghost we grown-up children like to shudder apprehensively. Scott, with a tolerance as wide as Shakespeare's own, has dared to give a finer coloring to the picture, has dared to engage our sympathy for this implacable old man who knew how to "hate and wait," how to lie in ambush, and how to drive relentlessly to his goal. But even Scott has been unable to modify our cherished antipathy, and the deep prejudices instilled early into our minds. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who of all writers has least patience with schoolbook verdicts, hits hard at our narrow fidelity to censorship. "It is probably more instructive," he says, "to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices."

Now a more unpopular, a more comprehensively unlovable person than Louis it would be hard to find. He did much for France, yet France drew a deep breath of relief when he died.

"Il n'est pas sire de son pays,
Quy de son peple n'est pas amez."

Those who fail to entertain the "sneaking kindness" recommended by Mr. Stevenson may shelter themselves behind this ancient couplet. "Of him there is an end. God pardon him his sins," is Froissart's fashion of summing up every man's career. It will serve as well for Louis as for another.

But to gratify at once our prejudices and our emotions, a generous mass of legend has been added to the chronicles of Loches, Blois, Amboise, and other castles that were consecrated to the crimes of kings. History, though flexible and complaisant up to a certain point, has her limits of accommodation. She has also her cold white lights and her disconcerting truths, so annoying, and so invariably ill-timed in their revelations. We can never be quite sure that History, however obliging she seems, will not sud-

denly desert our rightful cause, and go over to our opponents. We have but to remember what trouble she has given, and in what an invidious, not to say churlish spirit she has contradicted the most masterly historians. It is best to ignore her altogether, and to tell our stories without any reference to her signature.

So thought the sensible young woman who led us captive through the Collegiate Church at Loches, and who insisted upon our descending into the crypt, at one time connected with the fortress by a subterranean gallery. Its dim walls are decorated here and there with mural paintings, rude and half defaced. She pointed out the shadowy outline of a saint in cape and mitre, his stiff forefinger raised in benediction. "That," she said with startling composure, "is the bishop who was confessor to Louis the Eleventh. The king had him buried alive in this chapel, so that he might not betray the secrets of his confession."

"And did the king have him painted on the wall afterwards to commemorate the circumstance?" asked the scoffer of the party, at whom others gazed reproachfully, while I wondered how the story of St. John of Nepomuk had traveled so far afield, and why it had been so absurdly reset to add another shadow to Louis' memory. It hardly seemed worth while, in view of the legitimate darkness of the field. It even seemed a pity. It forced a laugh, and laughter is inharmonious beneath the walls of Loches. But if the king, whose piety was of a vigorous and active order, had the habit of walling up his confessors, there must have been some rational hesitation on the part of even the most devoted clerics when his Majesty sought to be shriven; and the stress of royal conscientiousness — combined with royal apprehension — must have shortened the somewhat hazardous road to church preferment. The fact that Louis never wasted his cruelties, that they were one and all the fruits of deep and secret hostility, might have saved him from being the hero of such fantastic myths.

It was more amusing to visit the picturesque old house in Tours, known as le Maison de Tristan l'Ermite. How it came to be associated with that sombre and industrious hangman, who had been dead half a century when its first stone was laid, has never been made clear, unless, indeed, the familiar device of the festooned cord, the emblem of Anne de Bretagne, which is carved over door and windows, may be held responsible for the suggestion. Once christened, however, it has become a centre of finely imaginative romance, — romance of a high order, and which for finish of detail may be recommended to the careless purveyors of historic fiction. Passing through the heavy doorway into a beautiful but melancholy courtyard, we had hardly time to admire its proportions, and the curious little stone beasts which wanton wickedly in dark corners, before a gaunt woman, who is the guardian spirit of the place, summoned us to ascend an interminable flight of steps, much worn and dimly lit. They had an ominous look, and the woman's air of mystery, subtly blent with resolution, was in admirable accord with her surroundings. From time to time she paused to point out a shallow niche which had formerly held a lamp, or a broken place in the wall's rough masonry. "*L'oubliette*," she whispered grimly, pointing to the hole which revealed — and gainsaid — nothing. There was a small walled-up door, equally reserved, which she said was, or had been, the opening of a secret passage connecting the house with the Château of Plessis les Tours, more than two miles away. The full significance of this remark failed to dawn upon us until we had climbed up, up, up, and emerged at last upon a narrow balcony overlooking the sad courtyard far below, and protected by a stout iron railing. It was a disagreeable place, not without its suggestions of horror; yet were we in nowise prepared for the re-

cital that followed. From this railing, said our guide, Tristan l'Ermite was in the habit of hanging the victims whom Louis the Eleventh, "that great and prompt chastener," confided to his mercy. I could n't help murmuring at the cruelty which compelled the unfortunates to mount nearly two hundred steps to be hanged, when the courtyard beneath offered every reasonable accommodation; but even as I spoke, I recognized the poverty of imagination which could prompt such a stupid speech. Perhaps some direful memory of the blood-stained Balcon des Conjures at Amboise may be held responsible for the web of fiction which has been woven about this grim eyrie of Tours; and if the picture lacks the magnificent setting of the Amboise tragedy, it is by no means destitute of color. There is a certain grandeur in being hanged from such a dizzy height.

Our guide next pointed out the opening of the mythical oubliette. If the condemned toiled wearily up to their beetling scaffold, the executioners were at least spared the labor of carrying their bodies down again. After they had been picturesquely hanged under the king's own eye, — for we were asked to believe that Louis walked two miles along a subterranean passage to inspect the ordinary, and by no means infrequent, processes of justice, — the corpses were tumbled into the oubliette, and made their own headlong way to the Loire.

One more detail was added to this interesting and deeply colored fable. The right-hand wall of the courtyard was studded, on a level with the balcony, with huge rusty iron nails. There were rows upon rows of these unlovely, and apparently useless, objects, which tradition had not failed to turn to good account. For every man hanged on that spot by the indefatigable Tristan, a nail was, it seems, driven into the wall, which thus became a sort of baker's tally or tavern slate. We counted forty-four nails. The woman nodded her head with serious satisfaction. Frequent repetitions of her story had brought her almost to the point of believing it. She had ministered so long to the tastes of tourists — who like to think that Louis hanged his subjects as liberally as Catherine de Médicis poisoned hers — that she had gradually moulded her narrative into symmetry, making use of every available feature to give it consistency and grace. The fine old house — which may have harbored tragedies of its own as sombre as any wrought by Tristan's hand — lent itself with true architectural sympathy to the illusion. Some habitations can do this thing, can look to perfection the parts assigned them by history or by tradition. Who that has ever seen the "Jew's House" at Lincoln can forget the peculiar horror that broods over the dark, ill-omened doorway? The place is peopled by ghosts. Beneath its heavy lintel pass little trembling feet. From out the shadows comes a strangled cry. It tells its tale better than Chaucer or the balladists; with more of fear and less of pity, more of suggestiveness and less of amplitude. We shudder as we peer into its gloom, yet we linger, magnetized by the subtlety of association. It may be innocent, — poor, huddled mass of stone, — but we hope not. We are like the children at the altar-foot, spellbound by the vision of a crime.

Agnes Repplier.

THE STORY OF MIMI-NASHI-HŌÏCHI.

More than seven hundred years ago there was fought at Dan-no-ura, in the Straits of Shimonoséki, the last battle of the long contest between the Heiké, or Taira clan, and the Genji, or Minamoto clan. Then the Heiké perished utterly, with their women and children, and their infant emperor likewise, now remembered as Antoku Tennō. And, ever since, that shore and sea have been haunted. Elsewhere I told you about the strange crabs found there, called Heiké crabs, which have human faces on their backs, and are said to be the spirits of Heiké warriors.[1]

But there are other strange sights to be witnessed along that coast. On dark nights, thousands of ghostly fires hover about the beach, or flit above the waves, — pale wandering lights which the fishers call *Oni-bi*, or "Demon-fires;" and, whenever the winds are up, a sound of great shouting comes from the sea, like a clamor of battle.

In other years the Heiké were much more restless than now. They would rise about ships passing in the night, and try to sink them; and at all times they would watch for swimmers, to pull them down. It was in order to appease those dead that the Buddhist temple, called Amidaji, was built at Akamagaséki.[2]

A cemetery also was made close by — near the beach; and within it were set up monuments inscribed with the names of the drowned emperor, and of his great vassals; and Buddhist services were performed there, on behalf of their spirits. After the temple had been built, and the memorial tombs erected, the Heiké gave less trouble than before; but they continued to do, at intervals, things showing that they had not found the perfect peace.

Several hundred years ago there lived in Akamagaséki a blind man named Hōïchi, who was famous for his skill in recitative and in playing upon the *biwa*.[3] From his early childhood, he had been trained to recite and to play; and while still a mere lad he had surpassed his teachers. When he became a professional *biwa-hōshi*, he was known chiefly by his recitations of the history of the Heiké and the Genji; and in the Japanese account of his life it is said that when he sang of the battle of Dan-no-ura "even the *Kijin* [goblins] could not refrain from tears."

At the outset of his career, Hōïchi was very poor; but he found a good friend to help him. The priest of the Amidaji was fond of music and poetry; and he often invited Hōïchi to the temple to play for him. Afterwards, being greatly impressed by the blind youth's wonderful skill, he proposed that Hōïchi should make the temple his home; and this offer was gratefully accepted. Hōïchi was given a room in the temple building, and, in return for food and lodging, he was required only to gratify the priest with a musical performance on certain evenings, when not otherwise engaged.

One summer night the priest was re-

[1] See my Kottō, for an illustrated paper upon these curious creatures.

[2] Or, Shimonoséki. The town is also known by the name of Bukan.

[3] The *biwa*, a kind of four-stringed lute, is chiefly used in musical recitative. Formerly the professional minstrels who recited the Heiké-Monogatari, and other epical or tragical histories, to the accompaniment of the biwa, were called *biwa-hōshi*, or "lute-priests." The origin of the name is not clear; but it is possible that the biwa-hōshi shaved their heads, like priests. Blind musicians, and blind shampooers also, used to so shave their heads. The biwa is played with a sort of plectrum, called *bachi*, usually made of horn.

quested to perform a Buddhist service at the house of a dead parishioner; and he went there with his acolyte, leaving Hōïchi alone in the temple. It was a very warm night, and the blind man sought the coolness of the veranda upon which his room opened. The veranda overlooked a small garden in the rear of the Amidaji. Hōïchi sat down there to wait for the priest's return, and tried to relieve his solitude by practicing upon his biwa. Midnight passed; and the priest did not appear. But the night was too hot for comfort within doors; and Hōïchi still waited. At last he heard footsteps approaching from the back gate. Somebody crossed the garden, advanced to the veranda, and stopped directly in front of him, — but it was not the priest. A deep voice called him by name, — abruptly and unceremoniously, in the manner of a saumurai summoning an inferior: —

"Hōïchi!"

For the moment, Hōïchi was too much startled to answer; and the voice again called, in a tone of harsh command: —

"Hōïchi!"

"*Hai!*" the biwa-hōshi then responded, frightened by the menace of the tone. "I am blind! I cannot know who calls me."

"There is nothing to fear," the stranger said, speaking more gently. "I am stopping near this temple, and have been sent to you with a message. My Lord, a person of exceedingly high rank, is now staying at Akamagaséki, with many noble attendants. He wished to view the scene of the battle of Dan-no-ura; and to-day he visited that place. Having heard of your great skill in reciting the story of the battle, he now desires to hear you, — so you will take your biwa, and come with me at once to the house where the august assembly is waiting."

In those times the order of a saumurai was not to be lightly disobeyed. Hōïchi donned his sandals, took his biwa, and went away with the retainer, who guided him deftly, but made him walk very fast. The hand that guided was iron; and the clank of the warrior's stride proved him fully armed, — probably some palace-guard on duty. Hōïchi's first alarm was over: he began to think himself in good luck, — for, remembering the retainer's assurance about "a person of exceedingly high rank," he supposed that the lord who wished to hear the recitation could not be less than a daimyō of the first class. Presently the saumurai halted; and Hōïchi became aware that he had arrived at a large gateway, — and he wondered, for he did not know of any large gateway in that part of the town, except the main gate of the temple. "*Kaimon!*"[1] the saumurai called; and there was a sound of unbarring; and the two passed on.

They traversed a space of garden, and halted again before some entrance, where the retainer cried in a loud voice: "Within there! I have brought Hōïchi." Then came sounds of feet hurrying, and screens sliding, and rain-doors opening, and women's voices in converse. By the language of the women Hōïchi knew that they were domestics in some very noble household; but he could not imagine to what place he had been conducted. Little time, however, was allowed him for conjecture. After he had been helped to mount several steps, upon the last of which he was told to doff his foot-gear, a woman's hand guided him along interminable reaches of smooth planking, and around pillared angles too many to remember, and over widths amazing of matted floor, — until some vast apartment was reached. There he thought that many people were assembled, for the sound of the rustling of silk was like the whispering of leaves in a wood. And there was likewise a great humming of voices; — and the speech was the speech of courts.

[1] A respectful term, signifying the opening of a gate. It was used by saumurai, when calling to the guards on duty at a lord's gate, for admission.

Hōïchi was told to make himself at ease; and he found a kneeling-cushion ready for him. After having taken his place, and tuned his instrument, the voice of a woman — whom he divined to be the Rōjo, or matron in charge of the female service — addressed him, saying: —

"It is required that the history of the Heiké be now recited, to the accompaniment of the biwa."

Now the entire history could have been recited only in a time of many successive nights: therefore Hōïchi ventured to suggest that a choice be made, saying: —

"As the whole of the story is not soon to be told, what portion is it augustly desired that I now recite?"

The woman's voice made answer: —

"Recite the story of the battle of Dan-no-ura, — for the pity of it is the most deep."

Then Hōïchi lifted up his voice, and chanted the chant of the wild fight on the bitter sea, — wonderfully making his biwa to sound like the straining of oars and the rushing of ships, the whir and the hissing of arrows, the shouting and trampling of men, the crashing of steel upon helmets, the plunging of slain in the flood. And in the pauses of his playing he could hear, to left and right of him, voices of men and women murmuring wonder and praise: "How marvelous an artist!" "Never was playing like this heard in our own province!" "Not in all the empire is there another such singer as Hōïchi." Then fresh courage came to him, and he played and chanted even better than before; and a hush of amazement deepened about him. But when at last he came to tell the fate of the fair and the helpless, — the piteous perishing of the women and children, and the leap of Nü-no-Ama into the waves with the imperial boy, — then all suddenly uttered one long, long shuddering outcry of anguish; and thereafter they wailed and wept, so loudly and so wildly, that the blind musician was frightened by the violence of the grief which his story had aroused. For much time the sobbing and the wailing continued. But gradually the sounds of lamentation ceased; and, in the great stillness that followed, Hōïchi again heard himself addressed by the voice of the woman whom he thought to be the Rōjo.

She said: —

"Although we had been assured that you were a very skillful player upon the biwa, we did not think that any one could be so skillful as you have proved yourself to-night. Our Lord has been pleased to say that he intends to bestow upon you a fitting reward. But he desires that you shall perform before him once every night during the next six nights, — after which time he will probably make his august return journey. To-morrow night, therefore, you are to come here, at the same hour. The retainer who conducted you to-night will again be sent for you.

"There is another thing about which I have been ordered to speak to you. It is required that you shall tell no person of your visits here, during the time of our Lord's sojourn at Akamagaséki. As he is traveling *incognito*,[1] he commands that no mention of this matter be made. . . . You are now free to go back to the temple."

After Hōïchi had duly prostrated himself in thanks, he was led, by a woman's hand, to the entrance, where the same retainer who had brought him to the house was waiting to guide him home. The retainer conducted him to the veranda at the rear of the temple, and there bade him good-night.

It was a little before dawn when the blind man returned; but his absence

[1] "Traveling incognito" is at least the meaning of the Japanese statement that the lord is making a *shinobi no go-ryokō* (disguised august-journey).

from the temple had not been observed, — as the priest, coming back at a very late hour, had supposed him asleep. During the day he was able to take rest; and he said no word of his strange adventure. In the middle of the following night the saumurai again came for him, and led him to the august assembly, where he gave another recitation with the same success that had attended his previous performance. But during this second visit, his absence from the temple was accidentally discovered; and after his return in the morning, the priest called him, and said, in a tone of kindly reproach, —

"We have been very anxious about you, friend Hōïchi. To go out, blind and alone, at so late an hour, is dangerous. Why did you go without telling us? I could have ordered a servant to accompany you. And where have you been?"

Hōïchi answered evasively, —

"Pardon me, kind friend! I had to attend to a little private business; and I could not arrange the matter at any other hour." . . .

The good priest was surprised, rather than hurt, by Hōïchi's reticence: he felt it to be unnatural, and at once suspected something wrong. He feared that the blind man had been bewitched — by goblins or demons. He asked no more questions; but he privately instructed the men-servants, in charge of the temple grounds, to keep watch upon Hōïchi's movements, and to follow him in case that he should leave the temple again at night.

On the very next night Hōïchi was seen to leave the temple; and the attendants immediately lighted their lanterns, and followed after him. But it was a rainy night, and very dark; and, by the time that the temple-folk reached the roadway, Hōïchi had disappeared. Evidently he had walked very fast, — a strange thing, considering his blindness; for the road was in a bad condition. The men hurried through the streets, making inquiries at every house which Hōïchi was accustomed to visit; but no one could give them any information about him. At last, as they were returning to the temple by way of the beach, they were startled by the sound of a biwa, furiously played, in the cemetery of the Amidaji. Except for sundry ghost-fires, such as usually flitted there on moonless nights, all was black darkness in that direction. But the men hurried at once to the cemetery; and there, by the help of their lanterns, they discovered Hōïchi, seated alone in the rain before the memorial tomb of Antoku Tennō, making his biwa resound, and loudly chanting the chant of the battle of Dan-no-ura. And behind him, and about him, and everywhere above the tombs, the fires of the dead were burning like candles. Never before had so great a host of Oni-bi appeared in the sight of mortal man. . . .

"Hōïchi-San! Hōïchi-San!" the servants cried, — "you are bewitched! . . . Hōïchi-San!" . . .

But the blind man did not seem to hear. Strenuously he made his biwa to ring and clash and clang; more and more wildly he chanted. They caught hold of him; they shouted into his ear, —

"Hōïchi-San! come home with us!"

Reprovingly he spoke to them: —

"Before this august assembly to interrupt me in such a manner will not be tolerated."

Whereat, in spite of the weirdness of the thing, the servants could not help laughing. Feeling sure that he had been bewitched, they seized him, and pulled him upon his feet, and by main force took him back to the temple, where he was at once relieved of his wet clothing, by order of the priest, and reclad, and made to eat and drink. Then the priest insisted upon a full explanation of his friend's extraordinary behavior.

Hōïchi at first hesitated to speak. But when he found that his conduct had

really alarmed and angered the kind priest, he decided to abandon all reserve; and he related everything that had happened from the time of the first visit of the saumurai.

The priest then said: —

"Hōïchi, my poor friend, you are now in great danger! It is very unfortunate that you did not tell me all this before. Your wonderful skill in music has brought you into strange trouble. By this time you must be aware that you have not been visiting any house whatever, but have been passing your nights in the cemetery, among the tombs of the Heiké; — and it was before the memorial grave of Antoku Tennō that our people found you to-night, sitting in the rain. All that you have been imagining was illusion, — except the calling of the dead. By once obeying them, you have put yourself in their power. If you obey them again, after what has occurred, they will immediately destroy you; but, in any event, they would have destroyed you sooner or later. . . . Now I shall not be able to remain with you to-night: I am called away to perform another funeral service. But before I go it will be very necessary to protect your body by writing holy texts upon it."

In the evening, before sundown, the priest and his acolyte stripped Hōïchi: then, with their writing-brushes, they traced upon his breast and back, head and neck and face, limbs and hands and feet, — even upon the soles of his feet, and upon every part of his body, — the text of the holy Sûtra called *Hannya-Shin-Kyō*.[1] When this had been done, the priest instructed Hōïchi, saying: —

"To-night, when I go away, you must seat yourself on the gallery, and wait. You will be called, as before. But, whatever may happen, do not answer, and do not move. Say nothing, and sit still — as if meditating. If you stir, or make any noise, you will be torn in pieces. Do not get frightened; and do not think of calling for help — because no help could save you. If you do exactly as I tell you, the danger will pass, and you will have nothing more to fear."

After dark the priest and his acolyte went out to perform their duty; and Hōïchi seated himself upon the veranda, according to the instructions given him. He laid his biwa on the planking near him, and, assuming the attitude of religious meditation, remained quite still, — taking care not to cough, or to clear his throat, or to breathe audibly. He stayed thus for several hours. Then, from the roadway, he heard the steps coming. They crossed the garden, approached the veranda, stopped — directly in front of him.

"Hōïchi!" the deep voice called. But the blind man held his breath, and sat motionless.

"Hōïchi!" the voice called a second time, grimly. Then a third time, savagely, —

"Hōïchi!"

[1] The smaller Pragña-Pâramitâ-Hridaya-Sûtra is thus called in Japanese. Both the smaller and larger Sûtras of this name, Pragña-Pâramitâ, or "Transcendent Wisdom," have been translated by Professor Max Müller, and can be found in vol. xlix. of the Sacred Books of the East (Buddhist Mahâyâna Sûtras). The so-called "Smaller" is but an epitome of the "Larger;" and both are very brief, — the longer occupying less than three pages of the book, and the shorter less than two. Apropos of the magical use of the text, as described in the story, it is worthy of notice that the subject of the Sûtra is the doctrine of the Emptiness of Forms, — that is to say, the unreality of all phenomena, objective and subjective. . . . "Form is emptiness; and emptiness is form. Emptiness is not different from form; form is not different from emptiness. What is form, that is emptiness; what is emptiness, that is form. . . . Perception, name, concept, and knowledge are also emptiness. . . . There is no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, and mind. . . . But when the envelopment of consciousness has been annihilated, then he [the seeker] becomes free from all fear, and beyond the reach of change, enjoying final Nirvana."

Hōïchi remained still as a stone; and the voice grumbled,—

"No answer? — that is strange! . . . Must see where the fellow is." . . .

There was a noise of heavy feet mounting on the veranda. The feet approached deliberately, — halted beside him. Then, for long minutes, — during which Hōïchi felt his body shaken like a drum at every beat of his heart, — there was dead silence.

At last the gruff voice muttered above him,—

"Here is the biwa; but of the biwa player I see — only two ears! . . . So that explains why he did not answer: he had no mouth to answer with; there is nothing left of him but his ears. . . . To my Lord those ears I will take — in proof that the august commands were obeyed, so far as was possible." . . .

At the same instant Hōïchi felt his ears gripped by fingers of iron, and torn off. Great as the pain was, he gave no cry. The heavy footfalls receded along the veranda,— descended into the garden, — passed to the roadway, — ceased. From either side of his head the blind man felt a thick warm trickling; but he dared not lift his hands. . . .

Before sunrise the priest returned. He hastened immediately to the veranda in the rear of the temple, stepped and slipped upon something clammy, and uttered a cry of horror; for he saw, by the light of his lantern, that the clamminess was blood. But he also perceived Hōïchi sitting there, in the attitude of religious meditation, with the blood still oozing from his wounds.

"My poor Hōïchi!" cried the startled priest, "what is this? . . . You have been hurt!"

At the sound of his friend's voice, the blind man felt safe. He burst out sobbing, and tearfully related his adventure of the night.

"Poor, poor Hōïchi!" the priest exclaimed, — "all my fault! my very grievous fault! . . . Everywhere upon your body the holy texts had been written — except upon your ears! I trusted my acolyte to attend to that part of the work; and it was very, very wrong of me not to have made sure that he had done so. . . . Well, the matter cannot now be helped; we can only try to heal your hurts as soon as possible. . . . Cheer up, friend! — the danger is well over. You will never again be troubled by those visitors." . . .

With the aid of a skilled doctor, Hōïchi soon recovered from his injuries. The story of his strange experience spread far and wide, and made him famous. Many noble persons went to Akamagaséki to hear him recite; and large presents of money were given him, so that he soon found himself a wealthy man. . . . But from the time of that adventure he was known only by the appellation of Mimi-Nashi-Hōïchi, — "Hōïchi-the-Earless."

Lafcadio Hearn.

BIRDS FROM A CITY ROOF.

I LAID down my book and listened. It was only the choking gurgle of a broken rain-pipe outside: then it was the ripple and swish of a meadow stream. To make out the voices of redwings and marsh wrens in the rasping notes of the city sparrows behind the shutter required much more imagination. But I did it. I wanted to hear, and the splash of the water helped me.

The sounds of wind and water are the same everywhere. Here at the heart of the city I can forget the tarry pebbles and painted tin whenever my rain-pipes

are flooded. I can never be wholly shut away from the open country and the trees so long as the winds draw hard down the alley past my window.

But I have more than a window and a broken rain-pipe. Along with my five flights goes a piece of roof, flat, with a wooden floor, a fence, and a million acres of sky. I could n't possibly use another acre of sky; except along the eastern horizon where the top floors of some twelve-story buildings intercept the dawn.

With such a roof and such a sky, if one must, he can, with effort, get well out of the city. I have never fished nor botanized here, but I have been a-birding many times.

"Stone walls do not a prison make"

nor city streets a cage if one have a roof. A roof is not an ideal spot for bird study. I would hardly, out of preference, have chosen this with its soot and its battlement of gaseous chimney-pots, even though the great gilded dome of a state house does shine down upon it. One whose feet have always been in the soil does not take kindly to tar and tin. But anything open to the sky is open to some of the birds, for the paths of the migrants lie close along the clouds.

There are other birds than the passing migrants, however, that sometimes come within range of my lookout. The year around there are English sparrows and pigeons; and all through the summer there is scarcely an evening hour when a few chimney swallows are not in sight.

With the infinite number and variety of chimneys hedging me in, I naturally expected to find the sky alive with swallows. Indeed I thought that some of the twenty-six pots at the corners of my roof would be inhabited by the birds. Not so. While I can nearly always find at least a pair of swallows in the air, they are very scarce, and, so far as I know, they rarely build in the heart of the city. There are more canaries in my block than there are chimney swallows in all my sky. The swallows are suburban birds. The gas, the smoke, the shrieking ventilators, and the ceaseless sullen roar of the city are not to their liking. Perhaps the flies and gnats that they feed upon cannot live in the air above the roofs. The swallows want a sleepy old town with big thunderful chimneys, where there are wide fields and a patch of quiet water.

Much more numerous than the swallows are the night-hawks. My roof, in fact, is the best place I have ever found to study their feeding habits. These that flit through my smoky dusk may not make city nests, though the finding of such nests would not surprise me. Of course a night-hawk's *nest*, here or anywhere else, would surprise me; for like her cousin, the whip-poor-will, she never builds a nest, but stops in the grass, the gravel, the leaves, or on a bare rock, deposits her eggs without even scratching aside the sticks and stones that may share the bed, and in three days is brooding them — brooding the stones too.

It is likely that some of my hawks nest on the buildings in the neighborhood. Night-hawks' eggs have occasionally been found among the pebbles of city roofs. The high flat house-tops are so quiet and remote, so far away from the noisy life in the narrow streets below, that the birds make their nests here as if in a world apart. The twelve and fifteen story buildings are as so many deserted mountain heads to them.

None of the birds build on my roof however. But from early spring they haunt the region so constantly that their families, if they have families at all, must be somewhere in the vicinity. Should I see them like this about a field or thicket in the country it would certainly mean a nest.

The sparrows themselves do not seem more at home here than do the night-hawks. One evening, after a sultry July day, a wild wind-storm burst over the city. The sun was low, glaring through

a narrow rift between the hill-crests and the clouds that spread green and heavy across the sky. I could see the lower fringes of the clouds working and writhing in the wind, but not a sound or a breath was in the air about me. Around me, near and over my roof, flew the night-hawks. They were crying peevishly and skimming close to the chimneys, not rising, as usual, to any height.

Suddenly the storm broke. The rain fell as if something had given way overhead. The wind tore across the stubble of roofs and spires, and through the wind, the rain, and the rolling clouds shot a weird, yellow-green sunlight.

I had never seen a storm like it. Nor had the night-hawks. They were terrified, and left the sky immediately. One of them alighting on the roof across the street, and creeping into the lee of a chimney, huddled there in sight of me until the wind was spent and a natural sunlight flooded the world of roofs and domes and spires.

Then they were all a-wing once more, hawking for supper. Along with the hawking they got in a great deal of play, doing their tumbling and cloud-coasting over the roofs just as they do above the fields.

Mounting by easy stages of half a dozen rapid strokes, catching flies by the way, and crying *peent-peent*, the acrobat climbs until I look a mere lump on the roof; then ceasing his whimpering *peent*, he turns on bowed wings and falls, — shoots roofward with fearful speed. The chimneys! Quick! Quick he is. Just short of the roofs the taut wings flash a reverse, there is a lightning swoop, a startling hollow wind-sound, — and the rushing bird is beating skyward again, hawking deliberately as before, and uttering again his peevish nasal cry.

This single note, the only call he has beside a few squeaks, is far from a song; farther still is the empty-barrel-bung-hole sound made by the air in the rushing wings as the bird swoops in his fall. The night-hawk, alias, "bull-bat," does not sing. What a name bull-bat would be for a singing bird! But a "voice" was never intended for the creature. Voice, beak, legs, head, — everything but wings and maw was sacrificed for a mouth. What a mouth! The bird can almost swallow himself. Such a cleft in the head could never mean a song; it could never be utilized for anything but a flytrap.

We have use for flytraps. We need some birds just to sit around, look pretty, and sing. We will pay them for it in cherries or in whatever they ask. But there is also a great need for birds that kill insects. And first among these are the night-hawks. They seem to have been designed for this sole purpose. Their end is to kill insects. They are more like machines than any other birds I know. The enormous mouth feeds an enormous stomach, and this, like a fire-box, makes the power that works the enormous wings. From a single maw have been taken eighteen hundred winged ants, to say nothing of the smaller fry that could not be identified and counted.

But if he never caught an ant, never one of the fifth-story mosquitoes that live and bite till Christmas, how greatly still my sky would need him! His flight is song enough. His cry and eerie thunder are the very voice of the summer twilight to me. And as I watch him coasting in the evening dusk, that twilight often falls, — over the roofs, as it used to fall for me over the fields and the quiet hollow woods.

There is always an English sparrow on my roof, — which does not particularly commend the roof to bird-lovers, I know. I often wish the sparrow an entirely different bird, but I never wish him entirely away from the roof. When there is no other defense for him, I fall back upon his being a bird. Any kind of a bird in the city! Any but a parrot.

A pair of sparrows nest regularly in an

eaves-trough, so close to the roof that I can overhear their family talk. Round, loquacious, familiar Cock Sparrow is a family man; so entirely a family man as to be nothing else at all. He is a success, too. It does me good to see him build. He tore the old nest all away in the early winter, so as to be ready. There came a warm springish day in February, and he began. A blizzard stopped him, but with the melting of the snow he went to work again, completing the nest by the middle of March.

He built for a big family, and he had it. Not "it" indeed, but *them;* for there were three batches of from six to ten youngsters each during the course of the season. He also did a father's share of work with the children. I think he hated hatching them. He would settle upon the roof above the nest, and chirp in a crabbed, imposed upon tone until his wife came out. As she flew briskly away, he would look disconsolately around at the bright busy world, ruffle his feathers, scold to himself, and then crawl dutifully in upon the eggs.

I knew how he felt. It is not in a cock sparrow to enjoy hatching eggs. I respected him; for though he grumbled, as any normal husband might, still he was "drinking fair" with Mrs. Sparrow. He built and brooded and foraged for his family, if not as sweetly, yet as faithfully, as his wife. He deserved his blessed abundance of children.

Is he songless, sooty, uninteresting, vulgar? Not if you live on a roof. He may be all of this, a pest even, in the country. But upon my roof, for weeks at a stretch, his is the only bird voice I hear. Throughout the spring, and far into the summer, I watch the domestic affairs in the eaves-trough; during the winter, at nightfall, I see little bands and flurries of birds scudding over and dropping behind the high buildings to the east. They are sparrows on the way to their roost in the elms of an old mid-city burial ground.

I not infrequently spy a hawk soaring calmly far away above the roof. Not only the small ones, like the sharp-shinned, but also the larger, wilder species come, and winding up close to the clouds, circle and circle there, trying apparently to see some meaning in the maze of moving, intersecting lines of dots below yonder in the cracks of that smoking, rumbling blur.

In the spring, from the trees of the Common, which are close, but, except for the crown of one noble English elm, are shut away from me, I hear an occasional robin and Baltimore oriole. Very rarely a woodpecker will go over. The great northern shrike is a frequent winter visitor, but by ill chance I have not been up when he has called at the roof.

One of these fiend birds haunts a small court only a block away, which is inclosed in a high board fence, topped with nails. He likes the court because of these nails. They are sharp; they will stick clean through the body of a sparrow. Sometimes the fiend has a dozen sparrows run through with them, leaving the impaled bodies to flutter in the wind and finally fall away.

In sight from my roof are three tiny patches of the harbor: sometimes a fourth, when the big red-funneled liner is gone from her slip. Down to the water of the harbor come other winter residents, the herring and black-backed gulls, in flocks from the north. Often during the winter I find them in my sky.

One day they will cross silently over the city in a long straggling line. Again they will fly low, wheeling and screaming, their wild sea-voices shrill with the sound of storm. If it is thick and gray overhead, the snow-white bodies of the herring gulls toss in the wind above the roofs like patches of foam. I hear the sea — the wind, the surf, the wild fierce tumult of the shore — whenever the white gulls sail screaming into my winter sky.

I have never lived under a wider reach of sky than that above my roof. It offers

a clear, straight, six-minute course to the swiftest wedge of wild geese. Spring and autumn the geese and ducks go over, and their passage is the most thrilling event in all my bird calendar.

It is because the ducks fly high and silent that I see them so rarely. They are always a surprise. You look, and there against the dull sky they move, strange dark forms that set your blood leaping. But I never see a string of them winging over that I do not think of a huge thousand-legger crawling the clouds.

My glimpses of the geese are largely chance, too. Several times, through the open window by my table, I have heard the faint, far-off *honking*, and have hurried to the roof in time to watch the travelers disappear. One spring day I was upon the roof when a large belated flock came over, headed north. It was the 20th of April, and the morning had broken very warm. I could see that the geese were hot and tired. They were barely clearing the church spires. On they came, their wedge wide and straggling, until almost over me, when something happened. The gander in the lead faltered and swerved, the wedge lines wavered, the flock rushed together in confusion, wheeled, dropped, then broke apart, and honking wildly, turned back toward the bay.

It was instant and complete demoralization. A stronger gander, I think, could have led the wedge unbroken over the city to some neighboring pond, where the weakest of the stragglers must have fallen from sheer exhaustion. Scaling lower and lower across the roofs, the flock reached the centre of the city and drove suddenly into the roar and confusion of the streets. Weary from the heat, they were dismayed at the noise, their leader faltered, and, at a stroke, the great flying wedge went to pieces.

There is nothing in the life of birds quite so stirring to the imagination as their migration: the sight of gathering swallows, the sudden appearance of strange warblers, the call of passing plovers, — all are suggestive of instincts, movements, and highways that are unseen, unaccountable, and full of mystery. Little wonder that the most thrilling poem ever written to a bird begins: —

> "Whither, midst falling dew,
> While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?"

The question, the mystery in that "certain flight" I never felt so vividly as from my roof. Here I have often heard the reed-birds and the waterfowl passing. Sometimes I have heard them going over in the dark. One night I remember particularly, the sky and the air were so clear and the geese so high overhead.

Above the fields and wide silent marshes such passing is strange enough. But here I stood above a sleeping city of men, and far above me, so far that I could only hear them, holding their northward way through the starlit sky, they passed — whither? and how guided? Was the shining dome of the State House a beacon? Did they mark the light at Marblehead?

Dallas Lore Sharp.

ANNA MAREEA.

At the door of her low gray cottage, set in the green hollow of the hills, stood Ann M'ria. She, too, was low and gray and weather-beaten; a tiny, gnarled old woman with a hitching gait. Overhung by the spicy, purple plumes of new-blown lilacs, whose close-pressed stars brushed the worn clapboards, she waited, shading her eyes with her hand, and peering eagerly afield.

Up the pasture slope sped a flying figure. Ann M'ria caught her breath.

"It 's her! It 's doctor's wife! How pretty she sets her foot. Why, what 's she droppin' down fur on the grass? Tuckered out? She 'd oughten ter race so: one minute racin', next dead beat; that 's her all over. Guess I 'll go down the path to meet her."

A twelvemonth since something very wonderful had come into the solitary life of Ann M'ria; something for which she had hungered seventy years, — a bosom friend. And how improbable a friend! No contemporary; no withered old maid; no hard-worked farmer's daughter like herself, but a young and beautiful foreigner. She had drifted to Pondsville to teach music in the academy, and not Ann M'ria alone had been fired with love for her dark, pathetic eyes. The village doctor could not rest till he had transplanted this rich-hued exotic to his own dooryard. Would she strike root in the bleak New England soil?

Across the fields from Ann M'ria's house there wavered a fitful little grassy footpath, and threading this the old woman now went forth with shining eyes to meet her friend. While yet afar off she hailed her.

"Seems a thousand years sence I set eyes on ye."

With a joyous cry the doctor's wife sprang to her feet, and her voice, like her face, carried with it a touch of something remote, romantic, haunting; not of the homely Yankee setting. The homely name, too, of her friend she turned to music, broadening the vowel sounds, and lingering on them with a liquid caress. Ann M'ria caught up the transfigured syllables, and half-shamefacedly tried to repeat them after her.

"An-na Mareea! An-na Mareea! Don't you dress my name up pretty! Anna Mareea! Seems kinder as if I was some one else. Tickles me to death to hear ye; but sakes, it sorter goes to my heart too, for when you say 'Anna Mareea,' I know you 're thinkin' of your folks over to Germany, and when you try to say 'Ann M'ria,' says I to myself, 'Thank the Lord, she 's gittin' wonted.'"

The doctor's wife pressed first one, then the other wrinkled hand of her friend to her lips, flashed out a smile through dark lashes beaded with bright salt drops, and started with her up the pasture slope.

"Got it bad to-day, ain't ye?" said Ann M'ria, an added pucker in the criss-cross furrows of her face.

"You comprehend — always. Ah, God was good to give me one soul in this strange land who speaks my speech."

"There, there; doctor speaks your speech, you know he does."

"Himmel, yes, if men and women can ever be said to speak the same speech, — but you — Ach Anna Maria!"

Something glistened under Ann M'ria's lids, but the grotesque lips widened into a quizzical smile.

"If the neighbors heard you say I talked your language they 'd say, 'Goodness! Ann M'ria, who learnt ye to talk Dutch?' My sakes, I 'll never forgit the evenin' we did find out we spoke the same speech; that evenin' we run acrost each other in the medder at sunset and talked and talked! Next day I jest hed to keep holdin' on to myself and kep'

a-bustin' out singin' over my ironin', I was so crazy glad to think I 'd found some one else in the world with jest my queer freaky thoughts, and that laughed and cried all in a breath same as me, and did n't mind a pile o' dirty dishes in the sink them blue days in spring that jest seem to kinder witch yer out o' doors, with all the treetops beckonin'. If it ain't a miracle o' grace; you born over to Germany, and your folks so fine, and you leavin' 'em and bein' an opery singer till you lost your voice; and your face like a pictur', and your hands soft as pussy willows, and me a lopsided figur'-o'-fun no man would look at twict, and yit no sooner did we two look deep into each other's eyes than somethin' speaks up loud in both on us, sayin', 'You 're bone o' my bone and flesh o' my flesh!'"

"I love you!" said the doctor's wife.

By this time they had reached the tiny front yard, blue with trailing periwinkle and sweet with lilac and flowering currant, and, it being too golden a day to waste indoors, Ann M'ria seated herself on the worn kitchen sill and drew the friend of her bosom down beside her.

"I s'pose livin' here and livin' over to Germany or Italy 's somethin' like the difference between Ann M'ria and Anna Mareea; and Mis' Smith, that folks hev to call you now, don't sound half so pretty as what you used to be called, Alma von Engelberg — angel-mountain you said that meant? — but then there 's doctor; I don't suppose they could beat doctor easy over there."

The doctor's wife shook her head and flung out both expressive hands.

"There 's not one of them over there fit to clasp the latchet of his shoes!" Then she drooped against Ann M'ria's shoulder. "That makes it all the worse," she sighed.

"Why all the worse?"

"That I grow restless and wild and cross, and hate the people, — Himmel! They are the kindest people in the world when you get beneath the crust, — and hate the sewing society and the 'sociables.' Gott, do you know how to be 'sociable,' you New Englanders? and then, the meeting-house, so cold, so bare, so hideous! Oh, don't think I complain to my husband; I have grace enough not to do that, but, oh, Anna Maria, it grows worse instead of better, this restlessness. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The shrewd old eyes rested for an instant on the languid figure nestled against her own.

"Mebbe it 's jest the spring feelin', dear, and mebbe — You talk to doctor; don't you fret all alone; you tell everythin' to doctor."

"The hills! They shut me in; I can't breathe! Oh, to push them away; there are cities beyond; something doing; not utter stagnation. Though what should I want of cities and crowds; I had sorrow enough out in the world, and when my voice failed, all I asked for was to forget the world and be forgotten, and so I crept to this quiet corner to end my days in what peace I might."

The doorway of the solitary little house, fronting sunset and mountain, commanded the windings of the osiered river that leads the eye on and on, till, companioned by the narrowing valley, the glinting waters slip behind a foothill. Then the eye, baffled, falls back yearning to know what lies beyond.

"Yes," said Ann M'ria slowly, her wistful gaze riveted on the furrowed and forest-dark flanks of Chillion, majestic even in the all-revealing midday glare, "yes, you 've hed your fling; you 've seen it all, but here I 've ben seventy years, girl and woman, eatin' my heart out for jest one peep t'other side o' them mountains."

The doctor's wife caught at her friend's hand.

"What! You have never been beyond!"

"How should I git there? Walk, with my hitchin' gait? And I ain't

never hed no team nor extry pennies to hire."

"Your neighbors?"

"Oh, I've good neighbors; but you don't tell everythin' to your neighbors."

"Anna Maria! Seventy years! Such a little wish."

The doctor's wife had slipped to her knees by Ann M'ria's side; she was fondling her friend's hands, pressing them to her soft cheek wet with tears. The old woman looked down at her with chiding love.

"There, there, you 're all flushed up, and you 've forgot all about your own sorror, thinkin' o' mine. That 's why folks love you so; that 's why all the folks to the village set sech store by ye, and you a furriner."

"Do they like me?"

"Now don't you go pertendin' you did n't know it. 'T aint only that you 've got the feelin' heart, but you know how to show it so pretty. Now what you jumpin' up to so fast for?"

Alma had started to her feet, and was pointing eagerly down the road where a swaying buggy top was emerging from the beech wood.

"It 's my husband. He said perhaps he could be free this afternoon. Oh, Anna Maria, it is early yet; to-day, this very day you shall have the desire of your heart."

Ann M'ria stood as if rooted to the door sill.

"To-day! The mountain! To-day?"

The sturdy white horse and the broad-shouldered man driving him were drawing steadily nearer. They had passed the last farm and pink-flushed orchard, and were turning into the lane that led up over the pastures. Ann M'ria clutched Alma's sleeve.

"Not to-day, dear; not to-day." She was visibly trembling.

"Why not to-day?"

"Seventy years I 've waited."

"Then why put it off an hour? The time has come."

Ann M'ria fingered her calico dress distressfully, and her eyes sought her friend's in solemn appeal.

"I could n't go in these old duds."

"There is time to change your dress."

"I 'd always kinder thought — if ever the time come — I 'd like to wear my black silk that was mother's."

"By all means, the black silk."

"And my best bunnit?"

"Oh yes, the best bonnet."

"And grandmother's gold beads?"

"Above all, your gold beads."

Ann M'ria made one step toward the bedroom, then turned with working face.

"You think it better be to-day?" she asked with the submissive questioning of a child.

"Yes, yes, to-day. Go and make ready, Anna Maria, while I tell my husband."

Outside the low paling the white horse had come to a halt, and in a moment more, Alma, her vivid face raised to the doctor's, had poured out her tale. He nodded once or twice, but it was evident his thoughts were more engaged with his wife than with the story she was rehearsing so dramatically. Touching her flushed cheek with a practiced hand, he told her to ask Ann M'ria for a glass of milk before they started, and to bring along bread and doughnuts or whatever the larder might afford.

Despite previous tremors, despite the glories of the black silk dress, the best "bunnit," and the golden heirloom clasping her wrinkled throat, who gayer after the start than Ann M'ria. In the capacious seat her slight figure was easily tucked away between her friends, and now her hand clasped Alma's, now rested on the doctor's knee, now for pure joy waved in the air.

"Hear the song sparrers trillin'! There war'n't never sech a hand as me for lovin' singin' in bird or human creeter. Seems 's if I could set and hear singin' till my soul melted away. They was a hymn they used to sing." — And in a

quavering treble Ann M'ria shrilled it out, —

"'There 's a land that is fairer than day.'

And then there 's the singin' of the kittle, and even cake, when you draw it out of the oven and put your ear down to it, there 't is chirrupin' away to itself. Yes, I was always a great hand for singin', and I guess that 's why I always hated my name so; seemed so harsh soundin', and why I jest love to hear you say Anna Mareea, — same as if you was puttin' it to music. Say it again, Mis' Smith."

"Anna Maria, dear, dear Anna Maria."

"I guess I 'm two folks; Ann M'ria and Anna Mareea. Ann M'ria 's the one most folks see, twisted and homely 's a root, and Anna Mareea 's the insides of me that when folks git a peep of they think 's queer and flighty. I 've days of bein' jest plain Ann M'ria and dustin' and bakin' and sortin' herbs as contented as a rabbit in a clover field, but them other days, when the sight of a dishcloth turns my stomach, and somethin' seems to be prickin' in me like cider fermentin', and I don't understand what I do want no more than I was talkin' a furrin language, then I guess I 'm Anna Mareea. Don't you let on to Dick, doctor, — there 's two of me he 's got to draw up the mountain road, — or he 'll git discouraged.

"Last night I run out before bedtime, and it was all so still and clean washed, sort of, and the stars so solemn, and I set me down by the well, and little by little they was all around me, father and mother and my three sisters that died before I was born, and I hed n't a fear, and my soul seemed swellin' in me, and I guess I set a full hour thinkin' how beautiful 't was, and I would n't never bother no more about earthly things, when all of a suddin somethin' in me spoke up, commonplace as you please, and says, 'That 'll do, Ann M'ria, you 've hed all you can stand. And your shoes are soppin' wet in the dew. Go in and soak your feet and git to bed.' And I done it. We ain't nothin' but pint pots, after all!"

The road which the doctor had chosen struck across the valley and then wound up to the high gap between the shoulder of Chillion and a lesser neighbor. Undaunted, though with drooping head, the white horse toiled steadily on, his master to ease him striding alongside. Half the valley, unrolled below them, lay in shadow, but back on the opposite slopes the mellow light yet lingered, and Ann M'ria's cottage, catching the sun on its panes, flashed recognition. The doctor pointed toward it with his whip, and the old woman nodded solemnly. Silence had fallen upon her. Her hands clasped in her lap, she rode toward the supreme moment of her life. A moment more, and from the crest of the ridge the new world would burst upon her sight.

"Stop!" she broke out suddenly and with a quavering voice. The doctor checked his horse. "Doctor, I want to git out."

"Would you rather walk the rest of the way?"

"I ain't goin' no further."

"Not going any farther?"

Ann M'ria shook her head. "You 've ben awful good, but I can't go a step further."

"Dear," said the doctor's wife, "are you ill?"

"No, no, Mis' Smith, I ain't sick. I know it seems dretful of me after you 've hauled me so fur, and doctor he won't never understand it mebbe, but you will, you will, won't you, dear?"

The old woman in her limp black silk was clambering nervously out of the buggy, and turned a pathetically pleading face toward the friend of her bosom.

"Everythin' I 've made believe all my life was behind the mountain; all the things I 've hed to do without. It 's too late; my eyes are too old; I could n't see it as I 've made believe all my life;

I 'd ruther go on makin' believe and seein' it as I always hev ; all shinin' so beautiful ; a land flowin' with milk and honey ; great gleamin' rivers and mountains clear up to the sky with snow on 'em, and marble cities with church towers with angels carved on to 'em like I 've read, and somewhere among 'em all a little white farmhouse under some elms with a pass'l of children runnin' in and out, not favorin' me exactly, but favorin' what I might hev looked like if the Lord hed n't made me on an off day. Don't make me go up to the top of the ridge, dear ; don't make me go ! "

" Dear Anna Maria, no one shall."

" You go up with doctor and hev your look off, and I 'll set here and mind Dick. It 's a dretful pretty evenin' to be settin' out with the trees so still they jest seem to be holdin' on to themselves so 's not to stir and wake the baby birds. Take your time, dear, take your time."

. . . . . .

It must indeed have been a sight of the Promised Land — their own or Ann M'ria's — that met the eyes of the doctor and his wife from the crest of the ridge road, for when they returned, hand in hand, the witness of the glory still shone transfiguring in their eyes. The old woman read it there, and started exultant from the low stone wall where she had been sitting.

" Then it 's all true," she cried, " it 's true ! You seen it ! My ! but it must 'a' ben beautiful to make your eyes shine like that ! "

Esther B. Tiffany.

THE DERELICT.

Beyond the rim of waters vast
They saw her canvas gleam,
And then the apparition passed
Like an elusive dream.

She vanished out of human ken,
She lost her name and fame ;
But heaven alone knows where or when
Her desolation came.

The crew, that manned and banned her, now
Nor calms nor tempests vex ;
The pirate billows board her bow
And sweep her slimy decks.

Only the wild winds strike her bells,
The blind waves heave her wheel ;
Her leaks are streaming as the swells
Her gaping seams unseal.

Upflung against relentless skies
Or downward dragged amain,
Heaven heedeth not her agonies,
Or heedeth them in vain.

Shunned by her kin and kind, though still
At heart as proud as they,
She bides her time to work her will
And holds her fate at bay.

While leven-brands forbear to strike,
As clouds above her frown,
She haunts abysses, phantom-like,
That wait to wash her down;

Until Despair's appalling call,
In some uncharted zone,
Shall urge her o'er its verge to crawl
And make the plunge alone.

What high hopes perished in her clutch
Eternity may tell,
The snarl untangle with a touch
And break the fatal spell.

Edward N. Pomeroy.

OUR PUBLIC EDUCATION IN MUSIC.

Nero, it is said, believed that music, unheard by others than the performer, was valueless; that appreciation and receptivity were much less important than execution. Our public education in music proceeds along the same lines, inculcating performance and creation in music from first to last, and scarcely recognizing the non-performer as a factor in art at all. In the primary school classes, all are taught to join in singing, and this choral activity is continued as the chief element of public musical instruction until the end of the high school or academy work. In the college, if any change is made, it is generally in the direction of harmony, counterpoint, and composition.

Yet it may be taken as an axiom that nine tenths of the graduates from all classes of educational institutions, excepting conservatories of music, will not be actively musical in subsequent life; they will enjoy music, so far as they are able, from the passive side. Surely these submerged nine tenths have some rights in the domain of music and some claims for an education fitted to their needs; classes in *musical appreciation* are a more crying necessity than the omnipresent classes in singing.

In some of the large colleges and universities a study of fine arts is recognized as a necessary part of the curriculum. In Harvard, for example, Professor Charles Eliot Norton has broadened the culture of many hundreds, possibly thousands, by teaching how to understand the subtleties of painting, the influence of one school upon another, the characteristics of each school, the outcome of each theory. He has never attempted to teach a single student how to mix colors or how to handle the brush; he has taught the comprehension of the art, not the practice of it. Something of this kind is needed in the musical department of our schools. We cannot make a nation of musicians (even if it were desirable to do so), but we can

permeate the educated classes with musical culture, and in producing many intelligent musical auditors we are giving the most practical uplift possible to the creative musicians of America.

It is probable that a few teachers will exclaim, against this impeachment, that they are already doing something akin to this, by giving some talks about the art, by causing essays to be written, by questioning the singers about the choruses they have sung; but the work of a course, such as is here pleaded for, means something far more definite and extensive than such sporadic attempts. It does not mean an appendix to a chorus, or a pleasant chat about a solfeggio exercise. It means a presentation and explanation of every class of music, it means the creation of a class of *listeners* during the musical exercises, the establishment of intelligent audition, and the awakening of an enjoyment of music without the eternal necessity of making it.

How many of the thousands of pupils, who have been singing all the way from kindergarten to college, know what a fugue is trying to tell them? How many can comprehend even the simplest orchestral composition? How many understand the architecture of music in any degree? Yet these points would be only a small part of a public course intended to teach appreciation of music. Let us then examine, in definite detail, what such a course should attempt and what product it would bring forth. It should by no means interfere with the vocal training which forms the present sum and substance of public school instruction in music (it ought to supplement that), but it should allow some unfortunates, who now howl dutifully twice a week, to really enjoy music which they are no longer to be obliged to assist in making.

In the primary school and in the lower grammar school classes the musical appreciation class ought to begin its work. A very simple course of musical acoustics might awaken the child's interest in the symmetry of tone and chord. The Chladni plate might be exhibited to prove to the eye that noise is unsymmetrical and that tone is symmetrical. A few simple experiments in showing the overtones, in demonstrating how Nature builds her chords, might follow. The more complicated musical acoustics should come only in the higher grades of tuition.

The children should sing our national songs as an adjunct to their history lessons, and each of these songs should be made pregnant with meaning by having its story told before a note is sung, — or listened to! What a wealth of history there would be in connection with Yankee Doodle, for example. Not of the origin of the melody, for that is unknown, but of the Colonial war and of the New England troops marching into Albany and being lampooned to this tune by Dr. Shuckburgh, the English surgeon; of the British bands playing it on Sunday mornings, in Boston, to irritate the church-going New Englanders; of the ribald words sung to it by the English against John Hancock, during the siege of Boston; of its sounding forth during Lord Percy's hurried march toward Lexington to relieve Major Pitcairn, — thus beginning the Revolution; of the American bands playing it at Yorktown, at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, — thus ending it. The mutations of the Star-Spangled Banner from English drinking-song to "Adams and Liberty," to praise of Jefferson, and to its present shape, might be explained. The rollicking naval songs of the war of 1812 might find their place here, and many another bit of historical music. This, however, deals rather with repertoire than with system, yet it deserves momentary notice as the fittest beginning of an American music course.

The architecture of music ought to be studied, at least in its elementary phases, even at this stage. Schlegel has said that architecture is frozen music (and Madame de Staël has generally been credited with the idea), but few laymen have

understood that music is tonal architecture. Wing balances against wing in architecture; theme is in equipoise against theme in much of the best music. There are many simple choruses which illustrate this fact, and many more which show the practice of the composer of ending a composition with its opening idea. After fitting explanation, part of the class should sing such a song and part of the class should listen.

The scale-construction which constitutes the language of a composition might be approached at a little higher grade. The students would of course be familiar with the conventional major and minor, but they would now be taught that other languages exist, that there was a musician's Tower of Babel, when the nations began to speak different musical tongues. The simplest of these, the pentatonic scale (our diatonic scale with the fourth and seventh notes omitted), might be explained as belonging chiefly to China, but that it is understood and used by European nations might be demonstrated by allowing the class to analyze Auld Lang Syne and Bonnie Doon, and both sing and listen to them. Many other compositions might be mentioned that would illustrate the six-toned scale, the Hungarian scale, and others.

Arrived at a little higher grade the instrumental side of music begins to claim the student's attention. A reasonable familiarity ought to be sought with the different orchestral instruments. Should there be a band or small orchestra connected with the school, as is frequently the case, the working of each instrument might be colloquially explained by its student-performer, and each band concert should become in some degree an object lesson. But eventually there should follow an explanation of the shape and technique of each orchestral instrument and its function in the concert room.

The mere hearing of a fine pianist or vocalist in the schoolroom, as has sometimes been brought about, is not to the purpose here, but the audition of a bassoonist, an oboist, a French horn player, etc., would be a practical lesson.

The tone-color of each instrument should now be studied. The brooding character of the viola, the portentous and sometimes grotesque style of the contrabass, the feverish brilliancy of the piccolo, the rustic vein of the oboe, the comic character of the bassoon, the baleful tones of the muted horns, the suspense that can be pictured upon the kettledrums, — all these and many more effects should become recognizable to the student-auditor.

Just as the student of fine arts knows that the oil painting speaks a different language from the etching, the pupil ought now to comprehend that the orchestral work demands more of its auditor than the piano composition, and as the art-student anticipates white in a winter landscape, or green in a picture of spring, our music auditor should understand that a melancholy orchestral work would imply English horn or viola, a picture of country life would call for oboe, a military sketch for trumpet, a celestial scene for harps, or violins with flutes.

And now a very definite phase of music as a language ought to be taken up. By the development of figures an instrumental composition can often be made as logical as a sentence of words. The figure grows and is transformed into larger forms and sometimes into an entire composition. The auditor must be trained to watch the seed growing into a harvest. The entire first movement of Beethoven's fifth symphony is reducible to three figures of which one is very important; the sixth symphony begins with a movement that is derived almost wholly from a phrase about three measures long; the beautiful fugue in D major, Bach's Well-tempered Clavier, Book II., No. 5, is entirely made of transmutations of its first nine notes, a fine example of the mathe-

matics of music. This figure-language ("development," the musician calls it) is as unknown as Chaldaic to the student of music in the schools, yet it is the foundation of almost all classical instrumental music. Even in vocal music one finds much use of this figure-formation, and some songs by Robert Franz might readily be arranged as choruses and give the public school student his first induction into this attractive field of musical intellectuality.

Of course the Wagnerian treatment of figures of definite meaning, the *Leitmotiven*, which causes the orchestra to speak as definitely and somewhat in the same manner as the Greek chorus in the old tragedies, must come in for its share of attention, but the full study of the theories of the different schools of composition might be reserved for college education.

It would belong to the highest studies of this course, also, to analyze the shape of sonata and symphony, to study counterpoint, not in practical composition, but in its analysis. The comprehension of the pattern of a fugue might turn much music that is now considered dry by the student into a luxuriant garden of intellectual beauties. The connection between poetry and music as exemplified in strophe-form and art-song music would bind musical study of this kind very closely to literature in these highest branches.

The above may give an idea, but in a slight degree, of what may be studied by the intelligent pupil who never expects to produce a note of music in his life. The vocal studies of the present should be supplemented by more of instrumental work, and the songs and choruses themselves should yield more to the classes than they are at present doing.

And, in the midst of so much study of vocalism, another query is pertinent. What is being done for the pupil's conversational voice? Are we to train hundreds of singers who are not to sing, and send out still greater numbers whose unpleasant quality of speech is to be a handicap to them through life? A pleasant voice is as important in the everyday affairs of life as a pleasant face or a well-groomed appearance. Yet between the millstones of vocalism and elocution the speaking voice of the average American comes forth twangy, irritating, unimpressive.

Here we merely state a fact, but dare make no suggestion. Is education in this branch feasible? We do not know. The subject of natural voices is veiled in mystery, and the scientist has not yet informed us why Russia should be the land of basses, England of altos, France of mezzo-sopranos, why the Swiss should yodel naturally, and why high tenors are copious in North Spain. Whether this is a racial, climatic, or food question is not yet certain, and whether national voice characteristics will yield to treatment has not yet been demonstrated.

But as regards the main topic of this article there ought to be no such doubt. Let the public schools aid in training an intelligent musical taste, and the American composer will tread a much less thorny path.

Noble compositions and possibly a great American national anthem (our most noticeable musical lack) will soon follow. At present not one pupil in a hundred understands the gentle art of listening to music.

Louis C. Elson.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

[Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs, the author of the present paper in the ATLANTIC'S series of letters from abroad, is an American journalist who has been successively the editor of the Manila Daily Bulletin and the Manila Freedom. — THE EDITORS.]

I.

NATURE, his environment, and the system of Spain during the last three hundred years have combined to make the Filipino, the degenerate scion of the ancient Malay pirates, typical of a racial sunset.

Devoid almost to nudity of anything even remotely approaching literature, folk-lore, traditions, or history, the Filipino people of to-day presents a pitiful spectacle. Terrorized by the Spaniard and his cruelty, the native lies stupidly, on every occasion, without the slightest regard for fact; his sole desire is to save himself a beating. By nature and heredity and environment disinclined to work hard for anything — as a race — he takes easily to theft. Never having had within the limits of his low mental horizon such a thing as education to fit him for a trade, he is not tractable, and views our efforts in this respect with suspicion and fear. As an individual, the Filipino is the most innocent and harmless of any semi-civilized people; as a race, he presents a grave danger unless handled without sentiment, unless put in his place and literally forced to prove that he is capable of further rights and privileges. Whether we shall be able to accomplish the mental liberation of this collection of tribes, raising it from the mire of ignorance in which it is steeped, rests entirely with the home government.

At the present time, under the undue liberty granted by America, the Filipinos appear to be divided sharply into two classes, which, after all, are really one. One class professes loyalty. Some individuals of this class are really as loyal as they can be; others are *buenos hombres* during the day, only to foster rebellion at night. The other class is in open defiance of all our conceptions of law and order, setting at naught every ordinance we have established. Of the two classes, the latter is by far less dangerous. In the past year there have been perhaps an hundred convictions of individuals to death or life imprisonment for open rebellion: a few days ago one judge passed sentences of death and various terms of duress, from life imprisonment down to a year or so, on twenty of the outlaws. But of those receiving the heavier punishments, several were of the outwardly loyal class, men who secretly fomented insurrection and ladronism.

The Philippine situation has reached a stage of complexity now that is comparable with the Eastern question; the old familiar and ghostly Balkan problem is very like to the unrest that is to be found in the Archipelago. The offensive term "nigger-lover," implying one who sets the black up as preëminent, but who does not do so from any humanitarian principles, has been applied to the government here, which has also been most bitterly arraigned as un-American, autocratic, and blind to its own future. A good-sized insurrection is going on in the north; famine, cholera, ladronism, and stubborn Moro chiefs stir the south; friction locally between the various branches of the government, and between the government and the people, has brought affairs in the islands to a standstill. Commerce is dull; business houses of the first class are daily retrenching; dissatisfaction grows with the attitude of the home government, and anxiety as to what the effects of the new gold *peso* will be is stronger every day.

One of the best of the Spaniards here said to me a few days ago, while we were discussing the future of the city of Manila, that there would be nothing here for a long time. "The city is a sink," said he gravely. "You Americans have flocked in here in crowds, expecting to find El Dorado. What you have is a city you yourselves have spoiled. Shall you be here long: no — yes? Well, if you shall not stay much time more, you will do well to get out quickly. This place offers no inducements. There will be no money here made, no great positions created. Stagnation will continue to prevail. We are waiting — for what? We do not know; for something. But on account of the so great expense to live here, one must have outside means to be even fairly comfortable. If you are satisfied with what you are earning, with what you are saving, if indeed you can save anything, stay; if not, go home at once; conditions here will be worse before they can be any better."

Señor —— is a gentleman who stands high with the Civil Commission, with which he is connected, and his utterances carry the more weight, coming, as they do, from a man who knows what the purposes of the government are, and what it will do. In corroboration of his prophetic remarks, "Deacon" Prautch, a Methodist who has for some time been steeped in the peculiar new sect of Catholics calling themselves *Aglipayanos*, has backslidden from rosary and censer to the canons of his old church. He tried, it is said, to settle the friar question single-handed by egging on Aglipay and his deserters from Rome, thus breaking the Vatican's grip on the Archipelago. Prautch found, after spending a few months as editor of La Verdad (The Truth), organ of the National Independent Filipino Church, and adviser-in-ordinary to Gregorio Aglipay, the self-consecrated archbishop of the new organization, that "my Methodist principles could not agree in perfect harmony with many of the usages and rites of the Catholic Church." The whole scheme seems to have been a piece of purely political trickery, with its object the dismissal of the friars. Both Prautch and Aglipay expected to seduce the people from allegiance to Rome, thus making it imperative that the religious orders should go back home, defeated. The scheme was pretty, and it had a very fair chance of success, owing to local conditions, but a keener tool than Aglipay was needed to do the cutting. Aglipay's ability in his chosen field, the pastoral and polemic side of his church work, is conceded patiently, but he has no such fire of personal magnetism, no such singular attraction for the people, as have Antonio Mabini, Pio del Pilar, and even little Aguinaldo, the least conspicuous of them all.

Speaking of Aguinaldo's limitations reminds me of what an officer told me not long ago. He had been in the party that met General, then Colonel, Funston, when returning with the captured "President." Captain —— was among the first to go through the insurgent's papers. Among them he found the diary kept by Aguinaldo, which showed what the man's ideas were regarding the responsibilities resting upon the leader of the new republic which he so fondly imagined could be established. He, Aguinaldo, his chief adviser and confidant, with their respective wives and a proper suite, intended to make a tour of Europe that should last at the very least a year. Other entries in the diary showed the discussions the four had had about the trip, what they should see, and how the vast moneys they counted upon should be spent. This book was begun not long after the famous Malolos Congress, and during the most critical period of the inchoative republic, the most keenly anxious moments of the ex-washerman's career. Aguinaldo, though most people, even in the islands, do not know it, was in 1896 a common washerman in the Cavite arsenal's laundry, and had so poor a knowledge of Spanish

that the Castilians themselves declared he spoke it *de cocina*, or kitchen-fashion. Like a good many other *tauos*, he was an adept at lightning political changes, and so, when he jumped from the party with which he had been connected to a new one, some time after this, and was made a *Capitano Municipal* in the same year, it occasioned no one any great surprise.

Practically every Filipino who was identified with the insurrectionist movement has since been given some government position. One is a judge of the Court of Customs Appeals; another, whose *nom de guerre* is Philip Goodroad, and whose real name few beside himself know, is a member of the Civil Service Board; still another equally well-known *filibustero* and insurgent is a member of the city of Manila's Municipal Board. Among the last of the old junta of Katipuneros is a man who has just had created for him the position of collecting librarian of the Philippines. This man was closely connected with Rizal in the propaganda of the later '90s. The new position pays a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars in gold, more than the man ever saw at one time before. He was, until recently, professor of history in the Lyceo, in Binondo, the Chinese section of Extramuros, Manila. He himself is a Chino-mestizo by birth, and has been given letters of marque and reprisal, as it were, to ravish the libraries and collections of Spain, France, Italy, the Continent generally, and wherever else he can find any old manuscripts or records of expeditions to and affairs in the old Islas Filipinas. It is a position to make the cockles of his heart glad. Beside his salary he also gets all his actual traveling expenses, and many an American and European was most anxious to have the place.

II.

El Kataastaasang Kalagayan Katipunan Nanğ Manğa Anac Nanğ Bayan, or as it is better known, the Katipunan, is a society whose name means, in Tagalog, Supreme Society of the Sons of the People. Its object was and is yet to filibuster, to get independence, if possible, for the Philippines. More properly rendered into English from the native dialect, the name means a society of the *supreme sons* of the people; that is, composed of the most noteworthy men. No exact English equivalent of the Tagalog can be given, but a prominent Spaniard of the "days of the Empire" says of the Katipunan: "A reunion or organization of the people who meet to concoct assassinations cannot be called a reunion of noteworthy people (supreme society), but rather a reunion of noteworthy criminals." To this title the Katipunan can justly lay claim, but to none other.

Strange as it may seem, this clique of would-be murderers and real insurgents is the illegitimate offspring of Filipino masonry. Some twenty years or more ago, a *Gran Oriente* lodge of the Spanish Masons was founded in the Philippines. About ten years later, by various crooked political intrigues, Filipinos managed to gain consent from Señor Morayta, in Madrid, to found "Tagalog" lodges, as up to that time only Spaniards had been Masons. These Tagalog lodges finally split off from the parent body, the Gran Oriente, and in the course of time lost their identity as Masonic bodies completely, by reason of being merged into the *Liga Filipina*, from which was eventually constructed the grimmer Katipunan, which had as its secret purpose the assassination of all the friars, the overthrow of religion, and the ultimate independence of the islands. How successful it has been we already know, but the K. K. K. is still capable of yelling around town at night: "Hindi aco patay!" (I am not dead yet!)

Within the past six months it has been shown, by a search of old Spanish archives in the possession of the government, that every Filipino, mestizo (half-breed), and Indio of any consequence in the islands is still a member of the order.

Three of the members of the Civil Commission were in it. Dozens of others, all of whom have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, are old members.

The Katipunero's relation to the Church of Rome is that of a very precocious but also very naughty child, who has kerosene and matches in plenty, with no one by to watch his performances. Having all the supposed Masonic hatred of things Catholic as a working basis, the Katipunan circulated propaganda against the church and the friars, accusing them of having "debased the ancient and prostituted the noble customs of the country," beside which their very presence was inimical to liberty and Filipino autonomy. It is interesting in this connection to note that the ancient and noble customs of the country, before the correcting hand of Spain, iron-stern, closed over las Islas Filipinas, were, — according to old Padre Moraga, — the sale of men, women, and children as mere chattels to pay small debts of a few dollars, the practice of defloration as a recognized custom, the holding of virginity as a disgrace which would prevent the woman from going to heaven, and the right of the tribal chief or village *presidente* to hold all his people as his own personal property, with the right to kill off, maim, sell, or give away whomsoever he chose. Details of certain other well-recognized customs are so shocking as to be beyond the possibility of publication in a decent magazine.

Some idea may be gathered from this statement as to what the Filipino is when the thin veneer of European influence is burned through by the Malay instinct, the old pirate savagery. These same customs, to a limited extent, still prevail among some of the non-Christian tribes. Among the Igorrotes, who live in the northern province of Nueva Viscaya, a fever cure is practiced to-day that for barbarity and heartlessness is the equal of anything the American Indians ever inflicted upon their sick. An old captain of the constabulary told me about it, on returning from a recent tour of duty among the people, whom he regards as being misguided children rather than malignant fanatics. The story runs thus: —

When any member of the tribe is attacked by the low fever that prevails among the mountains of that region, the sufferer is at once taken out of his bed and put into a frame or chair that has been prepared for the purpose. This frame resembles an easel to a certain extent. Straps are tied about the patient's head, which is drawn back as far as possible, thus stretching the throat out, others are passed about the chest, and still others fasten the legs in a bent position, so that the man is half-lying, half-sitting. Then the fire which has been built under the frame is lighted, and the heat and smoke pour up around the poor wretch, who is either killed or cured in a very short time. He has the fever smoked out in from one to three applications of the cure, each application lasting from an hour to two and a half hours. This treatment is repeated at intervals of about three hours all day long, and has, in rare and stubborn cases, been applied for three successive days. Another method of applying the same cure to fevers is to make the fire hotter and hotter for the first hour, and then to put it out with water. The collection of stones which has previously been put below the fire being white-hot, the water creates a great cloud of reeking steam. This is even more favored than the other, but, being much severer, is not so frequently used. As a general rule, three patients out of five recover; the others are literally killed by the hideous torture to which the cure subjects them.

It is to people like this that Uncle Sam has come with the olive branch. Developments of the American occupation, and particularly of the past year, seem to show that our captain's estimate of the people is very correct. He describes

the Filipino as a very impudent and impertinent child, but, withal, a very dangerous one; he must be sternly disciplined, taught to respect the sovereign authority, and learn to be obedient and respectful. The average "civilized" Filipino has many good traits and qualities: he is a thief and a liar, brutal to animals, and exceptionally thoughtless; but he is clean, mentally, toward women. His evil side is not nasty. He is not of a kindly nature, but this is rather his misfortune than his fault. When he is made to realize his shortcomings and to remedy them, at least to some extent, he attains to a measure of the full stature of manhood, as has been proved in several cases.

III.

About six months ago the Commission passed what is generally regarded as the most impressive piece of legislation, from a judicial standpoint, of the year. This act empowered the governor to close any bank of whose workings he had the slightest suspicion; and he cannot be held accountable for his acts under this law. There is in Manila no power of the people or of the press to "get back," speaking colloquially, at the government. But this new law was so evidently needed, it was so sane, that public opinion for once sided with the authorities, an unusual thing indeed in Manila. A few days after the act had become a law, one of the more prominent banks, an American institution, closed the doors of its savings department, and has not reopened them under the old régime. I took the pains personally to seek out the president and ascertain the reasons for this action. After considerable fencing I learned that the deposits in the bank exceeded by some seven or eight times the amount of its paid up capitalization. The government was not satisfied that this should be the case with a small and close private corporation, whose paid up capital amounted to very much less than fifty thousand dollars. Of the personal honesty of the banker there was no doubt, but it had been felt generally for some time that the institution was shaky; hence the governor's action. The old savings bank has been reorganized as a triple partnership since then, with the American and two wealthy Filipinos as the members of a regular brokerage, exchange, and banking institution.

Another law that was designed to have an important effect upon general commerce, with particular regard to the high local rates for sea freights between Manila and other coast ports, was one that gave foreign vessels the right, until July 4, 1904, to engage in the coastwise traffic of the Philippines under an American registry. It was known as the Coastwise Shipping Act, and the discussion of it was bitter in the extreme, but when it was finally brought up in the great *Sala de Sesiones* of the Ayuntamiento Palace for public and open discussion, the opposition dwindled down to a mere dissatisfied twitter. Since the act has become a law, one vessel only has taken advantage of the registry thus afforded, the Norwegian steamer Hjelm.

The conditions leading up to this drafting and passage of what seemed likely to be the most unpopular of laws were, and still are, peculiar. So meagre are the facilities for transportation about the islands, which number altogether nearly seventeen hundred and fifty, with a coastline more than double that of the United States, that practically everything either north or south of Manila has to be carried in steamers or in the little, bat-winged schooners that fancy they are seaworthy craft. Taking, for instance, the trade between ports like Zamboanga on the south, and Aparri on the north, with the metropolis, Manila, the freight rates are relatively ten times as great as they are between Manila and San Francisco. In some cases they are relatively twenty times higher. In the case of Manila-Iloilo cargoes, the cost is about the same for the three hundred miles as it is for

the seventy-five hundred of the Frisco-Manila passage.

To combat this, alleged by the government to be due to a pool of shipowners' interests, the new law was passed. It has brought in one steamer to compete with the local craft. It was argued that competition would bring the rates down. The new steamer runs on practically the same schedule and rates as the others. There is no pool of shipowners. Local conditions alone are responsible for the high tariffs, for many of the ports of call are inaccessible during many months of the year, and steamers sometimes have to lie offshore a full week before it is safe to land cargo.

Commercially, the year has been one of the most disastrous the islands have ever known. The rice crop has been a failure in most of the provinces; thousands of *carabao* — water buffalo — have died with the *surra;* ladronism is responsible for the devastation of province after province; money is bitterly scarce and tight, time and call loans at usurious rates being hard to get and still harder to meet; general agriculture is in a deplorable condition, though measures are now being taken for its revivification; church is at war with church, and a very deep-seated and hearty dissatisfaction obtains throughout the community.

Here the old question of sugar duties and free trade with the United States crops up again. Practically, it costs the planters at least twenty dollars for every ton of sugar they produce in the islands, including what the newspapers are pleased to call an "infamous" and "iniquitous export tax" of a dollar a ton on all sugar that is sent out of the Archipelago. The selling price hovers around the twenty-one-dollar mark. It is easy to see, therefore, that only the most powerful and wealthy of the planters can at all afford to produce. It is this that caused the demoralization of the sugar industry here last winter. Furthermore, it was stated at a meeting of the American Chamber of Commerce last December, in my presence, that the laws regulating the amount of land a corporation in the Philippines may hold is limited to 2000 or 2500 acres. At this meeting resolutions were passed with the object of trying to get the laws amended so as to make it possible for a company or organization to hold land up to ten thousand acres or more, according to the responsibility of the corporation. As it is now there are vast tracts of land of a good quality for cane-raising which have been refused by local companies, simply because they could not afford to do business in the face of the limit, and also because of other grave disadvantages. It is the opinion of those best versed in sugar that the sugar industry here cannot recover until tentative measures at least, like the removal of the export tax and the extension of the land holdings law, are enforced.

Rice, which is the only food of about a fifth of the natives, and with fish the staple diet of about nine tenths of them, has been the cause of much distress by its failure as a food crop. This failure has been due to a number of reasons, principal among which is ladronism. So few people know anything of the labor involved in rice-planting that it may be worth while to show the methods now in use among the Filipinos. For weeks the planter flounders in a quagmire, knee-to waist-deep in the slime of the field. He eventually sticks in by hand, under pitiless sun or in pelting rain, each one of the eighty thousand plants in his little two-acre patch. After the crop has been tended most carefully, irrigated, flooded, dried off, he steps in once more, and cuts by hand all the suckers he planted,— that is, all that the animals and thieves have left. And for this arduous toil he earns the magnificent wage, if he be the proprietor, of fifty-five dollars in gold per annum, or fifteen cents a day. During the year just past many of the rice-farmers have refused to raise any crops: all

they did was to produce sufficient to keep life in their badly nourished but sinewy bodies. When such an one is asked why he did not raise plenty, he will reply in Spanish if he speak it: "Asi mucho ladron," or, in Tagalog, "Maramín ladrón," or if he be a Pampangan, "Tutuñ lañ dakal amapanaco" (Too many thieves).

Conditions in the southern provinces, where this effect has been most apparent, are even yet so bad that few men raise anything except what they most desperately need for themselves. *Ladrón* means thief: but it is a very flexible term, like the Turkish word for oil, *yagh*. The sneak who picks your pocket is ladrón; he also who cracks a safe, the horsethief, the looter of mails or villages or churches; he who flocks by himself in bands of fifty or more, and wipes out whole towns at a single swoop, killing, violating, burning, and stealing; the *muchacho* who has been your ever faithful body-servant for twenty years, and who at last runs off with your dollar watch, and leaves your rickety, rat-and-vermin-infested *casa* for some *nipa* shack in the *bosque*, — each of them is ladrón. Never by any possibility *a* ladrón, but simply "ladrón," without the saving grace of even that introductory "a."

In the north of Luzon conditions are different. In the Bulacan and Rizal provinces the petty disturbances and unrest of the early part of 1902 have grown into a full-fledged rebellion, an insurrection that is fought according to the rules of war, though the civil government still refuses to recognize it as such, in spite of the fact that the army has already done so. Faith! since when did common thieves march in bands of three hundred or more, in uniforms, carrying "state papers," under brigadier-generals, armed like regular troops, and bearing the dreaded Katipunan rising sun and double stripe flag of the old insurrection, yelling that keen cry, "Hindi aco patay"? These insurgents, whose general, Apolonario San Miguel, was killed a few months ago, take nothing in their periodical raids but ammunition, arms, and enough food for their immediate needs. Members of San Miguel's and Faustino Guillermo's "armies" have been shot and hanged for the crimes of violation and looting. No white woman, strangely enough, has ever been offered any insult of this sort by any native since the American occupation. The reverse is, unfortunately, true of native women at the hands of Filipino, American, and Spanish men. The natives were told early in the war that a single white woman violated would mean the utter destruction of them and all the islands by the Americanos, who would bring *el infierno* to pass.

In connection with the ladrón and insurrection movements, the order came not long ago for the native scouts to be taken over by the constabulary under Henry T. Allen, a captain of the Sixth Cavalry, detailed to that service with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. The scouts are still fed by the army, though under General Allen's orders; this gives them an anomalous position, and they report all fights to the Adjutant-General of the Division before the chief of the constabulary gets any word. This move on the part of the administration has more political significance than appears at first sight.

IV.

Politics has presented during the year several changes that are of interest. The movements headed by the National, Federal, Liberal, and Socialist parties might be inimical to the public safety and peace if they were cohesive. As it is, party politics among the Filipinos has been made the subject of some rather ribald jesting: no one who knows the conditions as they are has ever taken the matter seriously.

The Workers' Party (*La Union Obrera*) is practically no more and no less than a gigantic labor union. Like the other unions of a similar nature at home,

it plays a sort of Ishmael part; but aside from exerting considerable influence over the working classes, it has little concern with anything but *fiestas*. It is impossible to conceive of any Filipino "nation." The native has no idea of solidarity: "party interests" are to him as meaningless as the word "snow;" never having seen either, or the effects of either, he affects a stolid indifference from which it is not possible to rouse him. Some months ago Pascual Poblete, the agitator and blowhard, announced that his "labor bureau" could furnish at any moment 200,000 men for any sort of unskilled labor by the day. Nobody took up his proposition, and now he considers that he has dealt the Chinese skilled labor importation scheme a deadly blow. As a matter of fact, he merely added one more argument to the quiverful in the hands of the Chinaman's partisans. Poblete is the Chino-mestizo of whom the Madrid Herald spoke so bitterly a year or so ago, accusing him of practically every crime a man can commit without landing himself behind the bars for life. He is a gamester, habitué of the mains, subscription-raiser and labor agitator of the most dangerous type, being, with Isabelo de los Reyes, always embroiled in some labor controversy. Poblete's subscription lists raised considerable money, and as no accounting was ever made, it is popularly believed that the cash went to the owners of various victorious roosters in the pits at Caloocan and Pasay. He is, of course, prominent in the councils of the *obreros*, or toilers.

Of the other parties, it can only be said that they are never able to agree on anything among themselves. Doctor Jesús even, one of the most prominent of the local politicians, cannot get along with the men of his own peculiar ideas, and has repeatedly quarreled bitterly with his best political friends. So it is, that none of the parties amounts to much as a weapon.

The new democratic labor union, an outgrowth of the older Obrera, which celebrated its first *gran fiesta* on May 1, is composed mainly of such skilled labor as the Philippines can boast. Many of the newspaper compositors are enrolled in its ranks, among them being not only Filipinos, but also East Indians, Chinese, and a few Arabs. Carpenters, machinists, carriage-builders, masons, and artisans of all trades make up the rest. There is no such thing as a separate union here for each trade; it is merely necessary that individual artisans be of the same political stripe, which covers, to the native mind, a multitude of other shortcomings. This union is, however, as arbitrary as any similar body in the United States. Some days ago, the editor of one of the newspapers had occasion to wish the dismissal of a lazy compositor. He told the man to go at once, and was informed by the union patron that the man could go if it was necessary, but that the whole force would go out in sympathy. If he was permitted to remain until Saturday night, he could be dismissed, and nothing would be said about it by the union. The man stayed. This party could have a powerful influence if elections were held and the natives enfranchised. Though experience has shown, particularly within the past six months, that the Filipino does not readily assimilate new ideas as a general rule, he picks up some things with a rapidity that is positively startling. His childish love of gaudy finery and the ease with which he is swayed by an oily and passionate tongue leave him largely at the mercy of his more educated brother, — the spellbinder would find him easy prey.

Most spectacular and interesting, from the public's point of view, have been the workings of the sedition and libel laws during the past year. These laws are somewhat similar to our old law, the difference being that they are enforced here on what seems to the average newspaper man very slight provocation. Three men are now under sentence, two for having

committed libel, and one for sedition. All three were supposed to be working against the government, and the consequence was that at the first opportunity they were made to feel the weight of the law. None of the sentences has as yet been executed, as all three cases are on appeal, and the principals are out on heavy bonds. The first case involved the former owner and editor of the Freedom, F. L. Dorr, and E. F. O'Brien, the editor. The other case had to do with the alleged libel of General Davis by William Crozier, proprietor and editor of the American. All three men have heavy fines and terms of imprisonment hanging over them, and it is generally believed that they will have to go to jail. The Freedom case is too well known to need comment here, except to say that the seditious editorial in question was a critique on the government of the sort that is published every day at home. The other case was different. In reviewing General Davis's review of the Glenn court martial, which disapproved the findings of the court, the American said editorially that General Davis ought not to have "smeared over" the findings with his comment. The charge was simple libel, but the animus of the prosecution made it appear that Mr. Crozier had been guilty of seditious libel, by holding an official up to public ridicule, hatred, and contempt. This, of course, was stated to be subversive of the general welfare of the government. The case had several features of more than usual interest, but it is not advisable to reopen the matter here. But as a plain fact, conditions now in Manila are such that no paper can tell at what minute it is likely to be summoned to the office of the attorney-general to answer for any one of a number of things it had no idea of doing, and which it did not believe were done. Retractions are as a rule fruitless, for the prosecution goes on just the same, as in the Davis case. It would be a boon for the editors were a censor appointed, as in the old days here, for then there could be no mistakes, and no one would have to see the inside of Bilibid to know about Philippine prisons. The fact that we are all kept anxious has much to do with the rapid aging of most of the newspaper men who have come to the islands. Those who keep away from liquor fall a prey to nervous anxiety, which has an effect almost as evil and as quick.

From politics and sedition to religion is an easy step. Church and intrigue are synonymous in the Philippines. After residence in the islands, and some understanding of the native character, I have come to the conclusion that the friars do not entirely deserve their hard lot and evil reputation.

There have just come into my hands certain translations of old Spanish documents and official reports which have aided me in the formation of this opinion. These translations have been made during the last year at the instance of certain officials, if the reports are correct. They have, I believe, the formal acceptance of the authorities. They err in the respect that they are all too keenly severe on the native, or Indio, who plotted against Spain, but they also open many doors previously sealed. They afford brief but vivid glimpses of the heroic lives of many old padres who worked devotedly, faithfully, amid obstacles and dangers that the American mind can have no adequate idea of under any circumstances. There were, of course, and still are, many of the priests who are simply swine, bearing the mark of the beast writ large and clear on puffy face and distended paunch. But they and their narrow lives are overshadowed completely by such men as Padre Mariano Gil, of the Augustinians. He it was who uncovered the dastardly plot of the Katipunan, and who, for this intrepid piece of daring, was placarded. The posters showed his head at the top, with a pistol on one side and a short knife on the other, while a few significant words be-

low gave his name and title. He was parish priest of the Tondo district, a hotbed of insurrection and discontent.

Between those days, of the middle '90's, and the present there is a great difference. In some measure this is due to the presence of the Americans, with their prejudice against the religious orders, and in some measure to the keen church war that has been begun by Aglipay. Without considering the merits of the case very much, the average American has decided that the orders must go. Aglipay, after years of thought, has reached the same conclusion. The two forces, though pulling at different angles, have practically assured Rome of defeat. Just what the true significance of Aglipay's movement is, it is hard to say. Some very well-informed persons believe the movement to be purely a shift in the political game, merely a back-stairs scheme, as it were, fostered officially, for the expulsion of the friars. Others claim Aglipay to be a most genuine and honest religious leader, with no thought of anything save the work of his church and flock. Still another opinion, which seems equally well founded, though not having so much numerical strength, declares that the old insurrection spirit is recrudescent in him; that he is slowly and surely weaving about us a net, with old leaders, and others who have taken the oath of allegiance to help him secretly in the cities, and men like Faustino Guillermo and other avowed insurgents in the field, to bring the old days once more to pass, and to compel the Americans to give over the islands to the sovereignty of the Filipino.

Silly and fatuous as the latter scheme appears to be, it would yet find ready and fanatic adherents by the thousand. Let the Filipino get a really compelling leader, and the issue will be forced upon us. If it comes, — and there seems a very good chance that it may, — it will be impossible to hold in the men; they will carry into deadly effect the provisions of Lincoln's General Order 100, with or without the consent of their officers. And any Filipino troops that have the temerity to attack ours will be wiped out of existence in smoke and blood. There will be no nonsense about it next time. This is the opinion of the army.

Aglipay has not had entirely plain sailing. He made the defections from the Roman Church so serious that Mgr. Guidi came to the islands to look after the interests of the *Gran Papa*. He stopped the desertions in numbers, but he was unable to get back into the fold those who had deserted it for Aglipay's rather homœopathic Catholicism. Meantime the latter had been strengthening his fences all along the line, and has succeeded in keeping his main body intact. It is hard to believe that he could have any grave political import or influence, not being a big or broad enough man. His doctrines are less for ritual and more for spontaneity than those of Rome. In several important respects his teachings split squarely off from those of his preceptors, and the Filipinos who found the stern discipline and forms of the Romish Church irksome were his readiest apostles and converts. He is still proselyting steadily, but the movement by which he and his church sprang into prominence came suddenly about the first of the year as a result of the *sub rosa* proceedings of the preceding six months.

V.

In conclusion, a summary of the year shows nothing particularly startling or unusual among the natives. They are always in ebullition; plots without number are being made every day to dispose of the Americans, and fail as fast as made. Holy Week was to have seen the slaughter of many; it saw a few ladrones killed and more captured. Just about that time Governor Taft issued an order that every one having firearms must register them, and get a bond of two hundred dollars in gold for permission to

have them. A considerable opposition to this was felt, but most people obeyed it.

The financial situation shows no improvement. Mexican silver is going up, but quotations are based on open markets, and what effect the gold peso will have when it and the Mexican peso are in the market together no one is prepared to say. Most of the best business men, however, hold Congress and the customs service responsible for the greater part of the depression, and say that until free trade with the United States is given them, things will be growing worse instead of better. The anomalous position of the islands is what does the mischief. The Constitution did not follow the flag in the Philippines in any respect, and until business men know what to expect, when, and from whom, trade will be dull and prospects slight, as at present. Retrenchment is the order of the day with the business houses of any value.

Nevertheless, improvements to the city during the year have been marked. Houses are going up on all sides, part of the wall is coming down, work has been begun on the new electric street railway, the most important innovation Manila has ever seen, and rents are still at high-water mark. Houses that could not be rented at all at home are considered in Manila thoroughly sanitary and clean, but the Health Department has been doing a great work, and though we still have considerable cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox, beriberi, and other diseases originating in filth, the city is now kept very clean for a tropical seaport with an unsavory reputation. The harbor works are also coming along well, and the submarine work on them is about three quarters done. When the trolley is running there will be notable changes in the present problem of transportation, which makes it imperative for every man to own at least one horse.

Bishop Brent has established within the year a settlement house and free dispensary, hospital, and school in Trozo, a section of Extramuros, Manila, which has already done a great deal of very important work among the poor. The young women of the settlement are trained nurses and teachers, and the value of their work is testified to by the crowds they handle every day, and the distress they relieve. What with teaching, healing, helping overburdened mothers, — Filipino families number anywhere from two to twenty, — and doing the little things that are so needed and usually so little thought of, these young women and their leader are doing a noble and great work.

Judicial affairs have altered but little during the year. Some of the magistrates have sickened of work and climate and have gone home ; their places have been filled, and the grind goes on. The Commission has created some amusing positions during the year, one being for a deputy chief of non-Christian tribes. This man was sent down to Moroland to study the language and customs. Those who understand, envy the gentleman his chance to pick up *bolos* and collect specimens of Moro cloths.

At the moment, the raising of the old cruiser Reina Cristina occupies the public mind to a great extent. The government had abandoned her, and the work was done by a corporation, which has her on view now. She was found not to have been sunk by Dewey at all, but was scuttled by the Spaniards, who opened the sea-cocks and injector-valves themselves, sinking her. Her engines and hull are in good condition, as the rapid growth of barnacles and other forms of life in these waters have preserved them remarkably. The old wreck will be sold, doubtless, as junk, or for use as a coaster. Her guns and other valuable accoutrements were long ago taken by the government divers.

Arthur Stanley Riggs.

THE WIDDER.

At the time of the trial the Tombs still wore its Egyptian frown, justice was barbarously vindicated in the quadrangle, Croker was Coroner, and the New Spirit had not yet stalked in Centre Street.

But to begin at the beginning of the story it is necessary to go back to the day when Old Curry returned from the Supreme Court chambers.

Yes, Curry was an old-timer. The fashion of his clothes — the ample trousers, the long-tailed coat, the heavy cravat, only less antique than a stock, the rolling collar, the dusty, broad-brimmed silk hat that rested like Webster's squarely upon his wrinkled temples — quickly proclaimed his detachment from the modern mode.

So that the figure of Old Curry as it moved up Centre Street was in a marked way different from any other likely to be seen on that thoroughfare. With head bowed, the lank lawyer strode in an uncompromising line near the curb, his white hair fluttering, the skirt of his coat careering in the early April wind.

Turning into Leonard Street, Old Curry entered one of those middle-aged brick buildings that stood over against the grim façade of the Tombs. The neighborhood seemed to express a recollection of the dramas of the quadrangle, a consciousness of low company, a cynical expectation that the world would continue to be wicked. Legal beasts of prey prowled in the shadows, and Old Curry passed among them as one who should gather his toga from the touch of the unclean.

Yet the building in which Curry had his office seemed to withdraw, like Curry himself, from the meanness of the surroundings. The little bird store off the street was always chirpy. Even on Hangman's Day, when the signal man of the railroad building flashed the message that passed by way of the shot tower down town to the newspaper offices in Park Row, and a murmur in the street echoed the falling of the drop, the birds would break into a merry peal until the parrot, a peevish and profane bird (the records are quite agreed about him), would be startled into speechless indignation.

Old Curry mounted the narrow stair upon which his step fell with the nervous emphasis of energetic old age. At the top of the flight a tin sign labeled the law offices of D. and M. J. Curry.

Martin Curry looked up from his desk as his father came in, then went on with his writing. In the corner was a thin boy with red hair who was laboriously devising shorthand characters on the margin of a subpœna.

"Got that transcript?" asked Old Curry of the boy.

"Yes, sir."

The old man sat down at his desk and drew a package of papers from his pocket.

"Tanner!" called Martin, "take this over to Dolan's."

The boy began to gather himself out of the old chair.

"Come, come!" growled Martin irritably. "If you ever expect to be stenographer of the Supreme Court you 'll have to get a move on you." And the boy disappeared hurriedly, producing a sound beyond the door as of falling downstairs.

The musty office grew quiet again. The noises from the street were punctuated by an occasional scream from the parrot in the bird store. Old Curry arose and bestowed his papers in the yellow-brown safe.

"Johnny Kells has been getting into a row," he remarked.

"Yes," returned Martin, "and Sandler's been in here and retained us."

"The deuce he has!" snorted the old man.

"And he's mad as thunder; wants blood. It's about Sandler's mule, and Kells" —

"Martin," interrupted the father, "we can't take the prosecution."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I've just agreed to look after Kells — not half an hour ago. That's simple enough, is n't it?"

"But I tell you that Sandler's just been here — been in the office; we've talked the thing over, and he's left a retainer."

"I can't help that," declared the senior partner sternly, "I've passed my word."

"So have I," the son fretfully persisted, "and talked over the whole case, — taken the price from him, and promised to be at Slote's in the morning when the case is called."

Old Curry made an impatient gesture. "I suppose we could n't drop Sandler, could we?" he demanded.

"Yes, I suppose we could if there was any sense in it. But we have n't anything against Sandler. He's been in here and acted square with us, and I can't see what we should drop him for. That's the way it stands with me. I'd like to see this office run on business principles."

"Would you?" thundered the old man. "Well, keep it up. Have all the business principles you want. But let me tell you that I'm going to represent Johnny Kells."

Young Curry looked up inflexibly, but with an uneasy glitter in his eye. "I don't suppose I can prevent you."

"And if Sandler is to be represented from this office you'll have to do it on your own account."

"I could do it," admitted Martin in a hard tone. "If it had to be that way I could manage it. The crowd over there would n't ask anything better. There'd be a fine laugh all round."

"If you're at all sensitive about that," delivered Old Curry from his desk, "there's a way out!"

Martin stood staring through the back window, from which he had a sordid and depressing prospect. He could hear the parrot swearing downstairs. The father made ready to leave the office for the day.

As Old Curry was going out Martin swung about and asked dryly, "Is it the widder?"

But Old Curry slammed the door and almost knocked backward down the steps the future stenographer of the Supreme Court.

Curry the younger arrived at the office in the morning soon after Tanner had completed certain mystical passes with a feather duster which in the youth's mind were associated with an inconsequent obligation.

Martin spent some minutes in study of the New Code of Criminal Procedure. Of late years consulting the authorities had been Martin's particular duty. Old Curry's eyes were not the good servants they once had been. Moreover the old man's patience had been long since exhausted by the facility with which legislatures deface the noble monuments of law. In cross-examination the senior partner was a tower of strength, and in the summing up he worthily kept alive the traditions of the stalwart past. His citations were uncertain, and his temper uneven, but juries believed him, and judges remembered what he had been. If Martin sometimes winced at his father's looser technique, he had seen juries quail and the bench unbend. He admired his father.

Having finished his examination of the Code, Martin placed the volume on a corner of his father's table. Just then Old Curry came in.

The old man opened and read his letters without saying a word. He picked up the Code and peered at it for

a time. Then he wheeled about in his chair.

"Are you still for Sandler?" he asked, with an unconciliatory lightness.

Martin was actually in no mood to be obstructive, could he have seen his way out. But no shadow of compromise appeared in his father's tone, and at that moment the door swung open.

"Mornin'," said a huge, round-shouldered man with short, bristling gray hair, who loomed against the dark background of the passage.

"Come in," motioned Martin. "I 'll be ready in a minute."

Sandler had already lumbered in. "I suppose it 's about time t' git across the way," he said. "How are yer, Dan," he added on seeing the senior partner, and continued, with the effect of addressing the two of them, "There 's one thing I forgot t' tell yer about this mule" —

"I guess you 'd better wait till I get out of here," interrupted Old Curry.

"You need n't tear yourself away," observed Martin, but Old Curry had gone.

Sandler looked puzzled. "What 's the matter with the old man?"

"The trouble with him," answered Martin, "is that he 's going to represent the other side."

"Well, I 'll be — You don't mean" —

"Yes, I do. I mean just that. Johnny Kells has got him."

Plainly Sandler was dazed as they descended to the street. On the steps of the Tombs he remarked grimly, "I can't see what Dan 's gone back on me for."

They entered the shadow of the gray Egyptian corridor, and turned to the right into the police court, passed between the spectators' benches, and took seats within the inclosure. Behind the desk at the end of the room sat Justice Slote, who at this moment was asking a woman in a group before the railing, "Would you like me to hang him, madam?"

Presently Slote, whose mustache was dyed a sinister bluish black, called, "John Kells."

Four men stepped to the bar: Kells, a short, thick-set, alert man, with an effect of restrained pugnacity; the elder Curry; Martin, a diminished version of his father; big Sandler towering over all.

"Well," said Slote taking up the papers, "what seems to be the trouble? . . . 'detain with intent to defraud deponent . . . one mule of the value of forty dollars.'. . . Kells, you are charged with grand larceny."

"To which he pleads not guilty," answered Old Curry quietly, adding, "and if Your Honor please, I must move to dismiss the complaint on the ground that it describes no crime, the complainant's redress, if any, being obtainable by civil action."

"The gentleman has evidently forgotten," Martin spoke up with some pressure of quiet, "that provision of the New Code which describes detention as larceny, for which the defendant is criminally liable. Your Honor will see by the papers" —

Justice Slote laid down his pen. "You gentlemen don't seem to be very well agreed in this matter."

"Perhaps," suggested Martin with a strained smile, "Your Honor does n't understand that we appear on opposite sides in this case."

"I — I see," said Slote, with signs of not being at all clear. "On opposite sides." He had known the Currys for twenty years, and the situation naturally struck him as peculiar. He indicated by his later manner that it also struck him as amusing. In the matter of Old Curry's motion, he remarked that it was denied. The New Code distinctly characterized such detention as larceny.

Old Curry shrugged his lofty shoulders, and seemed about to speak, when Slote pushed forward an open copy of the Code, decorated with crosses, index fingers, and other marginal aids.

The old lawyer, without looking at the book or at his son, remarked casually, "I understand there is some doubt as to the value of this mule."

"There ain't no doubt about it," broke in Sandler; but young Curry, subduing his client, very deliberately moved to amend the complaint so that it might read "twenty-four dollars," and Old Curry grinned under his bristles.

The change made the charge one of petty larceny, and sent the case to Special Sessions instead of to the Grand Jury in the County Court. Martin had no heart for the ordeal of the County Court. "I'd rather pay you the difference myself," he afterward growled to Sandler.

It was thus that the case of The People *vs.* Kells came to trial in the adjoining chamber of the Tombs two days later, — came to trial with the father on one side and the son on the other; with Sandler, big and fierce to the fore, and Johnny Kells defiantly amiable first to last.

They called it a memorable day in that Egyptian cavern (the Bridge of Sighs opening on the left) not alone for the trial itself, — which was, after all, but a short affair, — but for the audience it evoked. Four aldermen had come in with Supervisor Jo Budd; and the Dolan boys. Under Sheriff Shane shuffled through the door after Wun Lung the Chinese interpreter, tossing the last of a cigar behind the rear benches. Here, too, was Coroner Croker, and the great criminal lawyer Stenthorne himself.

It was not remarkable that Malsted, fattest of the three magistrates who occupied the bench, should awaken from his doze and mutter to Corwin, "What 's Stenny doin' here?"

"Dunno," returned Corwin, "unless to see the fun in the Kells case."

After it was over, word went about that the Mayor and the District Attorney had been seated in the outer crowd.

At all events the world seemed to have learned that Old Curry and his son were to fight a case in the Special Sessions. The place would hold no more. Even the corridor creaked with the would-be spectators, so that it was a momentous matter for Old Curry to get in and to make a path for the Widow Kells, who was a resplendent person that day, her black silk rustling richly as she struggled to her seat within the rail, her tumultuous bonnet shimmering gayly in the grim place.

Big Sandler made a significant grimace when he saw the widow come in, and Old Curry before her making a path. As for Martin Curry, he had no stomach for the business from that moment, though a high rebellion of battered pride remained with him to the end.

The justices had no disposition to hurry matters. The mere situation, quite without regard to the details, was too entertaining. Martin Curry knew this so well that he became nervously eager to finish the affair before it had begun, and he was as curt in his examination of big Sandler as if that large person had been a hostile witness. Moreover he was sure of his case. The ruling of the examining justice had fortified him. Detention was larceny. There was the end of the matter. He had an angry pity for the old man, who must come to the end of his rope before long.

Sandler told the simple story of the mule; of its purchase from Kells; of his later finding of the animal in Kells's stable near the Bend; of his demand for the delivery of the mule, a demand made in peaceable terms; of Kells's outrageous "strike" for money, and his own indignant refusal to pay the same; of Kells's criminal withholding of the mule to the present hour.

Old Curry arose in great pomp for the cross-examination. He was as little in haste as the Court itself. Yet his questions were few. Sandler admitted his ignorance of the precise manner in which the mule came to be in Kells's stable. He admitted that Kells's demand for money

was in the form of a bill for feed. But the price — two dollars — was exorbitant and ridiculous.

"Did you see the mule in Kells's stable?" asked Old Curry.

"I did."

"How did he look?"

"Look?" — Sandler stared.

"Did he look as if he had been well fed?"

"I'm no judge of looks," retorted Sandler, "or I would n't have bought him."

"He wore a cheerful appearance?"

"I dunno. I would n't call him a cheerful mule, not by a good sight. He 's an ugly beast. Kells knows that. If I 'd known what I know now" —

"Never mind the 'ifs,' Mr. Sandler. I 'm asking you whether the mule looked as if he had been abundantly fed. He was n't emaciated, was he?"

"He looked just as ugly as usual," snorted Sandler.

"Very well. Let me ask you — do you know how much that mule can eat in fifteen hours?"

"No."

"You never happened to give him all he could eat, did you?"

Martin was on his feet expostulating. "If Your Honors please, are we to be insulted? I submit that the question is grossly irrelevant."

Old Curry frowned, and the Court asked the purpose of the question.

"My purpose, if the Court please, is to show that this man Sandler" —

"I object to counsel's phrase!" cried Martin Curry. "It is highly improper."

The old man nodded. "Counsel withdraws the phrase. My purpose is to show that the complainant so far underestimated the needs — if Your Honors choose, the capacity — of this mule that he (the mule) was in danger of slow starvation, and that his condition, as Your Honors will soon learn, led directly to the circumstances out of which this charge arises."

The Court doubted, but admitted the testimony — on probation.

Sandler, eager to answer, then declared that he had given the mule nearly twice the quantity of feed he gave his horse.

"Only twice?" asked Old Curry impressively.

"Nobody could give that mule all he wanted," blurted Sandler.

"You admit that you gave him less than he wanted?"

"I gave him a proper amount," declared Sandler. "I think I understand my business."

"That may be, my friend," murmured the questioner solemnly, "but you don't understand this mule. That is the sad feature of the situation, as I shall show the Court later on. And I shall not ask you another question."

A little man with a big voice, who had accompanied Sandler to Kells's stable, testified to recognizing the mule there detained as the mule Sandler had owned for five days.

Old Curry fixed the little man with his cavernous eyes.

"How did the mule look?"

"He was n't lookin' that I know."

"Did n't he wear the appearance of a well-fed beast?"

"He was n't wearin' nothin' just then."

Corwin suppressed the general titter with a bang of the gavel. A vast dyed mustache saved his own dignity.

Old Curry's lips twitched. "He did n't look hungry, did he?"

"I never seen him look no other way," announced the witness, and Corwin brought down the gavel once more.

"Did you ever see him while Kells owned him?"

"No."

"You mean, then, that he has always looked hungry since Sandler has owned him?"

"I object!" shouted Martin. "The Court will decide what the witness means."

The objection was sustained, Old Curry waved his hand, the little man stepped down, and the case for the prosecution was closed.

"And now, if Your Honors please," said Old Curry, "deferring a motion to dismiss this extraordinary complaint, I will place before Your Honors, with great brevity, certain facts which in justice to the defendant should be made known. I call as a first witness Mrs. Kells."

All eyes were upon the widow as she arose from her seat by the rail and came forward in her resplendent raiment to the witness chair. The fat policeman who held the Bible opened the volume as he administered the oath, and gallantly submitted to the widow's lips an unsoiled page within.

Mrs. Kells was not yet forty-five, and still capable, as the day proved, of making a potent impression.

"Mrs. Kells," began Old Curry, a new note in his voice, "please tell the Court what you saw on the afternoon of April 7."

The widow complied, with animation. What she saw — from the second-story window of her house — was the advent of the mule, the mule her son had sold to Sandler five days before. The beast was strolling down from Mulberry Street, — just as he used to when Kells had left the truck at the shed, — and when he came to the alley, turned in and went straight to the old stall in the stable.

"I will ask you," resumed Old Curry, "whether any one urged, guided, called, or constrained the mule to take this step?"

"Not a soul," answered Mrs. Kells, a trifle abashed by some of the words.

"That is all."

Martin arose with an irritated stiffness.

"Will you kindly inform me, Mrs. Kells, where you were sitting when you saw this mule?"

"In my own rooms."

"And you could see what happened at the side of the house?"

"Sure! I sat by the window that opens on the alley, and I says, 'Holy saints! if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!'"

"To whom did you make that remark?"

At this the widow lost a trifle of her radiant assurance, and Old Curry impressively protested.

"I had company at the time," defiantly volunteered the widow.

"Of course, madam, if you have any reason" — began Martin.

"I withdraw my objection!" thundered the father. "You will answer counsel's question."

"I do not desire it," insisted Martin.

"But I do." Daniel Curry tapped the table with his fist. "Answer him, madam. Who was present?"

The widow snickered becomingly. "Mr. Curry."

Corwin smote the desk, and when silence was restored, "You mean," said the Justice, "counsel for the defendant?"

"Yes, sir. He had just called."

"I see," mused Martin, with an icy evenness, "the mule and the gentleman for the defense."

"Keep to your case," admonished Corwin sharply.

"Begging Your Honor's pardon," interposed Old Curry, "that is impossible. The gentleman has no case."

"My opponent may change his mind," retorted Martin.

There were certain other perfunctory questions by the defense, and the widow, with restored radiance, left the stand.

"John Kells," called the accused's counsel, and Johnny bristled to the front, eager to tell how he found the mule in the stall, — found him looking wasted for want of food (objection), with a famished look in his face (objection); how he fed him and fed him, and in the morning doubled his allowance; how Sandler came with rough insinuations (objection — "Give his words, sir!") and wanted to take the mule without paying the bill

for feed and care, a thing which he could n't have done if he (Sandler) had been eight feet high.

"You did n't steal this mule?"

"The mule did it himself."

"You are ready to give him up when the bill is paid?"

"Yes — paid up to the present time."

"Of course — of course," nodded Old Curry. "Quite right. By the way, this mule is a good feeder?"

"You can't fill him. That's one of the reasons" —

"Never mind," interposed Old Curry, but Martin added, — "why you got rid of him."

"But since he had come back," and Old Curry raised his hand, "since he had come back, half starved, you felt a humanitarian impulse to give him all he wanted?"

"I did."

"Not to mention," added Martin, "an impulse to feloniously withhold him from the custody of the owner."

Old Curry flared in a way to suggest that his rather mellow manner had its limits. The widow and all the world were looking on.

"Drivel!" he said.

The cross-examination of Kells was brief, the old man having broken in with, "We admit possession. The mule is still with us." The case seemed to be closed, when Old Curry arose, and remarking, "I call myself as a witness," took the stand, solemnly affirmed, and deposed: —

"I called on Mrs. Kells on the afternoon of April 7. I was sitting near the middle of the room when Mrs. Kells, who sat near the window opening on the alley, said" —

"I object," snapped Martin. "Neither the complainant nor the defendant was present. Remarks between these witnesses are entirely beside the issue."

"The witness may state the remark," said Corwin. "Counsel for the prosecution himself brought out the remark which the witness undertakes to corroborate."

Old Curry smiled. "'Holy saints!' Mrs. Kells said, 'if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!'"

With this Old Curry turned to his son. "Cross-examine."

Martin looked surly. "You did n't see this mule?"

"No."

"You did n't participate in the — acquisition?"

"No."

"Your call, then, was not in relation to the matter at issue?"

Old Curry struggled to reconcile a smile and a frown. "It was in relation to quite another matter," and for some reason every one who could do so decently scrutinized the widow. The widow blushed like a girl.

But it was Old Curry's summing up that introduced the most interesting incident of the case. In a summing up Old Curry was quite at his best. Martin might wince at his father's citations, but he could not escape an emotion of pride in the venerable lawyer's slashing eloquence, an eloquence not to be quenched or diminished by the insignificance of his theme. Martin had become content to watch prejudice wilt under the hot earnestness of his towering parent, to finger the statutes, to book-mark the law and the records in readiness to the veined and leathery fingers reached forth in the crisis of argument. The father was the Voice. The son was the Hand.

Many a spectator in the courtroom that day remembered the triumphs of Old Curry's earlier days, — before and after he was District Attorney. Old Curry knew that these spectators were in hearing. He also remembered at every moment that the widow was there.

It was the widow, perhaps, more than any other who helped him to forget that the issue was trivial, the scene tawdry, the immediate situation awkward, and that the Court was to be suspected of a

grin. His review of the testimony was touched with a scathing humor. He characterized the complaint as malicious, the complainant as hot-headed, the prosecution in general as a blunder. He sent a fine storm of words swirling about the heads of Sandler and the younger Curry.

With a quaver in his voice Old Curry rose to the top of his appeal: —

"And Your Honors will be informed by my distinguished opponent that the law puts a condemnatory construction upon our conduct in the matter of this mule; that the matter is not one of civil recourse, but of criminal import; that our detention is larceny in the full meaning of the law. The New Code" —

Old Curry's nervous fingers flickered over the table. He lowered his look to scan the space before him. Martin, sitting in sullen profile, saw the movement in the corner of his eye, and caught himself together for a resentful second.

The Voice, under the weight of long habit, had turned to the Hand. The Hand was not there.

At the close of this moment Martin relaxed, turned slightly, and quietly pushed across the table the open and labeled Code.

There was another second, or less, of pause, in which Old Curry's eyes shifted and his fingers halted. Then his head went up.

"I will not weary the Court with citations. Your Honors are entirely familiar with the new codifications, with the new-fangled equivocations in the statutory laws. These flippant intrusions upon the temple of jurisprudence do not, I rejoice to say, invalidate the fundamental principles of justice and good practice, nor those older and wiser statutes under which our peace is preserved and the stability of our property is assured. I call Your Honors' attention to the fact that in 1867 an act was passed in this state under which we take our stand, and by which the absolute integrity of our position is made evident. This act, so familiar that we require no book-marks nor page numbers to recall it, states explicitly the status of those who give asylum to strayed beasts, since it declares, with no modern evasions, that 'such person may have a lien upon such beasts, by reason of their so coming upon his land, for his reasonable charges for keeping them and all fees and costs made thereon, and he may keep such beasts until such charges, fees, and costs are paid, or until such lien is foreclosed.'"

Old Curry gave a sonorous ring to the words. "And this statute, Your Honors, is still on our books to confute and confound the quibblers and quarrelers who bolster their effrontery with the rickety scaffolding of new codes and sinister schemes of personal revenge. I leave this matter with Your Honors, entirely assured that my client, who has been subjected to an infamous imputation, will receive the vindication of an honorable acquittal."

The counsel for the defense sank into his chair amid an approving murmur, and young Curry, who had the last word, arose to say it. He said it lamely, fumbling with his narrative, protesting awkwardly against the intrusion of "antiquated statutes," and the substitution of vociferous abuse for legitimate analysis. It was of no use. He could acquire no heat. He was discomforted and acutely conscious of an incredulous audience.

He sat down amid silence. The justices were already parleying in whispers. He knew what was coming and turned his head away.

"Dismissed," remarked Corwin quietly, as if reading his own entry on the papers.

There was a stir of satisfaction, and Old Curry rose up in a great glow, buttoning his long coat. Martin and Sandler were already at the green gate.

The crowd made way for Old Curry and Mrs. Kells. Near the outer door father and son came shoulder to shoulder.

"It *was* the widder!" said Old Curry.

Alexander Black.

WHITE-THROATS IN FRANCONIA.

In the rose-flush of morn,
As the mountain mists rise
Wraith-like, kissing the skies, —
As the peaks one by one
Bathe their crests in the sun
Lo, a voice from the woods,
Thrilling, delicate, clear,
Dwells trembling in the ear,
And, like a faëry horn,
Melts on the solitudes.

Surely the mountaineer
Never returns in dreams
To the old, birch-hung streams —
Never in visions sees,
Bounding the lofty trees,
Blush of a dawning day,
But that ethereal strain
Thrills o'er his heart again,
Spirit-like, silver-clear,
Sky-born — the white-throat's lay!

Dora Read Goodale.

READING OUT OF DOORS.

Few can doubt that at least two persons are necessary to the real life of a book, — the author and the right, predestined reader. Without the latter a book is as a room barred from the outside, or as Tantalus forever athirst. But there is a third essential perhaps less commonly given its due. It is the situation of the reader; he must read the book in a fit season, in a fit place, with nicely adjusted circumstances of light and shade, of company or solitude. The right book in the right place is neither an easy nor an oft accomplished bliss. The principle is, I think, inexpugnable. Adonais is not to be read on the platform at Waterloo, and it is not unlikely that something would happen in a Morris-decorated room where Hall Caine was being devoured. On the other hand, it may fairly be maintained that there is always a place so extravagantly wrong as to be irresistible. Catullus has been read in a waiting-room on a wet, Sunday, suburban evening; Izaak Walton, with one leaf always in the plate, at a restaurant in Soho; and once, on looking over the shoulder of an opium-eating gambler who was unmoved by his losses, I saw one finger and one eye fixed upon the dialogue of Phædo. But these conjunctions must be discovered by each for himself, and a romantic eye may find out many a rare enjoyment, as an epicurean will take the choicest ices after a coffee warmed to the borders of indiscretion. This is, however, a rash happi-

ness, balanced above the pit of grief, and by a sane mind not to be compared with that of listening to the voice of the book, saying, —

> "Point me out the way
> To any one particular beauteous star,
> And I will flit into it with my lyre." . . .

Such a star was the inn at Llangollen where Hazlitt read the Nouvelle Héloïse, on his birthday, "over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." Such, too, is the forgotten library, —

> "The haunt obscure of old philosophy,"

with sounding and invisible trees below, where I read Sir Thomas Brown. Gilbert White is delightful anywhere. But I like best a Surrey farmhouse, worn by the delicate waste of ages, where even the poultry seem to crow and cluck in accents of a century ago. So, also, the true appreciator of a book is most often he to whom it has come in the right place as from the clouds. And those old authors are continually rediscovered — (I had almost said) remade.

I was shocked once to find myself reading Huysmans in a summer wood! Yet on returning to a fairly ample library it was hard to choose a book that would "go with" the woods more pleasantly. I had indeed hit upon perhaps the one moment in a lifetime when that author could be read in the open air. Reading out of doors is a fine and difficult art. I do not mean lounging with an opened novel or an unopened newspaper on the downs near our great shrimp resorts. Yet I know the pleasure of going miles through a various — solemn and delicate — country, lingering at every stile to look behind, and count the gold of what is past, and guess at what is to come, with a precious book fast-hidden in the pocket, —

> "Until we cannot so but feel that it is there."

The feeling of that book is something, though it remain untouched. The authoress of Elizabeth and her German Garden confesses that she always took a volume of Spenser or Wordsworth or Thoreau under the trees. That is one taste. For my part I have ever found that my own thoughts, or those which the landscape and the air thought for me, were far beyond the range of such as they. There is more wisdom in the amber maple leaf or the poise of a butterfly or the silence of a league of oaks than in all the poems of Wordsworth. The poet has indeed made a shrewd copy of some of this wisdom, but how little even he has remembered of what has been heard by those who perforce forget! Under an elm, or beside the sea, I have been many times a great poet of Nature or essayist. Yet have I found little inclination to open a book when I have been emulating the nettle or the grass in making much of the sun. The poets who are most happily read out of doors are the courtly writers, the men of wit and fashion, for whom no praise was loud enough in their own time, whom the nineteenth century tried to blow out with sentiment. Nature does on their behalf as she does sometimes for cheap architecture. She festoons them with ivy flowers; the birds sing and build close by; the Moon will rest there in her pilgrimage. I have taken Mr. Prior's verses out a dozen times into the fields, and found a place that was kind even to this, —

> "When Cloe's picture was to Venus shown;
> Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own.
> And what, said She, does this bold Painter mean?
> When was I Bathing thus, and Naked seen?
>
> "Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride:
> And who 's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
> 'T is Cloe's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast:
> Friend Howard's Genius fancied all the rest."

And so with Voltaire, and with all poets who have been born in ages that cared little for flowers except in hats, — who, not gathering flowers in their life, have, as it were, got moss and lichen after death.

I have been disposed to conclude that there is a real need of Nature in all poetry: and if we search the greatest, who amongst them is not indebted to her abundance? Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, to name only those who need not be named — are supreme in no vein more than in this. Books that have grown old and have some of the pathos of old things are still more at their ease "on the lap of earth." Above all, the Morte Darthur. Hundreds of older books have not the same flavor of age. Virgil, for example, or Philostratus, or almost anything in Greek and Latin save Hesiod and Cato, never seems anything but fresh, separated from us by the space rather than by the haze of years. We cannot, I think, imagine them as old, any more than the friends of our childhood whom we have never seen since they were pink-faced and golden-haired. The books that grow old are oftenest such as reflect exclusively the contemporary taste; as a rule, they are unimportant. Cibber and Savage after all show us more than Gray what the eighteenth century thought. To take an extreme case, a quinquagenarian book of fashions will seem immensely old. Among famous books I could put down several; but the Morte Darthur is the perfect book to be read out of doors. Immediately it is on the grass, the wood sorcery catches it. The birds fill with their softest notes the pauses of his halting stories. The flowers and the trees are glad to find the place in these stories, which Malory rarely gave to them, fine though his gift be in that kind. Malory had the good fortune to be known to four centuries in black-letter, which — on that amber-colored page — harmonizes well with the branches and the leaves and their shadows, — much better than our spidery modern type. Perhaps for some good deed to a flower, I have been singularly happy in reading Malory out of doors. There the casual mention of a lord or lady, who never appears again, receives full justice from the imagination and its following. One day, I learned that there is really no hiatus in this: —

"Sir Pelleas that loved the lady Ettard and he had died for her love had not been for a lady of the lake, her name was Dame Nimuë" . . .

Cherry flowers threw a delicate gloom upon the grass. There were faint clouds in the sky, and I only knew they were there, because they sometimes disappeared and showed a deeper blue. And there may be other cherry orchards and other clouds that can weave the story of Nimuë and Pelleas.

Edward Thomas.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

SOME FICTION, MAINLY SERIOUS.

THE present commentator had been looking forward to this moment with some confidence; it seemed to him that he had for once a straight road before him. He was going to say things that nobody could consider either ill-tempered or pessimistic; he was going to express pleasure and nothing more, to make of his small round of criticism, in Mr. Dowden's phrase, a record of delight. He had, in fact, just come upon several story-books which seemed fresh and original and satisfying, not great perhaps, but surely not petty; books which other story-lovers might like to know about.

In taking a summary and complacent view of them, however, as, perused and sequestered, they stand for the moment

in the place of honor upon his shelves, the reviewer becomes disconcertingly aware that most of them are not the kind of thing story-readers as a class can be counted on to enjoy. They do not turn out right; either the people do not marry at all, or they do not marry and live happy ever after. Books in which such a condition of things is permitted cannot very well appeal to people who demand "something light and pleasant." The demand comes not only from the vast number of over-buoyant (let us not say silly) persons who read nothing except fiction, but from a considerable number of the over-sorry, who expect it of fiction now and then to divert them from the sadness and complexity of actual life by the soothing purr of the romantic ideal. Probably nobody, not even the writer of "realistic" fiction, fails to see the value of romance in performing this office. Not even the romancer would restrict the art of fiction to the manipulation of romantic properties. If The Three Musketeers and A Tale of Two Cities are triumphs, so are The Scarlet Letter and The Rise of Silas Lapham. It is a good thing to be amused, and it is also a good thing to be set thinking and feeling. There is no reason why anybody should read either kind of fiction if he does not care for it, but there is something to regret if he does not care for both kinds.

I.

But, we ask ourselves at this point, why should not serious fiction be encouraged to turn out right? Is it not more wholesome, as well as more comfortable, to cherish the conviction that virtue is rather in the way of being handsomely rewarded for its trouble in the end? Why, in order to be serious, is it necessary to be pessimistic and morbid?

It is true that most of the stories which we have in mind are based upon a sober view of life. In some instances it is even a sombre view; and in one book, at least, we come upon traces of that diseased sensibility which we call morbidness. But the book as a whole is not morbid, it is not sickly or untrue, it will not (unless the reader is a little morbid himself) leave a bad taste in the mouth.

The sobriety of Mr. Henry James never quite amounts to sombreness, perhaps; his method is a little too calmly intellectual for that. On the other hand, it does not mean much to call him "cynical" and "pessimistic," as the verdict of the afternoon tea has often put the case against him. Even his air of aimlessness is misleading. His detached manner of toying subtly and deliberately with situations which appear to call for emotion may easily be taken for indifference, though it is really due to his abnormal preoccupation with secondary motives and events. Several of the stories in his latest collection,[1] while they are not altogether pretty or agreeable, must quite escape the charge of either cynicism or aimlessness. The opening story is especially straightforward and distinct; there is even some promising marrying done, or implied. The narrative has to do with two persons who have had a young success in art, and have been kept apart by a common sense of unworthiness until, meeting once more in middle life, they make the discovery that there has been no such success on either side as to have made it necessary for them to deny themselves the human happiness of failing together. The situation could occur only in the atmosphere of "the better sort," but there is nothing super-subtle in its development.

In sophistication, in subtlety, in sedulous avoidance of the obvious, the Jacobean method has been approached in several interesting novels of the past season. In The Modern Obstacle[2] the

[1] *The Better Sort.* By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *The Modern Obstacle.* By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

difficulty proves to consist in that familiar obstacle to marriage, comparative poverty on the part of the wooer. The theme is not treated in a commonplace way. The case of the person who by training and circumstance is led instinctively to insist upon the possession of wealth, or of "what wealth brings," is illustrated with essential simplicity. There is no officious moralizing on the part of the author; but at the very moment when wealth and indifference to wealth have at once come to the woman's hand and mind, the man dies; and it is left for us to surmise how far the woman's grief is likely to be embittered by the harassing indirectness of her responsibility for the catastrophe. Such a sorrow would be part an irony and part a judgment; and the question remaining is whether the woman's love has become pure and strong enough to make her suffer as she ought — and as we hope she will not.

The element of irony is much greater in The Joyous Heart,[1] and the element of judgment, one thinks at first, is hardly present at all. Good fortune and bad are for the just and the unjust as the whim of fate may determine. Things happen and persons are as it may chance. Some things are to be desired and some persons admired; and, for the rest, there is not much to be said. Such, at the outset, seems to be the point of view from which the tale is told. "The joyous heart" is a charming Southern woman, whose life, begun under a hereditary cloud, is a succession of unpleasantnesses varied here and there by actual misfortune. In the end she dies under the shock of a fancied wrong at the hands of the only person who has ever given her much to be joyous about. It is hard to forgive the author this final stroke; there seems to be something a little wanton in this sudden malicious blighting of a flower which has stood firm and fair in all weathers. It seems the product of a pessimism which is perilously near morbidness and decadence. One's resentment itself confesses the vitality and charm with which this central figure has been endowed. Vella Carruthers has one of those elemental natures which defy the anatomist. How much of her personality is temperament, how much character? It really does not matter, she is extraordinarily real and human. And if one can bear to consider the things that happen for the sake of the person to whom they happen, there is a chance that the things themselves may in time take on meaning. Such a process has taken place in the mind of Vella's creator, and passionate as her sympathy is for the ill-starred possessor of "the joyous heart," she does not fail in the end dimly to surmise the significance of her life: "When Vella vanished forever out of the world, she left behind her, even among the remote and the indifferent, a compunction that they had not loved her more. . . . Her disfigured outward history, touched with horror, smirched by the faithlessness of others, at crucial turns warped into ugliness, could never reveal her to those who had not known her; but those who had, even acquaintances of the outer circle, when she was dead, awoke to a mysteriously quickened comprehension of her light, dauntless courage, and utter genuineness, and boundless kindness; and the things that had made against her in her lifetime, her unconscious moments of brutal frankness, the caprices born of her unquenchable spontaneity, her failure to seek any suffrages in her will-o'-the-wisp course, — all were seen for a time (as long as thought of her lasted) as virtues, or the shadow of virtues. . . . When the story of that last hour crept about, there was something in it, in that crushed and beaten woman's complete acceptance of the order of things, in her inarticulate, matter-of-course faith in the incomprehensible good of it all, that moved even those whose very religion biased them

[1] *The Joyous Heart.* By Viola Roseboro'. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

against such faith; and here and there were hearts who lived their lives out, a little stronger, possessing something more of sorely needed fortitude and cheer, because of the blithe harmony of the most ill-fated soul they had ever known."

As these sentences indicate, the style of the book is not simple, but its consistency convinces one that it is unaffected, if not always spontaneous. One further distinction the story has: the scene is laid in the South during the civil war time, yet there is nothing said of campaigns and generals; and it dawns blessedly upon one that, even then, there must have been multitudes of human lives not altogether untouched by, but altogether unmerged in, the public issue.

II.

Life's Common Way[1] is a story of less complexity in theme and in manner. The uncommon and tragic events which make up the tale of The Joyous Heart have no parallel in this narrative of modern town life. The reader simply meets a group of persons, becomes intimate with them, and is gradually led to perceive the meaning of their lives. It is given to none of them, as it happens, to know radiant happiness. Indeed, the moral of the book, if we are to use the word moral, appears to be that the best of what one may be confident of meeting in the common way is not utter joy, but the delicate compromise between will and circumstance which we call peace. The great familiar truth, sadly in danger of growing tiresome as an abstraction, we may well wish to see often embodied in literature, in the hope that there, at least, we may discover it to be something more than a theory of pessimism or a religious platitude. Ursula, the central figure, has ruined her chances of joy by a hopelessly wrong marriage, and there remains for her only the victory of self-renunciation. "I have found out that it is not important for me to be happy, you know," she says simply; and after that discovery, peace becomes possible: "One by one things took their places in the scheme of her existence . . . assumed their proportion in relation to what she was convinced was best in life."

In the volume entitled The Roman Road,[2] the first two stories are really sombre in tone. The third is one of those sporadic incursions into the field of fiction "for the young" which few modern story-tellers seem able to resist. The titular story is varied, but hardly enlivened, by certain touches of that chill educated humor which Mr. James and Mr. Howells have taught us to believe that we enjoy. Here, for example, is a characterization in small compass which has to be smiled at without being quite relished: —

"The Bevans, people of no extraction but much wealth, — which latter, if report spoke the truth, had been smoked in some fashion out of bloaters, — had lately bought Blaize. Their coming had put Miss Skiffington, a stickler for birth, into a cup and ball of two minds whether to call on them or no; but moved perhaps by the thought that a bloater once in the form of herring swam in the sea, and thus established an indirect claim upon her hospitality, Miss Skiffington had ordered out the yellow barouche and driven Miss Maria over to Blaize. From this point any less far-seeing than Providence might well have expected things to work smoothly; but the Bevans were out, and when on making inquiries they found that the Miss Skiffingtons were poor, middle-aged, and did not entertain, they failed to return their visit, contenting themselves with sending a footman round to the Miss Skiffingtons' back door with a card. Such conduct might well leave an indelible mark on any woman's

[1] *Life's Common Way.* By Annie Eliot Trumbull. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

[2] *The Roman Road.* By Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

mind, but human nature, Groot observed over its beer, has fences that the Almighty could n't cross, and while the elder Miss Skiffington had been constituted so that she could not forget a slight, Miss Maria had so been fashioned that she could not remember one. For her sister's sake she honestly tried, but never could recollect whether the Bevans had or had not returned the call, and always ended by recollecting wrong. Miss Maria's question had bare time to settle acidly down in her sister's stomach before the yellow-wheeled barouche drew up at the lych-gate, and Miss Skiffington, gathering her skirts together, stepped out to make her weekly call upon the Almighty."

It would be misleading, however, to suggest that this sort of cool analysis is the only thing to be found in Zack's stories; though it would be fair to say that, as a whole, they reveal, rather than articulate truth. In the second story, the hero is physically in love with a woman who is more of a man than he: —

"A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over Richard, and with it a sense of his utter helplessness and a longing to seek aid from some one stronger than himself.

"'I am a drunkard,' he said hoarsely, 'and out there is drink.'

"No sooner had he asked for help than his humiliation swallowed up his need of help, and straightening himself, he turned and gazed sullenly into the fire. The woman went on with her knitting, the lines of her face iron-cast in rigidity.

"Richard wanted to humiliate her also; to drag her down into the dung where he himself was; he would have liked to have torn to rags her self-respect, and thrust her dignity and reserve to the door. He waited for her to speak, but not a word did she utter.

"'You were young once,' he exclaimed. 'What did you feel like then?'

"The woman's still lips worked, as if words came seldom and with difficulty from them.

"'I have never thought over what I felt,' she answered. 'The doing o' such has not been given to me.'

"Richard laughed. 'What,' he said, 'has life given you?'

"'It gave me my man; and it gave me my lad.'

"'Your husband,' Richard asked harshly, 'what of him?'

"The woman was silent. She looked as if the Book of Life were open before her and she were reading it page by page.

"'Well,' exclaimed Richard, 'what of him?'

"'I ain't got the gift of the teller,' she answered at last. 'But he was a plain man and good to his stockings.'

"The woman shamed Richard, and not Richard the woman; and he felt a cleaner man for having been thus put to shame by her."

The Untilled Field[1] is the work of a man whose heart is heavy with the sense of human, and more particularly racial, mischance, and apathetic to the compromise of peace; an unhopeful endurance is the only quietus he can offer to the anguish of comparative failure. In these striking Irish stories one finds very little hope for Ireland. The author has no dream of a Celtic revival. On the other hand, he refuses to be embittered by the failure of a type: and even refuses to see failure where most of the world may be expected to see it: —

"A soft south wind was blowing, and an instinct as soft and gentle filled my heart, and I went towards some trees. The new leaves were beginning in the branches; and sitting where sparrows were building their nests, I soon began to see further into life than I had seen before. 'We 're here,' I said, 'for the purpose of learning what life is, and the blind beggar has taught me a great deal, something that I could not have learnt out of a book, a deeper truth than any

[1] *The Untilled Field.* By George Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

book contains.' . . . And then I ceased to think, for thinking is folly when a soft south wind is blowing, and an instinct as soft and as gentle fills the heart."

III.

If these books are really among the best examples of current fiction, the fact remains that they are of a sort which will fail to attract a large audience. This would not be true of several books which one wishes to speak of here, and which may be guaranteed to provide entertainment mainly, if not merely. Even in these tales there are some passages which may yield a very pretty immunity to the too gay or too serious persons who insist on having things "turn out right."

In The Under Dog [1] Mr. Smith is deliberately speaking for the unpleasant class of persons who do not succeed, and who have the bad taste to be down-trodden. In several of these stories he even drops his palette and emerges from the white umbrella which is the familiar sigil of his literary adventures. He speaks out, he says uncivil things about judges, jailors, and the law, and it is rather a relief to find him back under the umbrella, and giving agreeable expression to the variety of studio and café sentiment which he has helped make so popular. Mr. Smith is by instinct an entertainer, and, for better or worse, people do not need to be persuaded to admire his books.

Of greater force, on the whole, and of not less attractiveness, is Mrs. Steel's recent collection of tales.[2] We are relieved to find that the Anglo-Indian vein, so long abandoned by the prospector who first struck it, is still yielding pay ore. Mrs. Steel deals here with the very materials of which the Plain Tales from the Hills were built: the Anglo-Indian official and soldier, their wives, their ayahs (not to speak of their punkahs), their blue-eyed children who have to be sent "Home" to school, and the condescended-to native. Yet the book is not at all of the warmed-over sort; there is not, as the vaudeville posters say, "a dull turn in it;" and the most amusing story of all (which is, it must be said, the most like Kipling) is called The Most Nailing Bad Shot in Creation.

Cap'n Simeon's Store [3] is the first book of a writer who possesses an unusual talent. Of late, there has been some sort of reaction against dialect stories, due to the abuse of dialect by half-informed writers. Dialect, one realizes, is not an affair of information at all, and less of imagination, but an affair of expression. One must have learned to think in dialect before he has the least right to attempt to make literary use of it. Everybody remembers how flatly, with all his cleverness, Kipling failed to get the flavor of Gloucester speech. Nobody, on the other hand, can read Mr. Wasson's tales without being sure that the author thinks as readily in the dialect of his Maine fishermen as in what is called "standard English." It is not enough to say that he is familiar with his subject: he *is* his subject. While he speaks, he is in point of view and in speech a Killick Cove mariner, "found" with the mental and lingual habit of his kind. The result of this peculiar intimacy of the writer with his theme is one of the best collections of dialect stories ever written.

H. W. Boynton.

The Erecting of a Library.

No book-lover, who would "possess a library the most august and ample that hath ever been erected," can safely overlook the advice

[1] *The Under Dog.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *In the Guardianship of God.* By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[3] *Cap'n Simeon's Store.* By George S. Wasson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[4] *Instructions concerning Erecting of a Library: Presented to My Lord the President De*

to that end offered in 1627 by Gabriel Naudé, and "interpreted" in English in 1661 by that diligent and voluminous worthy, John Evelyn. It is to be hoped that the four hundred fortunate possessors of this beautifully printed and quaintly embellished edition of Evelyn's work will lend an ear to Naudé's solicitous plea that all owners of libraries graciously instruct their "Protobibliothecaries" to afford free access to their treasures for all who would peruse them. To one who likes the mellow flavor of age in his reading, who has eyes for the wide vistas that open from any honest book, — however little and old, — and who cares for queer, vital personalities, the Erecting of a Library will bring as keen a pleasure as it will to the lover of noble printing and the comely page.

Evelyn's part in the making of the book was far from inconsiderable. He contrives to get in two long and exhaustive dedicatory epistles, and his rather cavalier handling of his original is distinctly engaging. He is aware that the best way to surmount a difficulty is to skirt it circuitously, and he is quite ready to pervert, or omit, his author's meaning where his own theological or political prejudices are at stake; yet his version has a charm that is not easily neglected. Evelyn, like all the early members of the Royal Society, held a clear ideal of the perfect literary manner. Indeed, he was one of a dozen men who were loudest in advocacy of that "naked and natural" way of speech, which became the chief merit of the great English prose of the following generation. He writes with the lucidity and briskness which distinguished the best literary work of the Society, but he has a lingering regard for the big, old word with its burden of meaning, which gives his page a color that did not always grace the writing of his fellows.

It is, however, the curiously furnished mind of Naudé that gives the book its greatest appeal. He was a librarian of the most admirable type, in whom a ripe and unaffected love of learning was united to an equally ripe and unaffected zeal for its diffusion. This tract, written while he was still a young man, a score of years before his great achievement, the organization of the Mazarin Library, is full of the wide sympathy and vigorous discernment which later called forth the admiration of Sainte-Beuve. There is much of the catalogue in his work, yet even this could ill be spared. How pleasing is his lament that "men have come to neglect the works of Albertus Magnus, Niphus, Ægidius, Saxonia, Pomponacius, Achillinus, Hervicus, Durandus, Zimores, Buccaferrus, and a number of the like, out of which all the great books which we now follow are for the most part compiled and transcribed word for word."

It must not be inferred from this that there was aught of the pedant in Naudé. He had, indeed, a scorn of pedants, and most of his quite charming traits were the reverse of pedantic. He was all for little and usable books, and his dislike of "monstrous and gigantine books" is expressed with emphasis and point. Worth noting in connection with this is his account of a dictionary scholar, "who, having encountered a difficult word at the first offering of the Book of Equivocals, as it was presented to him, he had recourse to one of these Dictionaries, and transcribed out of it above a page of writing upon the margent of said Book, and that in presence of a certain Friend of mine and of his; to whom he could abstain from saying, that those who should see this remark, would easily believe that he had spent above two days in composing it; though he had in truth but the pains onely of transcribing it."

The openness and candor of Naudé's mind, despite his remote and recondite learning and professional enthusiasms;

Mesme. By GABRIEL NAUDEUS, P. And now interpreted by Jo. Evelyn, Esquire. Cambridge: Printed for Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at the Riverside Press. 1903.

his shrewd remarks on the Aristotelian logomachies, which were only just ceasing to constitute the intellectual life of Europe; his eager wish to put the best books in the hands of fit readers; all these traits show him as a superior man and an ideal librarian. It is to be hoped that the perusal of his labor of love will remind all Protobibliothecaries that literature antedated the card catalogue, and that there were libraries before library schools. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Lady Alone at Night.

I AM a lady, and a coward. The two facts have no relation to each other, but both are necessary to a comprehension of my sentiments about to be delivered. Soberly revolving the universe in my mind, I find only one thing of which I am sure I am not afraid, and that is — dying. I mean merest dying, for I am as fearsome as any of being tossed in air, *disjecta membra*, by an automobile; of furnishing lingering sweetness to an epicurean tiger; of being played with, and pawed and tweaked by disease, cat-and-mouse-like; it is only the actual slipping by the portal of which I am not afraid. With this sole exception, I am afraid of everything: firecrackers, reptiles, drunken cooks, dogs, tunnels, trolleys, and caterpillars. About ghosts I am a little uncertain; experience leads me to conjecture that ghosts are usually your own fault: that is, they are a little like rattlesnakes; if you don't intrude, neither will they. But that circumstance which is to me the very quintessence of terror is Night and A Man. I speak hypothetically — it has never happened.

Strange what a difference mere plurality of a noun and mere presence or absence of an article make to my mind. Now Men, Man, and A Man stand for most diverse conceptions. *Man*, — I think of Mr. Alexander Pope, and of a creature of watery intellect, whose vitality is something between that of a frog and a jumping-jack, and who is diddled puppet-wise by an equally anæmic deity. Man is humanity dehumanized, but Men are about the most human thing there is. Men are the big people, clean-scrubbed spiritually and physically, who come to see you and take you about, and look after the universe, and keep it in a good humor; who, when you are making a fool of yourself, laugh at you in a genial, masculine fashion. In a thin, tentative, feminine way, you try to imitate, and the effort, however quavering, somehow makes you feel better. *Men*, of your own family or out of it, sometimes put you on trains, and take care of you — sometimes. Thus Men.

But *A Man* — ugh! I saw him first in a nightmare when I was six. He wore a black Prince Albert, and on his head three high hats jammed down one on top of the other. He stood on the cone of a hill, black as a coal against the red light of fires in the rear. From under his three hats he grinned at me, and on that black hill, against that lurid sky, he danced and danced and danced. He frightens me still. It is since then that Night and A Man have been my crown of terrors. A Man lurks in every darkened doorway, stretches an arm from every tree trunk, pursues me, — pat, pat, pat, — and fades into the common light of lamp and fire only when I am safely under my own roof-tree. Even in the daytime, A Man never deserts me: he haunts the solitary country lanes, lush and lovely with spring; he pops out

upon me from mountain woods; on the stretches of beach he lurks just around the point. He is always there; at least, I suppose he is, for I never am — alone.

By day, A Man is a leering horror, but at night he becomes, like that figure in my dream, pure devil. I am a suburbanite, and as I said before, a lady, a laboring lady. This is why I find myself not infrequently alone at night. The alarm set a-quiver when I descend from the social, bright-lit, suburban car and plunge forth into the dark is something that custom cannot stale. Yet sometimes the spell of the night is as a buckler against fear, making me wonder if solitude is really terror, genuine solitude, solitude belonging to me, and not to A Man. I remember one early winter evening, white with a recent snowfall; there had been an ice storm, and our trees were all incased, each tiniest twig, and the full moon rode low: I forgot A Man, in every nerve I was glad to be alone, but hark, a step in the distance, and earth again!

It is worth some study, the sensation of that approaching step, that emerging shadow, — bifurcated or petticoated, two feet or four? I am never afraid of two men: neither actually nor grammatically can A Man be two. Joseph and the Babes in the Wood for precedent, dissension steps in between violence and its victim so soon as the aggressive party is multiplied by even two. And as for a group of men, whatever their caste or condition, however socially uncouth, by mere virtue of numbers they become a protection rather than a peril; by mere aggregate of protective instinct, *A Man* sufficiently multiplied equals *Men* (*supra*).

In addition to these distinctions in regard to the number of your potential aggressor, there are also distinctions geographic and geometric. I appeal to any lady of my sex and condition, whether there is not the greatest possible difference in amount of peril to be inferred between the man who is walking in front of you on a lonely street, and the man who is walking behind. If a man paces on soberly and regularly some few discreet rods ahead, straightway he is enhaloed with succor and salvation, — you are safe, you need only to call him in your need, and he will save. But should he go more slowly, fall behind, then in the very instant of passing you this same protecting saint becomes decanonized, and worse. There is nothing so suspicious as this dropping behind. True, you preserve a bold back, walk no faster, — note, sir, my valiancy, my unconcern, — but still your knee crooks for flight, and your vocal cords contract for that scream you wonder if you could ever really utter. A corresponding transformation in moral intention, blackguard and chevalier, is possible for the man in your rear. On a recent evening I was hurrying home along the solitary street — steps behind! Flying, pursuing steps! Nearer, nearer! Upon me, and my heart sickened and stopped beating! But past me, fleeting on and on, disappearing, oh, too swiftly! For as he left me so quickly again to solitude, I could hardly resist an impulse to gather up my skirts and scamper after, after my retreating protector. I think he made his train.

I have been at some pains to prove the second of my introductory assertions. The reason I have not tried to prove the first is explained by the difference between the Contributors' Club and polite society. In polite society, one is under the obligation of confessing one's virtues, not blatantly, but none the less persistently, wearily, — one's dogging old virtues, as if it were not enough of a bore to live with them in private without having to be seen with them in public. In the Contributors' Club one may have the exquisite pleasure of confessing one's vices. Such is the relief due to the anonymous. To be sure, there are the editors, but then, I don't know the editors; they are not in our set.

The Delectable Farmhouse.

If the shade of Jeremy Bentham ever revisits this planet, and ever condescends to ponder over lesser issues than Utility, there is one chapter which he must recognize ought to be added to his Book of Fallacies. This chapter might be called the Fallacy of the Delectable Farmhouse. Most professional and business men have made the acquaintance of this fallacy, when with their better halves they discuss the matter of the prospective summer vacation. There is a distinctively feminine obsession that *somewhere* there must be a farmhouse, delightful for location, the joy of the whole world, with broad and inviting verandas, ideally favored with mingled light and shade, and with an adjacent garden which teems with fruit and early vegetables. In this "haunt of ancient peace" the rooms are cool and spacious, old-fashioned to be sure, but restful, especially the bedrooms where the fitful fever of modern city life flies at the first touch of the lavender-scented sheets. No less remarkable is the portrayal of the proprietor of the Delectable Farm, and of his wife. He has apparently stepped right out of the Saturnian age, and as yet has never been beguiled by the seductive charms of gold. He is thought of as, —

> "A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
> A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
> A patron of some thirty charities," —

of which last, city boarders are supposed to stand high in his favor. His wife, one is led to understand, is a sort of benignant divinity whose honest motherly instincts flow as largely as the sea, especially toward the children of strangers temporarily domiciled in the rural homestead. The worthy pair are supposed also to welcome guests to their home for the summer, not primarily for any such sordid considerations as pay, — though, of course, one could not trespass so long on their hospitality without some sort of a pecuniary return, — but mainly because of the pleasant companionship which their city protégés are sure to afford.

To dissipate the allurements of this intellectual mirage there are in all two ways, and it is largely a matter of masculine temperament which of the two is first attempted. One method consists in certain carefully concealed but intrinsically caustic reflections upon the aforesaid Philemon and Baucis. One may, for example, point out in the true spirit of scientific comparison that the estimable couple are markedly unlike the farmer folk with whom we happen personally to be acquainted. The altruistic disposition which is said to characterize the honest farmer and his spouse is conspicuously absent in Aquarius, our milkman, and in Lupus, the huckster within our gates. Moreover in the absence of ties of personal affection, one may observe with a show of philosophy, it is to the self-interest of strangers, and not to their benevolence, that we habitually appeal, if we are to entertain any confident expectation of counter-service.

These considerations, it must be admitted, while seemingly indisputable, do not always carry conviction to the feminine mind. The uniformity of human nature is a postulate which with them is not beyond question. A second method of logical treatment therefore is outlined. It may be designated the geographical method, and is to be employed as follows: "Granted for the sake of argument that there is such a farmhouse, tenanted by such and such persons, by what railroad line is it to be reached?" From this point on, the logical halter may be drawn as tight as one pleases; for, as one may pleasantly remark, "Arcady is not located on any of the terrestrial maps; the only railroad that touches it is the Utopian Central whose ticket office is not given in the city directory." It will sometimes happen that feeble objections to this argument may be interposed, such, for example, as that there undoubtedly *have been* just such

places, that an account of exactly such a rural paradise appeared last year, or the year before, in the now missing files of a religious weekly, or that a former acquaintance, now dead, had once spent a summer in just such surroundings. These vain obstructions, however, yield invariably to the mild persistence of the query "where?" Thereafter the previous question of "mountains or shore" comes up for prompt adjudication.

Despite the logical triumph which this method is guaranteed to produce, one is bound to admit that victory is often purchased at a high cost. In the victor's subliminal consciousness there is often the disquieting reflection that the grosser considerations of time and place and money have somehow or other blinded his mind to the insinuating beauty of a vision of ideal loveliness whose disturbing influence upon the practical problem of a summer vacation may doubtless be neutralized, but whose power over the pure imagination cannot be broken. It may not be altogether absurd to conjecture that such a pictured paradise is an essential part of the mental make-up of all highly wrought and imaginative souls, whether it go by the name of a heavenly city, a golden age, a fountain of perpetual youth, or merely a delectable farmhouse.

Penalties of Precision.

Does it pay to be good? We are all struggling on a darkling plain if we do not think so. Is there any reward for precision in the use of language? I sorrowfully confess that I have never found any. Let me assure you at the beginning that I have, as we are fond of saying in my part of the country, "no kicks coming." I have not a single rejected manuscript in my cupboard, and in all ways my outlook on life is cheerful. You might say, if I were to throw down my mask, that I am no credible witness, and not entitled to a seat at this board; and yet, to cite Falstaff, he only hath Honour that died o' Wednesday, and as I write on Monday there are, perhaps, only two days intervening between me and the goal. It was thumped into me in my youth that although I might speak with the tongue of Chrysostom and yet had not accuracy, my utterances would be merely the hollow clang of beaten brass or the silly tinkle of shaken cymbals. So I burned much midnight tallow in pursuit of a method. I played the sedulous ape to royalty at the court of letters; I carried water for the elephants of precision until my back ached; and it profited me, — not at all! One of my literary neighbors, whose name is familiar to students of "best selling" lists, says that polishing and revising bore him; he has a typewriter copyist that does all this to his entire satisfaction. He is a wise man in his generation, and the time he saves by avoiding the drudgery of the desk he needs for the clipping of coupons.

In my own case, I am like the boy that spent a week studying law, and then, on giving it up, said he was sorry he had learned it! I will not say that I am sorry I was ever so foolish as to take pains, but I am a good deal less enthusiastic over art for art's sake than I was in the good old summer time of my youth. Having, several years ago, written a little book at a considerable cost of time and money, and with no thought of pecuniary return, I posted a few copies off to literary friends and sat down to wait. I did not care whether I pleased the public or not; but I did care to please a few of the People That Know. My first acknowledgment came from a man of fastidious taste, who writes always with grace and sometimes with charm. He liked my book well enough; but it pained him to note my misuse of the word avocation. Otherwise he thought the book creditable. Now I had written the sentence in which the offending noun occurred with a feeling of triumph. Did I not know the difference between avocation and vocation? I certainly did, and I had used avocation as the purists direct. Since

then I have had other maddening experiences of the same kind. I find that it is extremely hazardous to use certain words and phrases that have been marked with the red flag of danger by the compilers of books on "English as She Should Be Written." The word transpire, for example, always arrests the eye of the fussy editor or the nervous proofreader. I have grown tired of having it queried on my proofs, and I shall never use it again.

The same dread hangs over epithet. Because many people have heard that the word is misused, without remembering wherein or why, it is safer to avoid it altogether; and it is really of no use to try to distinguish between sarcasm and irony, unless you are willing to state in a footnote that you own a copy of A Million Words Misused, and know what you are doing. A friend, who is famous for his writings in one of our American dialects, tells me that his literary career has been one long struggle to get his manuscripts printed correctly. Certain elisions are not always observed in this dialect, even in the same word when repeated in a single sentence, but may yield to exact literary usage, following, in fact, some rough law of rustic taste. But this is something that my friend has had to explain and defend through many years. A member of the faculty of an ancient and honorable institution of learning, who once read over a set of my proofs, evidently had never heard the phrase, "judicial knowledge" as commonly used, and suggested that I use judicious knowledge instead! I sat for a time under the preaching of a clergyman who, on one occasion, built a long sermon on two lines of Tennyson, which he misquoted thus: —

> "And one far-off divine intent
> To which the whole creation moves."

I suspect my fellow parishioners of rank Philistinism, and doubt whether any one shared my misery at hearing these lines repeated and played on thunderously for thirty minutes. But I am older now, and I can see that exact quotations are dangerous; they may lead one into schism and heresy. It is better to be steadfast in error than to take any chance of being misunderstood; — better a speculation about an intention than a description of a real event!

There are people that think they are masters of all the arts if they have trained themselves to flinch at the sight of a split infinitive, and others that are greatly concerned lest the adverb usurp the office of the adjective; and from these and their kind I devoutly pray to be delivered, for they are usually the ones that really know little and are sure of nothing when pressed for reasons. And so it goes. Why, I ask, when nobody really knows, should one trouble about precision? Your answer, O patient sharpener of pencils, that it is enough if we satisfy our own consciences, fills me with weariness; for we do not put on our good clothes to please our private mirrors, but that we may stand in the glare of the lime light and be admired by many.

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WHY WOMEN DO NOT WISH THE SUFFRAGE.

In 1895 the women of Massachusetts were asked by the state whether they wished the suffrage. Of the 575,000 voting women in the state, only 22,204 cared for it enough to deposit in a ballot box an affirmative answer to this question. That is, in round numbers, less than four per cent wished to vote; about ninety-six per cent were opposed to woman suffrage or indifferent to it. That this expresses fairly well the average sentiment throughout the country can hardly be questioned. There may be some Western states in which the proportion of women who, for one reason or another, desire the suffrage is somewhat larger; on the other hand, there are Southern states in which it is even less. Certainly few men or women will doubt that at the present time an overwhelming majority of women are either reluctant to accept the ballot or indifferent to it. Why this indifference, this reluctance? This is the question which in this article I seek to answer. Briefly, I believe it is because woman feels, if she does not clearly see, that the question of woman suffrage is more than merely political; that it concerns the nature and structure of society, — the home, the church, the industrial organism, the state, the social fabric. And to a change which involves a revolution in all of these she interposes an inflexible though generally a silent opposition. It is for these silent women — whose voices are not heard in conventions, who write no leaders, deliver no lectures, and visit no legislative assemblies — that I speak; it is their unspoken thought and feeling I wish to interpret.

Open an acorn: in it we find the oak in all its parts, — root, trunk, branches. Look into the home: in it we shall find the state, the church, the army, the industrial organization. As the oak is germinant in the acorn, so society is germinant in the family. Historically, the family is the first organization; biologically it is the origin of all other organizations. Abraham builds an altar, and his wife and children and servants gather about it for the evening sacrifice: the family is the first church. The herds and flocks are driven daily to their feeding grounds by his sons and servants: the family is the first labor organization. He counsels, guides, directs, controls the children and servants; the power of life and death is in his hands: the family is the first government. The brother is carried off in a raid by robber bands. Abraham arms and organizes his servants, pursues the robber bands, conquers and disperses them, and recovers the captive: the family is the first army. Moreover, it is out of the family that society grows. As the cell duplicates itself, and by reduplication the living organism grows, so the family duplicates itself, and by the reduplication of the family the social organism grows. The children of the family come to manhood, and marry the children of other families. Blood unites them; the necessities of warfare, offen-

sive and defensive, unite them; and so the tribe comes into existence. For the united action of this tribe some rule, some authority is necessary; thus tribal, state, national government comes into existence. These families find it for their mutual advantage to engage in separate industries, and exchange the product of their labor: thus barter and trade and the whole industrial organization come into existence. These families thus united by marriage into one tribe, cemented by war in one army, bound together by the necessity of united action in one government, coöperating in one varied industry, find in themselves a common faith and common aspirations, in a word, a common religion, and so the church comes into existence.

Such, very briefly stated, is the development of society as we read it in the complicated history of the past. Historically the family is the first social organization. Organically it contains within itself all the elements of all future organization. Biologically, all future organization has grown out of it, by a process of duplication and interrelationship. In the family, therefore, we find all the elements of a later and more complicated social organization; in the family we may discover written legibly the laws which should determine the structure of society and should regulate its action; the family, rightly understood, will answer our often perplexing questions concerning social organization — whether it is military, political, industrial, or religious.

The first and most patent fact in the family is the difference in the sexes. Out of this difference the family is created; in this difference the family finds its sweet and sacred bond. This difference is not merely physical and incidental. It is also psychical and essential. It inheres in the temperament; it is inbred in the very fibre of the soul; it differentiates the functions; it determines the relation between man and woman; it fixes their mutual service and their mutual obligations. Man is not woman in a different case. Woman is not man inhabiting temporarily a different kind of body. Man is not a rough-and-tumble woman. Woman is not a feeble and pliable man.

This difference in the sexes is the first and fundamental fact in the family; it is therefore the first and fundamental fact in society, which is but a large family, growing out of and produced by the duplication and interrelationship of innumerable families. For it must ever be remembered that as the nature of the cell determines the nature of the organism which grows out of the cell, so the nature of the family determines the nature of society which grows out of the family. And the fundamental fact, without which there could be no family, is the temperamental, inherent, and therefore functional difference between the sexes.

Because their functions are different, all talk of equality or non-equality is but idle words, without a meaning. Only things which have the same nature and fulfill the same function can be said to be superior to or equal with one another. Things which do not fulfill the same function are not thus comparable. For of two functions, each of which is essential to the life of the organism, neither can be said to be superior to the other. One branch may be equal or superior to another branch; but it cannot be said that the root is superior to the branch or the branch to the root. One eye may be superior to another eye, but the eye cannot be said to be superior to the ear, or the ear to the eye. Which is superior, a soldier or a carpenter? It depends upon whether we want a battle fought or a house built. Which is superior, Darwin's Origin of Species or Browning's Saul? This is like asking which is larger, — half an hour or half a yard. Gallantry will bow to woman and say, "You are superior." Egotism will look

with lordly air on woman and say, "You are inferior." But neither gallantry nor egotism will be rational. These twain are not identical. They do not duplicate each other. Man is not an inferior woman. Woman is not an inferior man. They are different in nature, in temperament, in function. We cannot destroy this difference if we would; we would not if we could. In preserving it lies the joy of the family; the peace, prosperity, and well-being of society. If man attempts woman's function, he will prove himself but an inferior woman. If woman attempts man's function, she will prove herself but an inferior man. Some masculine women there are; some feminine men there are. These are the monstrosities of Nature. She sometimes produces such monstrosities in other departments, — grotesque variations from and violations of the natural order, — not that we may follow them and attempt to reproduce them, but that we may see by contrast what Nature really is and rejoice the more in her. This distinction between the sexes — inherent, temperamental, functional — is universal and perpetual. It underlies the family, which could not exist if this difference did not exist. It is to be taken account of in all social problems, — problems of industrial organization, religious organization, political organization. Should society ever forget it, it would forget the most fundamental fact in the social order, the fact on which is built the whole superstructure of society.

It may not be altogether easy to determine the exact difference in function between the sexes; in minor details those functions may differ in differing civilizations. But speaking broadly, it may be said that the work of battle in all its forms, and all the work that is cognate thereto, belongs to man. Physically and psychically his is the sterner and the stronger sex. His muscles are more steel-like; his heart and his flesh are alike harder; he can give knocks without compunction and receive them without shrinking. In the family, therefore, his it is to go forth and fight the battle with Nature; to compel the reluctant ground to give her riches to his use. It is not for woman to hold the plough, or handle the hoe, or dig in the mine, or fell the forest. The war with Nature is not for her to wage. It is true that savage tribes impose this unfeminine task upon her; true that modern nations which have not yet fully emerged from barbarism continue to do so; true, also, that in the cruel industrial competitions of modern times there is, in some communities, a relapse into this barbarism. But whether it is the Indian squaw digging in the corn patch, or the German *Frau* holding the plough, or the American wife working the loom in her husband's place, — wherever man puts the toil that is battle and the battle that is toil upon the woman, the law of Nature, that is, the law of God, written in her constitution and in the constitution of the family, is set at naught. This is not to say that her toil is less than man's; but it is different. It may be easier to be the man with the hoe than the woman with the needle; it may be easier to handle the plough than to broil over the cook stove; but these tasks are not the same. The ceaseless toil of the field requires exhaustless energy; the continuous toil of the household requires exhaustless patience. Being a man, the exhaustless patience seems to me at once more difficult and more admirable than the exhaustless energy. But they are not the same.

For like reason it is not woman's function to fight against human foes who threaten the home. She is not called to be a soldier. She is not to be welcomed with the volunteers nor coerced into military service by the draft. It is in vain to recite the story of Joan of Arc; it is in vain to narrate the efforts of the Amazons. The instinct of humanity revolts against the employment of woman as a soldier on the battlefield. No civilized

man would wish to lay this duty upon her; no civilized woman would wish to assume it. This is not to say that her courage is not as great as his. Greater is it in some sense, — but it is different. For the Spartan mother to arm her son and send him forth with the injunction to come home bringing his shield or borne upon it, and then wait during the long and weary days to know which way he is to come, — this requires, surely, a heroism not less than his: but it is not the same heroism; higher in some sense it is — but it is not the same. In his courage are pride and combativeness and animal passion, sometimes well-nigh devilish passion; a strange joy in giving and receiving wounds, a music that grows inspiring in the singing of the bullets, an almost brutal indifference to the wounded and the dying all about him, which she could never get and remain woman. True to her woman's nature is Lady Macbeth's prayer, —

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, *unsex* me here."

For until she had been unsexed, until she had ceased to be woman, she could not play the part which her destiny and her ambition assigned to her.

For like reason society exempts woman from police functions. She is not called to be sheriff or constable or night watchman. She bears no truncheon and wears no revolver. She answers not to the summons when peace officers call for the *posse comitatus*. She is not received into the National Guard when bloody riot fills the city with peril and alarms. Why not? Is she not the equal of man? Is she not as loyal? as law abiding? as patriotic? as brave? Surely. All of these is she. But it is not her function to protect the state when foreign foes attack it; it is the function of the state to protect her. It is not her function to protect the persons and property of the community against riot; it is man's function to protect her. Here at least the functional difference between the sexes is too plain to be denied, doubted, or ignored. Here at least no man or woman from the claim of equality of character jumps to the illogical conclusion that there is an identity of function.

This much then seems clear to me, and I hope it is clear to the reader also: —

First, that the family is the basis of society, from which it grows.

Second, that the basis of the family, and therefore of society, is the difference between the sexes, — a difference which is inherent, temperamental, functional.

Third, that the military function, in all its forms and phases, belongs to man; that he has no right to thrust it upon woman or to ask her to share it with him; that it is his duty, and his exclusively, to do that battling with the elements which wrests livelihood from a reluctant or resisting Nature, and which is therefore the pre-requisite to all productive industry; and that battling with the enemies of society which compels them to respect its rights, and which is therefore the primary condition of government.

For the object of government is the protection of person, property, and reputation from the foes which assail them. Government may do other things: it may carry the mails, run the express, own and operate the railroads; but its fundamental function is to furnish protection from open violence or secret fraud. If it adequately protects person, property, and reputation, it is a just government, though it do nothing else; if it fails to protect these primary rights, if the person is left to defend himself, his property, his reputation by his own strong arm, there is no government. The question, "Shall woman vote?" is really, in the last analysis, the question, "Ought woman to assume the responsibility for protecting person and property which has in the past been assumed by man as his duty alone?" It is because women see, what some so-called reformers have not seen, that the first and fundamental

function of government is the protection of person and property, and because women do not think that they ought to assume this duty any more than they ought to assume that police and militia service which is involved in every act of legislature, that they do not wish to have the ballot thrust upon them.

Let us not here make any mistake. Nothing is law which has not *authority* behind it; and there is no real authority where there is not *power* to compel obedience. It is this power to compel which distinguishes law from advice. Behind every law stands the sheriff, and behind the sheriff the militia, and behind the militia the whole military power of the Federal government. No legislature ever ought to enact a statute unless it is ready to pledge all the power of government — local, state, and Federal — to its enforcement, if the statute is disregarded. A ballot is not a mere expression of opinion; it is an act of the will; and behind this act of the will must be power to compel obedience. Women do not wish authority to compel the obedience of their husbands, sons, and brothers to their will.

This fact that the ballot is explicitly an act of the will, and implicitly an expression of power or force, is indicated not only by the general function of government, but also by special illustrations. Politics is pacific war. A corrupt ring gets the control of New York city, or Minneapolis, or St. Louis, or Philadelphia, or perhaps of a state, as Delaware, Rhode Island, or Montana. The first duty of the citizens is to make war on this corrupt ring. The ballot is not merely an expression of opinion that this ring ought not to control; it is the resolve that it shall not control. A capitalistic trust gets, or tries to get, a monopoly which is perilous to commercial freedom; or a labor trust gets, or tries to get, a monopoly which is perilous to industrial freedom. A vote is not a protest against such control, — it is not a mere opinion that it ought not to be allowed. It is a decree. The voter says, "We will not suffer this monopoly to continue." His vote means, in the one case, If you do not dissolve this capitalistic combination, in the other case, If you do not cease this interference with the freedom of non-union labor, we will compel you to do so. If the vote does not mean this, it is nothing more than a resolution passed in a parlor meeting. The great elections are called, and not improperly called, campaigns. For they are more than a great debate. A debate is a clash of opinions. But an election is a clash of wills. One party says, "We will have Mr. Blaine President;" the other says, "We will have Mr. Cleveland President." Will sets itself against will in what is essentially a masculine encounter. And if the defeated will refuses to accept the decision, as it did when Mr. Lincoln was elected President, war is the necessary result.

From such an encounter of wills woman instinctively shrinks. She shrinks from it exactly as she shrinks from the encounter of opposing wills on a battlefield, and for the same reason. She is glad to counsel; she is loath to command. She does not wish to arm herself, and, as police or soldier, enforce her will on the community. Nor does she wish to register her will, and leave her son, her brother, or her husband to enforce it. If she can persuade them by womanly influence she will; but just in the measure in which she is womanly, she is unwilling to say to her son, to her brother, or to her husband, "I have decreed this; you must see that my decree is enforced on the reluctant or the resisting." She does not wish that he should act on her judgment against his own in obedience to her will; still less that he shall, in obedience to her will, compel others to act in violation both of their judgment and of his. And yet this is just what suffrage always may and sometimes must involve. The question, Shall woman

vote, if translated into actual and practical form, reads thus: Shall woman decide what are the rights of the citizen to be protected and what are the duties of the citizen to be enforced, and then are her son and her brother and her husband to go forth, armed, if need be, to enforce her decision? Is this where the functional line between the sexes is to be drawn? Are women to make the laws, and men to enforce them? Are women to decree, and men to execute? Is woman never to act as a private, but only as a commander-in-chief? Is this right? Is it right that one sex shall alone enforce authority, but the other sex determine when and how it shall be exercised? Is this expedient? Will it promote peace, order, prosperity? Is it practicable? Will it in fact be done? Suppose that in New York city the women should vote for prohibition and the men should vote against it; is it to be expected that the men would arm themselves to enforce against their fellow men a law which they themselves condemned as neither wise nor just? To ask these questions is to answer them. The functions of government cannot be thus divided. In a democratic community the duty of enforcing the law must devolve on those who determine what the law shall be that is to be enforced. It cannot be decreed by one class and enforced by another. It is inconceivable that it should be decreed by one sex and enforced by the other.

This is the negative reason why woman does not wish the ballot: she does not wish to engage in that conflict of wills which is the essence of politics; she does not wish to assume the responsibility for protecting person and property which is the essence of government. The affirmative reason is that she has other, and in some sense, more important work to do. It is more important than the work of government because it is the work for the protection of which governments are organized among men. Woman does not wish to turn aside from this higher work, which is itself the end of life, to devote herself to government, which exists only that this higher work may be done. Nor does she wish to divide her energies between the two. This higher work, which is itself the end of life, is Direct Ministry to Life.

What are we in the world for? The family answers the question. We marry. Children are given to us to protect, govern, nurture, train. They grow to manhood, and in turn they marry, and to them in turn children are given to protect, govern, nurture, train. The first parents linger a few years that, as grandparents, they may have the pleasure of the little children without the responsibility for them, and then they die. Their work on earth is done, and they go forward to we know not what work in a life to come. The end of life is the rearing and training of children. As the family is historically the first organization, as it is biologically the unit out of which all other social organisms are formed, so its protection and maintenance are the objects for which all other social organizations have been called into existence and are maintained. Struggle for others, as Professor Drummond has well shown, is an even more vital element in human progress than struggle for self; and in the family this struggle for others receives its first and finest illustration. Political economists have told us that self-interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plough and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher. Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I

felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, 'Here is your chance, father, to get us bread.'" It is this vision of the children, dependent on us, that inspires us all in the battle of life. It is for our homes and our children we maintain our churches. They are not spiritual restaurants where we pay for our own food passed over the counter to us by an attendant priest; they are the instrument, which some of us think God has created, others of us think man has devised, to help us endow our children and equip our homes for life. It is for our homes and our children we tax ourselves to maintain the public school; for our homes and our children we maintain government, that our loved ones may live in peace and safety, protected by law, while we, their natural protectors, are away earning the bread wherewith to feed them; for our homes and our children we fight when peace and safety are endangered, and government is assailed by foreign foe or domestic violence. Whether we cultivate a farm, or operate a factory, or manage a store, or build and conduct a railroad, or paint pictures, or write books, or preach sermons, or enact and enforce laws, — whatever we do, the end of our activity is the nurture and training of children in this primary school, which we call life, in preparation for some life, we know not what, hereafter.

In this work of direct ministry to the individual, this work of character-building, which is the ultimate end of life, woman takes the first place. The higher the civilization the more clearly is her right to it recognized. She builds the home, and she keeps the home. She makes the home sanitary; she inspires it with the spirit of order, neatness, and peace; she broods it with her patient love, and teaches us to love by her loving. Her eye discerns beauty, her deft fingers create it, and to her the home is indebted for its artistic power to educate. If she has not the artistic sense, no purchased beauty, bought of a professional decorator, can supply the vacancy. She instills into the little child the love of truth and purity, the subtle sense of honor, the strong spirit of courage and high purpose. If her home duties do not absorb her time and energy, she seeks the field of charity or education, or accepts the invitation which these fields offer to her. She becomes a director in or a visitor to some of the innumerable charities in which life is ministered to the unfortunate, the feeble, the incompetent. If we accept Micah's definition of religion, To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God, then we may say that, with rare exceptions, woman chooses to leave to man the sterner task of administering justice, and delights herself in the ministration of mercy. She does so because in these unpaid ministries of mercy, sometimes in institutions, sometimes in private and unorganized service, is the direct impartation of life which is her highest joy. If she has no home in which she can and does minister, she instinctively seeks the schoolroom as her field, and there, substituting for the mother, imparts life, and endows with intelligence, and equips with culture the children intrusted to her charge. If necessity drives her or ambition entices her to other fields, her womanly instinct still asserts itself. If she enters the law, it is generally to be a counselor rather than a combatant; if literature, her pen instinctively seeks the vital rather than the materialistic themes. She is a minister to life. And when mistakenly ambitious women would persuade her to leave this ministry for the woodman's axe, the farmer's plough, or the policeman's truncheon, she does not even entertain the proposition enough to discuss it. When she looks out of the window of her home or her school and sees the platoon of policemen on a run to quell a riot, or a fire engine dashing by to extinguish a fire, she has no wish to join them; the boy's eager request,

"May I go, mamma? May I go?" awakens no like desire in her. For in her subconscious self is the knowledge that she is doing the work which makes it worth while to quell riots and extinguish fires. She is more than content that her sons, her brothers, her husband shall protect the life to which she ministers, and shall determine how it can best be protected, if she is left to minister to it directly, in peace and safety.

And she is right. If she were to go into politics, she would leave undone the work for which alone government exists, or she would distract her energies from that work, which she knows full well requires them all. Can she not do both? No! no more than man can. He cannot be at the same time in the market winning the bread, in the forum shaping the public policies, and in the home ministering to life. Nor can she. She must choose. She may give her time and thought and energy to building a state, and engaging in that warfare of wills which politics involves; or she may give her time and thought to the building of men, on whose education and training, church, state, industry, society, all depend. She has made her choice and made it wisely. Necessity, born of an imperfect industrial system, may drive a few thousand women into battle with Nature in bread-winning vocations; ambition may call a few women down and out from the higher vocation of character-building to participate in public debate before the footlights; the clamors of an ill-instructed conscience may force a few more to leave the congenial work of directly ministering to life, that they may undertake the more indirect ministry through village or city boards, state legislatures, and the Federal Congress; but the great body of American women are true to themselves, to the nature God has given them, and to the service He has allotted to them, — the direct ministry to life, — and will neither be forced nor enticed from it by their restless, well-meaning, but mistaken sisters.

Lyman Abbott.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE prevalent optimism concerning the present condition of American education as a whole is broken by an almost unanimous confession of failure in one particular. The typical young American of to-day, it is generally admitted, does not know the Bible as his father knew it. "It is apparent," began a resolution of the National Educational Association at its 1902 meeting, "that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools." In all the comments that have been provoked by the rest of the resolution there has been scarcely any attempt to question the truth of this preamble. A few years ago, public opinion, within the churches, at least, was shocked by President Thwing's revelation of the ignorance of a number of college students whose acquaintance with biblical allusions and quotations he had tested by means of an examination paper. Since then, the decadence of American education in this respect has been the topic of many jeremiads from the pulpit and in the press, journalists lamenting that the style of speech and writing has consequently deteriorated, and preachers bewailing a resultant lowering of the moral standard.

These complaints are probably of a more doleful tone than is warranted by

the actual situation. We are told, for instance, that it is no longer possible to introduce scriptural allusions into a speech, as they would not be understood by a modern audience. Yet Mr. Hay's funeral oration on President McKinley, delivered as recently as last year, contained many notable traces of the influence of biblical thought and phraseology. The very novels of the circulating library give evidence that a certain familiarity with the Bible is still a point of contact between author and reader. Glancing at random through a catalogue of fiction, we come across such titles as Unleavened Bread, In Kedar's Tents, The Mantle of Elijah, A Book of Remembrance, When the Gates Lift up their Heads, The Hosts of the Lord, By the Waters of Babylon, A Damsel or Two, Vengeance is Mine, They that Took the Sword, They that Walk in Darkness. And how, on the theory of hopeless decadence, are we to account for the large and constant sale not only of Bibles but of Bible dictionaries, commentaries, and other works of exegesis? There was never a time when the issue of scholarly books of this class, whether at high prices or low, was so good a commercial investment for a publisher. And, as far as the colleges are concerned, it may be argued that the present deficiency in biblical knowledge does not mean that the Bible is exceptionally neglected, but simply that it shares in a general declension of literary interest. President Thwing's statistics must be set beside those of the Professor of English at a leading New England college, who found — as reported in the summer of 1901 — that of a division of forty sophomores, ten could not give the names of six plays of Shakespeare, fourteen did not know the author of In Memoriam, twenty-six could not mention any book by Ruskin, and thirty-five were similarly ignorant of the title of a single poem by either Wordsworth or Browning.

But, with all allowance for exaggeration in many of the complaints of a general indifference to Bible study, there is undoubtedly room and need for improvement. As the majority of the population passes through the public schools, the introduction of biblical teaching into these schools throughout the country suggests itself as the most obvious means of bringing about the desired reform. The advocates of this policy may be divided into two classes, — those who base their argument upon the value of the English Bible as literature, and those who emphasize its use in propagating the Christian religion.

The position of the former class is represented by the resolution of the National Educational Association, which, after noting the decrease in familiarity with the Bible as a masterpiece of literature, went on to say that "this is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many school laws and state constitutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed." One cannot but sympathize with the motives which prompted this resolution. Both the impoverished style of so many writers for the press and the low standard of popular taste which is satisfied with inferior stuff as its daily intellectual food indicate a lack of acquaintance with good models. Turgid journalese could scarcely give pleasure to any intelligent reader if he came straight to it after reading a chapter in one of the Gospels. It is not clear, however, that this evil would be remedied by the addition of Bible teaching to the school curriculum. What is wanted is voluntary contact with good literature in adult life. Is this secured

by compulsory contact with good literature during childhood? An opportunity of testing the efficacy of this prescription offers itself already. As things are, masterpieces of English literature receive attention in our schools, with the results which we see. It would be unreasonable to expect that any substantial difference would be made by the use of another text-book. For that matter, the Bible is much less suited than the usual text-books for employment as a means of literary instruction in schools. For generations Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Burke, have been regarded from a literary point of view, and there has grown up around them a mass of literary comment which makes the work of the teacher comparatively easy. But until quite recently the literary side of the Bible has been ignored, except for an occasional eulogy of the sublimity of the prophets or of the simplicity of the evangelists. Professor R. G. Moulton's lectures and publications on the literary study of the Bible might almost be quoted as an example of educational pioneering. If children are to be taught the Bible as a literary masterpiece, the provision of an adequate number of competent teachers must first be secured.

Again, owing to the religious implications of the Bible it is impossible to teach it even as literature or history without becoming involved in questions of acute controversy. It is a thin and ineffectual criticism which concerns itself only about an author's manner to the neglect of his matter, and any teaching of literature which limits itself in the same way is equally unprofitable. But the moment the matter of the Bible is seriously considered strife is inevitable. Nay, in these days it is more difficult than ever before to treat even the manner of the sacred writers without provoking an acrimonious religious discussion. The burning question of theology just now is the higher criticism. Now the higher criticism is in essence an affair of language and literature, not of dogmatics, and it is by students of language and literature rather than of dogmatics that it will have to be settled. Yet the various theories concerning the date and style of the books of both the Old Testament and the New are believed to have such an important bearing upon the creeds of the Christian Church that a clergyman's reputation for orthodoxy is now as seriously affected by his opinions on these subjects as it would have been half a century ago by his views on predestination. It may be urged that it is possible to teach children the Bible in a literary way without making them acquainted with the critical controversy. That is perhaps true, but they cannot be so taught unless their teachers have taken a position on one side or the other. A teacher cannot satisfactorily expound the book of Jonah to his class, even as a literary production, unless he has made up his own mind whether it is a record of plain fact or a work of the imagination. So, too, there is no admittedly historical book which can be taught as history by a teacher who has not definitely adopted or rejected the doctrine of verbal inspiration.

And while these practical difficulties confront the proposal to teach the Bible in schools as a masterpiece of literature, it must be remembered that whatever literary influence was exerted by the Bible in former generations was achieved by other means. The old-fashioned saturation of style with scriptural idiom and phraseology was not produced by any conscious selection of the Bible as a literary model, but was an indirect result of that very emphasis upon its theological importance which the National Educational Association deprecates. As the Nation has pointed out, quoting Ruskin as an example, the English of King James's Version became second nature to our forefathers "by means of repeated reading and compulsory memorizing under a father's eye and at a mother's knee," and "the imaginative associations" and "the indelible mem-

ory of epithet and description" were "borne away formerly by children who read in a trembling and holy reverence."

The other and much larger class of advocates of Bible study in public schools is composed of persons who put religious considerations in the forefront. They do not object to ally themselves with the former class in the agitation for a change, — they will even quote Renan and Huxley in support of their demand, — but they do not really mean the same thing. Their concern is with the Bible as a moral force rather than as a masterpiece of literature. Their position is represented by the following resolution passed at a Summer School of the South, held at Knoxville: "Conscious of our dependence upon the God of our fathers, and believing that the highest and truest civilization can be attained only by following the precepts of the great teacher, Jesus Christ, we favor the recognition of the Bible in our public schools." To the advocates of this cause the instruction of the young in the morality of the Bible is one of the elementary obligations of any nation that calls itself Christian. The Birmingham woman who said of Dr. R. W. Dale that "he ought to be ashamed to want no Bible when he has got his living out of it all his life" was an extreme instance, but her difficulty in understanding the position of those who profess earnest interest in Christian evangelism while refusing this short and easy method of promoting it is shared by many other members of the class.

Now it is plain that the requirements of the religious advocates of Bible study in schools will not be met by the kind of teaching that satisfies its literary advocates. No home missionary purpose is served by research into the history of biblical words and expressions now obsolete, or by comment on the descriptions of natural phenomena in the Psalms. So far from promoting religious culture, it is to be expected that an exclusively literary and historical treatment of the Bible will actually impair its moral impression upon the young. If the Bible is used as a *corpus vile* for lessons in linguistics, it is likely to be placed by the pupils in later years on the same shelf with their arithmetics and grammars and other discarded relics of the schoolhouse. A mechanical instruction in the letter of the Bible given without reverence or enthusiasm — and that is what literary instruction would come to in the hands of most teachers — not only contributes nothing in itself to spiritual edification, but is likely to give children of an impressionable age a deplorably low idea of the purpose which the Bible was intended to serve. The case is different with men and women who have first known it as a text-book of the Christian religion, and who, when already established in the faith, discover in it a new interest as they approach it from the literary side.

The teaching of biblical literary forms, then, is something quite different from a Christian education. It is only by a confusion of thought, which regards the Bible itself as a religion instead of a religious instrument, that the advocates of a Christian education can content themselves with the kind of teaching that is desired by the National Educational Association and has been commended by Renan and Huxley. The heart of a religious education is instruction in faith and conduct, and the heart of a Christian education, in particular, is instruction in Christian faith and conduct.

Now the doctrines on which this kind of instruction must be based differ vitally from the truths on which secular instruction is founded in being intimately concerned with questions of religious controversy. Accordingly, if you once begin to treat the Bible in the public schools as a religious and ethical text-book instead of merely a literary model, you violate the principle of the neutrality of the state in matters of religion. When the purpose of the incul-

cation of doctrines is introduced, even the choice of the Bible used as a text-book becomes a question of the support of the creed of one church as against that of another. In such a case, as Archbishop Magee pointed out, even the reading of the Bible without comment is sectarian teaching. "For I ask in the first place, what Bible is to be read in the schools? Is the Bible to be read from the Authorized or the Roman Catholic Version? If from the former it is decidedly sectarian as regards the Roman Catholic, who will not accept that version; and if from the latter it is sectarian as regards the Protestant. Is it to be from the Old Testament and New Testament? Then it is sectarian as regards the Jew; and if from the Old Testament only, then it is sectarian as regards the Christian, who demands the New Testament also. You cannot read the Bible in the school without teaching certain opinions about the Bible as held by different sects, according to the nature of the Bible you use."

The state, having pronounced on one set of religious controversies by deciding the question of the canonical books and choosing the particular version which is to receive its imprimatur, must next proceed to make an official discernment between the various conflicting doctrines that appeal to that particular version for sanction. It is necessary to make it quite clear whether the religion which bears the state's seal for use in its schools is Trinitarian or Unitarian, and, if the former, whether Sacerdotal or Evangelical. When the true national faith has thus been defined its purity must be safeguarded by legislation, on the lines of the Test and Corporations Act of Charles II., to regulate the appointment of teachers. This means, of course, that state establishment of religion which has hitherto been supposed inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the American government. It is idle to say that the case is made different by the circumstance that the proposed instruction in a religion especially sanctioned by the state is to be given in schoolhouses instead of in churches, by teachers instead of by clergymen, to children instead of to adults. Religious equality is alike violated in either arrangement. The provision of a "conscience clause" would mitigate the unfairness of the arrangement but would not remove it, and would not affect the fact that any such scheme would be radically inconsistent with the principle of religious equality. Indeed, if we admit the contention that there lies upon the state the duty of giving biblical teaching because such teaching is essential to the training of good citizens, there is no room for a conscience clause at all, and this teaching must be made compulsory in every instance.

It may be argued, in reply to these objections, that there is an easy method of avoiding any such complications. Why not remove controverted doctrines altogether out of the content of the school teaching? Trinitarian and Unitarian will not agree on the question of the divinity of Christ: say nothing about it to the children, and there will be no breach of the peace among the parents. Sacerdotalist and Evangelical are at issue respecting justification by faith: ignore the conflict of creeds on this matter, and no conscience will be wounded. There are certain ethical maxims which are accepted by all the denominations: excise from the curriculum everything but these, and the problem of a universally acceptable scheme of religious education is noiselessly solved. Whatever our church connections, we believe in certain elementary precepts of morality, — that it is right to be kind to others, that it is wrong to steal, and the like. Let us make these the staple of our teaching, showing our pupils that the welfare of society demands the conquest of natural inclinations in these respects. Let us purge our syllabus of the dross of dogmatic controversy on such mysteries as the person of Christ, the signifi-

cance of the atonement, the conditions and means of salvation, and let us teach the golden residuum as a working creed.

The programme sounds attractive, but when it is carried out what have we? Nothing more nor less than the endowment of Utilitarianism, with the proviso that the Bible shall be used as its textbook. What we have gained is the establishment of the religion of Jeremy Bentham, warranted by the state to contain the essential elements of non-aggressive Christianity, and maintained at the cost of the whole population indiscriminately. There is no one who need complain very loudly of this solution, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians, the Reformed Church, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and any other religious body which believes that the dynamic force of Christianity consists in what is distinctive of it, not in what it possesses in common with other religions and systems of ethics. Christianity and Utilitarianism may agree upon an ethical code, but the mere statement of moral laws is not all that is wanted. We must find a motive adequate to secure obedience, and the motives which the Christian pulpit preaches as the strongest, namely, those connected with the personality of Jesus Christ, must be tabooed in schools that are contented with that irreducible minimum which is sometimes advocated as a basis of agreement for all the churches. During the Bradlaugh controversy Sir Henry Drummond Wolff contended that no one should be admitted to the House of Commons who did not believe in "some deity or other." This policy was thought to be scarcely adequate as a preservative of the orthodoxy of that assembly, but the kind of teaching which has been recommended by many as a satisfactory means of promoting Christian belief among the young has even less right to the label of "Christian."

But it will be said that it is possible to exceed this minimum considerably without provoking dissension; that there can be supplied a form of instruction which is not only religious but Christian, containing those doctrines which are believed by the majority of Christians but excluding all distinctively sectarian dogmas. The recent history of national education in England shows, however, that it is a delusion to suppose that the problem can be solved by providing so-called "undenominational" religious instruction.[1] The legislation of 1870 supplemented the existing system of schools by a new type, the board school, in which the religious difficulty was believed to be overcome by a compromise of this kind. It was provided that the Bible might be read and expounded in these schools, but with the limitation that there should be used no catechism or other religious formulary which was distinctive of any particular denomination. Any parent was entitled to withdraw his child from this teaching if he disapproved of it. In some instances this "undenominational" instruction has turned out to be scarcely more than a biblical Benthamism; generally, however, it has included teaching in what the Evangelical churches regard as the essentials of Christian doctrine. It has not been any the less dogmatic because no formulated catechism has been employed. It would at least fulfill Dr. R. Wallace's definition of a dogma as "a religious idea expressed in language more or less grammatical."

The working of this scheme has sadly disappointed the hopes of its supporters. Instead of quieting sectarian differences the board school system has intensified them. The old Nonconformist grievance against the denominational schools remains, for these schools have only been supplemented, not superseded, by board schools; while the institution of the

[1] The following account of English conditions applies, of course, to the system hitherto in operation, without reference to the changes that will be introduced by the recent Education Act.

board school has created an entirely new grievance, which is acutely felt by the Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Nonconformist protest is directed entirely against the denominational schools. The adherents of the Protestant non-established churches particularly complain that in 8000 parishes the children of Nonconformist parents have to be sent to distinctively Anglican schools; that the conscience clause is an inadequate protection against the religious teaching in such schools, which is often strongly antagonistic to Nonconformist principles; that these schools, though drawing most of their support from public funds, are not under public control; and that the undue multiplication of schools of this type limits the number of educational posts open to Nonconformists, and thus acts as a religious test for the teaching profession. Accordingly, the reform which they advocate includes (1) the establishment of school boards everywhere in districts of sufficient area, with the consequent provision of a Christian unsectarian education within reasonable distance of every family, and (2) direct local representation upon the management of every school that receives public money. With the religious teaching given in the board schools the Nonconformists are generally satisfied, and they have every reason to be, for as a rule it is very much the same as the teaching given in the Sunday-schools attached to the various Nonconformist churches.

But it is otherwise with the Anglicans (with whom the Roman Catholics may be bracketed in this connection). They are dissatisfied with this undenominational teaching, and feel it incumbent upon them to maintain, wherever possible, schools distinctive of their own faith. They regard it as a grievance that in addition to the subscriptions required for these denominational schools they are compelled to contribute, everywhere by taxes and in many places by rates, to the support of the board schools. If the board schools were kept free from religious teaching altogether, this double expense would still appear to them an unfair burden; but their grievance is the heavier when a part of this payment goes to the support of a type of teaching which they believe to be unfriendly to their own beliefs. The undenominational religion taught in most of the board schools is as objectionable to the Sacerdotalist [1] as the Sacerdotalism of the Anglican or Roman Catholic school is to the Nonconformist. This is a position which the average Nonconformist has not yet succeeded in understanding. There is nothing distinctively Congregationalist or Methodist or Presbyterian about the board school teaching, and why should not the Sacerdotalists be content, as the Nonconformists are, with the undenominational religion of the board school, adding to it afterwards, by means of the Sunday-school and other agencies, the distinctive tenets of their own churches? What is here overlooked is that the parallel is not exact between the two cases. With the Anglican or Roman Catholic his own denominational teaching is of the essence of his Christianity, while with the Nonconformist such matters are secondary. The former knows nothing of the Nonconformist distinction between a question of ecclesiastical order and one of practical theology; to the former these two are not only of equal importance, but so closely associated that one cannot be adequately taught without the other. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sacerdotalists hold the Nonconformist doctrines plus others peculiar to themselves; they hold even the elementary doctrines with such implications as to result in their actual transformation. The case of the Anglicans has been clearly put by Rev. W. H. Carnegie as follows: "What we assert is this, that those vital religious

[1] Sacerdotalist is here used as a convenient word to include both the Roman Catholic and the dominant type of Anglican.

truths of which the dogmas of the church are the scientific expression cannot be apprehended apart from one another, that in order to teach even one of them fully we must teach them all, and that therefore to draw an artificial line round certain of them which we are not allowed to pass is to destroy the vitality and real significance even of those inclosed within that line." The comparative degree of importance to be attached to the various sections of a creed is obviously a matter to be decided by its own adherents. As Lord Salisbury said to a Wesleyan Methodist deputation a few years ago: "We must start with the presumption that every body of men know what religion they really do believe, and that they are in the last resort to say what is its nature; and it is not open to the Wesleyans to go to the Anglicans, or for the Anglicans to go to the Wesleyans and say, 'This is the essential part of your religion, and that is not.' It is they themselves and they only who can judge." Accordingly, if the Anglican declares that the board school religious teaching is lacking in truths which he regards as vital, it is no answer to say that, according to the creed of another church, the truths in question are not among the fundamental principles of Christianity. Any form of undenominational religious teaching means the selection of certain dogmas as suitable for instruction, and the exclusion of others: in the case of the English board schools the selection is satisfactory to the Nonconformists and unsatisfactory to the Anglicans, so that, in this phase of it, the so-called "compromise" is actually a victory for the Nonconformists. It is strange that the injustice suffered by Anglicans under this arrangement is recognized by only a few prominent Nonconformists, such as Dr. Mackennal, who has reminded his friends that "we have no more right to force undenominational or undogmatic teaching on those who think religion can only be taught denominationally or dogmatically than they have to force their teaching upon us," and that the success of such a policy "would be the triumph of one type of religious teaching over another by political ascendency."

At present, it is impossible to predict what escape will be found from the educational deadlock in England, where the problem is complicated by the fact that a denominational system was already in possession of a great part of the field before the principle of compulsory education was introduced, so that there are powerful vested interests to be considered. Which of the many suggested schemes for a settlement will ultimately prevail cannot be foreseen by the wisest of political soothsayers; but the one thing certain is that the existing system has broken down irremediably. Undenominationalism, which, as Dr. Joseph Parker well said, "needs a body of police to watch it and a college of divines to define it," has not only shown itself to require more delicate adjustments than are possible in the machinery of the state, but has been revealed in practical working to be a stimulus to strong sectarian feeling, and a cause of injustice in that sphere in which injustice is most resented. If this is the result in England, what might be expected from the adoption of a similar policy in a country like the United States, where there is no tradition of an established church to make the idea of sectarian privilege familiar, and where there is so much less homogeneity both in race and in religion?

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the teaching of religion is the work of the churches and not of the state. If for any reason it has fallen into neglect, the duty of repair lies upon those organizations which have been formed for the express purpose of the spread of Christianity. It is well for the churches themselves that they should be thrown upon their own resources in this respect, and cease hoping to obtain assistance from Cæsar in the establishment of a kingdom which is not of this world. If

it be true that the hold of religion upon the younger generation is weakening, it can be strengthened in two ways, one direct, the other indirect. The direct method is the more earnest fulfillment of Paul's exhortation to Timothy: "Give heed to teaching." The task of building up the character of those who have not yet had to face the temptations of the world must be regarded as equally sacred with that of rescuing the fallen, and as much time, skill, and money must be spent upon religious instruction as upon evangelism in the conventional sense. It is open to the churches, without offense to the principle of religious equality or injury to their own independence, either to supplement the secular instruction of the public schools by religious instruction given by their own teachers at their own expense, or to establish and maintain, for the benefit of their own adherents and others who may prefer that type of education, distinctively denominational schools which will be free from public control because they will do without public assistance. In any case, it is absurd to suppose that the provision of instruction for an hour or two on Sundays can be regarded as a sufficient discharge of the churches' obligation for the training of their own children. Indirectly, the churches will do much to amend the present deficiencies if they can awaken the dormant parental conscience. Since biblical, and even since Puritan, times there has been a manifest decay, among heads of families, of the sense of responsibility in spiritual matters. First the father transferred his own share of parental duty to the mother, and in many cases it has afterwards been passed over *en bloc* to an outsider. In England one of the most lamentable features of the present educational controversy is the suspicion of insincerity in the arguments of so many Anglican clergy and country squires, who, while anxious that the children of the poor should have the privilege of a full Christian education, send their own sons up to Oxford and Cambridge in a condition of amazing ignorance respecting the main events of scripture history, and the similar inconsistency of so many well-to-do Nonconformists, who, while loud in their protests against the exposure of the cottager's family to ultra-ecclesiastical influences, allow their own boys and girls to obtain much of their religious training from Anglican, and even Roman Catholic sources. In America no less mischief is done to the spread of true religion by the spectacle of the church member who demands that the state shall set up in every schoolhouse a light that has not yet been kindled within his own home.

Herbert W. Horwill.

UMBRIA.

Deep Italian day with a wide-washed splendor fills
Umbria green with valleys, blue with a hundred hills.
Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock faint as a cloud
Rumors Rome, that of old spoke over earth, "Thou art mine!"
Mountain shouldering mountain circles us forest-browed
Heaped upon each horizon in fair uneven line;
And white as on builded altars tipped with a vestal flame
City on city afar from the thrones of the mountains shine,
Kindling, for us that name them, many a memoried fame,
Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the heart like wine.

Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
And over this Umbrian earth — from where with bright snow spread
Towers abrupt Lernessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
To western Ammiata's mist-appareled head,
Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves —
Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine
Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
Now as in distant Todi, loftily towered — a sign
To wearying travelers — lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,
As Night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

Laurence Binyon.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

I.

I HAVE been asked occasionally to join the great army of reminiscence writers: and I have indisputably one qualification for the function. I have passed the line at which retrospection has to take the place once filled by anticipation. If I can expect little from the future, I must remind myself that, as the poet undeniably observes: —

"Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Old happiness remembered is still an inestimable treasure; it may, even if forgotten, have left us the happier by softening and mellowing our characters: but alas, if heaven cannot destroy the fact, heaven — or some other power — has a turn for obliterating the memory. Any one who, like me, has had much to do with biography must have been painfully impressed by the singular rapidity with which its materials vanish. Again and again I have had to lament the fact. Not long ago it became my duty to collect anecdotes of a friend who died young enough to leave many surviving contemporaries deeply attached to his memory. He had been famous, among other things, for his conversational charm; for a rare power of embodying subtle thought in quaint humor which made his good sayings part of the intellectual currency of his ac-

quaintance. But when one tried to collect the phrases, the process was like trying to speak to a friend seen distinctly but through a closed window. And the experience, though painful, was normal. A vague general impression remains of some brilliant passages of talk; but the specific instances are forgotten; or even if remembered, have lost the context which gave them point. Boswell is still unique. No one has inherited his capacity for the dexterous touches which reproduce the dramatic effect as well as the bare words. I must confess too that my memory for facts is treacherous. I can picture vividly a certain passage in my own life which, I may add, was of a distinctly creditable kind. The discovery of a contemporary document not long ago proved to me that my motives had been materially different from what I imagined — and decidedly less admirable. The authentic history which I supposed myself to remember was a pretty little romance which I had unconsciously composed by a judicious manipulation of partial recollections. The disillusioning document has itself disappeared, and I have forgotten its contents. All that I know is that my own story of my own conduct is a misrepresentation. Clearly I am not qualified for autobiography, nor, to say the truth, do I regret the circumstance. I have no reason to think that the story of my "inner life" would be in the least interesting and, were it interesting, I should still prefer to keep it to myself. When, therefore, I summon up remembrance of things past, I am forced to confess that my little panorama is full of gaps, often blurred and faded and too probably distorted in detail. Yet I preserve a good many tolerably vivid impressions of the people among whom I have lived and of the influences they have exerted upon me. Some of these may be worth a record. If my confession implies that they must be taken with a certain reserve, an impression is in its way a fact.

Among the most distinct are those left by fourteen years' residence at Cambridge. To me, as I suppose to most men who as weakly children were cut off from much active share in school life, the period in which I first called myself a man and became conscious of an independent individuality stands out with especial vividness. The world was so interesting then. Perhaps it is for that reason that I cherish a strong affection for the University and even for its material surroundings. I love the sleepy river — "canal" or even ditch as scoffers may call it — which slides past the old cottage gardens on its way to wriggle through the broad level of the fens and to girdle the venerable pile of Ely. Have I not run along its banks exhorting our college boat for as many miles as would have taken me to the Mississippi and back? Not even the Alpine scenery is dearer to me. The local sentiment is somehow bound up with the superstitions which thrive in the region; and I absorbed them pretty thoroughly. I believed in the Cambridge ideals. To me, for example, "senior wrangler" is still a title exciting an almost superstitious veneration. I have, in later days, been able to speak to poets and philosophers, to statesmen and even to bishops without actual collapse. But when in company with a senior wrangler I am conscious of being formed of inferior clay. Had I belonged to the Sister University, a similar fusion of sentiment would perhaps be more generally intelligible. I need only appeal to Matthew Arnold. A man must be dull indeed who could be insensible to the charm of the group of towers which rises above the Isis and of the scenery whose spirit informs the inimitable Scholar Gipsy. Every one must admit that the region is a fitting shrine for the genius of the place, — for that devotion to "lost causes" and "impossible loyalties" upon which Arnold dwelt with such loving eloquence. As the Isis to the Cam, so, it may be held, is Oxford

to Cambridge. It is the contrast between romance and the picturesque on one side and humdrum prose and monotonous levels on the other. We boast, indeed, of our poets at Cambridge; but if, for some mysterious reason, we have been more prolific in poets than Oxford, it is hardly because we have provided them with a more congenial atmosphere. They throve, perhaps, in a bracing climate. A Cambridge career induced Coleridge to become a heavy dragoon; Byron kept a bear to set a model of manners to the dons of his day; and the one service which the place did for Wordsworth was to enable him for once in his life to drink a little more than was consistent with perfect command of his legs. Cambridge has for the last three centuries inclined to the less romantic side of things. It was for Puritans against the Cavaliers, for Whigs against Jacobites, and down to my time was favored by "Evangelicals" and the good "high and dry" school which shuddered at the development of the "Oxford Movement." We could boast of no Newman, nor of men who, like Froude and Pattison, submitted for a time to the fascination of his genius and only broke from it with a wrench which permanently affected their mental equilibrium. "I have never known a Cambridge man," as a reverent disciple of the prophet lately said to me, "who could appreciate Newman." Our version of the remark was slightly different. We held that our common sense enabled us to appreciate him thoroughly but by the dry light of reason, and resist the illusions of romantic sentiment. That indeed was the merit of Cambridge in the eyes of those who were responsible for my education. To have sent me to Oxford would have been to risk the contamination of what was then called "Puseyism." I escaped that danger pretty completely. My family — as this indicates — belonged to the second generation of the so-called "Clapham Sect;" the "Saints" as they were called by way of insult; the men who swore by Wilberforce, and fancied that they had accumulated a capital of merit by the anti-slavery crusade which entitled them for the future to live upon credit. They were, said their enemies, effete Puritans, as morose as their ancestors, but without the dignity of still militant fanaticism; Pharisees who hated innocent and artistic pleasure but found consolation in solid material comfort, blinded adherents of a dogmatic system, which had long ceased to represent intellectual advance. I will not argue as to the justice of this accusation against the sect in general. I am content to say that though my childish reverence for certain members of the sect was necessarily of the instinctive variety, it does not seem misplaced to my later judgment. I have met no men in later years who seem to me to have had a higher sense of duty or deeper domestic affections. If they had obvious limitations, believed too implicitly in Noah's ark, and used language about the "scheme of Salvation" which does not commend itself to me, they impressed me (very unintentionally) with the conviction that a man may be incomparably better than the creed which he honestly takes himself to believe. The essential Puritan may survive, as the case of Carlyle sufficiently showed, when all his dogmas have evaporated; and I confess that, rightly or wrongly, he is a person for whom I have profound respect and much sympathy. At Cambridge, however, by my time the epithet "Evangelical" generally connoted contempt. The Oxford Movement might be altogether mistaken, but we agreed with it that the old "low church" position had become untenable. At Cambridge we rather shrank from all vagaries high or low. Our state, an adversary might say, was not the more gracious. If the Oxford school represented "reaction," it was at least, as Arnold put it, not of Philistine variety. A mistaken or im-

possible idealism is better than the mere stolid indifference which chokes all speculative activity. To the radical meanwhile the two universities represented two slightly different forms of obstructiveness. They were simply Anglican seminaries; bulwarks of the establishment which was an essential part of the great conservative fortress; mediæval in their constitution and altogether behind the age in their teaching. My undergraduate career fell at a period when such criticisms were about to lead to a practical result. A parliamentary commission began to overhaul us soon afterwards and initiated a process of reconstruction which has been going on ever since. Stanch conservatives at that time prophesied fearful results. The English were to sink to the level of foreign universities: an awful descent! They were to be "Germanized," — to be contaminated by "neology," whatever these appalling phrases might mean, generally to be trimmed and clipped in conformity with the fads of "damned intellectuals." In fact, the universities had somehow worked out a system which had become so thoroughly familiar to their own members and so consistently elaborated as to have the character of a natural organism while to the outsider it appeared to be radically illogical and grotesque.

The essential point was, one may say broadly, that Oxford and Cambridge were, properly speaking, not universities at all but federated groups of colleges. Each of the seventeen colleges on the banks of the Cam was an independent corporation, governed by statutes imposed by the founders, perhaps, as in the case of my own college, by a founder who had died five hundred years before. Corporations, it is known, have no souls and very little conscience. The reformer might prove with the help of Adam Smith that they do more harm than good. It is a plausible opinion that Henry VIII. would have done a service to education if he had swept them away with the monasteries. To the stanch Tory, however, the modern reformer was as sacrilegious as the old king. His theory embodied what may seem to be an odd inversion of ideas. The colleges had been founded in order to promote education. The practice which had grown up would rather correspond to the theory that education was useful to promote the welfare of the colleges. A main and often the sole aim of a clever student was to become a fellow of a college, and if he acquired some intellectual training in the process, that was rather an incidental advantage than the ultimate justification of the system. The so-called university meant simply a loose federation such as was consistent with the acceptance of a thoroughgoing doctrine of "state-rights." Its main function was to provide boards of examiners, which tested the fitness of candidates for fellowships. It followed, again, that the colleges were not coöperative so much as competitive bodies. They did not distribute among themselves different educational functions, but each accepted the same test for admission to its privileges. In Cambridge, we were content with the two old "triposes" by which alone intellectual excellence was measured. We were, it might seem, so dominated by the great names of Newton and Bentley that any branch of study except mathematics or classical scholarship seemed inconceivable. To teach a youth philosophy would be to train him in talking humbug; and history or the physical sciences meant more cramming with facts. The outsider might urge that the course was strangely narrow, and that the university was nothing but a continued high school. Perhaps he might fancy that a little Germanizing would do no harm.

Certainly we needed reform; and if change means reform, as I hope it does in this case, we have certainly got it. But the question occurs, Why did I love the place in spite of its admitted short-

comings? Was my conscience seared? Were not the colleges mere nests of abuses? The name "don" may suggest visions of the indolent bigoted dullards who disgusted Gray and Gibbon and Adam Smith, or the pedants whose ignorance of the world provoked the scorn of Chesterfield in the eighteenth century. Skill in writing Latin verses and solving mathematical conundrums may be compatible with intellectual torpor and devotion to port wine. When I search my memory, I can turn out a story or two to suggest that the type was not quite extinct. The peculiar position of a college fellow, for example, had its temptations. He held his post during celibacy, and after a time naturally began to feel yearnings for a domestic hearth of his own. That meant that he could not adopt teaching as a career for life, but as a stepping-stone to something else. The "something else" was normally a college living. After a few years spent in lecturing, he could become a country parson and try how far his knowledge of the Greek drama or the planetary theory would qualify him to edify the agricultural laborer. Meanwhile waiting for a vacancy was at times demoralizing. The best living of one of the colleges was held by an old gentleman, who had been described in a book of reminiscences as a specimen of the low moral standard prevalent at the end of the eighteenth century. He had the conscience to be still alive when the book appeared in the middle of the nineteenth. Meanwhile expectant successors would pay him visits, and find the old cynic smoking in his kitchen and unblushingly proclaiming his intention of prolonging his existence indefinitely. They could not bear it; and the last of them, a man whom I remember, sought consolation in the resources of the college cellar. A catastrophe followed. One day the fellow came to the college hall, not only in a state of partial sobriety, but with a disreputable companion who had hung about Cambridge levying contributions on some vague pretense of being a political refugee. Finding himself in respectable society, the disreputable person suddenly arose and proposed the health of the great John Bright. In those days he might as well have proposed Beelzebub. An explosion followed. The scandal was beyond concealment; the fellow was requested to leave Cambridge, and soon afterwards fell into a canal after dinner and was drowned. A week or two later, the living for which he had been waiting became vacant, by the death of the old incumbent, and had the fellow held out a week or two longer he might have succeeded to the pastoral guidance of that bit of Arcadia. This anecdote, I must add emphatically, represents the rare exception; very few of us took to drink; though now and then a man might be soured and become a crabbed, eccentric cynic of the ancient type.

The normal result, however, was that the official tutors were not troubled by any excess of zeal or hankering after the ideal ends of a university. They often did their duty honestly enough, but with a sense that it was not the duty of a life. As teachers, they were therefore eclipsed by the private tutors or "coaches" who did the real work of preparing for examinations. The university professoriate had become still more emphatically a superfluity. It included, indeed, several men of real distinction, but they could rarely gather an audience. Nobody, for example, cared to study modern history. Professor Smythe, who died just before my time, though chiefly remembered as the tutor of Sheridan's son, wrote some very able lectures upon the French Revolution. One of them (they were repeated annually) always drew an audience because it was known from previous experience that in the course of it he would burst into tears upon mentioning the melancholy fate of Marie Antoinette. That was a phenomenon worth observation.

But speaking generally, if all the professorships had been abolished, no difference would have been perceived by the ordinary student. If the ideal university supposes a body of professors devoted to the extension of knowledge and of students accepting them as guides into the promised land of science and philosophy, we were certainly far enough from its realism. The most striking illustration of another peculiarity of the system of those days is given in the curious Memoirs of Mark Pattison, — a man whose devotion to thorough scholarship and the cause of rational inquiry fully redeemed certain obvious weaknesses. He was fretting at this time under the oppressive spirit of the old Oxford atmosphere. He had come to hold that Newman, who had for a time attracted him, represented mere obscurantism and obsolete theological dogma; and was hoping that the reaction which followed Newman's secession would favor his own ambition to carry out desirable reforms. Election to the headship of his college would enable him to initiate a change for the better. The catastrophe which followed not only vexed him but, by his own account, altogether demoralized him for years. The headship of a college was then a most delightful position; it meant a good income, a comfortable house, and, if desired, a wife; and, moreover, it depended solely on the conscience of the holder whether it should or should not be treated as a sinecure. In Cambridge, more, I believe, than in Oxford, it was taken to be a kind of haven of dignified repose; and the fellows who were elected to it sometimes found the trial too much for their virtue. Pattison, who sincerely desired the post with a view to active reform, found that the other electors were not only totally indifferent or rather hostile to his schemes, but capable of opposing him by the meanest intrigues. They detached one of his supporters, in spite of an explicit promise, by treachery worthy of the most corrupt political wire-pulling: and he thought himself justified, as he explains, in taking revenge by a counterplot. He punished his opponents by securing the election of a man whom he describes as a "ruffian" and a "satyr." The morality of the proceeding seems questionable in spite of Pattison's casuistry, but if certain scandals current in my time were well founded the case was not exceptional; or exceptional only as far as an election to a mastership rarely involved any question about reform. It was frankly decided, as a rule, by personal interests, and though I do not think that any of our masters could be described as "satyrs," they were men whose chief merit might be that their election vacated a college living, and who were fully content to be mildly respectable rulers of the King Log variety. Their juniors often regarded them as contemptible old fogies. "Our master," I remember a fellow saying, "is intellectually an idiot, socially a snob, and physically dirty; but otherwise unobjectionable." But the post was so comfortable that even reformers scarcely proposed to spoil it by imposing active duties on the holders. We despised them, but could not deny that it would be very pleasant to succeed them in our own days of fogydom.

Perhaps I have said enough to confirm the suggestion that we were a nest of abuses. I must disavow the conclusion. The system implied a distorted conception of the true function of a university, but given the conception it was carried out with a fair amount of energy and public spirit. The mischief was the "topsy-turvy" theory which subordinated education or the promotion of intellectual activity to the interests of the corporate bodies. The pivot of the whole system had come to be the distribution of fellowships as the prizes for competition. That was carried out with perfect honesty. The elections were invariably conducted with absolute fairness. I never heard even a suspicion

that the successful candidate was not the best man, or elected for any reason but his merits. The endowments intended to help students had become the prizes for which study was pursued. Education was expensive because (among other causes) the competition led to the substitution of private for official tutors. The complex machinery was worked for ends which ought to have been subordinate. Still its working implied a thorough spirit of fair play and hearty respect for really energetic labor; and these are not bad things in their way. I can best illustrate the point by an instance or two. I have spoken of my veneration for senior wranglers. The concrete embodiment of the genus for me was Isaac Todhunter. He was a striking case of a man designing a scheme of life and carrying it out systematically. When I was his pupil he was beginning to execute it by living the life of an ascetic recluse. His chief room in St. John's College was devoted to his pupils, and furnished only with benches and tables at which we were always scribbling our lucubrations. Two little closets opened out of it, one his bedroom, the other the den where he examined our work. A table and a couple of chairs were the only furniture, and the walls were covered with books, each in a brown paper cover inscribed in exquisite handwriting with the title. The little man with his large head and delicate little hands always reminded me of a mouse, dressed in superlatively neat though certainly not fashionable costume. He labored from morning till night, taking indeed an hour's constitutional round the so-called "parallelogram" of footpaths — an essential part of our Cambridge habits — and spending another hour or so upon his dinner in the college hall at four. The rest of the day was devoted to the unremitting labors of teaching and of writing very successful text-books. Some fifteen years of such work enabled him to carry out the plan of life upon which he had resolved. He had saved money enough to give up the drudgery of teaching, married, and wrote books for the learned upon the history of mathematics. Of their merits I cannot speak; but the man impressed me mightily. I came to know in later days that, besides being of most amiable and simple character, he had many accomplishments outside his special branch of knowledge. But to me he represented the stern deity Mathesis; an embodied, categorical imperative, appealing to my conscience. I can still hear his regular adjuration, "Push on," which showed, I fear, too great a superiority to the frailty of the average youth. The flesh resisted, and to this day I have a personal dislike to the harvest moon, — one of the phenomena which he pressed upon my attention, and which I found hopelessly uninteresting. It was no fault of his if I gave three years to a study for which I had a very moderate aptitude. Perhaps it did me some good, — at least by teaching me respect for abilities and energies to which I could make no pretense. One may fancy one's self to be a philosopher or a poet without much ground for it, but a mathematician gives with such palpable proofs of his superiority that one can have no illusions as to one's own talent. Cambridge too, though the senior wrangler element was dominant, included other influences. Our most conspicuous representative in those days was the great Whewell — then Master of Trinity — "Science his forte and omniscience his foible" — according to Sydney Smith's phrase, which has perhaps become his most lasting monument. There were indeed no limits to his intellectual appetite. His writings treat of philosophy, ethics, political economy, mathematics, and the inductive sciences in general, besides church architecture and German literature, and even include respectable experiments in English verse. He was our greatest man, — the one resident whose fame was understood to have

spread through England and even Europe. He looked the character. He was a man of splendid physique; tall, powerful, and with a brow worthy of an intellectual gladiator. He was the son of a Lancashire tradesman, and might have been taken as a promising champion had he stepped into the ring at a north country wrestling match. I recall him as I once saw him stalking through a howling mob at an election and apparently capable of knocking half a dozen of their heads together. He was said, not without some ground, to be rough and overbearing; and his early training had not given him the urbanity which makes a man to assume dignity without stiffness bordering on insolence. There is, I fancy, a slight reminiscence of him in Thackeray's Dr. Crump in the Snob Papers But he was thoroughly magnanimous, a fair fighter, and incapable of petty spite; not only, as I have good reason for knowing, a man of very warm affections, but also capable of most generous consideration for his subordinates. By my time we had forgiven the roughness, and were heartily proud of the man. For over fifty years he had been identified with Trinity. On his deathbed he had himself raised to take a last look at the great court, the most imposing of college quadrangles. Since Bentley had stalked in stately predominance through the same court, no one had been so impressive a ruler. His love for the place was shown by munificent benefactions and the foundation of a professorship, which was to be specially devoted to the cause of promoting international peace. Eminent men have held it, — and it is hardly their fault if that cause has not been very perceptibly advanced by their labors.

Whewell, though a Conservative, did more than any one to introduce new studies to the university. His fame has declined, partly because the advance of science has inevitably made his chief book antiquated; while philosophy, if it has not advanced, has at least deserted his position. A philosopher who would lead youth must clothe his doctrine in the last new fashion. Whewell had not that charm; and the shortcoming, if it were one, made him the more representative of Cambridge.

At this point I feel that I may naturally be expected to speak of some spiritual guide who pointed to the promised land. I should acknowledge a debt of gratitude to some Carlyle or Emerson or Newman, who roused my slumbering intellect and convinced me that I had a soul. It was, however, one of the great advantages of Cambridge that there was no such person in the place. Spiritual guides are very impressive but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling. Bagehot points out the evil results upon his friend Clough of that most admirable person Dr. Arnold. Arnold's pupils suffered from an excess of moral earnestness: they were liable to a hypertrophy of the conscience, and took life too seriously at starting. They became prigs, or the very enthusiasms gave way to cynicism as their illusions came into rough conflict with later experience. Our prosaic Cambridge spirit was free from that evil. Our teachers preached common sense, and common sense said, Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree. The advantage, I admit, would have been questionable had it meant simple suppression of thought, — a rigid confinement of the intellectual vision within the blinkers imposed by the ambition for success in examinations. But the practical working was different. Clever young men will be interested in the questions of the day. We talked what we took for philosophy and politics and literature eagerly enough; and our discussions had the additional zest of being more or less trespassing into forbidden ground, and often involving a certain neglect of our

duties. We made orations at the Union Debating Society; but admitted to ourselves, though we did not perhaps state in public, that we were very young and not competent to instruct the nation at large. A society to which I looked up with special reverence was the so-called "Apostles," — of which Maurice and Tennyson and Arthur Hallam with other brilliant contemporaries had been the founders and first members. In my day, its most famous member was Clerk-Maxwell, the great physicist, whose mathematical genius was already recognized. He was a fascinating object to me: propounding quaint paradoxes in a broad Scottish accent; capable of writing humorous lampoons upon the dons; and turning his knowledge of dynamics to account by contriving new varieties of "headers" into the Cam. I had not the honor of any close acquaintance, and felt myself unworthy of so high a distinction. Dimly, however, I understood, for the society shrouded itself in mystery, that he and a small knot of geniuses (there was another member or two whom, in those days, we took to be specimens of the class) met weekly to discuss the profoundest problems. Henry Sidgwick, who became a member a little later, has declared that to such discussions he owed a greater intellectual debt than to any other of the influences of his youth. I even once fostered, though not too presumptuously, the hope that I might myself become a member. My claims, alas, if they were considered, were not considered to be sufficient; and I only felt elevated by the consciousness that I was at least a contemporary of great rising luminaries. My own intellectual ambition was satisfied by an effort or two before the more popular audience of the Union. There I can only remember that — for some mysterious reason, perhaps because my father had been in the Colonial Office — I delivered an oration upon the affairs of Cape Colony, — I do not remember that my hearers were deeply moved, though my views, if adopted, would have prevented the Boer war. There, too, I heard the present Sir William Harcourt indulge in a scathing impeachment of some unfortunate official. When one of my elders asked me soon afterwards who was the coming man among the young men of the day, I replied emphatically that Harcourt was the man; but what crimes that official had committed, or whether he was permanently crushed, or, like Warren Hastings, survived the exposure, is more than I can tell.

I mention these shadowy memories to show that our intellects were not confined within the prescribed studies. Sir Walter Besant, in his Autobiography, describes his own experience during my time, and seems to me to exaggerate our backwardness. Besant says, for example, that he heard nothing of Browning or Thackeray. I certainly heard of both; and one of the most thorough Thackerayans of my acquaintance was a fellow of Besant's own college, — which shows that one man's experiences are not conclusive. Yet in Christ's College, to which he belonged, he was a friend of Seeley and Calverley, — certainly among the most brilliant writers of their generation; and the famous examination in Pickwick set by Calverley proves that their enthusiasm was not confined to classical literature. Happily for us, the doctrine that English language and literature should be made a part of our education had not yet been proclaimed. We read what we liked and because we liked it, — the only kind of reading that is of much use according to my experience. An examination in Pickwick might now, I fear, be taken seriously, and compulsory cramming might conceivably make even Pickwick more or less repulsive. We had our enthusiasts for Dickens, who had fierce encounters with the partisans of Thackeray. Vanity Fair was the first book I ever bought for myself, and it had devotees who could say in how many places

Sedley was misprinted for Osborne. There was another sect professing Brontë mania; Tennyson of course was known by heart up to date; and Browning was just dawning upon us. I read Pippa Passes at least and felt its charm, though not without some bewilderment, and happily did not break my shins over Sordello. There was no want of literary interest among our seniors. At Trinity, beneath the majestic Whewell, there was a group of able scholars. Among them was the dignified Thompson (Whewell's successor), great on Plato and the appreciative friend and college contemporary of Tennyson and Thackeray and Edward FitzGerald, who once a term elaborated some stinging epigram to sharpen our wits; and Munro, the editor of Lucretius, lover of Old English authors and the embodiment of simple good fellowship; and W. G. Clark, one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, who left a permanent record of his tastes by founding a lectureship in English literature; and the librarian Brimley, who died prematurely after writing (among other things) an article of which Tennyson was reported to have said, "That is the way in which I like to be criticised." The criticism, it is superfluous to say, was the reverse of the "this-will-never-do" variety. It appeared in the short-lived Cambridge Essays, — an attempt to found a new Quarterly in conjunction with a similar volume from Oxford; which, if I am not mistaken, failed like some other periodicals chiefly because it counted upon too high a standard of public taste.

There was another literary centre at Cambridge which had its influences. Daniel Macmillan (whom I just remember) and his brother Alexander were already conducting the business which rose to eminence under Alexander's later management. In the modest shop of those days, and still more in a smoking-room at the back, I felt that I was really entering the inner shrine of a literary workshop. There I was thrilled by meeting a live lady novelist and an actual editor, to whom I ought to have been grateful — perhaps I was — for rejecting my first attempt at an article. Alexander Macmillan himself was one of the publishers to whom I owe it that I have never been tempted to adopt the conventional author's view of his enemy. It is needless to say that he was a very shrewd man of business; and he had one (among many other excellent) qualities which I have noticed in others of the craft. He believed implicitly in his authors. He had the most genuine enthusiasm for Maurice and Kingsley and "Tom" Hughes, whose works he was then publishing. I had heard some of Maurice's lectures at King's College, London, and they had, I may here briefly say, impressed me with a boyish sense of reverence. Kingsley became professor of history at Cambridge in my time, and then and afterwards I saw a good deal of him. The appointment was in some ways an unlucky one. The critics of the Freeman School fell upon him; he could, they admitted, perhaps write a spirited historical novel, but was quite incompetent for scientific history; and Kingsley was modest enough to agree with his critics; — a creditable but an unpleasant frame of mind. He was in truth a very attractive but far from a very strong man; I have always delighted in his books, and I believe in his genius. But a change had come over him. As a young man he had denounced the existing order as a disciple of Carlyle, and as a "Christian Socialist" had apparently sympathized with the revolutionary spirit. The fiery zeal of Yeast and Alton Locke had now strangely cooled. In Two Years Ago he discovered that the Crimean war had worked a great moral change on the country, — this queer doctrine, one must remember, was accepted by Tennyson in Maud, — and the poet who had in the Poacher's Widow in Yeast denounced the British squire for his callous indifference to the laborer now discovered

that the squire was a reformed character and a mainstay of social reform generally. Perhaps Kingsley's early vehemence meant the feverish and over-excitable temperament which leads to premature exhaustion. Perhaps his hearty sympathies and power of social enjoyment made it impossible for him to preserve an attitude of antagonism to his own class. Anyhow he had "rallied" or been reconciled, and his later works lost the old fire and ceased — a poor compensation — to offend the respectable. Kingsley was a man of most quick and generous sympathies, not of very deeply rooted convictions, or, as he showed too clearly in the Newman controversy, of any logical closeness. If his intellect, however, had its weaknesses, it was impossible not to feel the charm of his character. His biography naturally exhibits him as always in his professional robes, and sinks the delightful companion full of graphic discourse upon literature or art or sport, who used to escape from the graver donnish circles and smoke as steadily as Amyas Leigh in Macmillan's den or the rooms of some young college fellow. I always remember Macmillan listening respectfully but uncomfortably while Kingsley was wrestling with his stammer to denounce another object of his hearers' respect, as "a d—d—damned l—l—liar." My memory, I have said, is not happy in the choice of fragments to be preserved. With Kingsley I associate an occasional visitor, Tom Hughes, most genuine and simple of mankind. I had the good fortune to be tutor to Hughes's younger brother, — a lad who might have stepped straight out of Tom Brown's School Days. Though, like his elder, he was not specially strong in the department of brains, — Euclid, I fear, was an almost impenetrable mystery to him, — he was of so sweet and pure a nature as to exercise a quite abnormal charm upon his companions.

My relations to Kingsley and Hughes rested, I fear, to a considerable extent upon a basis of non-intellectual sympathy. Tom Brown was taken then as a manifesto of Muscular Christianity. The theory of that sect was that a man should fear God, and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. How the athletic doctrine came to be associated with the religious views of Maurice's disciples is a problem which I need not examine. It may perhaps be soluble by readers of Kingsley's Hypatia, who notice how clearly he prefers the heathen Goths to the ascetic monks of Alexandria. According to Kingsley, true Christianity was opposed to all asceticism, and meant therefore, among other things, a due regard for the *corpus sanum*. Anyhow, Tom Brown's zeal for a combination of football and Arnold's sermons struck us in those days as making a happy ideal. Modern educationalists tell me that the passion for athletic sports has become a nuisance. What ought to be a permitted recreation almost becomes a duty, or even a profession. In those early days the athletic zeal was still spontaneous and sincere. I really believed that I was acting from a high sense of duty when I encouraged my pupils in rowing, and I enjoyed the supreme triumph of seeing our boat at the head of the river as much as the great victory in the mathematical tripos, when, for once, we turned out a senior wrangler. Though (perhaps because) Nature has not qualified me for athletic excellence, I caught the contagion of enthusiasm. It is a natural sentiment for an author. Hazlitt gives one defense of the creed in his essay upon the Indian Jugglers. The perfection of their performance excites the admiration of the author who admitted that even his own essays — and presumably other people's — fell short in many ways of absolute faultlessness. Whether the ethical advantages of athletics are as great as I fancied is another question. I preached that part of the Kingsley-Hughes creed with a zeal of which perhaps I ought to be ashamed. So far indeed as I am per-

sonally concerned, I have nothing but satisfaction in recalling my monomania. The one pursuit in which I am not contemptible is walking, and I still think with complacency of the hot day in which I did my fifty miles from Cambridge to London in twelve hours to attend a dinner of the Alpine Club. That admirable institution was just started at that time, chiefly by Cambridge men; and I am still a loyal though decayed member. To it I owe many of the pleasantest little pictures preserved in my memory; not merely of exciting climbs and sublime views, which are all very well in their way, but of delightful association with like-minded chums in Alpine valleys, not yet too tourist-ridden, where companionship in little adventures might be congenial to more intellectual intercourse and help the formation of permanent friendships. The athleticism of Cambridge in those days had the same merit. The college boat club was a bond of union which enabled me to be on friendly terms with young gentlemen whose muscles were more developed than their brains, and so far favorable to the development of the wider human sympathies. Interest in such pursuits is at any rate antagonistic to the intellectual vice of priggishness.

Though in those days the cult, having still the charm of novelty, was preached with indiscriminating fervor, I see that my reminiscences have led me to diverge to rather undignified topics. The literature of athletics is abundant and popular, and I can always study it with more satisfaction than would become a dignified man of letters. Even the records of the prize ring have a charm for me, and I have a lurking regard for Tom Sayers. But it is not my purpose to record the achievements of old heroes on the river or the cricket field, or of those who sought glory on the snows of Mont Blanc or the crags of the Matterhorn. We — the Society of which I am thinking — were a set of young men not far removed on either side from thirty, and undoubtedly we had both legs and stomachs. Anything might serve for a pretext for social gatherings. We were certainly not above enjoying the "gaudy" or college feast; performances which I recall with a certain shudder, when we could sit, like the proverbial alderman, trying our digestions with substantial eating and drinking for longer hours than I like to remember, and yet deriving a certain sanction to the proceeding from drinking to the pious memory of the founder in the grace cup which he had bequeathed. It seemed to be not prosaic gorging, but celebrating a quasi-religious ceremony. But whatever the pretext, there was no want of really intellectual intercourse. It may be a natural illusion, but it seems to me that I have never listened to better conversation than I heard on such occasions. At that time of life one still believes in arguing. One has a touching faith in one's power of putting one's own ideas into other people's minds, a fact which seems to become more impossible the longer one lives. The demon has not yet whispered that nothing can be said which has not already been said and said much better, or that arguing means only airing your own strongest prejudices. In polite circles, a man who really argues is suspected of rudeness; he becomes afraid of treading upon his neighbor's toes if he says what he really thinks. He talks from the lips outwards, or confines himself to the anecdotic variety of conversation. But in those days one could enjoy conversation in the true Johnsonian spirit, considered as a strenuous game of intellectual gymnastics, where you honored the man who fairly set his mind to yours and could give and take a "swashing blow" with thoroughly good temper. If you did not really convert, at least you got your own opinions properly marshaled and arranged, and received a valuable stimulus in elaborating your own scheme of things in general. The arguments in detail have long vanished from my mem-

ory, but I remember occasions on which they were prolonged for periods which show how deeply we were interested. I am afraid that such discussions would now send me to sleep in a few minutes. The question remains, What did we talk about, and in what direction were the minds of my contemporaries tending? Of that I shall have to speak.

Leslie Stephen.

(*To be continued.*)

WILD JUSTICE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

It was in the dark, before dawn of a December morning, that Marden Sebright woke. Some vague sound below, a stirring about somewhere downstairs, had called him out of troubled sleep to a still more troubled waking. For an instant he lay staring at the faint blur of the window, aware only of that and of a world of unhappiness. Then he remembered. It was the last morning at home. His mother was up and about. He rose, ashamed, groped round in the dark, broke the ice in the tin basin on the stand, dashed the cold water over his hands, face, and head, fumbled into his clothes, and felt his way slowly down the narrow stairs that led between lath walls from the loft rooms to the kitchen.

"Good-morning, dear," said his mother's voice, as the door shut clinking behind him.

The room was lighted by one kerosene lamp that burned pale and strangely yellow on the bare table near the window. In the white frost on the pane it had melted watery circles, through which shone the winter dawn, — the deep, sad, mysterious blue that is neither darkness nor daylight.

"Good-morning, mother," said Marden quietly. With his hand still on the latch of the little deal door, he stood looking at her. She had just taken a lid from the stove, and through the open circle below thin tongues of flame quivered upward, showing her plainly, — this little woman in black, with gray hair and gray eyes, who stood in the flickering light and smiled at him. She looked very beautiful to him then. And she must have looked so to others once; years ago, she must have been an English "hawk blonde" of the gentler type, — a type that appeared with a difference in Marden's thin, fine features and bright gray eyes.

Now, as he stood looking at her, her eyes were large and shining.

"Why, mother," he said before he thought, "you have n't been crying, have you?"

She put the lid slowly back. Like all the other pieces in the top of the stove, it was bent and warped with age. It fell into place clattering. The fire crackled, and shone through the gaps and chinks in the uneven surface. Then came a silence, so long that while mother and son stood there looking at each other it seemed to Marden as if his words still sounded in the quiet room, and as if they had not been said gently enough.

When she spoke, her voice was quite steady, a sweet and level voice.

"Yes, Marden, I have been, a little."

"Oh" — he broke out, then stopped blankly, and turned to another question. "What did you come down and build the fire and do all these things for? You might have let me, this — this" —

"I wanted to do it for once," she said simply.

He crossed the room at a stride, and they kissed each other. There were no further words between them, and no further glances. But as they moved about the bare little room, bringing the knives and spoons and the cheap, heavy dishes from the shelves to the table, they stayed very close together. It was meagre diet on the pine table, — a few slices of bread, two bowls of steaming oatmeal, and cold water in the clumsy cups that were meant to hold coffee.

As they sat down, Mrs. Sebright thriftily blew out the lamp, and left the room in dusk.

"The sun 's rising already," she said.

And indeed it was: through the watery circles in the panes they could see that the mysterious deep blue had gone, and that a gray light was slowly turning into day.

They both sat peering through the frosty window.

"Can you see her?" asked his mother.

Marden winced.

"No," he answered. "Not yet. But of course she 's still there."

Silence fell once more, while both made a pretense of eating. His mother was the first to speak again.

"It 's ten days to Christmas," she said, then paused, and then went on timidly, "Sicily 's a long voyage. Remember about writing to me, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said he, "I 'll write on board, and mail it the first time we land."

"Lee said he would," she continued sadly, "and it 's been ten years now without a word beyond hearsay. But, you 're not like Lee, dear."

"Lee!" cried the younger son in a hard voice, "Lee! Oh mother, if ever I meet him! — No, no, o' course I must n't — I would n't" —

"No, dear, you must n't. Lee meant — but he 's different. He 's more like — Some men don't think much about such things!" She paused and sighed. "When a boy goes out into the world, and to sea — Dear, you must never, never forget what I warned you against. It was so hard to tell you — but your father — poor John, I 'm afraid he was n't always a good man."

"Always!" cried Marden, his cheeks glowing and his gray eyes flashing in the twilight. "Good! See where we are now, through him and Lee. Poor, and half-starved, and ragged, and shivering, in this mean little dead town; and me having to go to sea to keep us both alive, and leaving you alone in winter!"

"Hush, Marden, hush," his mother said, and there were tears in her voice. "We must n't be bitter — this morning of all others. We ought to be glad, too, that Captain Harlow is so good to us, for if it was n't for him I don't know how we 'd weather through till spring."

Marden made some inarticulate sound. Then he fell to eating, as a lad of twenty must, in spite of sorrow. Slowly through the frosty panes came the first of the sunlight, and shone faintly upon the old shotgun and the powder-horn hung high on the wall behind the stove, and upon the picture below, — a picture stiffly daubed in blue, black, and white of "the Bark Gilderoy, off Tristan da Cunha." Over these and a hanging bunch of last year's red rowan berries the light stole softly.

"Sunlight!" said his mother. "See now if she 's there."

They turned eagerly to the window, pressing their thumbs against the pane to make peep-holes in the frost that already had gathered white again. Outside, the snow-fields and the stringy, shivering larch by the door were plain in the low-slanting light; then the ice and black open water of the bay, the

island and its fir trees, and beyond, rising to the pale winter sky, the hills of the American shore, with broad fields of snow cut by fences that looked like black strings tied full of knots. In the middle of the bay was what they both had feared to see, — a gray old three-masted schooner, the Merry Andrew, lying at anchor.

"There she is," said Marden. "And see, she 's swung on her anchor-chains, and pointing bowsprit up-river. The tide 's going already, mother."

"They 'll be" — faltered his mother, "they 'll be — before long — Is your bag ready?"

"In the corner, all ready," he replied, pointing toward the door, where there lay a long canvas bag such as sailors carry, lumpy, dingy, bolster-like, and pursed at the top with a web of cords.

"Lee took your father's bag with him, you know," said his mother, evidently for the sake of saying something. "It was better than that one. It had 'J. S.' painted on it, — John Sebright, — and then underneath, 'Bark Gilderoy.' He had it all along, when we were both young and everything went well, — and later when we lost the Gilderoy — and all those down-hill years; and he kept it after we had to stay here ashore. I wonder if Lee 's got it still?"

Marden was silent. He thought of his father seldom, and bitterly. But now it was with a touch of pity that he recalled him sitting in the big chair by the stove, — a hulking wreck of a man, broad, squat, with a great, hopeless face mottled in purple veins. He could almost smell again the rank pipe and ranker West India rum, and hear the growl of defeat from under the fierce white mustache, "Here we are in stays, by Christ, in stays, that 's where we are!" Then from this vision the lad looked across the table at his mother, gentle, gray-haired, smiling in her sorrow, and a wave of anger rose in his heart, and was overwhelmed in a greater wave of pity.

"Oh, mother," he cried, choking, "you are — you are — in all the world" — His voice was stifled again. "If ever I 'm of any use in my life, it 's all — it 's all" —

He was on the verge of breaking down utterly; and no one can tell whether her bravery, great as it was, would have sufficed for both. But suddenly, in the tense quiet of the room, there sounded a knocking at the door that shut them in from the outside world. It was a strange series of raps, uncertain, hesitating, fumbling.

The woman's face grew very white. The boy pulled himself together, and rose.

"They 've come," he said. "It 's the Maltee."

The knocking sounded sharp on the frosty wood as he crossed the room. The door swung open, letting in a flood of freezing cold and of sunshine; and there on the half millstone that formed the doorstep was a little black ape of a man, in a blue reefer and teamster's cap, with gold rings in the stubby lobes of his ears.

"Eccomi," said this swarthy apparition. His bright little eyes looked up and down, up and down, quick and distressed, like a monkey's. "Time now. Alla-board. Ebba-tide. You come, by damn, we go."

Angelo the Maltese was never given a bigger part to play in this world than that of an incapable sea-cook and a distorter of the simplest messages; but now for one instant it fell to him to speak important lines in the obscure tragedy of the Sebrights. To them his faltering knock at the door had sounded like the thunder of the Commander's statue; his mumbling, broken English, the words of a Fate large, inexorable, and as cold as the wind that blew into the room from over the bay and the dazzling snow-fields. But Angelo did not guess his own importance, for he remained cringing in the doorway, against

a background of bright snow and black water, looking up and down, up and down, with his troubled eyes, scraping and shuffling his heavy brogans on the flint millstone.

He pulled from the breast pocket of his reefer a dingy letter.

"Alla madre. Cap'na Harlow send. Pay — un mése — one mont' pay. You write gotta him?"

While Marden took his threadbare jacket and cap from the peg by the door, his mother, at the table, signed the receipt for twenty-five dollars, one month's pay in advance, on paper that was a blur before her brimming eyes. Her life, like that of many women, had been one of partings; but they were none the easier for that, and now it was as if she were selling her youngest son, who had never left her before, and selling him to go with strangers into a strange country.

Even Angelo with the monkey eyes did not see how they parted.

When the boy came out, he stumbled at the millstone step, to be sure, and the world of snow and sunlight reeled before his eyes; but his chin was high, the canvas bag rode light as a feather on his shoulder, and he swung so briskly along the narrow path in the snow that the Maltese had close work to follow with his sea-legs.

They were hardly down over the knoll from which the gray cottage overlooked the bay, when a woman in black, with an old plaid shawl about her head, stole out of the door, and followed slowly along the path. She made no attempt to overtake the two men, nor did they look back. On the bank at the edge of the shore she halted, and stood watching them as, in the morning sun, they went crashing their way down the beach, over ice thin as paper, that splintered underfoot and broke tinkling into broad plates for yards around, to show the gray pebbles or black mud-flats beneath.

Beyond the ice, where the water smoked in the sun, lay a ship's boat with a dark Italian sailor and a fat water-cask in it. Angelo hopped in lightly. Marden was about to follow, when he turned, and at the sight of his mother standing on the distant bank, started and made a step landward. There was a growl in the boat. He pitched the bag to one of the sailors, waved his cap in answer to his mother's hand, shoved off, and jumped into the bow. The boat turned, and pulled slowly away through the mist that from all the open water rose like smoke, and drew slowly down with the tide. And through the smoke the heart in the boat and the heart on the shore were aching for each other across the growing distance.

The woman on the shore saw the boat pull under the stern of the gray Merry Andrew, and rise with a creak of tackle to the davits; saw the men going about the deck, black and small as ants; heard the chirrup of blocks on the headsails, fore and mainsail, and even, in the stillness, the clinking of the capstan pawls, till suddenly it was drowned in the half-hearted quaver of a chanty raised by Captain Harlow's Americans on board, heaving short: —

"Sometimes we 're bound for Liverpool,
Sometimes we 're bound for France;
But now we 're off for Sicily
For to give those girls a chance.

"Walk her round, boys-oh-boys,
We 're all bound to go.
Walk her round, my bully boys,
We 're all bound to go."

Then she saw the gray schooner wear round before a fair wind and tide, and, with the peak of the dingy spanker crawling up against the snow-fields of the American shore, draw slowly out of sight behind the evergreens of the island.

As for the boy, those few minutes were a dream in which he stumbled about the deck hauling on frozen ropes, and worrying that his mother should stand there so long in the snow before the house.

II.

"YOUNG FLOOD."

Thus it was that the schooner Merry Andrew of Hinkley, Maine, took on another cask of water, shipped a foremast hand to fill her crew, and was off for Sicily. Among the frozen islands and headlands of Etchemin Bay her master, Cyrus Harlow, steered her warily, and through the bold water under many an evergreen crag, till she won to open sea. With a good bottom, and a light cargo of shooks for orange-boxes, she rode handily out on the long swell of the wintry North Atlantic.

When a boy has been brought up at his mother's side, — apron strings or not, — he is hardly at his ease among the rough men of a sulky and half-frozen crew, part Yankees who curse at him for a young blue-nose lubber, and part Italians who curse the less only that their teeth are chattering the more. But if a boy is quick with his hands, and stows his tongue, and looks at you with clear eyes that are not afraid, you can easily let him alone, or perhaps forget that he is on board. "A good enough lad," said the second mate, three days out. "No one minds the boy." And they let it go at that.

Of course the boy's heart ached at first, and sorely. The thought of what he had left behind, and how, and why, rankled in him for many a day, while he staggered about the slewing deck, or choked down Angelo's greasy food at the duskiest corner of the heaving table, or lay in his bunk stark awake and miserable, hearing the timbers creak and strain, watching the lamp swing the shadows across the roof of the forecastle, that was stifling with tobacco, and woolen socks steaming, and tar and oil-skins, and the brute smell of cooped-up men. But as his first sea-sickness quickly left him, who was son and grandson to English sea-captains, so his health and youth pulled him through the vast misery of the first longing for home. His conscience often upbraided him for his rising spirits. Of course he would not forget his mother and her loneliness. But then there was so much to see and learn and live through! To sail southward in a vessel sheeted with ice; to beat dizzily and wearily all day into a blind whirl of snowflakes; on a calm morning to see the snow, that strange white creature of the land, so odd and out of place about ship, lying ankle-deep along the deck, or capping the deck-house with a dome, or drifted over the anchor-chains, or caught like thistle-down in the dirty fold of a frozen sail; and then, little by little, week by week, as the sun grew higher and warmer, to be sailing into spring weather, with the sweet smell of clean beech and maple rising from the hold, while the Italians thawed into laughter and left their reefers in the forecastle, till all the crew went about the deck sweating, in their blue undershirts, with tattooed arms bare: all this, and the slow process of time on the ocean, the lazy afternoons on deck, the long yarns and longer silences by starlight, and at last the sight of the great rock Gibraltar rising vaguely ahead in a shimmer of brown morning haze, were enough to make the thoughts of a healthy boy fly forward rather than astern.

On the ninety-seventh day the Merry Andrew tied up at the long stone quay in Palermo, on the island of Sicily. Then there were stirring times. Captain Cyrus Harlow brought papers out of his cabin and went ashore, flushed with the new dignity of international affairs, blowing his great nose like a herald's blast before him. Angelo and the other Italian became mad creatures, and jabbered with gestures as of life and death among the stevedores who bundled the shooks up from the dark hold. And Marden loafed on deck with the Yankees, happy to watch these swarthy peo-

ple work so fast in the heat that quivered on the quay, to admire the foreign city with its strangely fashioned houses all of stone, to follow with his eyes the long line of the quay and breakwater, the dark blue platoons of soldiers drilling in a distant field, and the Conca d' Oro sheltering all in a semicircle of mountains. All the unaccustomed sounds and colors and smells of this, his first city, went to Marden's head. He was glad just to be alive, to lean over the rail and watch the giddy ripples of sunlight that the waves set shivering along the foot of the pier, or to gaze northward to where Mt. Pellegrino overlooked the sea, or to whistle, or to shred a bit of oakum with his fingers, and all the while think of nothing. Such kinship had he with his brother Lee.

They stayed ten days at Palermo discharging. So Marden found time to wander through the streets, under the heavy balconies of the houses, past little half-hidden buildings older than the Saracens, and churches that reminded him of a picture in his Arabian Nights. At the Quattro Cantoni he lounged nearly a whole bright afternoon, looking down the long streets to the mountains and the sea. There were nights of shore leave, too, when the sailors trooped along the quay in the cool of the Sicilian evening, and bought fruit dirt-cheap, and for ten cents a long-necked bottle of Italian wine.

"Why the hell don't ye git some to take aboard fer goin' back?" they would ask Marden. And when he answered that he had n't the money to spare, "You 're too young to be so damn close," was their retort. For all that, it was a good-humored group of mariners that pushed along the streets, staring into the lighted windows, or at some pretty, dark, Sicilian woman in a doorway. Yet always after a while the group mysteriously separated. The men disappeared, Marden noticed, alone or in pairs down some obscure side street, laughing loudly. Then Bunty Gildart, the second mate and a philosophical married man, took the boy carefully in tow, and they went back aboard ship together early.

"Ye see, boy," Bunty would say apologetically, as they two came along the quay together, "ye see, they has to be quiet ones in a crew, jest like everywheres else in the world, as a man might say." And he would wag his colorless beard sadly, and halt, and look out over the harbor with something like a sigh. Then changing the subject with laborious tact, he would exclaim, in the surprised tone of a good child, "This town 's got a pop'lation of three hund'ed and ten thousand!" or, "The old man tells me it 's only a fortnight to Jerusalem and all them holy places. Think o' that, boy!"

The crew came back at different hours after midnight, in different stages of disorder. Marden felt toward them an odd mixture of repulsion and envy, and was ashamed of something that he could not quite name.

On the last night ashore, however, a strange thing happened. The crew had halted before the mouth of an alley-way, and were looking in to see whether the fierce eddy of Sicilian men and women there meant a riot or a family rejoicing. Marden, on the outskirts of their own group, felt a plucking at his elbow, and turned to look down into the ugly face of Jerry Fox, with his harelip and bulging, froglike eyes. The creature winked, beckoned, and then waddled off on his bowlegs round the nearest corner. Wondering at this sudden and secret friendliness, the boy followed.

"See 'ere, podner," grunted the harelip, slipping his arm through Marden's and dragging him along the street, "the homeliest man in the crew 's got ter have the handsomest man fer ter tow alongside of. That 's a square deal, ain't it? And say, mate, I ain't a-goin' back aboard no more o' the Andrew. The old man makes me tired. Sick of him. I 'm a-goin' to duck out to-night. Don't say nothin'. But you come along fust an' I 'll show you a good time."

Before Marden could free himself, the misshapen creature had pulled him along, halted squarely in front of two women in a lighted doorway, and began to address them in wonderfully bad Italian. At his words, and the sight of his froglike face, the older woman broke into clear laughter, that showed her white teeth and set her ear-rings swinging; but the younger, a mere girl, turned upon Marden a pair of dark, steady eyes, so large and starlike that the lad stood wondering, delighted, yet afraid. He would have given worlds to know what to say to the owner of such eyes. But just then the rest of the crew, swinging noisily round the corner, with loud cries and laughter surrounded the two truants and swept them along. The rest of the evening went quickly, for they would have to sail for Trapani in the early morning; and after visiting a maze of wineshops, they all trooped aboard, laden with bottles, jugs, and small kegs, like pirates from the sack of a town. All but Fox, for he kept his word and deserted, no one saw where; at which Captain Harlow swore next morning, loud and nasal, for several miles along the northern coast of Sicily.

From Trapani the Merry Andrew cleared with a cargo of salt for Boothbay, Maine. The voyage home was longer, and to Marden, whose thoughts were now homeward bound so fast, was tedious. Ten days out from Gibraltar they ran into a dead tropical calm, with the sun blazing down from overhead in intolerable heat, the deck like the top of a great stove, and the ocean dead and blank to the high, taut line of the horizon. All day long the tar dripped from the rigging like raindrops on the deck, and the crew lay about as dead men.

When this had lasted nearly a week, and it seemed possible that the water might run short, there came a memorable night when a little coolness stole from somewhere over the blank ocean, and Captain Harlow allowed the Italian wine to be served out in place of water. The amount was moderate, to be sure, yet that evening the Merry Andrew was another ship, officers and men. Forward, from sunset till long after dark, there rose the merry sound of harmonicas, rough songs, and shuffling heel and toe. Aft, the captain — sun-dried Yankee as he was — relaxed to the extent of two bottles with the first mate, by lantern-light and starlight. Marden, who stood useless at the wheel, was forced to listen to the talk, which ran seriously upon Jerry Fox and the causes of desertion in general.

"I 've seen men, Mr. Spinney," the captain said, with a vinous buoyancy in his voice, "I 've seen men go plumb to hellelujah over women that if they 'd 'a' brung me my food to the table, I could n't 'a' eat it." Then, to Marden's surprise, the captain addressed him, turning so that the lantern-light threw a sinister shadow of his great nose across half his face. "Sebright," he said, speaking with fine irrelevancy, "I sailed under your father on the Gilderoy, and a sour man he was; but his wife was an angel, as we all knowed, at sea or ashore." He gave no explanation of this, but rising to his great height, and weighing the empty bottle in his palm, added, "They 's only two kinds o' women, Mr. Spinney, — they 's angels, and they 's brimstone devils." And he flung the bottle overboard, where it sank in a bright splash of phosphorus.

"They 's dummies, sometimes," replied the first mate sagely. But the captain did not hear, for he was clumping down into his cabin, to be alone.

Marden stood and wondered. Up forward, the reedy mouth-organ wheezed, and the heavy soles smote the planking faster and harder. But the boy was looking overhead, past the dim blackness of the topmast, into the deep multitude of stars. He remembered having heard somewhere that Cyrus Harlow had married most unhappily. Then, all at once, while he was pitying the gaunt captain, he understood the mention of his mother,

so that he wondered still more, and suddenly saw as it were further into her life, in clearer light and truer proportion, — its relation to other persons, dead, or mere names to him, its complexities, and its sadness. The thought of her now alone so long came with a new poignancy, making him astonished to recall that he had been sometimes happy on this voyage, forgetful in the pleasure of new sights, new experiences, and life at young flood. The starry eyes of the Sicilian girl shone in his mind, and he was strangely and bitterly ashamed. "That 's like father or Lee," he thought. "I 'll be damned if I 'll take after them." On the heels of this a bit out of the Bible came to him. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing;" and he repeated it, looking up into the stars. "That 's their kind," he thought, "father and Lee, — seeing things for themselves everywhere, and not a thought or a worry." As for him, he would stay ashore at home after this, for good, and not care if he never saw a thing in all his days. And he would find something, make something, to work at for his living. He was eager to get home and begin. The situation there was bleak and desperate enough, to be sure; but as he thought it over and over, there seemed to be a chance of some kind, surely. The stars grew more friendly while he looked at them, pondering; the half-tipsy songs and shuffling became the music of the homeward bound; and when he turned in that night, he lay in his bunk cheerfully figuring out his wages over and over.

It was late in July before the Merry Andrew lay off his native town, and sent him ashore in a boat — to the wharf in the village, for there was not time to land him up on his own beach. The unpainted houses along the straggling main street seemed flat and small and widely spaced, the church steeple lower, after the cities he had seen. As they rowed in on the young flood, the distances between old landmarks seemed to have changed, and the landmarks themselves to be the same yet not the same as before. In the hot noon stillness the village wore a blighted and ghostlike appearance. But the land breeze brought across the harbor the sweet smell of the Canadian fields of clover, still uncut and still blooming. And the boy, with his pockets full of money, and his eyes straining for a glimpse of the gray house on the knoll beyond the town, was on fire to be at home again.

Heber Griswold, their nearest neighbor, met him at the head of the slip as he hurried up, dragging his canvas bag.

"Hello, Heber!" called Marden, breathless and happy, and would have shaken hands.

Heber acted queerly, however, part offish and defiant, part cringing. He was in his best clothes.

"I seen the Andrew a-lyin' off there," he said in the tone of a set apology, "and I know'd you was a-comin' home. Ye see — ye see, Mard" —

But Marden had caught sight of something in his hand, something that he knew, — the brass key that always stayed in the lock inside of the front door to the house.

"What are you doing with that?" he cried in the sharp voice of fear. "Is she away? Heber, is my — is she" —

The wharf tilted like a deck underfoot as he saw the man's face unmask and his eyes answer.

"Last April," faltered Heber, "last April it were — By God, Mard, I 'm sorry" —

But Marden had snatched the key and was running down the village street, the canvas bag bobbing over his shoulder.

III.

A DEBT TO MEMORY.

He ran on blindly, through the street, and out through the fields knee-deep in

timothy and clover. A few of the village people at their doors, looking curiously after the brown-faced young sailor with the wild gray eyes, knew him for Marden Sebright only when they saw him scramble up the distant knoll to the deserted house.

Brushing through the rank chickweed that choked the path, Marden, still in a frenzy of haste, reached the door and thrust the key somehow into the lock. Then, as for the first time in his life he tried to unlock the door from without, it came over him suddenly that there was no use in hurrying so. Sick with despair, he stopped, and looked round him in a hateful calmness. He saw the windows, with the white shades pulled down, looking at him like blank eyes; saw the caraway weeds, the yarrow, the everlasting, and the red flowers of the tall London Pride, growing high and wild along the front of the gray shingle; felt the heat of noon beat down on the millstone doorstep; heard in the stillness the wiry hum of innumerable flies; and all was flat, and dead, and meaningless.

At last he opened the door. With bared head, slowly and quietly, as if coming into some dread presence, he entered, closed the door gently, and stood looking about him. The kitchen, with the white-shaded windows dimming the sunlight, was cool and dusky. There was the familiar, indefinable smell of home, and his heart sank lower as he recognized it. A single fly buzzed on the pane. Even to the dusty branch of red mountain ash berries hanging under the Gilderoy, everything was in order, as he had known it; except that the door into his mother's room — the only other room on the ground floor of the little house — now stood open. With a new and deeper reverence he went slowly in, and paused. Here again all was in order, as in the time that seemed so many years ago; here again were silence and the yellow dimness of muffled sunshine. In all the room the only moving thing was the black shadow-pattern of the woodbine leaves, quivering at the top of the white curtain. He was still calm as he drew near the table by the other window, at the end of the room. On it lay, as if just put down, some unfinished work of his mother's, — some knitting or other, neatly smoothed out, with the ends of the needles thrust carefully through the black ball. The tears springing to his eyes, he looked again, and there beside it on the table lay a letter in his own handwriting — his letter from Palermo, with the money — unopened. It had come too late; she had never once heard from him. And turning suddenly, he ran and knelt by the bed, flung his arms upon it, and burying his face, burst into such a passion of weeping as comes only once in a man's life.

When he came out of the house again he was no longer a boy. There was a hard look on his face: the features, always thin and delicate, had taken on a determined sharpness; out of the swarthy brown of his tan, the gray eyes looked startlingly and piercingly bright. In the carriage of his sinewy body there was far more of the soldier than the sailor.

In front of the Griswold house, at the nearest end of the village street, he met Heber, — an encounter which, if he had only known, was not strange, for the good creature had been watching at a window all the afternoon. In reply to his question, Heber took him along the road that led up the hill and into the little burying-ground, a rough clearing among the funereal pointed firs.

"Over there," said Heber, who had barely concealed a sombre pleasure in his office. He pointed to a corner where the sunlight still lay. "The rector had the stone put up," he added, as he turned away and left Marden alone once more.

Two stones of plain slate stood there under a stringy hackmatack. One he knew already; it bore the name "John Sebright," and the dates. On the other,

made like the first but unspotted by the gray moss, was the name "Margaret Lee Sebright."

He stood there for a long time. It was evening before he returned to the house, and the last of the sunset shone pale over the jagged silhouette of fir-tops on the point, behind which the river flowed down unseen to the bay. He sat on the doorstep, thinking, far into the night. Outwardly he was master of himself, but in his heart the dreadful desperate calm was swept away from time to time by a flood of strange emotions: void, helpless wonder at what he should do with the fragments of a life so shattered; black hatred of his father and his brother, who had made such things possible, and of himself, who seemed equally to blame; aching jealousy that his brother should have borne his mother's name of Lee. These thoughts he tried again and again to crush out as undutiful, — to drown even in bitter imaginings of the last days of his mother's life. But they appeared again and again, each time more powerful. Still more powerful, mingling with and mastering all his other emotions, was a new-born hatred of the sea, of all ships and sailors; a hatred as vast as the ocean itself, that lay beyond the village and the islands, under the evening star.

Somewhere round midnight, before he went to bed in one of the two rooms in the loft, he entered his mother's room, looked slowly about to see that everything was as it had been, then withdrew, and locking the door, hid the key behind the old spyglass on the kitchen shelf. Hereafter that room was to be a holy place.

The next morning his life began, alone; and alone it continued for five years, in house and village. He had already determined to stay ashore and at home for the rest of his life. It was a vow. He did not think it an act of expiation, though he came to look upon his voyage, necessary as it had been, in the light of a fault beyond atonement. To stay now seemed merely the one course possible. He felt vaguely, without quite putting it into words, that he had this thing to be devoted to, as a door-keeper to the temple. And so he remained, alone. The villagers were kind, and would have been companionable. But theirs was a world apart from his; and although Marden was good to them in return, and indeed became known for innumerable little kindnesses, it was chiefly for a reason that they never dreamed of — that in the same spirit he would have died for the sake of the meanest person in the village, so lightly did he value his time or his life. Like Hercules in the Alcestis, — a Hercules in shabby clothes, — he held his life out on his hand for any man to take. And they, seeing him grow into a young man of few or almost no words, a young man strong, clean, and straight in his ragged jacket, with a thin, sad face and the eyes of a prophet, — they pitied him as a "queer feller," and left him more and more alone.

In the same years the village began to prosper. As in many other little decayed seaports, men and women from the cities began to come there in the summer, and finding the village "quaint" and the air pleasant, came again and brought others. Thus there was money to be had for fish, and lamb, and green peas, for the simple work of sailing a boat that you had been brought up in, or if you were a boy, of following a golf-ball over the pasture lots and learning a new game. At about the same time a shrewd Yankee came and saw the abundance of clams in the long stretches of beach at low tide, and began shipping them away by barrelfuls to Boston and New York. Since this gave work to some eight or ten men in the town, there was no ill-feeling beyond perhaps a little envy at his cleverness. Between these two new industries, the village began to enjoy a queer kind of

mouldering prosperity, so that people had no longer, in the words of Heber Griswold, to live through the winter on a greased rag.

One of the earliest neighbors to go to work for the Yankee was Marden. He could not deal with the summer people, who, besides being whole civilizations distant from him, came to represent in his mind the pitiable, empty possessors and disbursers of money that once would have meant so much to him. Under the Yankee, however, it was different. It was plain business, with few words; one was not expected to be a "character" into the bargain; and although Marden often raged to think that he had been too dull to find this means of livelihood when it was needed, he took a degree of comfort in working hard and steadily, out of doors, at a work that kept him along the beach, often within sight of his house. In the first season he became far and away the best among the clam-diggers. On almost any day, when the ebb-tide had bared the dreary waste of greenish brown seaweed and dun flats, he might be seen, an active form stooping along the edge of the bright water, always alone. With fork and basket he worked over the wide sands from one to another of the beds, where the flats were riddled as with buckshot holes, from which little jets of clear water now and then spurted up, bright in the sun. He took solace, not in the money he was laying up, but in the steady work with his hands that kept his lonely mind from running too much in strange channels. Always he hated, with a growing hate, the sea that he worked beside.

So things went on in these five years. Often he longed for some companion to step from the warm lighted circle of human beings that he seemed to stand outside of, in the dark; yet as often as the chance came to talk, he found to his sorrow that he had no words, or few, or empty, and retreated as a ghost from among his kindly fellow beings. In this world there had been only his mother; in the next — But that was a further darkness in which he found only sickening doubts. And meantime, as a young man often will, he could feel himself growing old.

One hot, bright noon, while he was retreating up the beach with his muddy basketful of clams, before the rising tide that slowly drove him shoreward, his eye caught the flutter of something pink at the edge of the land near the house. Looking closer, he saw — with a touch of surprise, for the place was almost never frequented — that it was a woman who stood there at the foot of the bank. She was looking out toward him, but as he straightened up, she stooped and began plucking busily among the beach-grass. Without much further thought, he fell to digging once more; yet as often as he looked up, there she was still, and when finally the tide made him give over the day's work and turn homeward, he found her standing in the nook formed by the two projecting banks between which the path from the house came scrambling down to the beach.

Into this nook the sun beat fiercely. The woman had turned her back, and, with one foot on a rock, was tying her shoe. Her pink calico dress, bright against the tawny gravel and parched grass of the bank, clung about her in the wind as close as if it had been wet. She had firm shoulders, — rather broad for a woman of middle stature, — a wide, comely space between the shoulder-blades, a trim waist, and the ankle of a racer. Marden noted all this calmly (as he would have studied the build of a ship), and contrasted her with the summer women from the city.

"They trail their feet," he thought ungallantly, "like the cows coming down the lane."

He was about to carry his fork and basket past her up the bank, when she turned.

"Hello," she said cheerily, flashing a

pair of bold eyes on him. "You scairt me. I did n't hear you comin'."

"That 's a lie," thought Marden, but he stopped and said quietly, "I 'm sorry."

"Oh," she cried, "you don't need be so sorry as all that!" And at the sight of his solemn face she burst into loud but not unpleasant laughter.

Marden, completely at a loss, was silent; and while he groped for words, the woman watched him with the eyes of raillery. Her whole body, slight almost to thinness, trembled with active merriment. Her cheeks were flushed, and her black eyes of a strange watery lustre and fire. They were not at all those of the Sicilian girl at Palermo, yet somehow he vaguely identified them, and suffered the same dumb confusion before their light. At last, to his great relief, the woman spoke.

"You 're Marden Sebright, ain't you? I 've seen you on the w'arf, — and heard a lot about you besides," she added, with a slyness that seemed unnecessary.

"I hope," said Marden, "I hope" — but as he did not know exactly what, he stopped. He felt strangely drawn toward this woman, whoever she might be. He had gone about so much alone, so ghostlike; and she was so very much alive and full of high spirits.

"Oh, it was all nice," she cut in, "awful nice things, all of it, what I heard."

"I 'm glad of that," replied Marden, and balked, and felt himself a fool.

"I been waitin' a long time here to have a talk with you," she said plaintively. "You 're different from these people. They don't understand. And I hurt my finger foolin' with a rock while I was waitin'. See." — And she suddenly thrust out her hand for him to take. He put down his basket and fork, very clumsily indeed, and took it as one might handle a knife-blade. It was pale brown, and very small beside his own. Along one finger-nail was the faintest sign of a bruise. Her bracelet shone bright in the sun, — a silver chain, and a round silver bangle perforated with star-shaped holes.

"I 'm sorry," he said, and then added with blunt honesty, "but it ain't as bad as it might be. A stone-bruise *can* be pretty bad sometimes. You see, if it gets" —

But there was that in the mocking lustre of her eyes which cut him short in his pedagogy. Still holding her hand, he felt a great weakness come over him, a weakness overwhelmingly strong. Her face, the triangular face of a kitten, with her eyes of liquid fire, was turned up toward him earnestly in the fierce noon sunlight, and was no longer flushed, but pale. He felt that he ought to tell her something — something that she understood already and expected. But there was a long silence.

"You must be awful lonesome," she said slowly, "livin' there all alone sence — for so long."

A light broke in upon Marden somehow, like the sun burning through a fog. In a flash his mind sped over the consequences. By his simple logic, if he should love this woman, he would marry her, and she would come to live — His whole nature suffered a revulsion, an upheaval. He put the hand slowly and coldly away from him. And she, who was looking only for such treatment as she had learned to expect from other men, found his gray eyes suddenly quiet, distant, full of undecipherable thoughts; and she half wondered at and half despised him.

"I am," he replied at last. Then picking up his things from among the gravel, "Good-by," he said, and clambered up the path without looking back.

All that afternoon he walked furiously up-river through a quiet hill and valley region that, but for the gulls flecking it, might have been the Scottish highlands. All that evening he paced before the silent house, in the darkness. Sometimes he could have laughed aloud at the figure he had cut; sometimes he

felt the deepest degradation. He was vexed, feverish, thrown out of his reckoning. "It happens to every one," he kept telling himself; but that was just the trouble, — why should a thing so common, so laughably simple, so short in point of time, take on this enormous proportion in his life? And why did he seem now so much weaker and coarser? Not till late that night did he find himself calm again and fit to go indoors.

At last, addressing the stars, he said, "Captain Harlow was right about them."

And he opened the door and went in.

Henry Milner Rideout.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIFFERENTISM.

Readers of books have sometimes debated the question, "What was the greatest book produced during the eighteenth century?" Was it Goethe's Faust, or Jonathan Edwards on the Freedom of the Will? Was it Gibbon's Decline and Fall, or that romance of Fielding's which Gibbon declared would "outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria"?

It is hard to answer such a question, and very likely it is foolish to try. An easier task is to name the wittiest book of that century. One may do so without much fear of contradiction. The wittiest eighteenth-century book, surely, — although Wordsworth does call it, and in The Excursion at that, a

"dull product of a scoffer's pen," —

is Voltaire's Candide, or Optimism. Written in 1759 to satirize the doctrine that ours is the best of all possible worlds, Candide presents, in the form of a swiftly moving story, Voltaire's impression of the world as it really is. He exiles his young hero Candide — "a person of the most unaffected simplicity" — from his native castle in Westphalia, separates him from his beloved mistress Cunegunde, and sends him over Europe and America to seek for her and incidentally to observe our mortal situation. Candide is accompanied by an old philosopher named Martin, who has long served as a bookseller's hack and has lost all illusions. As they pass from one European capital to another, Candide still maintains in spite of every disappointment and misfortune that "there is nevertheless some good in the world."

"Maybe so," says Martin, "but it has escaped my knowledge."

Reasoning thus, they arrive at last at Venice, where they hear much talk about a certain noble Venetian, Signor Pococurante, whose name signifies "The-Man-who-cares-little," and who is said to be a perfectly happy man.

"I should be glad to meet so extraordinary a being," says Martin, and accordingly our travelers pay a visit to the noble Pococurante. They find him dwelling in a palace on the Brenta. Its gardens are elegantly laid out and adorned with statues. The master of the palace is a man of sixty, rich, cultivated, bored. He shows the travelers his collection of paintings, among them some by Raphael. "I have what is called a fine collection," he admits, "but I take no manner of delight in them." He orders a concert for his guests, but confesses that he himself finds the music tiresome. After dinner they repair to the library, where Candide, observing a richly bound Homer, commends the noble Venetian's taste.

"Homer is no favorite of mine," answers Pococurante coolly; "I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him. . . . I have asked some learned men whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet. Those who spoke ingenuously assured me that he had made them fall asleep, and yet that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries."

The conversation shifts to Virgil, Horace, Cicero; to the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, to the drama, to English politics, and finally to Milton; but Signor Pococurante finds in all these subjects little or nothing to praise. Candide the optimist is grieved. He has been taught to respect Homer and is fond of Milton.

"Alas," he whispers to Martin, "I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt."

"There would be no such great harm in that," replies Martin.

"Oh, what a surprising man!" exclaims Candide to himself. "What a prodigious genius is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After finishing their survey of the library, they go down into the garden. Candide politely says something in praise of its beauty.

"It is laid out in bad taste," replies Pococurante; "it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan."

At last the two travelers take leave of their host. "Well," says Candide to Martin, "I hope you will own that this man *is* the happiest of all mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

"But do you not see," answers Martin, "that he likewise dislikes everything he possesses? It was an observation of Plato long since that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of food."

"True," says Candide, "but still there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising everything, and in perceiving faults where others think they see beauties."

"*That is,*" retorts Martin, who generally has the last word, "*there is a pleasure in having no pleasure.*"

Few pages of imaginative literature are more admirably written than these whose bare outlines I have been copying. No group of inquirers concerning the intellectual habits and the moral hopes of mankind is more skillfully composed than that formed by the three men who saunter through the library and garden of this palace upon the Brenta: Candide the puzzled young optimist, old Martin the pessimist, grimly delighted, and Pococurante the indifferentist, with his perfect courtesy, his refreshing frankness, his infinite capacity for being bored. In this last personage, particularly, there is something which touches the fancy, provokes curiosity, and possibly, in spite of all disapprobation of the noble Venetian's faults, invites to a closer acquaintance. One may venture therefore to consider the type of mind which the Venetian senator represents, and to discuss, in their bearing upon the life of the modern man, some of the old and new forms of indifferentism.

For Signor Pococurante is by no means a mere clever invention of Voltaire's. We have met the gentleman before. The type is older than the eighteenth century; older than the Horatian doctrine of *nil admirari;* older even than the Hebrew king who, like the Venetian senator, had his men-singers and women-singers, his banquets and palaces and pleasure-gardens, and grew tired of them all. The weariness of the mind in full possession of its treasures, as that of the body surfeited with its pleasures, is a familiar fact in human history. Pococurantism — the caring little for things that are worth caring much for — lurks deep in human nature. But there are certain conditions that bring the seed of it to full

flowering. Every cultivated circle of men and women, every highly organized society, has its Pococurantes; nay, there is some drop of their blood in all of us who have had free access to the fine excitements of the senses, to the wide interests of the mind. Once liberate a man through education and opportunity, once make him a free citizen of the great world of thought, introduce him to affairs, to art and literature, and you give the indifferentism latent in him a chance to develop itself. Is there an educated person who has not noticed among his friends — and, if he be gifted with any power of self-analysis, in himself — this tendency to regard with dissatisfaction, with finical criticism, with satiety, objects which are not only worthy but which once filled him with admiring joy?

Salient examples of this familiar phenomenon are always to be found in communities where the academic type of character is strongly marked. In every university town you will hear much talk of the local Signor Pococurante, some scholar of fastidious temper, of taste scrupulously refined, against whose severe standards of criticism, whether in architecture, poetry, or politics, the heathen rage. How useful such personages often are! Their smiling indifference to the popular verdict strengthens the wavering independence of weaker men. The very irritation produced by their criticism is often proof that the faults they perceive are real faults, and should be remedied. How characteristic of such men is the following passage from the Memoirs of Mark Pattison: —

"It is impossible for me to see anything done without an immediate suggestion of how it might be better done. I cannot travel by railway without working out in my mind a better time-table than that in use. On the other hand, this restlessness of the critical faculty has done me good service when turned upon myself. I have never enjoyed any self-satisfaction in anything I have ever done, for I have inevitably made a mental comparison with how it might have been better done. The motto of one of my diaries, 'Quicquid hic operis fiat pœnitet,' may be said to be the motto of my life."

Undoubtedly, this restlessness of the critical faculty contributes to human progress. And how upright may be the character of the super-subtle critic, how singularly attractive his personal charm!

Yet after all, in spite of Candide's ingenuous opinion, the fact that "nothing pleases" a man does not prove him a "prodigious genius." That he is "above everything he possesses" does not demonstrate any native power, any insight of imaginative sympathy. Nor do academic communities present more pathetic figures than the pococurantists who are without fame, influence, or many friends; whose refinement of feeling has degenerated into querulousness, and whose exalted standards of action are chiefly displayed in their inability to cooperate, to any useful purpose, with our American world as it actually is.

No one has yet written, I believe, the History of Academic Sterility. Whoever may do so will consult Gray and Gibbon as to the moral stagnation of the English universities in the eighteenth century, and Mark Pattison as to their intellectual apathy in the middle of the nineteenth. "The men of middle age," says Pattison in speaking of Oxford, "seem, after they reach thirty-five or forty, to be struck with an intellectual palsy, and betake themselves, no longer to port, but to the frippery work of attending boards and negotiating some phantom of legislation, with all the importance of a cabinet council — *belli simulacra cientes*. Then they give each other dinners, where they assemble again with the comfortable assurance that they have earned their evening relaxation by the fatigues of the morning's committee."

But we need not look abroad for such examples of pedantry, of the false air

of accomplishment, of arrested development. Fortunate is the American institution that has none of this sterile stock; these men who have been surrounded by books, museums, galleries, only to discover at last that they have no pleasure in them. To describe adequately such types of barrenness one must employ those terrible metaphors used long ago to portray secret causes of spiritual failure. A. wins at last his professorship; his desire has been granted, but leanness has been sent into his soul. B. possesses all the apparatus of scholarship, but by middle life there is no more oil in his lamp. The lamp goes out, while the man lives on. Yet in the same county, perhaps, there will be men of straitened means, with few modern facilities for research, slender libraries, little converse with fellow scholars, who are nevertheless steadily, quietly, building up a national, an international reputation; while the pococurantist, with everything he needs at his elbow, fairly choked with the riches and pleasures of the scholarly life, not only brings no fruit to perfection, but even fails to produce any fruit at all.

One may be pardoned for thus alluding to the academic type of indifferentism, since its features are so familiar. But there are many varieties of indifferentists, up and down the world, and all of them are worth studying. What sort of man was that Gallio, whose unconcern for sectarian controversy has proverbialized him as the man who "cared for none of these things"? I imagine that Gallio was a companionable soul, full of savor, but who knows? And who can tell us authoritatively about the real Horace, that ripe specimen of the genial pococurantist, whose bland worldliness, dislike of being bored, and frank indifference to the ambitions and passions of the hour, make him such a charming figure? Old Omar Khayyám is a more subtle pococurantist, of the pessimistic species; and Edward FitzGerald, Omar's sponsor, was on many sides of his complex personality as perfect a Signor Pococurante as was ever bred by university training and subsequent insulation from the world. Is there not some humanist who will analyze the secret springs of indifferentism in men like these? Is it a defect of the will, or a surplusage of philosophy? Is it a strange torpor of the mind, or is it rather the result of a too keen intelligence? Or is it merely "temperament"? Professor Flint, who has recently dissected Agnosticism [1] with the practiced skill of a Scotch logician, might be asked to make a diagnosis of Pococurantism as well. His book would be interesting reading, but I imagine that Gallio and FitzGerald would put it aside with a quizzical smile.

It is not too fanciful to say that there are indifferentists produced by ignorance, as well as by a surfeit of knowledge. Whole classes and races are apparently doomed to a happy-go-lucky, semi-tropical indolence of body and spirit, — amusing enough to the traveler, but yet dull and blind. It may stretch our Italian word too far, to make it cover these coarser forms of indifference to excellence, — forms that spring from sheer unconsciousness rather than from satiety with the objects of intellectual curiosity. Likewise it may be taking too much liberty with the word to apply it to that unconcern for the ordinary tastes and pleasures of mankind which results from absorption in some supreme issue. How many a mediæval saint demonstrated his sainthood by caring for none of these things that move us to such transports, such pursuits, such struggles! "Did you enjoy the lake?" runs the famous story about St. Bernard, who had been journeying all day beside the waters of Geneva. "Lake?" replied the saint in mild surprise, "what lake?" There may be a strain of ethical nobility, no doubt, in this for-

[1] *Agnosticism.* By Robert Flint. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

getfulness of sensuous beauty. But the type of soul represented by the dreaming saint has always been rare, and seems to be growing rarer. Few high-minded men and women are now content to press into the solitary ways of lonely spiritual rapture; the path of progress leads them no longer to cells in the high Alps. The men and women most keenly alive to spiritual issues are insisting upon the social duties, the validity of social instincts, the claims of the innumerable close-woven bonds of human relationship. The true saints, whether of the mediæval or modern type, are never, strictly speaking, Pococurantes. They care infinitely, whether for one or many things, but it is true that their sense of values has been so reversed, as compared with that of ordinary men, that, like the risen Lazarus in Browning's poem, the things which seem trivial to us are all important to them, while their great concerns are our trivialities. Yet in this very detachment from the average standard of judgment, in their sense of superiority to their surroundings and possessions, they illustrate, singularly enough, a suggestive phase of indifferentism.

It is evident that I have just been choosing extreme examples. But somewhere between the peasant, who is indifferent to ideas because his eyes are darkened, and the saint, whose inner light makes the world of ideas a mere flickering unreality, stand men like Horace and Horace Walpole, Montaigne and Goethe, Franklin and Jefferson, the speculative, amused, undeluded children of this world. Such men do not lack interest in human affairs, but they weigh all things coolly, and register the gravity or the levity of our mortal predicament with the same smile. Even if no pococurantists themselves, they are the begetters of Pococurantism in others. For behind such representative figures, sharing their recurrent skepticism, but wanting their robust curiosity, their unimpaired sanity, are grouped the great majority of privileged, educated men. Few of them escape some touch, sooner or later, of the temper of indifferentism. With one it is a mere sophomoric affectation, — a pretense of unconcern, — while with another it deepens into lifelong habit. But to all of us at times the mood of "caring little" comes. Subtle are the disguises, puzzling are the contradictory manifestations of the loss of interest in the normally interesting. The child pokes into the inside of its doll, and straightway possesses one delightful mystery the less; the worldling finds his game not worth the candle; the statesman sees his great plans crumbling like a house of cards, and often realizes that at heart he cares for them as little. And all this disillusionment may come, as it did to our Venetian senator, without making the man discourteous or unkind. Indeed it sometimes seems to deepen the pococurantist's humaner qualities, as if disillusionment were the sign of initiation into a world-wide fraternity, the seal of our mortal experience.

Here is a well-known passage from the autobiography of one of the most gentle, honest, and unquestionably great men of our own day. It is the passage where Charles Darwin confesses his loss of interest in certain things which had once moved him deeply. The words are frequently commented upon as illustrating the atrophy of unused faculties. That is indeed their obvious purport, but as you read them, note how perfectly they echo, more than a century afterward, the very tones of Signor Pococurante's confession in his library: —

"I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly

pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. . . .

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The famous naturalist's experience has been that of countless men whose devotion to their own chosen field has left them more and more oblivious of general human or æsthetic interests. There are plenty of Latinists who read Virgil not for the poetry but for material for a theory of the subjunctive, and they gradually forget that there is any poetry there. It would be easy to multiply examples of this narrowing influence of over-specialization. And it is instructive to note that in every field except the one selected for his concentrated activity, the specialist often offers a curious parallel to his arch-enemy the amateur.[1] Sooner or later, both tend to become pococurantists as regards the majority of subjects of human intercourse. "I went into that a good deal at one time," says Mr. Brooke in Middlemarch. It is the typical remark of the typical amateur. "Poetry and pictures formerly gave me great pleasure," says Darwin. "I was once persuaded that I enjoyed Homer and Raphael," says our Venetian senator. The three confessions are identical; the amateur and the specialist have now arrived at the same point as the born pococurantist.

There are other examples of intellectual and moral indifferentism no less striking although widely different in their source. A jaded American millionaire, trying to get pleasure out of a too long deferred holiday in Europe, is one of the most depressing of pococurantist spectacles. For twenty or thirty years he has been amassing a fortune, with the pluck and energy which we all admire. And here he is set down in Paris or Dresden or Florence, ignorant of the language, the history, the architecture, the ideas of the country. He is a good fellow, but he is homesick, listless, indifferent: he speeds his automobile along some famous Roman road without once kindling at the thought of Cæsar or Napoleon; the Mediterranean means to him Monte Carlo; and nothing in his trip gives him so much real satisfaction as to buttonhole a fellow American and talk to him about the superiority of New York hotels. He is taking his holiday too late. He has no longer any oil in his lamp. Curiosity, imagination, sympathy, zest, have been burned out of him in that fierce competitive struggle where his life forces have been spent.

[1] See The Amateur Spirit in the Atlantic for August, 1901.

He is the victim of a system, — of the quantitative rather than the qualitative test of excellence. None of our contemporary hallucinations leads more certainly to ultimate weariness and indifferentism than this too exclusive glorification of "men who do things." We worship size, efficiency, tangible results. With the late W. E. Henley in his automobile poem we cry: —

"Speed —
Speed, and a world of new havings,
. . . . . .
Learning and Drink
And Money and Song,
Ships, Folios and Horses,
The craft of the Healer,
The worship of God
And things done to the instant
Delight of the Devil
And all, all that tends
To his swift-to-come, swift-to-go
Glory, are tested,
Gutted, exhausted,
Chucked down the draught;
And the quest, the pursuit,
The attack, and the conquest
Of the Unknown goes on —
Goes on in the Joy of the Lord."

It is a fascinating, record-breaking schedule for the road-race for Success, but a man may without cowardice confess that he is afraid of it. One sees too many broken-down machines in the roadside ditch. Study the faces of the Men Who Do Things, of the Men of To-Morrow, as you find them presented in the illustrated periodicals. They are strong, straightforward faces, the sign of a powerful, high-geared bodily mechanism. These men are the winners in the game which our generation has set itself to play. But many of the faces are singularly hard, insensitive, untouched by meditation. If we have purchased speed and power at the cost of nobler qualities, if the men who do things are bred at the expense of the men who think and feel, surely the present American model needs modification.

For there has been a good deal of human history made upon this planet before the invention of the automobile, and one of the most obvious lessons of that history is the moral indifference which is apt to follow upon great material success. We perceive that something is wrong even with the courteous superiority of Signor Pococurante. We feel that it is a flaw in an otherwise kindly and attractive character. But what shall we say of the moral insensibility, the sheer recklessness of human life, the selfish indifference to the welfare of weaker individuals, of weaker races, in which the present decade abounds? It is a new form of Pococurantism, and one far more dangerous than any dilettante type, because it attacks stronger men.

"Speed, and a world of new havings,"

no matter who or what may lie in the path! That is its watchword. It has taken new accents in our own days, but it is after all the old hoarse shout of Philistinism, trusting in its sword and spear and shield.

Nor are its less militant aspects any less fundamentally barbaric. "How pleasant," says one of the citizens in the Easter Sunday scene in Faust, "to sit here and empty your glass and think of the people fighting far away!"

"On Sundays, holidays, there 's naught I take
delight in
Like gossiping of war and war's array,
Where down in Turkey, far away,
The foreign people are a-fighting."

But beneath even this softer and more smug Philistinism, — wrapped comfortably in material progress, full of good nature, of benevolent sentiment, of jocosity, — what indifference there may be toward the good old cause of world-wide liberty and fraternity, what essential hardness of heart!

It is a long journey from Venice in the eighteenth century to America in the twentieth. Yet the decaying commercial republic of Italy, drawing to itself even in its decline the treasures of the East and West, offering to the stranger,

with a sort of splendid affluence, both its best and its worst, presents more than one likeness to the vast, prosperous America of to-day. Among our countrymen who have enjoyed full opportunities for culture, there are few who have not at times shared the listlessness, the apathy of that Venetian nobleman who was cloyed with his own treasures. How can it be otherwise? How can the man or woman of normal power constantly respond to the multiform stimulus of these swift days of ours? Who can adequately react even to the news contained in the morning paper? Here is the life of the whole world brought daily to the door. But who is ready to weigh it, sift it, assimilate it? No wonder that men and women of fine fibre are conscious too often of that lassitude which comes from wandering through the rooms of a great museum, a weariness like that which oppresses the conscientious sight-seer at a World's Fair.

We cannot rest, meditate, dream, without missing our train, breaking our engagement. We hurry on, through this crowded, absorbing, splendidly rich and varied life of contemporary America, a race of a few athletes and millions of nervous dyspeptics. We are a restless people, hypnotized with transient enthusiasms. To-day we plan a marble archway for a naval hero, build it to-morrow in plaster, and the day after tear it down. We idolize the phrases of the Declaration of Independence for two or three generations, and then suddenly make the discovery that they are mere generalities, good enough for the library, but inapplicable to practical affairs. All the wealth of our physical resources, all the marvels of our tangible success, are not enough, it appears, to save us from the Old World vice of indifferentism, from the swift relapse into disillusionment.

Let us come back to Voltaire's parable. He was a master of dialectic weapons, and in this novel about the quest of happiness he scores his point with impeccable precision. Signor Pococurante is not happy. Candide is searching for a perfectly happy person, and he does not find one, even in that admirably furnished palace upon the Brenta. A man's life, in other words, consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Yet the road to happiness is not through caring little, — as the Stoics will still have it, — but through caring much, and continuing to care much. It is the ardent, luminous mind, not the smothered, hypercritical mind, which has the truer perception of values. The disillusionized man is not necessarily the wise man. Hamlet was wiser, more truly philosophical in the university at Wittenberg, where he was doubtless taught "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!" than he was later, when, in the stress of unequal conflict with the world, he added the sad personal footnote, "And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"

In actual human intercourse, furthermore, your disillusionized man or woman is, to put it plainly, apt to prove himself a bore. It is amusing enough for a while to hear some melancholy Jaques wittily rail and sneer, but it soon grows tiresome. The most agreeable companion in the game of life is what golfers call the "cheerful duffer," who plays shockingly, it is true, but who is always hoping and struggling to beat bogey on the next hole. It is in the mood of the awkward idealist, and not of the graceful pococurantist, that most of the good work of the world is done.

There is plentiful absurdity, no doubt, in the popular interpretation of what has been so widely heralded as the doctrine of "strenuousness." As a counter-gospel to that of mere fault-finding inertia or obstructionism, strenuousness is well enough. But superficially understood, it may mean nothing more than the cult of activity for its own sake; "hustling," as we love to say, for the mere end of being a "hustler." No

nation ever needed such a doctrine less than we. We have already too much headlong hurry that does not count: like the nervous pulling on and off of sweaters by the substitutes on the side-lines of a football-field, it shows feverish activity and energy, but it does not advance the ball. The real purport of the strenuous doctrine is rather this: that life is infinitely significant; that it should not be frittered away, either in finical criticism or in foolish, irrelevant activities. It is meant to be used, — intelligently, fully, generously. Those are fine lines of Henry van Dyke: —

> "Life is an arrow — therefore you must know
> What mark to aim at, how to use the bow —
> Then draw it to the head, and let it go!"

It is the good fortune of some men and women to feel instinctively this potential value of human life. Others learn it tardily, after the oil in the lamp is low. But nothing is more inspiriting than to see human beings make the great acceptance, and devote themselves to some generous service. The bow is meant to shoot with, and not to hang on the wall. It improves with age, and so should men and women. "We grow simpler," wrote Thackeray, "as we grow older."

For, after all, these contemporary forms of indifferentism are not final. We shall doubtless specialize more, rather than less, and yet the narrowing tendencies of absorption in one's own specialty may be resisted. The lassitude that marks the reaction from great and long-continued effort is perhaps inevitable; but in those hours one may refresh himself from the deep fountains that spring up within the soul. One's individual success or happiness may tempt him to regard the less fortunate with an indifferent eye, but in a democracy like ours Dives and Lazarus may always be trusted to shift places, if you will but give them time.

To avoid that cold, paralyzing touch of indifferentism, one can at least endeavor to live simply. There is even now apparent, in the press, in many strange pulpits, and in the private talk of men in every section of the country, a wholesome tendency to praise this "simple life." It is perhaps a by-product of prosperity, for the doctrine it praises is more easily followed by the rich than by the poor. A fine simplicity of mind often accompanies great wealth, while poverty is as often the cause of perpetual duplicity and fear. But fortunately for our generation, both rich and poor have been rediscovering Nature. We have found sources of joy in familiar surroundings and in common things. It is one step toward rediscovering ourselves. "Simplification," as Mr. John Morley has so often pointed out, was the motto of that Revolution which followed so swiftly upon the mood of Voltairean doubt; and now that a whole cycle of experience has been accomplished, simplification should be the watchword once more. "Plain living and high thinking" is a hackneyed phrase, and represents for many of us but a forced virtue; but plain living and high thinking are at least not the soil in which Pococurantism flourishes. A quiet mind that recalls the enduring lessons of history, a meditative mind that perceives the secret of vitality in true books and true men, a sane mind that sees life wholesomely and humanly, — this is what one must cultivate if he would share the inexhaustible freshness, the unceasing energy, which make the daily gladness of the world.

And the last words of Signor Pococurante himself are not to be forgotten. They relate, it may be remembered, to his garden. He is indeed dissatisfied with it, as with everything else, and yet he adds, in words that almost redeem his character and testify to his essentially human quality: "I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan." How persistent, how indestructible is idealism, even in the breast of a professed indifferentist! This idealism is an integral part of our inherit-

ance. Though baffled at every point, it underlies and corrects our transient fits of despondent criticism. Indifferentism should be studied, controlled, counteracted; but in most of us, after all, it is a mood only. It is a shadow on the landscape. Yet far below it in our nature there is the undefeated desire, the imperishable aspiration, that to-morrow may find us dwelling in another garden, built upon a nobler plan. That is our human heritage of toil and hope, and it is a man's part to reënter it daily with courage and good cheer.

B. P.

A MAKER OF MIRRORS.

I.

Abel Starbuck! She could scarcely believe her eyes. . . . Abel Starbuck, — whose discoveries in chemistry had partially revolutionized that science, — whose brilliant studies in metaphysics had introduced a new element into the philosophy of life, — Abel Starbuck turned furniture-maker. . . . The thing was ludicrous, — inconceivable!

She knew that Abel Starbuck was generally accounted the first scientist of the age, though certain of his colleagues deplored a touch of eccentricity in his genius, alien, as they held, to the true scientific spirit. His versatility was also reckoned against him. By reason of his insatiable curiosity, and the catholicity of his interests, he was constantly before the public eye. His experiments ranged over every department of life, including philanthropy. Had he painted the picture of the year, or started a new religion, Joanna Cochrane would have found no great matter for surprise. But to take up with artistic furniture! . . . It was connected in her mind with so many sordid experiences, — ignorance on the part of the public, — meanness on the part of the dealers. She had for many years been making furniture designs for London manufacturers, and had specialized in inlaying metal and enamel work: but the joy of her unusual skill in these crafts was not sufficient compensation for the poverty, the hardships, the gnawing uncertainties that were her lot. It was incomprehensible to her how any one should descend from the sublime realms of abstract thought to this world she knew, — a world that had beauty in it no doubt, but a beauty overshadowed, and often hidden, by the ugliness of its associations. Yet there, before her, was the printed announcement of Starbuck's declension: a leaderette commented lightly upon it, suggesting equally incongruous employments for other eminent men of the day; and, most convincing of all, she came, in the advertising column, upon an advertisement inserted by Professor Starbuck himself, for an assistant who understood working in metals and enamels.

Why not? The blood rushed to her face with the suddenness of the thought. She read the advertisement through again more carefully. "Apply personally, after twelve noon at the factory, Bankside, Lambeth, London."

Such a chance had never come her way before. And she might, too, see Abel Starbuck! The romance of the thought for a moment overrode all more practical considerations. Yet these, when they came to be weighed, were sufficiently alluring. If the wildly improbable should happen, — if she should succeed in obtaining the post, — it would mean working under the direction of a man of ideas, — a man of understanding and of generosity, — it would mean

regular employment, adequate remuneration, relief from the pressing anxieties that every morning she had to face.

She looked critically at the rainbow work that lay before her; she knew it to be good of its kind, — possibly unique. She put together one or two designs of perfect workmanship, to serve as specimens, looked up a few drawings that had been rejected on the score of originality: then she crossed over to her dressing-table, for the attic served as workroom and bedroom in one. Now she looked at herself critically in the looking-glass; and the old depression grew upon her that she, who had such exquisite taste in the manipulation of stone and pearl, should be so absolutely lacking in the power of managing aright her own personal setting. She could frame a gem so as to enhance its every shade of color, its every subtlety of contour; but her own hair she could not dress becomingly, nor choose wisely the hats and gowns that would emphasize the graces of her face and figure, and minimize the defects. It distressed her, — not that she was faded or worn, but that she appeared to suggest the fact. The old diffidence — the old mistrust of herself which had lost her every opportunity so far — came upon her with renewed force. She felt she would be nervous to foolishness at the interview, — she would say the wrong things, and undo her chances. It was morbid, egotistical, despicable, but she had never been able thoroughly to conquer her temperamental self-consciousness.

And now the temptation was strong upon her to shirk a trial in which she might be foredoomed to failure. She always shrank physically from facing a crisis, and felt an irresistible inclination to run away from opportunities. But to let slip so splendid a chance as this would be little short of a crime; and she turned from the looking-glass trembling, — determined. If only she had not looked in the glass at all; had been able to forget this dull thing dressed in unattractive garments, and had remembered instead the intimate, invisible self that sometimes almost seemed one with the loveliness it dreamed of. But that self must remain hidden for all time in its fading sheath.

So she set out, and soon after twelve she reached the factory at Lambeth.

The factory was an old building, in appearance, recently adapted to its present purpose. It stood on the water's edge, not far above Westminster Bridge. Joanna was ushered into a bare room, round which, on forms, sat a number of men and women, — applicants evidently for the same post as herself. It was a motley assemblage. Almost every class seemed to be represented, from the skilled artisan, to the fashionable dilettante; and all were under the influence of a like uncomfortable tension, inevitable where the competition was so immediate and so obvious.

Joanna lost count of time; the room gradually cleared: some one came and took her specimens away, and then she was summoned into the presence of Abel Starbuck himself.

Tall, with a slight stoop; grave, slow in movement, as though his thoughts were too big to translate themselves into action; with eyes deep-set, heavy-lidded, and of an extraordinary vitality, — such was Abel Starbuck at a first glance. He was much younger than Joanna expected, and might well have passed for thirty-five.

"Will you sit down," he said pointing to a chair.

The room was peculiar in shape. It reminded Joanna of the circular rooms in lighthouses, for it was built right over the river, and one half was occupied by a bay window opening up a great tract of water. The walls were color-washed, gray, — and a rosy atmosphere stole in off the water, tempering the austerity with a faint flush.

"Your work is very beautiful," Starbuck said, "and the designs submitted have the boldness, the simplicity, and

the promise of originality that I am looking for."

"I am glad they please you," murmured Joanna. His directness, his impersonal manner set her partially at her ease, but she was still oppressed by the keen, overwhelming consciousness of his greatness.

"Perhaps I might try to give you some idea of my requirements," Starbuck went on. "Now what article of furniture strikes you as primarily in need of revision?"

Joanna pondered a moment. "We have practically perfect designs for tables, for chairs, for bedsteads" — she began.

"Have you ever given thought to looking-glasses? These are of fairly modern invention. There is no good old tradition here to keep us right in the matter of their construction or framing, and yet perhaps no other piece of furniture has so large a share of our attention, — or looms with such importance in our lives."

Joanna gazed at him with amazement. The matter seemed to her too trifling to merit the emphasis he gave it. It was clear that the man himself had not a particle of vanity in his composition, — his clothes were serviceable, even to carelessness, and he spoke with the aloofness of a mathematician discussing a problem.

"I have sometimes thought that we set too much store by looking-glasses," Joanna replied.

"That is possible," said Starbuck; "still looking-glasses are an established accessory, which we are bound to accept. Now, in primitive times, what would you suppose to have been the natural mirror?"

"A lake or a pool," said Joanna.

"Exactly: still water. Now consider for a moment how these ancient looking-glasses were framed. Some perhaps were set in a delicate rim of reeds, whose slender lines were scarcely blurred in their reflection; some, perhaps, had an edge of sea-worn rocks, softened by a filmy haze of sea-weed; some would be circled by the broad leaves of lilies, and some shine smooth out of a dusky border of shadows."

"It is a pity those mirrors of Nature were ever superseded," Joanna put in.

"First we replace water by glass, — a wretched substitute, — but that I suppose is inevitable; and next we set our glass in hideous, narrow squares of wood, or in the doors of wardrobes, surrounded with a trivial apparatus of drawers and shelves: by every means in our power we strive to kill the old open-air tradition. Now my idea is to bring mirrors back into their proper relationship with the woodland and seashore pools."

"By framing them in carvings of water lily leaves, or drapery of seaweed?"

"To some extent; but Art is convention, and our looking-glasses are no longer horizontal, which alters the conditions. I want to give, not a slavish copy of any particular natural object, but the spirit of all natural objects, expressed symbolically."

"Water always flows and shapes in curves," replied Joanna thoughtfully; "there should be no angles — no straight lines in your mirrors."

"You have caught the very idea," exclaimed Starbuck eagerly; "now we will discuss the material for the framework. Certain woods might serve occasionally, carved or stained, but I should prefer silver, copper, bronze, — and for cheaper mirrors gun-metal and pewter. I shall try to achieve an effect of ripples at the edges, and you must suggest in your frames the dim green of fields, and the faint shimmer of sands."

"The idea is alive with inspiration," cried Joanna. "I can feel fiery dawns in the copper, and soft twilights in the silver and mother-of-pearl."

"I see I am more than fortunate in your coöperation. The glass-making, the quicksilver, the whole process of

manufacture is under my personal direction; I believe I can give a new sense of depth to the mirror" (he scanned her curiously for a moment as he said these words), "and in time I may be able to graduate its color, and produce tree-reflections and water-lights at the edge. That is why I have built this room over the river, — that I may master the secret of each shifting gleam, — and learn the mystery of each luminous ripple. I want you to undertake the department of the frames. Use what material you will, so that you keep within the general limitations I have roughly laid down. You will no doubt shortly require a number of skilled assistants; but in the first instance I should like you to think out some designs, and submit the drawings to me."

"And is the inculcation of beauty your sole aim?" asked Joanna.

For the first time in their long interview Professor Starbuck became aware that he was dealing with an individual, instead of with a mere satisfactory item in his scheme.

"You are interested in motives?" he inquired.

"I am interested in Professor Starbuck's motives," she replied.

"Well, I may tell you that beauty is not my only object; nor is it my only object to bring the influence of Nature intimately into people's lives; though both these things seem to me good. But come into my workshop, and I will show you the experimental mirror I have made; perhaps I had better have it sent up to your house that you may make yourself thoroughly familiar with its rather unusual coloring. Like water, it looks grayer on a dark day than ordinary glass."

He led the way into a side room fitted up as a laboratory. On an easel stood a mirror, wreathed round with newly cut branches of the beech. The leaves, exquisite with spring, were quite fresh; they seemed to waver over a still deep pool.

"I am no artist, — I have had to use natural objects themselves in my experiments," said Starbuck apologetically, "but you can feel at once how much can be made out of the beech idea: the beech stems suggested, perhaps, in dull silver, and the beech floor — of faded leaves — in copper. I don't quite know how you will get the sun effect that lives in this delicious green."

"I could almost believe it a pool of water; it is astounding," murmured Joanna.

"I am pleased myself," Starbuck acknowledged. "I have been rambling about for a long time, studying all manner of pools, in all manner of places; but Nature is infinitely various, and I have only conquered one fleeting mood."

"You make new worlds open before me," said Joanna; "it is a joy to be associated in this scheme, and I hope my inspiration may stand by me, and all the material things I work in be kind."

They discussed a few practical details, and then parted.

II.

The light of pearly morning came through the curtain-drawn window, and sank deep into the circular mirror that Starbuck had sent up, just a year ago, to serve Joanna as a test for the color and material of her frames.

Obeying a sentimental impulse, — which she did not stop to analyze, — Joanna had wreathed the mirror with branches of the beech tree in honor of the anniversary. From behind the fresh, green leaves came gleams of silver and of copper, the metals she had used in carrying out her symbolization of the spirit of the beech.

She lay watching the light waver and brighten over the surface of the mirror. The peace of lonely waters had entered into her soul. All the year she had been brooding over the loveliness of re-

mote lakes and shadowy pools, and when she closed her eyes, vast tracts of water gleamed upon her consciousness, or shimmered vaguely through images of waving flags and grasses.

The beech-mirror was not only dear to her because it was the medium through which her dreams became actualities; it was infinitely more precious because it had been Starbuck's first experiment, because, in some mysterious way, it existed by reason of his brain and blood, — and because, with the exception of her own, no other face than his had ever been reflected from its depths.

Sometimes, in fanciful moods, she had peered into the glass, wondering if the mercury might not hold some lingering shadow of Starbuck, who had bent for so many months over its manipulation, before it gave him back the echo he asked; and once, very late at night, she had fancied that Starbuck's face appeared behind the reflection of her own. She knew that the illusion was one of thought-projection, but it startled her that the thought of him should so easily take visible shape. Was it indeed the peace of lonely waters that had made the last year so lovely and wonderful, or some dim, unacknowledged consciousness, that sent a glamour over the things of this world?

She sprang up, and went over to the mirror. Framed in the beech leaves, her face looked out at her, soft, round, faintly luminous, set in a cloud of hair tossed after the night. How young she had grown during the past year! Yes, even pretty; and what a difference this knowledge had made to her, — what happiness it had brought, — what self-confidence. She now trod the world joyfully and boldly, freed from the burden of diffidence that had made her self-conscious.

She began to dress, questioning herself. Was she indeed the same girl who had looked in the looking-glass a year ago with a misery so acute that she still remembered the pang of it? Or — she had never dared investigate the question before — could those newspapers be right which insinuated that Starbuck's phenomenal success as a maker of mirrors was due to the fact that his mirrors flattered? Of course she had always admitted to herself that a face set in an exquisite framework would show at its very best: Starbuck had once pointed out how different a bird looks, seen in a forest glade, or in a cage, — and she had always supposed the innuendoes of the press inspired by commercial jealousy. But The Eaglet of the night before had suggested a very simple test in the matter, and the remembrance of it frightened her.

"It has been maintained," so the paragraph ran, "that the mirrors of Professor Starbuck lend to the reflection no more than an artistic setting: this, of course, were a perfectly legitimate device. But any one can easily prove that in these mirrors the glass itself has been manipulated with a view to flattery. Place one of Professor Starbuck's beside another of ordinary manufacture, cover up the frames of each, and carefully compare the images reflected. The face will show in Professor Starbuck's glass, more delicate in outline and coloring, — most of the lines will have vanished, and all the harshnesses be softened. To put it baldly, these mirrors are held in esteem because they are based on a lie; and Professor Starbuck's enormous fortune has been accumulated by the most direct and flagrant falsehood."

After all she had better know the worst before it was too late! She fetched from the bottom of a cupboard the cheap old looking-glass, of former days, in its square wooden frame.

The newspaper was absolutely justified: the glass showed her a face thinner, more lined and more worn, than that which smiled from her beloved mirror wreathed with beech leaves.

It had always seemed to Joanna that the first duty in life was to accept facts as they are. She was impatient of those

who colored them and shaped them to suit their own convenience or pleasure. "Paint me with my wrinkles" had been to some extent her motto in everything; and to disguise ugliness, or the signs of age, seemed to her a cowardice, since it involved a direct violation of the truth.

And yet during the past year she had — unconsciously — given her assistance toward the propagation of a flattery of the coarsest type! She had based her whole personal life on a delusion! So now she stood shivering, stripped bare of all the false loveliness that had set a mirage about her days.

And Starbuck, — her Starbuck, — was he a charlatan? The thing seemed impossible. He had been to her the one absolutely single-minded man she had ever met. Yet though in their close association of interests they had become warm comrades, she had never been able to fathom his motives, nor to discover what had led him to abandon abstract science for the trade of mirror-making. Their long conversations had circled round details of the immediate work, and she had failed to win a glimpse into his more intimate thoughts.

Of course there was nothing else for it but to abandon the position. Starbuck had cut out the rest of the trade, not because his goods were of better or more artistic workmanship, but that he had had recourse to a trick, — a trick, evil in its results, since it must inevitably increase in sum total the foolish vanity of the world. It was terrible to her to reflect that a genius so towering and unique should be applied to devices so trivial and unworthy. Her conscience would not allow her to remain any longer a party to the fraud; she would give notice that very day.

The bare room where Joanna had waited on her first introduction was now turned into a show-room. It was lighted from the roof, and every inch of wall was hung with mirrors. There stood the two great mirrors that had just been completed.

The stalactite mirror shone like a black pool from its frame of marble and ivory, — the marble was rounded as if by the constant action of water, and great needles of ivory stalactites tapered to meet the ivory stalagmites at the base.

The Wastwater mirror symbolized the screes, in flint; and pebbles seemed to run a little way under the glass; the magnificent color of mountain image, shown on the lake in late autumn, was represented by masses of copper and lapis-lazuli. Only a small part of the mirror gave back reflections. Then there was the long frieze, — a new experiment in decoration; the glass was ridged to show as ripples, and the movements of people passing wavered vaguely and delightfully over it, as they do in running water, or in faded tapestry. Oh, why had not Starbuck been satisfied with the loveliness of these creations? Why had he allowed the serpent, the flatterer to creep into them?

She knocked at the door of the river room, and went in. Starbuck's greeting was more friendly than ever.

"I want to speak to you, Professor Starbuck," she said. "I — I am afraid I cannot stay with you any longer."

"Miss Cochrane!" Starbuck looked blank with dismay.

"I am very sorry. I have been supremely happy in the work."

She had hardly realized the fatality to him of her defection. Starbuck's gravity struck her to the heart. Perhaps she had been precipitate, — perhaps there would be some explanation, — her very resolution began to falter.

"But what is your reason? Surely there must be some remedy? There is nothing — absolutely nothing — I would not do" —

"You have been too good already; but there are no doubt other excellent workers who would not feel about some things as I do."

"Miss Cochrane, — it is not only your work, — though your work is a

veritable dream made to live, — a rainbow-given permanence. Have you not known, — have you not felt, — what happiness, — what an inspiration your companionship has been? If you leave me, the whole industry will collapse, it is true; but also my life will be emptied of its sweetness. I would have said this better, — I would have asked you more worthily to be my wife, — only you surprised me into this sudden, into this blunt confession. Forgive me. Do what you think best, — do what is for your own happiness, only I had begun to hope, — I had begun to believe" —

Joanna grew quite pale. "You have never known me as I really am," she said in a low voice; "you have seen a fancy projection of myself, built on the false assumptions of your mirror."

"But this is a riddle. I do not understand."

"In the beech looking-glass you gave me a year ago, I appeared to myself young, — almost pretty. And I acted, I felt, as if I were young and pretty. I may even have made you think so too, for we are often accepted at our own valuation. But the looking-glass spoke falsely, — it flattered, — it lied" —

"Is this the whole difficulty?" said Starbuck. "Is this why you want to leave me? Tell me more particularly."

"Can't you understand how hard you have made it for me to speak to you of things like this?"

"You have no doubt been reading the newspapers, too. They are just now particularly full of my misdoings."

"How can you speak so lightly?"

"We try to be armed in steel against misconception. But I ought to have foreseen that you might be puzzled, annoyed" —

"You can explain?"

"I think so, — I hope so. And first of all, do you think 'flattery' quite a fair term to apply to my mirrors? Would you apply it to the mirrors of Nature, — the lakes and the pools? They blur slightly, — they change subtly, but they express all the more forcibly the essential truth."

Joanna hesitated. "Flattery" was obviously not the proper word to describe the effect produced by reflections in water. "Water softens roughnesses, — it lends a glamour of color, — it almost idealizes" — she began.

"Do my mirrors do more? Like Nature, they merely idealize" —

"But why should we see ourselves idealized?"

"Because we become what we believe ourselves to be. I may confess to you now that there is a philosophical idea underlying this making of mirrors. You must have known that I would never have abandoned my work in abstract science without some very serious intention. All the poetry of the framework, all the exquisite manipulation of material, were but ministers to my design. I have been working many years to perfect a discovery, which I believe will have an important influence on the destinies of man. I succeeded only very partially in embodying this discovery in the first mirror I made, which is now in your possession. My principle is, that the heroic in man will always respond to the right appeal; I took a practical way of making such an appeal by partially eliminating the trivial blemishes which deflect clear vision. You yourself have told me that my mirror has been an influence in your life."

"It spoke falsely" —

"It spoke truly. It glozed over what was transitory and unimportant, in order that it might reveal what was vital and abiding. So you became free from the minor trammels, — your real self asserted itself. I could not help watching, — rejoicing" —

To some extent Joanna felt this to be an accurate statement of fact. She knew that she had largely grown to the conception of herself that had been suggested by the mirror.

"How did you achieve your result?" she asked.

"First, by studying the processes of reflection in nature, and applying my materials accordingly. It was in experimentalizing along these lines that I made my discovery."

"For the weak, — for the timid, — your mirrors might prove an inspiration, I allow," said Joanna, "but what of those who are over-vain already?"

"I admit the danger; I foresaw it; I can counteract it. Up to the present I have employed little more than a certain scientific ingenuity in this manufacture; but I have at last learned how to apply to mirror-making the great chemical discovery I have spoken of. We are only slowly and gradually finding out the marvelous — I had almost said the psychic — properties of matter. By a combination of minerals I have managed to produce a substance capable of reflecting what is invisible to the human eye, — of reflecting, that is to say, our subtler, our less grossly material parts."

"Can you possibly mean our thought-selves, our souls?"

"The realm of the material is at present very ill-defined, and its borders are constantly shifting. I cannot venture to pronounce scientifically on terms the definition of which is so vague. I can only say that this new substance is able to reflect the light of our inner, our higher selves."

"But this is past belief, — past hope."

"Think what it means. The eye will learn to apprehend spiritual beauty, and physical beauty will fade before it. You were the first to look into my other mirror; be the first to look with me into this one."

They went into the laboratory. A great irregular sheet of metal, unframed, hung against the wall. Their faces shone from it, changed, transfigured, and they knew that doubt could never come between them again, for they had seen into each other's souls.

Ethel Wheeler.

TRANSFIGURATION.

The night wind whispers softly. Through the pines
Tumultuous murmur rises, swells, and dies.
The tender moonlight on the woodland lies
And the wide forest in the moon-mist shines
With glistening silver. The familiar lines
Of hill and valley melt and fade — to rise
All glorified and strange. Before my eyes
A magic power all grosser things refines.
Breathless I gaze, remote as in a trance.
I am no longer mortal when I see,
Now in the moment of supreme delight,
The tortuous labyrinth of old circumstance
Vanish to nothingness and leave me free
Under the boundless splendor of the night.

Alice Choate Perkins.

THE "LITERARY CENTRE."

QUOTATION marks are safe inclosures for words in danger of losing their place. The words at the head of this paper have been dragged relentlessly from one American city to another, and have before them a prospect of endless migration. Their meaning, too, is subject to indefinite change. The centre may be that of the writing, the printing, or the reading of books. A courageous confidence is needed to say that this, that, or the other place is or will be the "literary centre of America." It is the fortune of the present writer to be dealing with what has been, and the assertion that Boston was the literary centre — without quotation marks — during the period in which American literature acquired a shelf of its own in the library of the race is hardly open to dispute. The production of books possessing something like permanence is perhaps the most characteristic mark of a *centre* to which the term *literary*, in its true meaning of "related to literature," may be applied. Name the American writers whose work has stood the test of half a century, and with a few notable exceptions they belong to Boston and its neighborhood. All this is thrice familiar. The record of it, in outline or in detail, is a story which has been told by many tongues and many pens. If we look rather at the significance of the story, and try to give it its place in the longer story of Boston, the more immediate purpose will be served.

Amongst the many fields of activity into which Boston has made an early or the earliest entry, the field of creative writing — not for instruction or argument — can hardly be counted. It is to other places that we must look for the first important contributions to what is called American literature. Yet in Philadelphia and New York the first comers, Charles Brockden Brown, Irving, and Cooper, each enjoyed some of the distinction of the solitary. Brown has become a mere name in literary history; the others live. But when they made their appearance, it was rather as detached luminaries than as planets or fixed stars belonging to a system. The life of the communities in which they lived had not reached the organic state demanding expression in literature, and finding it at the hands of a body, however small, which could be called a literary class. In Boston, at this early period, the condition was much the same, with the two differences that the individual writers of distinction were yet to appear, and that influences were at work, perhaps more powerfully than anywhere else in America, toward making a definite expression through literature at some later time almost a necessity. These influences called into being the Anthology Club, the Athenæum, and the North American Review. The unremitting influence of Harvard College, sending its sons year by year into the pulpits, counting-houses, and professional offices of Boston, had also to be reckoned with. For the devotion of any considerable number of these or other men to the pursuit of literature, the time was not yet ripe. Questions of politics laid claim to much of the best thought of the best thinkers. As before the Revolution, so in the active days of the Federalist party, the newspaper press abounded in contributions, frequently over classic pseudonyms, from the ablest men in the community. Thus the place which the Federalist, farther South, won for itself in the early literature of the country was not wholly without its counterpart in the current productions of Boston writers. It was a Boston editor, by the way, who is said to have coined the phrase, "The era of good feeling," adopted with unanimity by his-

torians of the United States. The influences of journalistic writing, however, being those which Boston shared with her sister towns, are not of present concern.

Mr. Howells has spoken of the "Augustan Age" of literature in Boston as "the Unitarian harvest-time of the old Puritanic seed-time." It is a good definition; but in the seed-time should surely be included the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when Unitarianism was making its way. One who reads not only a separate paper on the "Unitarian controversy," but also the writings of the leaders in the new movement, cannot fail to be impressed with the mere literary skill of these writers. Besides having ideas which they wished to urge, they knew how to urge them. Their grace and cogency of style implied both an effective training in the use of the writer's tools and the existence of an audience capable of appreciating such use. Butterflies are not deliberately brought to a wheel for breaking. The very nature of a controversy which meant so much to so large a portion of the community bespoke the presence of a class to which the things of the mind and the spirit were of high importance — from which the evolution of a smaller "literary class" was easily possible.

Of the rise of the Transcendental Movement the Unitarian body as such would have held itself innocent. A shrewd observer of the intellectual life of Boston, the Rev. Dr. O. B. Frothingham, once wrote of his native town, "It was always remarkable for explosions of mind." By the conservative element Transcendentalism was frankly regarded as one of these explosions. Of its practical value, as a moral agency, Father Taylor, the Methodist missionary to sailors, probably spoke for many of his contemporaries when he said of a Transcendental discourse he had just heard: "It would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk." In looking back upon Transcendentalism, however, and upon the influences surrounding its birth, the spirit which animated the Unitarian Movement, if not Unitarianism itself, stands forth conspicuous. As the later religious thought of Theodore Parker carried to its conclusion one tendency of Unitarian thinking, so the philosophic thought of Transcendentalism seized upon and carried out another. The dropping of many was the best preparation for that omitting of all traditions from the mind, which Emerson considered the essence of the new philosophy.

To the local causes must be added those French and German influences which led to the suggestive saying that Transcendentalism was "imported in foreign packages." The very origin of its name, as used in Boston, seems to be unknown. For its meaning George Ripley, about to superintend the experiment of Brook Farm, spoke clearly in the sermon which ended his Boston ministry: "There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truths which transcends the sphere of the human senses. Their leading idea is the supremacy of mind over matter. Hence they maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition nor on historical facts, but has an unerring witness in the soul." A less restrained utterance of the same philosophy is made by Alcott in one of his "Orphic Sayings," in the first number of the Transcendental Dial: "Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries, obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head." In words no less characteristic of Emerson than the fragment just quoted is of Alcott, the magazine is introduced to the world: "Let it be such a Dial, not as the dead face of a clock, hardly even such as the Gnomon in a garden, but rather such

a Dial as is the Garden itself, in whose leaves and flowers and fruit the suddenly awakened sleeper is instantly apprised not what part of dead time, but what state of life and growth is now arrived and arriving."

These passages, taken together, will suffice to suggest the aims of Transcendentalism. It is not needed here to trace the rise and fall of Brook Farm (1841–47), that "beautiful failure" in the application of Transcendental philosophy to the problems of living; or of the Dial (1840–44), the chief organic expression of the movement. All that has been abundantly done elsewhere. What is more useful at this point, in regarding Transcendentalism as an influence, is to bear in mind the marked youthfulness of many of its followers. Before the Dial appeared, Emerson commended it to Carlyle for what it would show him about "our young people." Again he tells Carlyle that it is "a fact for literary history that all the bright boys and girls in New England, quite ignorant of each other, take the world so" — that is, as the Transcendentalists take it. When the Dial ceased to mark the time, and Brook Farm was approaching dissolution, the Harbinger — of which the first number was published in June of 1845 — joined the voices of Transcendentalism in a farewell chorus. Of the chief contributors to this number, George Ripley, the dean in years and service, was forty-three years old. Horace Greeley and Cranch were respectively thirty-four and thirty-two. Parke Godwin was twenty-nine; Lowell, Story, and Charles A. Dana were each twenty-six; T. W. Higginson was twenty-two, and George William Curtis twenty-one. Because the entire movement of Transcendentalism was so largely a movement of youth, it mattered less that, as an outward expression of thought and feeling, it came to a definite end. Its influence was stamped indelibly on many minds, which in their growth would naturally outgrow "idealism as it appeared in 1842," — to use Emerson's definition of the philosophy, — but must carry its effects through life, and spread its influence in many broadening circles. Those who acknowledge the greatest debt to it recognize its influence not only in literature, but in art, religion, politics, equalization of the sexes, and in every forward movement of the second half of the nineteenth century. In spite of its follies and extravagances, few will now deny its general service as a stimulus to clear thinking and pure living, and therein as an educational force felt directly and indirectly throughout the community in which it throve.

Of all the representatives of Transcendentalism, Emerson was naturally felt to be the most important, and of course has exerted the most enduring personal influence. What saved him from complete identification with the movement was his pervading sanity and humor. Loyal friend of his Orphic neighbor as he was, he could yet record with a certain relish the remark of one puzzled auditor of a "conversation" by Alcott: "It seemed to him like going to heaven in a swing." It was he also who made what is probably the most familiar definition of Brook Farm, — "a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." To Ripley, when Brook Farm was only a plan, he could write, "If not the sunrise, it will be the morning star." But when Ripley sought definitely to secure his participation in the venture, his sound common sense prompted the answer: "My feeling is that the community is not good for me, that it has little to offer me which with resolution I cannot procure for myself. . . . It seems to me a circuitous and operose way of relieving myself to put upon your community the emancipation which I ought to take on myself. I must assume my own vows." The same spirit of practical conservatism made him a late comer amongst the active opponents of slavery. It also marked his point of con-

tact with the element of intellectual and social life in Boston, from which the chief recruits to the ranks of literature were drawn.

It may fairly be questioned whether the poets, historians, and other writers of any place beside Boston, through a whole period of marked productiveness, have represented so clearly as the writers of Boston, for the second third of the nineteenth century, whatever was best in the inheritances and current life of the place. Grub Street and Bohemia, often merging into the territory of newspapers and publishing offices, have elsewhere been a fruitful source of authorship. It is an alien criticism of Boston that there "Respectability stalks unchecked." The justice of the charge is certainly supported by a mere list of the writers who brought distinction to their town, — a list in which Bohemia might expect to be represented if at all. The fact is that this undefined country, to which all true inheritors of the tavern spirit of Ben Jonson and his fellows have owed allegiance, has never had any important place within the boundaries of New England. The background of the Boston writers was eminently that of the circle described in the privately printed volume From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis: "In the first place, then, Boston society was exclusive, as by a law of nature; it was the simple coming together of certain families, the younger men and women to dance and talk, the elder to talk or dine. It was like a large family party; and there were many who could announce the precise degree of relationship between any two people in any assembly." This was the Boston of the generation born near the beginning of the nineteenth century, — a generation which Mr. Julian Sturgis, writing the words just quoted, considered "exceptionally fortunate in the time of their birth." Of a slightly earlier time he writes: "Young Copley (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst), revisiting his native town in 1796, wrote home to his sister: 'Shall I whisper a word in your ear? The better people are all aristocrats. My father is too rank a Jacobin to live among them.' Indeed, it must be confessed that the idea of equality in social matters had not even occurred to any one; and that even in the political world it was held a matter of course that an Adams or an Otis should exercise an influence other and far greater than that of one mere voter." Into a society maintaining these views and standards for the better part of a century the chief writers of Boston were born. It is worth while then to look at some of them in their relation to the life of which as men they formed a part.

The name of George Ticknor is not one of the first which come to mind in thinking of the Boston writers. Yet the very length of his life (1791–1871), and its constant identification with learning and with people, renders him a typical figure. It is not chiefly as the predecessor of Longfellow in the Smith Professorship at Harvard, or as the accomplished historian of Spanish literature, that this figure presents itself. We think of him rather as the master of the hospitable mansion at the head of Park Street, now given over to a score of trades and arts. Here, overlooking the Common, was his study, rich in the Spanish and Portuguese treasures now preserved in the Boston Public Library, toward the firm establishment of which he became one of the most zealous workers. To the Museum of Fine Arts descended, from the walls of this scholar's library, the portrait of Scott, for which, at Ticknor's request after a visit to Abbotsford, Sir Walter sat to Leslie. The picture is a tangible expression of that familiarity with the most interesting persons and places of Europe which was characteristic of Ticknor and his immediate circle. His Life abounds in the records of friendships with traveling and home-keeping foreigners of the first distinction.

On reading the biography of Ticknor Edwin P. Whipple complained that the names of such men as Emerson, Whittier, Theodore Parker, and Sumner are noticeably absent from the pages of the book. "It was not to be supposed," said Whipple, "that Mr. Ticknor could, as a man of eminent respectability, have any sympathy with their audacities of thought and conduct." Even Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell do not, in the critic's view, receive their just share of attention in comparison with "some titled European mediocrities." Another passage from Whipple's paper on Ticknor is suggestive: "His position [after his return from Europe in 1838] was so assured that one of his friends, Nathan Hale, pleasantly suggested that the name of Boston be changed into Ticknorville. In New York and other cities the good society of Boston was for a long time regarded as the select circle of cultivated gentlemen and ladies in which Ticknor moved, and to which he almost gave the law." It is in this blending of the man of the world, a positive social force, and the man of letters, not a mere dilettante but an industrious scholar, that Ticknor takes his place as a representative figure in the life of Boston.

To the hand of Ticknor naturally fell the biography of his friend and neighbor, William Hickling Prescott. This is a book reflecting the same life of "eminent respectability." On the westward slope of Beacon Street, also overlooking the Common, the house of Prescott, a structure of marked dignity and beauty, stands to typify, as architecture may, the quality of past generations of builders and occupants. From Prescott's Life one bears away the impression of something more than agreeable surroundings and distinguished achievement. President Walker of Harvard, a classmate of Prescott, wrote of him: "I have never known one so little changed by the conventionalities of society and the hard trial of success and prosperity." This is indeed a trial of character. In meeting it, and at the same time overcoming the handicap of practical blindness, Prescott put his inheritances of courage to a victorious test. So it is that his Life makes its strongest impression as a record of heroic struggle, a document in evidence of the sterner qualities which are sometimes transmitted with other gifts of fortune by the fathers of New England to their sons.

If these qualities were characteristic of the class to which the Boston writers belonged, so also were the inherent qualities of the gentleman. Of the generous sacrifices of scholarship Prescott both received and gave. When Irving found that the younger writer was at work on the theme which he himself had made extensive preparations to treat — the Conquest of Mexico — he withdrew, and, besides leaving the field to Prescott, did everything possible to forward his labors in it. The example set by Irving was not wasted upon one with instincts like his own. After the failure of Motley's venture in fiction, he came to Prescott for advice about the work he was planning to do in the history of the Dutch Republic. Prescott's studies in Spanish history had prepared him for the same task which, unknown to Motley, he was about to undertake. Instead of going on with it, he placed his precious library at Motley's disposal, and but for the dissuading voice of Ticknor would have done the superfluous kindness of offering Motley the manuscript collections of which he afterwards made use in his own Philip the Second. Hawthorne's making over of the Acadian theme to Longfellow is another of the instances of generosity which are useful reminders of what it was — and is — to be both a gentleman and an author.

Of Motley, another favored son of the place, with brilliant personal gifts rarely qualifying him for the high diplomatic posts he was called to fill; of Parkman, his junior, whose disabilities of eyesight at once restricted his intercourse

with the world, and demanded of his own life a strain of heroism as genuine as any his pen recorded of others; of nearly all the company of Boston writers a detailed account would present an inevitable monotony of background. In the matter of early influences, Longfellow stood somewhat apart from the rest, for Portland and Bowdoin College took the more familiar places of Boston and Harvard. But then came the period of study and travel in Europe, for which Bancroft and Everett had set an example increasingly followed, — and after that Longfellow, though living in Cambridge, became, especially when his second marriage allied him closely to Boston society, an habitual figure therein. His journals tell the story of this constant intercourse with the best representatives of fashionable life in the little Boston world, at dinners, at Nahant, to which his witty brother-in-law, T. G. Appleton, gave the enduring name of "cold roast Boston," even at the dancing assemblies in the hall of the Papantis, deserted only in recent years by the arbiters of local fashion. In his own historic house at Cambridge he enjoyed to the full the pleasures of hospitality, and the frequent entries of the names of guests, native and foreign, present a panorama of very uncommon variety and interest. The benignant light which Longfellow's personality threw upon all his surroundings is reflected in nearly everything that has been written about him. The personality and the work he did are so in harmony that Mr. W. J. Stillman's definition of his nature as "the most exquisitely refined and gentle" he ever knew brings to mind the double picture of the man and his writings, — characteristic, the one and the other, of "the 'world' of there and then."

Of all the group of Boston writers Oliver Wendell Holmes stands obviously possessed of the strongest local flavor. The manifestations of it in his prose and verse are too many and too familiar to require any fresh recital. The reader who needs reminding may well turn, for a single significant instance, to the character of "Little Boston" in The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. His thoughts and words could have been put on paper only by one who was saturated with the local spirit and traditions. It is good to hear the crooked little man glorying in his birthplace — "full of crooked little streets; but I tell you Boston has opened, and kept open, more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men, — I don't care how broad their streets are, nor how high their steeples!" The sense of humor which gave this character of "Little Boston" its full measure of eccentricity was the sense which generally saved Dr. Holmes in his proper person from letting himself confuse the local and the universal. "We have been in danger," he wrote in 1876, "of thinking our local scale was the absolute one of excellence — forgetting that 212 Fahrenheit is but 100 centigrade." Of course he did not always escape this danger himself. His biographer, Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., is of the opinion that if Dr. Holmes had traveled more, the famous Saturday Club, which embodied the best masculine society of the place, "would have assumed proportions more accurately adapted to the universe in general." But all such contentions are capable of argument. Dr. Holmes himself maintained that "identification with a locality is a surer passport to immortality than cosmopolitanism is." His own case seems indeed to justify this belief. In the very point at which the spirit of his writing reflected with special clearness the spirit of his community, he at once incurred the strongest displeasure of some of his contemporaries, and produced his most important results in American thought. "The Professor," putting into popular form much of the local spirit of liberal theology, must be counted amongst the

emancipating agencies of the nineteenth century. The depolarization of words has become both a phrase and a fact by reason of this book. Its successive installments, as they appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, brought down upon the magazine and upon its chief contributor charges of extreme and dangerous radicalism. "If one could believe many of the newspapers," Mr. Scudder has said, "Dr. Holmes was a sort of reincarnation of Voltaire, who stood for the most audacious enemy of Christianity in modern times." Yet Dr. Holmes, the church-going descendant of the "meeting-going animals" who, according to John Adams, had populated New England, was rather a believer in existing institutions than a "come-outer." The local honors of class and Phi Beta Kappa poet, Harvard professor, physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, meant much to him. It even gratified a whimsical local pride to reflect, after the great fire of 1872, that in the "Great Fire" of 1760 his great-grandfather had lost forty buildings. There is significance, too, in noticing how much more perfect a sympathy he brought to his biography of Motley than to that of Emerson. For all his appreciation of Emerson's unique greatness, the well-ordered scholarship and career of the historian must have typified more clearly to him what one of his own Brahmins should be and do. The enlightened conservative in him spoke nowhere more characteristically than when he wrote: "I go politically for equality, — I said, — and socially for *the* quality:" a sentiment to which many of his fellows would have subscribed.

To his place among the New England classics Lowell came by somewhat different paths from those of Longfellow and Holmes. Besides being a man of letters and a man of the same world to which his distinguished contemporaries belonged, he had formed early and dubious alliances with the anti-slavery agitators. His own magazine, the Pioneer, opening with his plea for a natural rather than a national literature, was a closed book after three numbers. For many years thereafter his editorial labors identified him closely, through the Pennsylvania Freeman and the Anti-Slavery Standard, with the opponents of existing conditions. The scholar who is not primarily a poet may usually be found in the ranks of the cautious and contented. The poet, the idealist in Lowell's nature made him inevitably also something of a reformer. It was not till Longfellow tired of academic duties in 1854 that Lowell assumed any such definite connection with the established order of things as a Harvard professorship implied. His completed fame derives so much from his work as an essayist and student of literature that there is danger of forgetting the unstinted service of his early Muse in the cause of reform, a cause which could not at first be either conventional or popular. The figure of Lowell is, however, in this very aspect, characteristic and important, for he represented one of the most vital forces which in the final blending rendered the highest literary expression of Boston in the nineteenth century exactly what it was.

The year 1857 is a convenient date by which to mark the blending of elements resulting in this expression. In that year the Atlantic Monthly was founded. The story of its origin, due in large measure to the enthusiasm of Francis H. Underwood, representing the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has been frequently told in recent years. The magazine was rarely fortunate in having Lowell for its first editor. His sympathies, personal, intellectual, political, had perhaps a broader national scope than those of any other man to whom this task might have fallen. He could therefore both give and receive what would have been impossible to one of somewhat parochial limitations. Yet it was from the writers of the immediate vicinity that the magazine won its early distinction. The

editor had but to stretch out his hand to seize an embarrassment of riches. In the twenty-five years of interruption between the Autocrat's early appearance in the short-lived New England Magazine and the resumption of his talk in the Atlantic Dr. Holmes had been storing his treasures of fancy and wisdom, and ripening the skill with which he finally brought them forth. Emerson, and those who were most affected by his influence, stood ready to provide the mellowed best results of Transcendental thought. Lowell himself, Edmund Quincy, Whittier, and others brought a fine element of fervor for the anti-slavery cause which still had its ultimate victories to win. In the field of criticism Edwin Percy Whipple, lecturer and writer, whose vanished authority and vogue are pathetic emblems of the value of contemporary fame, contributed with others the best obtainable comment and opinion. Apart from their individual interests, it is obvious that most of the writers — let us add Longfellow, and Hawthorne, soon to return from Europe — could be relied upon for definite additions to literature itself. Thus more or less directly from the spiritual cause of Transcendentalism, from the politico-moral cause of anti-slavery, from the intellectual and artistic interest of purely creative writing, — each represented by spirits and sometimes by minds of the first order, — there came a union of strangely powerful forces. It was the function of the Atlantic to provide a full and free opportunity for the expression of these forces. The more thoughtful element, not only in Boston but in the country at large, was ready for precisely this influence, — all the more perhaps because the system of Lyceum Lectures had not yet gone into decay. The frequent lecturing tours of the Boston leaders of thought and reform had made their personalities familiar throughout New England and in many Southern and Western states. To find them assembled in the pages of the Atlantic was, for a large audience, like a reunion of honored friends.

In its second editor, James T. Fields, the Atlantic was also fortunate. Within a little more than two years of its founding, the magazine fell into the hands of the firm of which he was then a member. Beginning as a bookseller's clerk who astonished his fellow salesmen at the "Old Corner" by whispering a correct prophecy of what each customer entering the shop would demand, he had become a publisher well skilled in gauging the public taste. At the same time he was sufficiently a maker of books by his own pen to meet his writers on even a broader common ground than his unusual gifts of friendship could alone have provided. It was impossible for a man with so many decisions to render to make nothing but friends; and there is at least one volume by a vigorous feminine writer which will reproduce for those who seek it the note of discord in the harmonies of the time and place. For the far more general feeling Dr. Holmes, soon after the death of Mr. Fields in 1881, spoke in words which amply suggest the influence an editor and publisher may wield: "How many writers know, as I have known, his value as a literary counselor and friend? His mind was as hospitable as his roof, which has accepted famous visitors and quiet friends alike as if it had been their own. . . . Very rarely, if ever, has a publisher enjoyed the confidence and friendship of so wide and various a circle of authors."

From all the records of this "harvest-time" of letters, one carries away a vivid impression of a happy family. Its members rejoiced like brothers in the successes won by each in turn. Working apart yet side by side they met like brothers for relaxation and play. The project of the Atlantic itself was at once launched and lunched into being, for it was round a table at Parker's that the plan for the new magazine first took definite form. It was the habit of the most

important early contributors to meet frequently in the same informal way. But the Atlantic Club was soon overshadowed by the more conspicuous and comprehensive Saturday Club, also begun in 1857. This monthly gathering at Parker's, which had as its nucleus Emerson and a few friends who made a practice of meeting him at lunch when he came in from Concord, appears and reappears, always with an affectionate mention, in the journals and letters of the time. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, Agassiz, Motley, Fields, Dana, — in whose Life by Mr. Charles Francis Adams the best account of the club is to be found, — these, with a few others not in general so closely related to literature, made up the membership. Distinguished visitors were entertained, — without the sensation of lions on exhibition. The intercourse of friendship and good talk received no check from the reading of papers. Dr. Holmes rejoiced in the blessed freedom from speech-making. It is told of Emerson that "in 1864, when the club held a Shakespearean anniversary meeting, he rose to speak, stood for a minute or two, and then quietly sat down. Speech did not come, and he serenely permitted silence to speak for him." This incident may be more characteristic of Emerson than of his club; yet it reveals a perfect understanding and fellowship which help one to accept all that is said of the separate place this organization, still in existence, has held in the hearts and lives of its members. Another club of Emerson's, deriving its name from the Unitarian periodical of which it was the outgrowth, though now containing representatives of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, was the Examiner Club. "The easy talk of such men as Emerson, the elder Henry James, Governor Andrew, Dr. Hedge, Whipple, and others of distinguished ability," is said by one of its older members "to have touched the higher possibilities of conversation when that art was more in evidence than at present." In the Saturday Club at its best those possibilities may well have been even more frequently attained.

It was entirely natural for such a body of men to win from outsiders the name of "The Mutual Admiration Society." If no mutual admiration existed, it was, as Dr. Holmes declared, "a great pity, and implied a defect in the nature of men who were otherwise largely endowed." Elsewhere he wrote: "I don't know whether our literary or professional people are more amiable than they are in other places, but certainly quarreling is out of fashion among them. This could never be, if they were in the habit of secret anonymous puffing of each other. That is the kind of underground machinery which manufactures false reputations and genuine hatreds. On the other hand, I should like to know if we are not at liberty to have a good time together, and say the pleasantest things we can think of to each other, when any of us reaches his thirtieth or fortieth or fiftieth or eightieth birthday?" Here in all sincerity speaks the member of that happy family of which the Saturday Club was the accepted meeting-place, the Atlantic the recognized organ, and the considerable contribution of these Boston writers of the nineteenth century to American literature the permanent memorial.

It was not until the year 1894 that the death of Dr. Holmes bore away the latest survivor of this group of contemporary friends. Lowell and Whittier had also seen the beginning of the last decade of the century. In the next to the last Emerson and Longfellow had gone, — following Motley in 1877, and Hawthorne in 1864. With the eighties the group may be said to have been disintegrated. A few of their younger brothers, such as Dr. Hale, Professor Norton, and Colonel Higginson, have remained to typify the older to the younger generation. In them, as in many of

those who will be their successors, abides the old-time quality of representing the best social and academic traditions of the place. With the gradual passing of the older brotherhood, Boston unquestionably lost its preëminence as the "literary centre" of the country. Where this wandering spot has fixed itself, or where it may be found ten years hence, one may not assert too confidently. There is one point, however, at which the student of local conditions rests with some assurance. The best expression of Boston thought and life in literature has never come from a class set apart as writers. There has been — so far as the best writing is concerned — no restricted "literary set," despising and despised of its neighbors. Authorship has never been so general as to require the adoption of the formula said by the scornful to be used in Cambridge as the best of morning greetings, "How is your book coming on?" Yet the emphasis laid upon the background of such lives as Prescott's and Longfellow's will have been in vain if there is need of further testimony to the identification of the writers with the most characteristic and agreeable life of the town. A representative author, in other words, was perhaps even more likely to be found where one would least expect him than in the surroundings associated with the commoner traditions of authorship. In the Boston Custom House, for example, Bancroft and Hawthorne were to be found at the same time. For Willis, on the other hand, fresh from college and full of zeal for the life of editor and author, there seemed no place in Boston. Upon the scholarly hard work done by men of letters, who were also men of the world, it has not been thought necessary to dwell. This is rendered superfluous by what they have written.

The writer's frank intention, moreover, has been to keep in view the local quality of his theme. The literary product touched upon so cursorily and with so many obvious omissions happens to form an integral part of American literature. Here it is regarded in its relation to local conditions. The advantages gained through these conditions are perhaps obvious. So should the limitations be. Respectability, freedom from the bitter struggles of those who have nothing but their pens and their wits to rely upon, a certain remoteness and separation, in a mere geographical sense, from the swifter currents of national life, — these may work to helpful or harmful ends. Their influences both for good and its opposite may be traced in the work of the Boston writers. They go far, in any event, to explain the total product. If that product and the life from which it sprang justify the frequent likening of Boston in its prime as a "literary centre" to Edinburgh under similar conditions, it is at least to be added that Boston was an Edinburgh without a London.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

EVENING AT NAPLES.

I.

The day went down, beneath an amber sky,
On all the wonders of that magic land:
There, an old crater's burnt-out Cyclops eye:
Here Virgil paced in thought the curving strand.

On shores and cities glowed the late, low sun;
On plumed Vesuvius mirrored in the wave;
And faintly flushed the wan-ribbed skeleton,
Pompeii standing in her open grave.

On plume and peak the parting sunset flame
Lingered, diffused, an upward-fading gleam.
Capri, remote on the rimmed sea, became
A roseate mist and melted into dream.

The soft sirocco, from hot Afric sands
Blowing all day across the Midland Deep,
Sank with the sun, upon the empurpled lands,
With all its Libyan languors lulled asleep.

II.

I stood at evening on a terraced height
And viewed the wondrous world, city and sea,
Sails softly wafted on pale bands of light,
Or to still moorings drifting dreamily.

The goat-bells' tinkling ceased upon the air;
The human tide's interminable roar
Rose, a dull murmur, to my terrace stair,
The sullen thunder of a lone, low shore.

Garden and villa and curved parapet
Darkened around me; myriad-roofed, far down
The mountain-slopes, where coast and mountain met,
Gloomy and vast and slumberous, spread the town.

III.

As night drew on, unnumbered gleams appeared,
Where lanterned ships on lanterned shadows lay;
By distant coasts; and where Vesuvius reared
His tawny torch above the clouded Bay;

The lighthouse bursting into sudden blaze,
Flashing its spear of beams across the sea;

The broad Riviera's constellated rays;
And all the city's starred immensity.

By day unseen, the crater's spectral light
Increased and reddened, far aloof and lone;
The vulture cloud abroad on the still night
Spread balanced wings, perched on the flickering cone.

Unseen by day, that dull portentous glow,
A pulsing core of fire that climbed and fell,
Illumed the murk, — mysterious, veiled, and slow, —
Dim flashes from the throbbing throat of hell.

The upheaved cloud, with windless folds wide flung,
Huge as the mountain's double, piled in space,
Poised peak on peak miraculously hung,
Burying the stars in its inverted base.

IV.

Anon from the snow-muffled Apennines,
Fitful at first, a rushing wind came forth
And whirled about me, clashing boughs and vines,
Keen as a gust from my own native North.

Over the city roofs and courts it played;
With wafts of most delicious coolness blessed
The stifled streets; and, swelling seaward, swayed
The pillared cloud on the volcano's crest.

As if a bodiless power with wings of air
Closed with the phantom, scattered and dislimned
The towering shape, and swept the Orient bare,
With all its ancient lustrous orbs undimmed:

Ranging the heavens forever, the Hyades,
Like starry waterfowl in arrowy flight;
The Bull's bright horns, the Pleiads' golden bees;
And there, most glorious of the hosts of night, —

Emerging from the crater's flying reek,
Back from that gorge of Chaos wildly blown,
One conquering knee above the red-lipped peak, —
Orion with his sword and blazing zone!

John Townsend Trowbridge.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

It was in an old bookshop that I came across the three volumes of the Recreations of Christopher North. Where else indeed, unless it were in libraries slightly antiquated, would one be likely to find at the present day this miscellany of culled contributions to Blackwood's by old Christopher, that Nimrod of the North, redoubtable Scotch Worthy, and Edinburgh's Old Man Eloquent, who, if Laurence Sterne has been described as the least exemplary of English clergymen, may in the same spirit be called the least conventional of Scotch Professors of Moral Philosophy? For John Wilson, or Christopher North as he was best known in his own day, seems quite forgotten, utterly of the past, and these Recreations, filled as they are with the beauty and delight that charmed an earlier generation, must litter old bookstalls or grow musty and worm-eaten on library shelves. Even the Noctes Ambrosianæ, most memorable of his works, with all their boisterous fun, pungent wit, and still racy comic characterization of contemporary men of letters, are well-nigh forgotten; nor is it accounted a lack of cultivation not to be familiar with poetry that men of his own time assured him was as good as any then being written — and that in the age of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge! The canon of his criticism is a dead letter, and his critical work is occasionally revived only to illustrate, as in the case of his attack on Keats, the fallibility of contemporary judgments. In fine, that fate has overtaken Wilson which bowls over so many of those who achieve a splendid reputation in their own day, a sort of premature immortality in advance of posterity's final decision. Destiny works strange reversals, though possibly under a law, and Wilson is the victim of one of them.

Perhaps his very popularity has been against him. Perhaps he belonged too exclusively to his own age, represented its tastes too completely in their most intimate aspects, to make an effective appeal to the generation succeeding that to which he was a sort of literary grandfather. For no man can live beyond his own day who does not keep in reserve some little mystery of mind for future generations to penetrate, who has not suffered somewhat of contumely for an element of incomprehensibility with respect to those among whom he lived. Wilson had many notable qualities, but he had none of this incomprehensibility, this reserve of genius. He wrote absolutely from the point of view of the present, in the manner of journalism as we now call it, and with the present he slipped back inevitably into the past.

And yet, however much there may be lacking in Wilson's work as literature, there is in the man himself something vital and persistently defiant of oblivion. This grows largely out of his personality and the strenuous part he played as a man of action in the world of letters. In a measure he was the most representative man of his day, combining in his eccentric, paradoxical, yet always lovable personality, its most dissimilar aspects. A thorough-going sportsman, he loved nothing better than a day's or a month's fishing in the streams of the Scotch Highlands, or a good fight between men or cocks, the prize-ring and the cocking-main not then having fallen into that disrepute in which they are allowed to languish in these days. On the other hand, nothing could have been more brilliant than his academic career at Glasgow and Oxford. Add to this that he was an accepted poet and critic in his own day, the virtual editor of a great magazine at a time when the paucity of periodicals com-

pared with their present multiplicity gave to such a position rare distinction and authority. Add also that he was Professor of Morality in the University of Edinburgh for thirty years, during which time he wielded such influence on the Scottish youth of many academic generations as it is given to very few to acquire and hold, — add these intellectual distinctions to what we have said of the physical picturesqueness of his career, and one will begin to have some conception of what Wilson's life and personality must have been and how he must have impressed himself upon his age.

Such men History does not readily let slip from her records, however much critics may differ as to the permanent value of their literary accomplishment. Consequently Wilson belongs to the domain of history rather than of literature, and his fame is the reverse of that by which most men of letters gain their share of immortality. For with these, as with Shakespeare, the personal element tends to become obliterated by the impersonal, universal element in their work. In the case of Wilson it is the personality that survives, while the work perishes, save only in so far as it can contribute to the revitalizing of this personal element in our remembrance of the man himself.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in 1785. His parents were well to do, his father having amassed a fortune in those manufacturing enterprises which have made the especial fame of that city, so that from the start he had every opportunity and prospect of success in life that wealth and a gentle breeding could give him. In this he was different from so many of his fellow Scots, Burns and Carlyle, for example, who have had to win their way from a bleak boyhood. He was most like Scott in this assurance of a life of comparative ease; though like Scott curiously enough, before half his life was done, he was forced by circumstances to take his place in the world of affairs to recover the fortune Fate had wrested from him.

Wilson's boyhood is of peculiar importance as determining our conception of the character of the man, for the reason that he never entirely grew away from it, but retained always a bit of the boy tucked away in his heart to give zest to life and joy to the sheer act of living. He always kept an imaginative hold upon the scenes of his childhood that enabled him to render expression to those poetic moods of mind which, awakened within him at the birth of consciousness, remained unobscured and untarnished by the various vicissitudes of a long and not unharassed life. For him his boyhood was, as Stevenson wrote in Virginibus Puerisque, "not only the beginning, but the perennial spring of his faculties," and to him preëminently belonged the power of "retiring upon occasion into the green enchanted forest of his childhood."

For Wilson this "green enchanted forest" was the parish of Mearns, to which he was sent for his schooling at the Manse, and which he describes over and over again so glowingly in the Recreations. There is a great temptation to linger over these schooldays in the Scotch parish "half highland, half lowland," and over the captivating personality of the lad whom his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, so exquisitely characterized when she wrote that "in his earlier years, John Wilson was as beautiful and animated a creature as ever played in the sunshine." He was indeed a brilliant and beautiful boy, in whom the healthiest of natural instincts were touched with a glory of Wordsworthian boyhood, which raised common sports and pastimes, followed on "flood, field, and fell" into ennobling pursuits worthy of the divinity of a young demigod. Wilson has left us an account of this period of his life in Christopher in His Sporting Jacket in the Recreations. Some allowance must of course be made for that frank idealization of himself to

which Wilson confesses, in the figure of young Kit North, in this sketch of his own boyhood. They who would recall their vanished youth "must perhaps," writes Wilson in Christmas Dreams in the same collection, "transfuse also something of their maturer minds into those dreams of their former being." Thus Kit becomes more than the mere picture of Wilson's own youthful self; he is rather an imaginative type of the ideal boy as he develops under the formative influences of sport pursued in the face of nature, while yet retaining in the main the physiognomy of self-portraiture. This last point must not be lost sight of; for the fact remains that however much of the more reflective passages in the Sporting Jacket we may attribute to the mature mind of the man working upon the material of boyish experiences, all the freshness and fullness of instinctive joy, and all the sensitiveness to natural beauty revealed in these passionate reminiscences of past glory, belong to the inextinguishable boy within him, and serve to characterize him correctly for us as he was in the days of his youth. Had he not been of that rare race to whom in boyhood nothing in nature is without inspiration, and nothing in emotional experience without significance, he could have had no basis in later life upon which to build such an ideal representation, at once so exalted and so true, as he has given us in the young Kit of the Sporting Jacket.

This representation we have called Wordsworthian, and indeed was it not Wordsworth who first ennobled our conception of boyhood by a recognition of those intimations of immortality that come to it in all the wonder of awakening sense? But Wilson's delineation of boyhood's moods and fresh states of consciousness seems even truer and more natural without being any the less ideal than Wordsworth's own. For him there is no sharp distinction between those coarser pleasures which the Wordsworthian boy is represented in Tintern Abbey as having passed, and those more purely meditative employments to which the maturing lad gives himself wonderingly over. Wordsworth's boy is never quite convincingly human. He is always a little of that "smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig," whose existence Wilson deprecates. Not so young Christopher. For him, moods of excitement and enthusiasm for the chase are suddenly shot through with new and strange perceptions of romance. Not only in listening to the thunder of the waterfall, or the sharp ring of steel on the frozen river, arise those rare moods of spiritual excitement that we encounter in Wordsworth. They arise equally in sports partaking not a little of elemental savagery, like coursing and gunning and stalking the deer, from which Wordsworth, with his intellectual and spiritual refinement, was repelled. But such delicacy of sentiment forms no necessary part of the poetic constitution, and in the boy, at least, the poet and the savage are often curiously commingled. The same cause which at one instant may arouse the fierce instinct to kill may result at the next in the flooding of the youthful spirit with a tremulous and tremendous sense of awe and beauty. If one would perceive the quick transition from mood to mood which is characteristic of this exquisite instability of boyish emotion, let him read that unequaled passage in the Sporting Jacket in which Wilson describes the night hunt after the great white swan: —

"To have shot such a creature — so large — so white — so high-soaring — and on the winds of midnight wafted from so far — a creature that seemed not merely a stranger in that loch, but belonging to some mysterious land in another hemisphere, whose coast ships with frozen rigging have been known to visit, driving under bare poles through a month's snowstorms — to have shot such a creature was an era in our imagination, from which, had nature been more prodigal, we might have sprung

up a poet. Once, and but once, we were involved in the glory of that event. The creature had been in a dream of some river or lake in Kamtschatka — or ideally listening, —

'Across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalashka's shore,'

when, guided by our good genius and our brightest star, we suddenly saw him seated asleep in all his state, within gunshot, in a bay of the moonlight loch! We had nearly fainted — died on the very spot — and why were we not entitled to have died as well as any other passionate spirit, whom joy ever divorced from life? We blew his black bill into pieces — not a feather on his head but was touched; and like a little white-sailed pleasure-boat caught in a whirlwind, the wild swan spun round, and then lay motionless on the water, as if all her masts had gone by the board. We were all alone that night — not even Fro was with us; we had reasons for being alone, for we wished not that there should be any footfall but our own round that mountain hut. Could we swim? Aye, like the wild swan himself, through surge or breaker. But now the loch was still as the sky, and twenty strokes carried us close to the glorious creature, which, grasped by both hands, and supporting us as it was trailed beneath our breast, while we floated rather than swam ashore, we felt to be in verity our — prey! We trembled with a sort of fear, to behold him lying indeed dead on the sward. The moon — the many stars, here and there one wondrously large and lustrous — the hushed glittering loch — the hills, though somewhat dimmed, green all winter through, with here and there a patch of snow on their summits in the blue sky, on which lay a few fleecy clouds — the mighty foreign bird, whose plumage we had never hoped to touch but in a dream, lying like the ghost of something that ought not to have been destroyed — the scene was altogether such as made our wild young hearts quake, and almost repent of having killed a creature so surpassingly beautiful. But that was a fleeting fancy — and over the wild moors we went, like an American Indian laden with game, journeying to his wigwam over the wilderness. As we whitened towards the village in the light of morning, the earlier laborers held up their hands in wonder what and who we might be; and Fro, who had missed his master, and was lying awake for him on the mount, came bounding along, nor could refrain the bark of delighted passion as his nose muzzled in the soft down of the bosom of the creature whom he remembered to have sometimes seen floating too far off in the lake, or far above our reach cleaving the firmament."

During the next stage of Wilson's career, namely those years between the ages of twelve and eighteen which he spent in Glasgow as a student in the University, we lose sight somewhat of those spiritual and poetic traits which characterized him so strikingly as a boy at the period represented in the Sporting Jacket. Nor yet is the forceful and eccentric personality of the older Christopher that we know in the Noctes foreshadowed in the picture of the orderly and conventional college youth who has been taken from the heather and hillsides of Mearns and taught the ways of dress and society. He was passing through that period of transition in a boy's growth and development, when the fugitive, flower-like personality of childhood seems dissipated for the moment, and when the firmer, more permanent character of the man has as yet hardly begun to assert itself. Seen through his own letters and diaries of this period, his mind has that formal habit which might be expected from the student's application to the classics, but which later became so delightfully disorganized, so disrupted with a kind of quaint, declamatory eloquence and the riotous trooping of tumultuous ideas pressing for utterance.

One glimpse into Wilson's young mind is of positive value as showing how the educative influences of this period were shaping the instinctive tendencies of his character into an intellectual conviction which was to be the basis of all his future work as a critic and a man of letters. It is gained through an episode which has also a secondary interest because of its connection with a great figure in literature with whom he afterward came to be conspicuously associated. In the last year of Wilson's sojourn at Glasgow, when he was therefore eighteen years old, there fell into his hands a copy of that volume of Lyrical Poems and Ballads, the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which we are now wont in retrospect to regard as epoch-making in the history of English literature. Its great qualities were not then so universally recognized, and Wilson was somewhat in advance of his age in his keen appreciation of the genius of the Lake Poet in whose fresh feeling for nature and the simple rugged life of peasant folk he may well have felt something akin to his own delight, as yet unexpressed, in similar scenes and under similar circumstances. At the same time he did not fail to divine those elements in Wordsworth's art which were not sound, and which in their tendencies have since been noted as subversive of the older idealism. Led by his youthful enthusiasm, he wrote Wordsworth a letter, which, quite apart from any consideration of the writer's age, is certainly a remarkable composition. Its interest lies mainly in the objections which it advances to Wordsworth's poem entitled The Idiot Boy. The letter is too long to quote even on this single point, but the substance of what he said is that while Wordsworth in this poem had adhered to nature as closely as in the rest of his work, and so was entitled to the highest praise for his artistic method, he had failed in this instance to write a great poem, because of the essentially unpoetic character of that aspect of nature which he had chosen to imitate. Wilson argued that only those phases of nature which are in themselves beautiful are fitted for poetical treatment, and that the object of poetry is to heighten this intrinsic element of beauty, not to endeavor to cast a false illusion of artistic glamour over a repellent subject. For to do the latter is to pervert the poet's office, and is a function of cleverness rather than of real genius. In this criticism Wilson not only anticipated all that has since been advanced by the best critics against Wordsworth's peculiar notion of a kind of rhythmical logic imposed arbitrarily upon things by the mind of man as the sole source of beauty in the external world, but he summed up as well the whole theory of ideal art whose tradition is transmitted intact through some channel in every age.

At eighteen Wilson went to Oxford, and entered Magdalen College, where he became so prominent as an undergraduate that it is here his public life may be said to have begun. It is here, too, his personality begins to emerge from the uncertain contours of youth. His very appearance was sufficient to distinguish him from his fellows. His physical prowess manifested itself in an athletic figure, and his singularity was further heightened by a shaggy head, always described in later life as leonine, and by enormous whiskers unusual then among university youth, as, indeed, among all classes at the time. His manner of life at Oxford presents features quite as extraordinary as his person. In a new environment his old love of sport, breathed in as the very breath of life on the moors of Mearns, translated itself into new forms, and into proclivities not alone now for those pastimes pursued on hill and heather, but on turf and by ringside as well. Roped area, cocking-main, and paddock were all alike familiar to him, nor were his encounters with those of the pugilistic profession, at least, purely a matter of

patronage on his part. In wrestling and boxing, as in all tests of dexterity and strength, Wilson was preëminent, and with his fists he was accounted a match for most professionals and the master of many. Various stories are told to attest his proficiency and courage in the manly art of self-defense. It is related that he once got into an altercation with a pugilist unknown to him by sight, who, when Wilson offered to fight him, thought to frighten the Oxonian, equally unknown, by a parade of his redoubted name. Wilson proceeded to punish the bruiser in the most approved fashion, and his aggressor, when he had sufficiently recovered, exclaimed admiringly, "You can only be one of two; you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil!"

Among the other eccentricities of Wilson's conduct exhibited while at Oxford was a perfect passion for declamation and debate, which led him to espouse either side of an argument, or both in turn, with equal vigor and address, and to seek out strange companies at coaching taverns to charm with his discourse while he did the honors of the table for the coming and going guests. This kind of experience satisfied his whimsical turn for adventure, otherwise variously indulged in, and in one way especially, by summer walking tours in the Welsh mountains and sojourns among the gypsies, in which respect he recalls that later lover of the Romanies, George Borrow. Like most men of his day, Wilson was a heavy drinker, though never a drunkard, and it may be thought that this trait, taken together with his predilections for rather brutalizing pastimes, presents a certain quality of coarseness in his character. But, as De Quincey says of him, these things grew out of his abundant animal spirits and the needs of a Herculean constitution, and left his nature uncorrupted and undegraded. He never lost or outgrew a certain dewy freshness and pristine innocence of childhood that made him throughout life fit to be typified by the young Kit of the Sporting Jacket. Certainly at Oxford his rather riotous career and madcap escapades did not prevent him from winning academic distinction. He was a regular and methodical student of the kind that keeps commonplace books, wins honors, and stands well in with the Dons.

Love came nearer to wrecking his career at Oxford than riotous living. While at Glasgow he had fallen in love. It was not a mere boyish attachment, but a passion that turned tragic when it found an insurmountable obstacle in the opposition of the girl's mother. This disappointment lay like a shadow over his Oxford course, inducing or rather emphasizing a certain native cast of melancholy which was temperamental with him, as it is so often with persons of his peculiarly bright and sanguine disposition. And it was partly at least as a relief from a brooding which more than once threatened his health and sanity, that he threw himself so frequently into those indulgences which caused him to forget. The bitterness of disappointed love and ambitious scholarship struggled with him to the very end of his course. Wilson went to his last examination in a despairing frame of mind, quite certain of failure. Pulling himself together under the exhilaration of a stringent cross-questioning he won out on sheer nerve, and left Oxford, having passed, as one of his contemporaries tells us, the most brilliant examination within the memory of man at Magdalen.

After graduation, Wilson settled down to a leisurely life at his home, Elleray, in the Lake Country. He was influenced in his choice of a location, else rather extraordinary for a Scotchman, by a desire to be near Wordsworth, who lived close at hand on Rydal Mount. Nor was Wordsworth the sole intellectual attraction the place afforded. Southey and Coleridge were near-by neighbors, and De Quincey came frequently to visit his friends. But the society of poets and philosophers was not the only world in

which Wilson moved. There was that universal element in his nature, of understanding and sympathy, which made him equally welcome among all classes. He joined with the dalesmen in their sports, and added emulation to their contests by the prizes which he offered to reward their championships. He could let himself down to the level of their festivities in neighboring pothouses without degradation or loss of personal dignity. In short, he was the life of the locality and the pride of the countryside. Love came again presently, — for on leaving Oxford, Wilson had put under the most disturbing elements in his early affliction, — and this time it was destined to a very happy consummation. Indeed Wilson's marriage with Jane Penny, daughter of a Liverpool merchant, who summered among the Lakes, proved the greatest blessing of his life. Not only was the woman of his choice physically fit to mate with such a glorious man as Wilson, — for she was so radiant with health and beauty that when arm in arm they entered a ballroom together, at some local assembly, all eyes were turned to view the splendid pair, man and woman, — but her nature was as noble and rich in its own feminine way as his in its masculine characteristics, and supplied to the full all those higher qualities of womanhood necessary to sustain him and comfort him in the trials that followed close upon his new happiness. Nowhere does Wilson show to greater advantage than in his married life and in all his relations as husband and father. Those who think only of his impressive masculinity will hardly be prepared for the degree of exquisite tenderness, sympathy, and consideration that is revealed in his domestic life.

Wilson had not been long settled at Elleray before disaster came upon him. Through the dishonesty of an uncle, he was defrauded of all but the remnants of a comfortable fortune. It is characteristic of the man that he accepted his reverses with cheerful equanimity and refused to prosecute his betrayer or even to reveal his treachery to the public. To De Quincey alone, to whom he applied for financial assistance, — a curious beginning for a relation in which, so far as money was concerned, the obligations were thereafter all on the other side, — did Wilson reveal the true facts of the case before his uncle's death.

Wilson had now to face the necessity of earning his living. He immediately closed Elleray and moved his family to Edinburgh, where he studied for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1815. As a barrister Wilson, however, was no greater a success than Scott before him; nor was he longer dependent on briefs for a livelihood. For now with great suddenness he was projected into that literary career which was to claim him for the rest of his life. Already in 1812, in the quiet of Elleray, he had turned his attention to literature in dilettante fashion, and had published a book which took its title from its main piece, The Isle of Palms, a romantic poem in the manner of Scott. Four years later on coming to Edinburgh he had published a poetic drama entitled The City of the Plague. These books had succeeded in attracting the attention of Jeffrey, the ogre of the Edinburgh Review, who invited him to contribute to that magazine. No sooner, however, had this connection been established than he was called off to support the new Tory magazine, Blackwood's, which was just making its start in the world with Hogg, Maginn, Lockhart, and other distinguished poets and critics as its contributors. Wilson was a stanch Tory, so this transfer of his allegiance to the new periodical was natural enough, although in the sequel it led to temporary estrangement between him and his friends of the older magazine.

Much has been written of this estrangement, and in general of Wilson's connection with a magazine that in an age not noted for the amenities of criti-

cism shocked and scandalized all Edinburgh by the virulency of its personal abuse. It seems hardly necessary to go into the details of the controversy that has been waged upon this phase of Wilson's career, or to attempt to justify a man who was eventually vindicated by his own age and acquitted of anything worse than errors of taste and judgment, which were after all less personal with him than peculiar to the temper of his time, or which, in so far as they were personal, contained nothing of conscious or malicious cruelty. This, it must be remembered, was before the age of scientific appreciation as it is practiced today, and in criticism the cudgel was the favorite weapon of offensive and defensive warfare. In critical combats conducted in this spirit, from which the personal and political element was never entirely eliminated, Wilson was always in the forefront of battle, wielding his quarterstaff with all the head-breaking dexterity of a smock-frocked yokel at a country fair. In reality the mildest-mannered man that ever murdered a literary reputation, Wilson suffered, it is said, from the effects upon his own spirit of his critical ferocity, and stood not infrequently aghast at the unforeseen results of the storms he helped to stir in the literary atmosphere of the Scotch capital, — or of all the United Kingdom for the matter of that. The truth is that Wilson carried something of the spirit of sport into his critical labors. Once the cry was raised and the pack loosed, he had no further thought of the quarry as an individual human being, until the hunt was up and he discovered that it was a living man like himself whose breast his barbs had transfixed.

Wilson lived to pass out of the storm and stress period of criticism, and to accommodate himself to less strenuous ways of life and literature. If in his earlier Blackwood's days his temperament had been worked upon by the stimulus of strife in the world about him, in later years he let the same enthusiastic ardor of utterance lead him into passionate praise of what was good and beautiful in the classic literatures of all ages rather than into equally ardent abuse of what displeased him in his own. Thus he became one of the great educational forces of his day through his stimulating quality of appreciation and his ability to transmit this enthusiasm and, what is more, something of its instinctive bases to the minds of readers.

Wilson's influence as an educator was extended by his election to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, which occurred in 1821. Anything more unfitting at first sight than the election of Christopher North — sport, reveler, briefless barrister, and slashing Blackwood's critic, with no technical qualifications for the position — can hardly be imagined. The situation was further complicated by the fact that opposed to him in the nomination was Sir William Hamilton, Scotland's greatest living philosopher, who had all the special qualifications Wilson lacked, besides that proper academic dignity of which Wilson was never accused even by his friends. With all fairness to Wilson, it must be admitted that his election under the circumstances was an educational scandal, and could only have been effected by the Tory influence brought to bear in the Town Council, which was exerted in his behalf. He had help from very high quarters; and even Scott wrote recommending him, though coupling his recommendation with a private admonition to Wilson through a friend, varying the words of Falstaff, addressed also, though in a more strictly literal sense, by Lamb to his friend Hazlitt, to "purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a gentleman should." If Wilson accepted the chair, and with it the odium of an anomalous position in the eyes of the world, it must have been because he had a secure and instinctive sense of his own inner sufficiency for the office which raised him above the superficial lack of dignity in the conduct

of his life. After all, the gravest charge of unfitness that could be brought against him was his want of training as a systematic philosopher. How well he succeeded in spite of this deficiency, the affectionate testimony of his students amply proves. He was one of those great teachers of the young, all the more potent for a touch of winning worldliness, whose amplitude of mind educates less by precept than by contact. He never became the scientific pedagogue; indeed his lectures, though his course for the year was always carefully laid out and prepared in its broad outlines, were often the result of sheer improvisation. Absent-minded and unsystematic, he frequently left his subject far afield, but things like this make little difference in a man like Wilson who has only to speak to enchain the attention and exalt the spirit of the student.

Wilson was only thirty-five when he became professor. Though he lived to be nearly sixty-nine, there is little more to recount of his career in the way of new experiences. From this point his life continued to follow the channels that had been marked out for it by the trend of his early activities. With every year the qualities of his character made themselves more and more felt, and his position both at home and in the world of letters was one of increasing dignity and prestige. They were not easy honors that he won and wore in this time. Viewed day by day, his life shows a round of wearying routine that would have proved too much for many a less robust and indomitable man than John Wilson. Blackwood's became increasingly a burden after the death of its proprietor and the breaking up of the brilliant and fecund little group that had flocked to its standards in the early years, and cries of weariness, almost of desperation, occasionally escape him in his letters to his wife. So long, however, as he had her to sustain him, he was armed for any combat. It is with her death in 1837 that we see the foreshadowing of the end. He never completely recovered from the stroke. For the first time he absented himself for any considerable period from his lectures. The account of his reappearance before his class as described by Dr. McKenzie, his American editor and biographer, is pathetic in the extreme. "He had to adjudicate on the comparative merits of various essays which had been sent in in competition for a prize. He bowed to his class, and in as firm a voice as he could command, apologized for not having read the essays, — 'for,' said he, 'I could not see to read them in the darkness of the shadow of the Valley of Death.' As he spoke, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he said no more, but waved his hand to his class, who stood up as he concluded, and hurried out of the lecture-room."

From this time he withdrew slowly but steadily from active life. He resigned his professorship in 1851, and in 1852 he made his last contribution to Blackwood's. He died in 1854.

We have given Wilson's life thus in detail because, as we have said, it was the man himself rather than his work as a man of letters that is most likely to live in the history of the period. We have seen, however, in speaking of the Recreations, and of the light which these papers throw upon Wilson's boyhood, how important are certain parts of his writings in helping us to revitalize our impression of his personality. What is true of Christopher in His Sporting Jacket is true equally of the Noctes, and indeed of all the works which he executed under the name of Christopher North, and which are, for the most part, no more than simple transcripts, quite without any idea of an artistic rendering, of his own transitory moods of thought and emotion.

In the Recreations we get one set of ideas and impressions, those pertaining chiefly to his private life and to those private pastimes in which the child lived in him unchanged and undiminished by

the flight of time. In the Noctes we get another and quite different set. Originally the Christopher North of the Noctes was a very loose appellation, the ægis under which whosoever at the time spoke editorially in Maga — Lockhart, Hogg, Maginn, Wilson himself — concealed his personality. But as time passed and Wilson assumed fuller control of the magazine, he became more and more completely identified with Christopher, not only in character and in the judgments which were passed on the political and literary questions of the day, but in the subtler shadings of personality, until the fiction became concrete, crystallized fact, and the creator so merged in the created, that it was no longer possible for the popular mind to separate them. The assumed age of Christopher was of course greater at the start than that of Wilson; for Christopher was a patriarch when the young barrister was first called to the conduct of the new magazine. But this assumption of great venerableness suited Wilson admirably. It permitted the more completely to manifest itself that element of authority, as of an Olympian sitting in judgment, which is a leading characteristic of Wilson's mental attitude. In a certain sense he was always old, old like Nestor, with all the finest and most gracious qualities of old age, just as in another sense he was always young, with all the freshest, most poignant attributes of boyhood. Youthful in heart, ancient in intellect — that is the paradox in Wilson's nature that catches the fragrance of his manhood and gives the peculiar savor to his original personality. For him there was apparently no present of middle-age mediocrity. He lived in an ideal world of his own imagining, passing easily and as if the spirit informing both ages were essentially the same, from the blitheness of boyhood in the Sporting Jacket to the easy assumption of that absolute authority which is conceded to old age in the Noctes.

Such a temperament is not without its disadvantages, so far as one's relations with the actual, practical world are concerned. For the world has its own distinctions of dignity among the various offices to which it assigns men. Wilson did not escape these inconsistencies with the world's standards or their consequences. The boyish element was often seemingly at variance with the gravity of his obligations to society. But in return he maintained for himself a unity in his own life and a hold upon the poetry of existence that are often denied to those endowed with greater cautiousness and discretion, the practical wisdom of the world.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

BATTERSBY'S VALEDICTORY.

At thirty-five, Battersby awakened to the realization that he was a newspaper hack. To some men this realization might have come five years earlier, but it was none the less bitter to Battersby because it had arrived tardily. The "clever Battersby" they had called him when he was an undergraduate. And he was thirty-five and a hack, with a dingy office at Police Headquarters, where he lived at the end of a jangling telephone wire, and emerged now and then to "cover" suicides and "two-alarm" fires.

Stodgy, good-natured fellows, whom he had looked down upon, had plodded along into secure responsibilities. The more gilded youth, with whom his taste for comfortable things had made him congenial at college, by virtue of their

family and inheritance had assumed their proper places in the scheme of New York butterfly existence. Battersby had done neither. He had shunned the first, and the second had, in the nature of things, been beyond him. Instead, he had burst into journalism with a fresh, unterrified enthusiasm, and had found, alas, that when his enthusiasm had fled Park Row he could not flee after it. So he had stayed.

Perhaps there are no more bitter dregs in the cup of life than those to which one must touch lip when he realizes that he is at the tail end of the procession of prospects, which in the flush of youth he had headed. When such realization comes to a man he shuns his friends and old companionships turn sour.

So it had been with Battersby. For the first year he had kept in touch with social things, and his presence was welcomed as the company of a socially "fit," clever man is always welcomed in a drawing-room. There had been a club or two to keep up, and accounts at an Avenue florist's shop, — indications of being worth while. Débutantes, after meeting him, whispered to one another, "That was the clever Battersby," and if he chanced to overhear the murmur, he accepted it as a truthful tribute. People said he was writing a book, something much better than the sketches which had given him a village fame at Cambridge. He really had intended to write one, — but then the most stupendous libraries in the world are the mental shelves of masterpieces all unwritten. And now Battersby's share in this sort of literature, he reflected, was a shabby array of cynicism and resentment.

When the first yoke-sore of his work was fresh upon him, he had burned Society's bridges behind him. And after a time — a very brief time — the cards and dainty envelopes which had let a whiff of fragrance into the closeness of his little third-floor room in Stuyvesant Square had ceased to come. Society is not burdened with an over-long memory. Given average neglect, its remembering will wither. Battersby had watched the fragile remembrance he had left behind him shrivel utterly. He had not been sorry as he watched his effacement. He had been sorry many times afterward, for when one does really burn the scaffolding that convention has reared for his crossing the chasm between the "in" and "out" of things social there is rarely the timber for building a new one.

Once, Battersby could recall, Murray Hill of a November afternoon, with the fall thinness in the air, which only comes to New York between its rivers, had made his pulses leap for the joy of living. To stroll from the club — slowly, down to Madison Square and back again, pausing for a moment to scan the window diners at the rose-decked tables of the Waldorf-Astoria; nodding occasionally to a woman leaning far back upon the carriage cushions as her emotionless footmen whirled her by, — all this had been to him more intoxicating than wine. Older men than he could have told him this was the surest sign of a rank outsider, the badge of one who has merely snatched a glimpse at the open door of Fashion before being displaced by another eager gazer. Battersby himself thought it was because he was meant for it. He had not known that what one is really meant for, one never really enjoys. He knew now.

Taking all of these things into consideration, he found himself somewhat agitatedly drawing near to Larchmont on a New York and New Haven train for the Larchmont Yacht Club races. He had not wished to come. He had said so at the office very decidedly. But the regular yachting man was sick, and the desk had replied rather impatiently, "You know a lot of those yachting people anyway, and you 'll get along all right." Battersby, nodding his head in submission, had gone. At the station he had half slunk into a day coach, fearing to go

into the chair car lest he should meet some one he knew — or, rather, some one whom he had known. And yet he reflected, as he tried in vain to find comfort in the straight, plush-backed seat, most of the people he had known would have gone up the night before on their own craft. He knew that Larchmont sail. He had often taken it, with Larry Goodwin's Berserker, the queen of the fleet, showing her heels to the rest. He shut his eyes, and again he felt the cool embrace of a rattan deck chair, and heard the murmur of talk from the group along the rail. And the girl in the chair next his own, — who could it be but Madge Starrett? He was saying — no matter what he was saying. The recollection of just that did not come as easily as the rest of it. And after all it was immaterial. For he fancied she half understood, and he knew she once had faith in him — in his future. She had said so. Battersby roused himself from his reverie with a half-uttered oath, drowned, luckily for the peace of the little old lady with the bundles at his side, in the call of the brakeman shouting the station.

It is all very well for a man to sneer at your being afraid of getting off a train and stepping into the midst of a crowd of men you know, — all of them better dressed than you are, — whom you have seen, but who have not seen you for years. But to a man of torturedly keen sensibilities this is agony. You dread the unspoken query, the inquiry that dwells within the focus of an eye that is searching your face, while the lips of its owner are uttering commonplaces which are far away from the thoughts of both. And then, if there should be women whom you have known in better days, equanimity and all pretenses unto it flee, and your little Miss Philosophy — whom you have been striving to rear into stately maidenhood — forgets her lessons, and, lapsing into her old wild kindergarten ways, giggles and runs away.

All of these things had run through the brain of Battersby in much less time than it takes to write them down. Therefore he groaned as he stepped from the car platform and surveyed the waiting line of smart traps hedging the station. The memory of former times turned the knife in the old wound, which he had fancied was half healed. And yet, even with the memory, his head went up higher, and the cloak of his employment-enveloping mediocrity half slipped from his shoulders with the movement.

Battersby saw old Bradley, the Goodwins' coachman, erect and severely critical of adjacent horseflesh, upon the box of the red-splotched wagonette in which Virginia Goodwin was oftenest seen. He edged toward the wagonette as he walked along the board platform, with the vaguely formed wish that the old servant might recognize him. But Bradley's gaze rested upon the passers-by, impassively unrecognizing. The wagonette was empty. Battersby had known long ago that his inner self was altered beyond all hope of recognition. But that he had been transformed to the same degree in outward appearance, startled him.

He had discovered himself in the act of longing for the old respectful bow of a servant. And the greeting from a menial had been denied him. He had passed by unremarked in the crowd of people he had often heard Virginia Goodwin term "middlers." A flush burned both cheeks and brow as he felt the knowledge stab his consciousness. Yet he hailed the hurt as a sign that there was still a shred of the old spirit within him. When a man can flush angrily over a slight, even if it be given by an unwitting English coachman, his dignity is not entirely unfrocked.

He paused before one of the penny-in-the-slot weighing machines, glass covered to keep meddlesome children from its fascinatingly wheely interior, and instinctively viewed his reflection with a newly born curiosity. Not exactly shabby, he stood revealed to himself. Not exactly

that, but devoid of any of the atmosphere of clothes, — which have an atmosphere all their own, as once upon a time he had been well aware. He was conscious of a disconcerting realization of coat shoulders not well cut, and he distinctly observed a shiny, worn spot in the knot of the black four-in-hand tie. No, he was not quite shabby, but what was almost worse — non-individual. Bradley was not to blame for missing his face among those of the passing middlers. At least a dozen other men had got off the train in the duplicate of his suit of cheap, ready-made blue serge, with the paucity of breadth in the three-button, double-breasted coat.

A heavy but hearty hand falling upon his shoulder roused him from his contemplative reverie. "Battersby, by all that's gilded!" he heard uttered in a loud voice coincident with the hand smite. Almost guiltily he looked into the eyes of Larry Goodwin, freshly attired in yachting rig, in which, no doubt, he had trod the deck of the Berserker an hour before. "What's brought you back to smell bilge water with us again?" the loud voice continued with insistent heartiness. "You're in luck, for most of the old lot are on board the Berserker. We're all a bit aged but frisky as colts still, especially the girls. Virginia says she has solved the secret of perpetual childishness, but she won't give me the prescription."

To it all, Battersby had been allowed no opportunity for reply. And for the moment he was grateful because of the respite. He was fairly caught as he had feared. There would be no denying of Larry Goodwin, who had laid hold of his elbow and was urging him along the platform. Battersby broke protestingly into his whirl of questions and expressions of pleasure at their meeting. "I can't do it, Larry," he said. "I'm sorry — the worst sort. But I'm here to work, you know."

"What are you doing?" demanded Goodwin. "There's nothing on here to-day except the races." He stared at his friend thoughtfully. "Look here," he asked, "you aren't mixed up with any of these designing chaps, are you? I thought you went in for some sort of scribbling when you left Cambridge."

Battersby could not help smiling at the other's earnestness in the pursuit of things nautical. "It's not sloop keels," he answered.

"I'm sorry," said Goodwin. "Maybe you could have helped me out a bit. I've got an entry in the thirty-footer class, and they say that Blake has put out a boat that's going to be sprung on the lot of us and make us look silly." The big man's voice rumbled on while Battersby found himself being dragged willy nilly toward the waiting wagonette. "There's Virginia with Madge Starrett," ejaculated Goodwin explosively. "Come on. Madge came up on your train. It's funny you missed her." Then he broke off awkwardly, and the sunburn on his cheeks turned a deeper color slowly. "Oh, I say," he said, as if remembering. "You don't — it's been some time since you saw Madge Starrett?"

Battersby's gaze was fixed upon the girl who was grasping Virginia Goodwin's outstretched hand at the wagonette. She was a girl yet, for all the seven years, and she still wore violets tucked into her belt. The Milo-like curve of her throat was still there, despite the knot of white fichu, which she had not worn in the old days. He reflected bitterly that it had all been long enough gone for the styles to have changed. "Seven years — seven years," thought Battersby. Then he heard her laugh — it angered him at first, until the very softness of it charmed him the way it had always done — as she answered Virginia Goodwin, the dip of whose green sun umbrella half hid them both. And then he looked into Larry Goodwin's troubled eyes. "Yes," he said, "it's been a long time."

The groups upon the station siding

had thinned away, and the waiting traps were dispersing with their gay freights. Battersby could see Mrs. Goodwin's green umbrella waved at her jolly skipper husband, as she caught sight of his broad blue shoulders. It was too far for other recognition, he thought, and again he recalled how Bradley had stared at him unknowingly. The memory made him smile not merrily. "Mrs. Goodwin wants you," he said. "And if I don't hurry I 'll lose my job."

The Berserker's skipper frowned uncertainly. "You can't cut away like this, Phil," he said. "The old crowd will want to see you — Virginia and — Madge, and the rest. They would n't forgive me if I told them I had seen you and had then let you slip away. There 's going to be a little dinner on board the Berserker after the races." He waved his yachting cap to the green umbrella reassuringly as he spoke. Even at this distance it was becoming observedly impatient. "You 've got to come, old man," he went on. His eyes left Battersby's face, and for the first time since his greeting, traveled up and down. "Good God, Phil," he said in a whisper, "there is n't anything the matter, is there? You are n't — hard up or anything like that?" The big man's confusion was painful.

Battersby's heart tightened as he listened. He winced as it came over him that he was actually grateful for the sympathetic, clumsy speech and the touch of his friend's arm. He laughed uneasily. "Not that, Larry," he said. "Pay day comes around regular as clockwork once a week. And I 've got my working clothes on."

"Please, sir, Mrs. Goodwin is ready to drive down to the Berserker." A ceremonious groom was at Goodwin's elbow. He nodded in response to his master's "All right," and walked stiffly back to the wagonette.

It was Goodwin who finally broke the strained silence. He spoke unevenly. "Phil, there 's a dinner jacket and my evening coat. You can have your pick. And Johnson always fills the locker with shirts when we cruise. I don't know what sort of a game you 're playing now. I 'm a stupid sort; always was as you know. But you 'll come aboard the Berserker for the dinner. Virginia won't forgive me if you fail us."

Battersby watched him clamber into the wagonette, which his bulk seemed to overload. Bradley touched the whip to his hat, and the mettlesome pair whirled the skipper of the Berserker away with the two women.

"You 've been a most neglectful host, dear," said Mrs. Goodwin, after she had rested the handle of her green sun umbrella to her liking. "You missed Madge when she got out of the first chair car, and now you 've kept us waiting ten minutes when you ought to have known we 're anxious to get to the Berserker and change our frocks for luncheon and the Smith-Terrills."

"If you break out any more baby balloon jib topsails, Virginia," said her husband, looking at the tugging umbrella, "Bradley won't be able to drive us without tacking into the wind."

"Larry 's always nautical the moment he puts on a yachting cap," said Madge Starrett, laughing.

"And besides," Goodwin went on, "I had a good reason for delaying. I stumbled across" —

"Phil Battersby," interpolated the girl by his wife's side.

Goodwin turned toward her in astonishment. "How did you know?" he asked. "He said he had n't seen you on the train."

"He 's changed a great deal," said the girl unresponsively. "He 's older for one thing."

"And positively shabby, if you mean the man you were talking to when I sent Watson to call you," interrupted Mrs. Goodwin. "Now I recall Phil Battersby as the best dressed man in our set. He

was always clever, and I liked him for that after I got to know him. But what really made me like him at first was because he was always so smart looking."

Madge Starrett laughed quietly. "You 're talking as if you were a débutante again," she said. "And we 're both long past that sort of thing."

"That 's the vainest thing you 've ever said to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin triumphantly. "Larry shall hear me convict you."

"All right, Virginia. But go easy," said her husband rather apprehensively, for he was one of those men who regard feminine repartee with uneasiness, not knowing how keen the thrusts will be.

"No woman ever talks lightly about her age unless she is quite sure she does n't look it," finished Virginia Goodwin laughingly. Bradley drew the wagonette up to the pier with a flourish. The launch was waiting, and both women were well through dressing for the Smith-Terrills before the Berserker's skipper, at ease astern with brandy and soda conveniently placed, roared loudly in appreciative understanding.

Goodwin's merriment reached faintly to his wife and Madge Starrett in Mrs. Goodwin's cabin. "Larry has the kindest heart in the world," said Mrs. Goodwin contemplatively. "But he lacks appreciation."

Madge Starrett paused, patting a ribbon into place at the glass. "A joke is always better when thoroughly digested," she said.

"I did n't mean that," said Mrs. Goodwin. "You know I did n't, dear. I meant about Phil Battersby. The idea of asking him to dinner! Why, Madge, you know he 's quite impossible since he dropped out of sight. He 's not the same Phil Battersby."

"He 's making a living, I fancy — unlike the rest of us."

"Nonsense, Madge." Mrs. Goodwin's tone was severe. "He 's a disappointed man. Disappointed men are always disagreeable. A few years ago every one was saying he had a brilliant career. What happened? He failed utterly. He had the impulse once. I know that. But somehow he lost it. Oh, what 's the use of inspecting wrecked hopes and shattered dreams that we can't help, anyway? One has too much broken china of her own."

The girl turned from the glass quickly and went over to her friend, placing a hand upon her shoulder. "Virginia, promise me something," she said.

Mrs. Goodwin looked into her face and saw that she was in earnest. "Go on, dear," she said.

"Don't ever talk to me about Phil Battersby again," Madge Starrett whispered. "Will you?"

Mrs. Goodwin's face darkened regretfully. "I 'm getting to be as clumsy as Larry," she replied. "But I 'll make up for it by being particularly nice at dinner."

Her husband's voice, echoing down the companion-way, came as a relief to both women. "I 've sent the launch over to the Thisbe for the Smith-Terrills," it said. "They 're coming over the side now."

For Battersby the day dragged cruelly. Now that he was touching elbows with old times he found himself longing for some respite from the grind of things. His resolution to refuse Goodwin's hearty invitation to dine upon the Berserker weakened before he had sent his first dispatch, and had utterly fled before the judges' boat churned back to the wharf for good. All through the races his mind had been occupied by visions of that dinner, with the old faces around him, and Madge Starrett smiling at him. At least Battersby liked to think she would smile at him as she had used to do. By the time he had filed his last copy at the little and hopelessly incapable telegraph office the river was scarlet-streaked with the reflected glow of the sunset. He laughed happily to himself

because even the weather was to aid his momentary return to the pale of things social.

The Berserker lay in midstream in the yacht club cove. Her awnings were stretched, — tawdry lines of red and white duck, — and Battersby could see the steward busy with the chairs and the bamboo deck tabourets. He looked at his watch. It was a bit after 6.30. The women were probably dressing for dinner. Now and then during the races he had swung his glasses toward the Goodwin yacht to catch a glimpse of her jolly passengers. Once, when Goodwin's boat was winning the cup in the thirty-footer class, Battersby's binoculars had let him see Madge Starrett, radiant-faced, turn from the rail and shake hands with Larry Goodwin, whose big face was one wide grin of content. Virginia Goodwin, Battersby recalled, had not even risen from her chair as the finish gun boomed out. But her husband had gone over to her as the Berserker was headed for her moorings, and they had had a quiet little talk until the anchor-chains rattled.

Battersby had reflected then that all women were different, each showing her happiness in her own individual way. He envied Goodwin for that quiet talk with his wife. But he would have preferred Madge Starrett's quick and frank gladness had he owned the winning thirty-footer. The thought brought him up with a wrench. It was not a pretty thing — this making believe long after one had grown into a manhood unillumined with success. He could remember once standing in front of a shop window when he was a boy and telling his nurse what he would do with each and every toy if he had it. It came into his thinking now that all children do that sort of thing, but only the unsuccessful ones play at make-believe when they are grown men. And his tremulousness at the thought of what he was going to do now angered him. "Like a cursed child afraid of Santa Claus," he sneered half aloud.

A gig shot out from the Berserker's stern, the two sailors bending to the stroke as if they enjoyed it. Battersby knew it was coming for him. His gaze swept the club anchorage. A score of sleek yachts swayed at anchor. The white hulls looked black against the sunglow. Upon the decks were men and women who were happy. Now and then from the deck of the boat moored nearest the pier came the sound of laughter. The miracle of it all smote Battersby hip and thigh. Here were people who were utterly happy, — people with no weight of unattained success to bear them down; people who were not successful really, because they had not achieved success; but who had accepted successful conditions of existence as their heritage. And, after all, was not the equivocal station of a hanger-on amid this arc of utter untroubledness a better thing — a less galling chain to clank — than the hallmark of unrealized ambition? If they had not been busy making fast to a stringpiece, the crew of the gig would have marked the bitterness in the laugh of the man who stepped into the stern sheets and sat smiling oddly during the pull back to the Berserker.

Larry Goodwin was at the rail as the gig drew alongside, with broad welcome upon his face. Battersby found no women upon deck and was glad. "Come down to my cabin and try on clothes," said Goodwin, leading the way. "The crowd 'll be here before you are done. I 'm lucky all around to-day. There 's going to be a moon."

Battersby looked over at his friend, who was tossing the contents of a locker upon the bunk. "I 'm getting to be a dog in manners, Larry," he said, extending his hand. "But no one was gladder than I was to see the Spindrift get that cup."

Goodwin's face glowed with delight. "I knew you would be, Phil," he said. "We 've showed 'em that these newfangled keels are n't *quite* express trains,

after all. And although the cup will look nice on the smoking-room mantelshelf, it 's done me more good to have you eat dinner on board than winning a dozen of 'em would."

Battersby finished dressing — he had chosen the dinner jacket — with disinterred sensations stirring within him. Even a bitterness, year-hardened and uncouth, softens quickly when it comes into contact with the disintegrating touch of a real friendship. And although the man who stood at the oval glass let into the cabin wall, tying the string knot to wear with the first dinner jacket he had worn in years, despised himself for it, — saying, " Like a cur, cringing at a kind word," — he nevertheless went upon deck with a keen eagerness which absorbed him utterly.

There had been a subtle change in him during the last half hour in Goodwin's cabin. His host, with a wisdom instinctive to his kind, and unresentfully discernible by Battersby, had insisted upon his guest's pledging himself and the Spindrift in two stirrup cups of champagne before he left him to dress. Battersby knew the infusion of energy one or two glasses of champagne could instill into a tired brain, and he had drunk the wine as he would have taken the drug of a doctor who had been asked to tide him over a critical emergency. Once, when a Fifth Avenue hotel was burning up, and the dead were being laid upon the sidewalk by the scores, he had sat all night writing revamped stories of the horror to bring the last edition up to date, that a placidly heartless cityful might drink in a shudder with their breakfast coffee. And his written touch had been certain and even brilliant because of a dozen cups of drip coffee from the Astor House, into each of which had been poured a pony of brandy. As he walked astern he felt that, almost, he was the Battersby of old. The warmth of returning self-confidence permeated him. Had any one reminded him at this moment that on the morrow there was Mulberry Street and the sordidness of news-gathering, he would have been inclined to call him a liar. As his steps clicked upon the scoured deck planks in unison with the heavier tread of Larry Goodwin, he repeated to himself, " This is what I was meant for. I was meant to be a part of it."

Goodwin paused somewhat awkwardly as they came upon the laughing group in the chairs under the striped awnings. And Battersby smiled momentarily, realizing that his host was ill at ease. As for himself, there was no hesitation, no floundering for the proper thing to say, or reaching awkwardly, clumsily after the proper thing to do. No man who has learned to swim, be he away from water for a generation, forgets how to cleave his way with the powerful breast stroke. And no man who has learned to revolve in the social orbit without damaging the bricabrac of convention ever quite loses the lip facility and plastic attitudes which mark the socially popular.

Virginia Goodwin may have been surprised at the transformed friend of years past. At least there was no suggestion of the commonplace man on the station platform in the Phil Battersby who responded easily to her low words of welcome. But she, too, was expert in facial masking, and it was she who engineered Battersby's rejoining of his old friends with a laughing reminiscence as she led him from chair to chair. Goodwin watched his graceful wife with a species of awe. He had never ceased to wonder why her very fragility had not shivered at the thought of marrying him in all his bulkiness ; the skipper of the Berserker cherished no illusions concerning his mortal make-up. He could not have piloted his old friend through the maze of deck chairs without mishap, not for a round dozen of cups for the Spindrift. It was beyond him. He simply watched it all thankfully. He liked Battersby, and, therefore, he would have winced

more keenly than his friend had anything untoward marred his appearance as his guest.

Madge Starrett, at the taffrail, was the last woman to whom Mrs. Goodwin led her captive. She watched Battersby's approach with a hastily forming feeling of apprehension. In the dusk of the deepening river shadows his face was partially blurred. But her pulses leaped at the firm touch of his hand and the certain ring in his voice as he greeted her. Possibly not until that moment had she realized quite how much interest Phil Battersby had inspired within her in the old times. It had been to her that he had come when the first freshness of his great enthusiasm had laid hold upon him. No woman is ever happier than when helping a man she honestly likes — and, more than that, admires and possibly believes in — to wrestle with his vision until he has overcome it.

All this Madge Starrett had done in her glory of budding womanhood. She alone had known the absurdly dizzy heights to which his ambition had soared. Often since, when Phil Battersby's name revolved before her eyes on the wheel of memory, which never ceases whirring no matter how one may pray that it stop, the recollection of that ambition's Lucifer fall made her stir in her chair uneasily, and sent a flush of shamed sorrow to flag its way from her cheeks up into the temples. And yet here was Phil Battersby in the flesh before her, standing easily and with a certain greeting. After all who knew? Perhaps —

Battersby himself, thanking Heaven for the disguise of outward calmness, looked into the eyes of the girl very much after the manner of a lost soul who has been for the moment allowed to return for one final glimpse of Paradise. He listened to his voice saying very correct commonplaces with an almost indignant resentment. He felt like quarreling with himself for his cold-blooded correctness. Instead he drew a chair beside her and talked of the races and of the Spindrift's gallant finish on the third leg home.

The girl listened to his talk, and, divining its insincerity, was glad. For she knew then that there was latent somewhere a shred of the old enthusiasm. And being woman wise, she waited for its out-drawing, which she knew would come after the dinner and the music, perhaps in these very chairs by the taffrail. So she smiled when Virginia Goodwin came over to them reprovingly. "Larry did n't lure you here to be monopolized," said Mrs. Goodwin, with a laugh. "And just for penance, Phil, you 're to take Madge in to dinner."

Ask the man who has been ranching it for six months, or prospecting a bit up Klondike way, or who has come home from a year's service in the Philippines, what he yearns for most. They 'll all tell you the same thing, — a dinner-table with the friends he cares for, with candles and white linen and cut glass and decent talk; the frippery table talk of little things if you like, but the thing he has dreamed of and prayed that he might once more hear. Battersby sat letting the atmosphere of his surroundings soak into him. Ah, it was *good* to be where it was again. He eyed the array of silver beside his plate with avid interest. He found himself wondering idly if he knew what all the knives and forks were for. Then he realized that Madge Starrett was beside him, and he turned to her.

A woman regards a man she has once cared for, and has then lost sight of for years, with a slowly widening expectancy when his chair happens to be next hers at dinner after all those years. Madge Starrett was not sure whether she welcomed or resented the quickened heart beats which betokened the presence of Phil Battersby at her elbow. She had believed in his future and his success, — and his failure, his sudden

dropping out of it all, had seemed to her cowardly. In thinking it over she had said to herself that she hated a coward. She did not know — there was no reason why she should know — that he had faced harder conditions of existence than those which are the inseparable accompaniment of a frustrate ambition; faced them in a necessary effort for gaining bread and butter, which had been forced upon him.

She watched his hand as he reached for his wineglass. And although he was draining it eagerly and more often than she cared to see a man do at a dinner-table with women present, the hand was steady enough. Now and then she turned slightly and looked into his eyes, as he rattled on with all the old brilliance of the Phil Battersby of seven years ago. She read nothing in them that told her anything. They met hers frankly, even good-humoredly; but she felt somehow that there was not genuine frankness back of them. And after a while it came over her that this man, this more than friend of the past, could be helped if there were some woman, a real woman, to stretch out a hand and beckon him on to the fulfillment of early promise. Had she ever been that woman, she wondered.

Battersby was keen enough ordinarily, and more than ever able now, with his wits wine-sharpened, to read much of what was occupying her thoughts. He in turn gazed absorbedly at her as she busied herself with the silver tools of the table, which at times impress one as being altogether grotesque. And as the champagne filliped the nerve centres in his temples, and he felt the old-time impulse to utter clever things radiating from temples to brain, he looked at her and realized that she was no longer a girl, but a woman with her glorious beauty beyond the promise of the débutante bud he had once known. While he had paused, wavered, and at last weakly retrograded, Madge Starrett had developed to fulfill her destiny. He tried to fight off the old dream-fancy that, if he had been patient, — if he had been really a man and had fought on for the goal he knew she knew he was striving to attain, — this woman might have been vouchsafed by the gods to bring out the little which was noble within him.

Larry Goodwin, watching him from the head of the table, marked his laughter, and under cover of the chatter of the Smith-Terrills on either side, dispatched his wife an eloquent glance of approval. "Phil 's getting on," it said. "He 's the same old fellow. We must have him to dinner when we get back to town. He 's been working too hard, I guess."

But Virginia Goodwin, with a woman's finer though less generous instinct, which spares us so many disasters of drawing-room diplomacy, signaled back by wifely code, "He 's getting on, my dear, but how far? Watch Madge. Never watch a man when he meets a woman after all these years. It 's the woman's face that counts."

The skipper of the Berserker was not to be gainsaid, however. Was not the Spindrift's cup gracing the board, banked in orchids, with smilax twining its chased base. "Your health, Phil," he called down the linen lane with genial gladness in his smile. "Your health, my dear fellow. It 's like old times again."

"Your health, Phil," echoed Horace Trevano halfway to Madge Starrett. "Remember your valedictory when you made Memorial shiver by making the class laugh?"

"And then cry like babies, by Gad," added Goodwin, as the men's glasses rose.

Battersby's smile wavered for an instant, although none but the girl at his side marked it. "Thank you, Larry," he replied. "My valedictory, — I had almost forgot." Then in the rattle of

revived chatter he turned to Madge Starrett. She saw his face was a blank, the light of awakened instinct gone, the old hopeless, shabby look slipping back across his features like a mask. "Valedictory," he repeated dully, "that means farewell, does n't it?"

Fear — vaguely expressed but plainly apparent — crept into his eyes. Beneath the drooping linen of the table his left hand touched her arm tremulously and then drew away again. It had been an unconscious betrayal of appeal, and the girl loathed him for the touch. Even more she despised him for the almost reckless way in which he appropriated the table talk during the rest of the dinner. Again she could not know that the man was hating himself doubly; first, for being weak enough to be stabbed by remembering; and, second, for being craven enough to let a woman see he shrank from his own destiny, foreordained as it might be.

The men lingered briefly over the coffee, for the saloon was stuffy despite the electric fans, and the thought of a moon with the Berserker's striped awnings furled was alluring. Larry Goodwin found Battersby stirring his coffee idly while the others were leaving.

"There are n't any grounds, Phil," he said. "You can't play at mud pies with the Berserker's coffee. Have you forgotten that?" The well-fed, prosperous master of the yacht lighted a fat, black cigar as he spoke. He blew one or two thin rings into the air and hesitated. When he did speak it was with a curious, boyish shyness that sat oddly upon his sturdy frame. "Phil," he said, "she 's up there somewhere in a deck chair. Women are n't any of them charted as far as I know. Their reasons for doing things are tangled up worse than the channels off the Florida coast, and I've run the Berserker ashore once or twice myself down there. Madge Starrett 's a girl in a thousand, but she 's never married. And no matter what Virginia says"— Goodwin broke off suddenly, reddening at his clumsiness.

Battersby got out of his chair and put his hand on the other's shoulder. He was smiling. "Mrs. Goodwin is right," he said. "And Larry, you 're a good fellow, — a damned good fellow. But you see, you can't understand, and I 'm not quite sure that I don't misunderstand things, and — Oh well, let 's go on deck."

Virginia Goodwin rose from Madge Starrett's side as her husband and Battersby picked their way through the group on deck. "Larry," she said, "I 'm going to insist that you be an agreeable host. You 've got to find out what cordials the Smith-Terrills want. Chartreuse and Benedictine are n't synonyms, and I want you to see that the steward realizes it."

"I 'm a bungling dog, Virginia," muttered the skipper of the Berserker as his wife drew him toward the larger group, where Horace Trevano was endeavoring by means of an inverted megaphone to hear what was being said on the yacht moored nearest them. "It 's wonderful how far you can hear with the things," Trevano was saying. "Up at Lake Asquam last summer we used to sit on the boathouse float and eavesdrop on the spoons in canoes. Once I heard" — Virginia Goodwin smiled in the deck dusk as Trevano's voice was lost in a murmur of femininely indignant protest. She patted her husband's arm gently. "If there were only more like you, Larry," she whispered, "they 'd give it the right name and call it 'honesty.'"

Battersby by the moon haze studied the profile of the girl in the chair by his side. The very rattan seemed to touch her lovingly as she gazed over the taffrail at the bobbing lights of the fleet anchored beyond. As he looked, it stung him to feel that he was further removed from her now than he had been in his little hall bedroom in Stuyvesant Square. There he had his memory of her, un-

faded, when he would let it appear like the genii in the vase, and unfailingly sympathetic. To-night, with her hand almost touching his, he realized that this memory must henceforth be dead. The earnest faith of the girl, which he had rememberingly cherished, was not. For the girl had turned woman long since, with the gauge of a woman for fitness and unfitness; and that gauge had been of necessity within the last hour applied to him. He could not doubt that he had suffered in the doing.

Madge Starrett was waiting for him to tell her about himself. Of this all women can be reasonably certain, — that the man of the past, when chance mingles his path with hers after a lapse of years, will tell her about himself, if for no other purpose than that of obtaining justification. Somehow at this moment, with her eyes closed to all but the present, with Phil Battersby at her side as he had been, she found herself eagerly ready to listen to what he had to say. The dreams of a girl never quite die. They tint the after life of the woman. And it was so with Madge Starrett. Had Battersby known this it would have been easier.

From one of the yachts came the sound of singing. The saloon portholes were open, and the voice, a woman's contralto, with its deeper background of piano, came clearly over the water : —

" The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Sailing off on a wintry sky.
Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by."

The group farther down the rail were listening too. Virginia Goodwin was leaning forward, her elbow upon the arm of her chair, and her chin upon her clasped hands. Her wrap had slipped from her shoulders, and Battersby saw the gleam of her white neck with its spitfire circlet of diamonds. As she listened, her look fixed upon the watergloom, Battersby saw Larry Goodwin, whose eyes were not upon the boat in the distance, but staring at his wife. There was not the light for seeing quite plainly, but Battersby knew that if there had been, he could have read apprehension in the gaze of the skipper of the Berserker, — the stare of a man of primary emotions when his wife's mood is far flung and he may not follow her, the unuttered thought that maybe, after all, there has been some other man who could have traveled with her in her mood journeys. " Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by," the contralto finished plaintively. Trevano whispered something to the woman nearest him which made her laugh quietly. And Virginia Goodwin turned in her deck chair, too, with what Battersby took to be an undue eagerness to be amused. Her husband pulled her wrap into place about her shoulders awkwardly.

Battersby turned impatiently toward the girl. " There is n't much time," he said. " I 've got to go back to town tonight. It 's been little enough, but a glimpse of the old friends I 've lost has been more to me than perhaps any of you will understand. "

" Why 'lost ? ' " said the girl. " Larry is going to weigh anchor at daybreak. He says we 'll be at the yacht club anchorage by eleven." Her face never once left off scanning the light-streaked waste of water beyond the rail, and her tones were even and colorless.

" I shan't be able to go down with the Berserker," said Battersby. " I shall have been busy a good many hours by the time Larry anchors off Twenty-Sixth Street." The silence which followed made him feel that he should continue speaking. But, as his lips opened, he felt that before they had closed again he might have committed himself to some things which would cause him regret upon the morrow. " Larry ran across me by accident," he went on. " I had no idea of seeing you all when I came up. I wonder how Larry knew me, for one changes a great deal in a few years ? I walked past Bradley in

the wagonette at the station; walked past slowly to see if he still knew me, and he did n't. Then I remembered that it had been seven years since I had seen any of you — seven years since I cut it all."

Madge Starrett's voice repeated his words softly. "Seven years," it said. "Seven years — a long time." Then she swayed toward him in the chair, and he fancied her eyes were eager. "Why did you 'cut it all,' as you say?" she asked.

"Have n't you guessed?"

"They talked about you," said the girl. "At first they said you were busy writing, and then that you had never really cared for it — that is, for us all, Virginia and Larry and — the rest of us."

"And then that I was a failure and ashamed of it," said Battersby, wincing as he uttered each word of what he knew was truth.

She nodded. "The first reason was the worst — the cruelest — even if the last were true."

"It was true," said Battersby.

"And the first?" The girl's words came reluctantly, forced despite her, from a throat that was tense with the effort to choke them back.

"The first was a lie. It was because I cared for you — for you and Larry, and Mrs. Goodwin, and the rest — that I showed the streak of yellow. Not that this justifies me. The yellow streak must have been there always, only I never guessed at it. I could n't stiffen against a facer when I came to it. I wonder if you knew the streak was there — if Larry and Mrs. Goodwin knew it? Good God! I may have been an open book of cowardice all my life; may have been despised for it without knowing it." Battersby's voice trembled with the rush of sudden thought. The girl threw out her hands with a little deprecating motion. In the white half-reflection the moonlight seemed to drip from her fingers.

"Don't," she said. "Don't talk that way. A man has never the right to tell a woman he has been a coward. He would better — much better — lie about it, if need be, to conceal it."

"But if he were found out?"

"He could never be found out — if the woman cared."

Beyond, the group was laughing at some of Horace Trevano's tattle. Goodwin's deep chuckle was uppermost in the mingled murmur. The creak of the hawsers, as the Berserker dipped to the freshening swells of the bay, was rhythmically regular. Battersby saw that the girl had settled back against the rattan, her eyes hidden in the shadow.

"Listen," he said. "This is the last time. It was worse than brutal for me to have come to-night. At least grant me your seeing that I have had the courage to be brutal to myself. For I 've had to-night a taste of the old times I fancied I had learned how to forget. I shall have to learn all over again. You were a girl when I saw you the last time. You listened to my enthusiasms then, and believed in them because you were a girl. Now you are a woman, and it is different. You can't judge things in the old girlish way — not even if you wish. A woman must be just despite herself — if she has ever cared."

The girl put out her hands again, but Battersby's impulse was inexorable. He found himself a deliberate victim upon the rack of a self-forced torture, yet rising supreme above the pangs of his own agony because of the suffering of his unwilling inquisitor. "And you cared — once, did n't you?" he asked.

Madge Starrett faced him almost indignantly. But when she spoke her words were uttered calmly enough, at which she herself marveled. "Yes — I did care — once," she answered.

"I wanted to hear you say it," he went on, "because I am doing penance. My atonement has lasted seven years, and to-night will make it deservedly more

bitter. And now let me tell you a little about myself, for you will see the poetic justice of things perhaps better than the others. Not that I care what the others think, save Larry. Good old fellow, he is too great-heartedly stupid to see what I really am. And Mrs. Goodwin" —

"Virginia is expedient," the girl interrupted hastily.

"And sees the inexpediency of a burnt-out rocket stick," he continued. "Why, it is merely the righteous caution of a vigilant hostess. She was even anxious about me to-night for those first few minutes at table, until she heard me rattle on in the old way, and knew that I would last until the coffee. And I did last. I did last." Battersby laughed quietly.

"Ah, don't do that," whispered the girl.

"I 'm laughing at myself," he said, "laughing at myself for being afraid to believe that the girl of seven years ago would let a little of the old faith come back."

Madge Starrett's fingers tightened upon the arms of the deck chair. "Does it then mean anything to you still?" she asked.

"Even a failure would have a memory to share his exile." Battersby was vaguely conscious at the moment that to-morrow he would be a lost soul in torment. The launch would be taking him back to shore soon, with Heaven receding. Heaven being as much of the Berserker's deck as Madge Starrett's chair was covering.

"You would smile if I should tell you of what to-night reminds me," he said. "I spend a great deal of my time on the East Side these days, for a number of reasons that there is no particular necessity of defining. One morning last winter I went over to a Chrystie Street tenement to find out about an ambulance call that had been posted at Police Headquarters. It was snowing, and just before dawn. A policeman on the corner told me that the child of a Yiddish shoe-lace peddler on the top floor had been fatally scalded by the overturning of a samovar.

"The family had been breakfasting at four, so that the father could walk to Harlem and begin peddling his shoe-laces in time to catch the down-town crowds at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street 'L' station. I climbed upstairs, stumbling along in the pitch dark. At the top landing there was a drunken longshoreman sleeping. My feet trod upon his face, and he stirred to curse me before he dropped off to sleep again. I stepped into the wretched little den they called a home, gasping for breath in the foulness of the room. The mother was rocking to and fro, wailing over the cheap high chair still drawn up to the table, and the father was praying in a despairing jargon of outcries and entreaty. The other children stood awestricken, staring at their parents as if they did not understand. The baby had been taken to Bellevue, and at the mention of the word 'hospital' they took me for a doctor. The mother fell at my knees and begged me to say that her baby would live. The doorway, full of excitedly sympathetic neighbors, with poor, white-faced, terror-stricken children peering between the legs of their elders, chattered anew as they regarded me. 'He is the doctor-man. He will make Rachel's baby well,' I heard them say."

Battersby paused. The girl was looking at his face, and this time he was staring out over the rail and smiling oddly. "I suppose the yellow streak was always there," he said. "Trevano would laugh if he heard it. It would make a good story to tell at the club, for I was afraid to tell the truth, — afraid to say that I was not the doctor. It was the yellow streak, for I told them I was from Bellevue, and that the baby was going to get well. And all the time I knew, for the policeman on the corner had told me, that the baby was dying when the ambulance took it away."

Madge Starrett's voice wavered as she whispered, "Poor little baby! Poor little baby!"

With the womanly pity in her words, and the tears which could not be seen, but which he knew were moistening her eyelids, Battersby felt a fierce desire to have the girl pity him instead of the child of his story. The knowledge that he was jealous of a dead, East Side Yiddish baby showed him how craven for pity he had become. He turned hastily to her as she lay sunken far back in the chair, her shoulders contracted as if in some real physical pain.

"So far my story has n't meant anything," he said. "It is the rest of it that will be the object lesson; that will show you I have fallen so low that even a vulgar gratefulness means much to me. The old peddler, jabbering in his uncouth joy, could not be restrained from lighting me down the crazy stairway. With a lamp held high above his ragged beard, and sending distorted shadows over the face of the drunken longshoreman on the top landing as we passed, he followed me three steps behind all the way. 'God will you bless,' he kept saying over and over again. 'The God of Abraham will reward.' And from far off, somewhere in the fetid tomb of a home I had left behind me on the top story, there came to me cries of joy, cries of, 'Oh, the good doctor! The kind hospital!' My face burned even in the cruelly cold blasts that swept into the hall from the open door. I was a hypocrite, a brutal mummer. I slunk out into the street taking their heart-broken gratitude with me, a thief, the basest sort of a thief. If the Recording Angel does not sleep at five in the morning, my place in the Rogues' Gallery of Heaven is secure. And — for I told you I had fallen low — I found myself wishing from the bottom of my soul that I might have deserved their prayers, their benisons of Yiddish jargon. For it came over me in the snow, outside that ramshackle tenement, with red dawn creeping up from the East River and the milk carts clattering over the pavements, that it is a great thing to win the heart-warm gratitude of even a wretched and not quite clean peddler and his wife."

Battersby ceased speaking abruptly. It came over him very suddenly that he was weary. He stared at the girl crouched low in her chair, and then past her, out into the fleet-lit waters. The hawsers still creaked with the Berserker's persistent tugging at her moorings. From the nearest yacht came the sound of the same contralto voice, singing this time a rollicking barcarolle. But the music seemed discordant now.

"The funny thing about it is," he said slowly, "that until I saw you — you and Larry and the rest — but mostly seeing you — the stolen thanks of that Yiddish peddler meant more to me than anything else. I had been a failure, the worst kind of a failure, but it taught me I could at least be kind now and then to others if I had not been kind to myself. You see, I told you the yellow streak was there. I suppose it must have been there always. I wonder if you knew it?"

The girl shivered, and he sprang to where her shoulder cloak had slipped to the deck. "I 've been bringing my tenement-house manners with me," he said. "You have been cold in that thin frock, and I have been too selfishly introspective to see."

"It is n't that," she said. "It is n't the cold. It 's the baby — the poor little burnt baby."

"But I lied, you know," said Battersby.

The girl smiled faintly. "I 'm glad of it," she said. "Your telling that lie has explained a whole lot of things."

Down by the rail amidships Trevano was laughing again, and Battersby saw Virginia Goodwin stand up, tall and white in the moonlight. She came along

the deck toward them, Larry Goodwin following her, with the anxious look of unidentified apprehension in his eyes if they could have been seen, as Battersby knew.

"Mrs. Goodwin is coming," said Battersby, turning to the girl quickly. His Lucifer fall was beginning again, and the realization of it startled him. "It has been my valedictory over again."

"Valedictory — that means farewell," said the girl slowly.

He recalled his unconsciously uttered words at table, and smiled because she had remembered them. That was something. "I shall not say it," he said. Then the flush of a new and resolute courage gave way to a certain foreknowledge that, after all, to-morrow would find him the same resentfully inefficacious self. "Let us leave it unsaid," he whispered, and there was no time for an answer from her, for Trevano was to preside at the making of a "chafing-dish confection," as he called it, in the saloon below; and Mrs. Goodwin, being a good-natured but none the less cautious hostess, had decreed that Madge Starrett should sit at his right hand.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning Battersby stood on a string-piece at the foot of East Twenty-Sixth Street. A yard away the sun was beating down upon a dripping object, which two policemen were examining upon bended knees. Another officer stood beside Battersby with a boat-hook in his hand. The sunlight displayed with unreserved brutality the dirty gray masses of stone buildings along the water's edge, — the Bellevue Hospital tint of hopelessness; and the odor of the disinfectants from the near-by morgue was insistent. The drowned man — this fleshly, unprotesting toy of the whirl of "Buttermilk" Channel and the Bridge's conflicting currents — had lured Battersby from his Police Headquarters' den to pry into its secrets. He had come that the decencies of burial convention might be achieved, and a true name be chalked upon the pine lid which would cover the face of the silent thing when it was laid at rest in scant-earthed Potter's Field.

To the group — the four living men and the dead one — there came the rattle of hawsers from midstream. A steam yacht had let go her fluke irons at the yacht club anchorage. The policeman who was searching for letters in the shrunken pockets of the dripping object paused for a moment, and with his hand to his helmet peered across the sunshot, scummy water. The sleek, white sides of the boat glistened, and he could see the glint of yards of polished brass railing and the knot of people in the deck chairs astern. Over it all fluttered Larry Goodwin's private signal.

"It 's the Berserker," said the policeman, spelling out the yellow letters at the bow as the current swung the yacht around. "She 's a beauty, she is."

Duck-clad sailors lowered away the staging while the electric launch cleared astern and lay alongside. The occupants of the deck chairs moved down to the rail amidships. A woman's laugh, with a man's deeper echo, punctuated faintly the disembarkation. A slim girl in blue yachting cloth stepped into the launch just before it cast loose, and went bobbing off toward shore further down.

In the sun heat, the presence of the disagreeable dead, and the fused odors of hospital and morgue, there came to Battersby the memory of a moon-lighted deck, a girl with bent shoulders, and, woven throbbing through the memory, the wail of a contralto, "Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by."

"Ah," he said quite unconsciously, "it *was* my valedictory." Then he turned to his friends, the policemen.

Robert MacAlarney.

CHORISTERS.

O WIND and waters, ye alone
Have chanted the primeval tone
  Since Nature first began.
All other voices change, but ye
Abide, the soul of harmony
  Interpreting to man.

He listens, and his heart is fain
To fashion an immortal strain,
  Yet his sublimest lay
Is but the music of a tongue
Attuned to silence, and among
  The echoes dies away.

John B. Tabb.

PAGANISM.

THE pagan, as we all know, was originally nothing more nor less than an Italian rustic; a man who lived and plodded and died, remote from all urban associations and influences. Though prevented by the exigencies of his lot from giving himself up to that frantic pursuit of a "good time" which constituted the chief preoccupation of his more citified compatriots, he still made, in the comparatively leisure months of the agricultural year, certain awkward attempts at festivity. He did his best to conciliate Old Father Time, at the Saturnalia of December; and he held his yet more characteristic Paganalia in the month of January. These uncouth feasts of his were the licentious and sunshiny South Italian equivalent of the "huskings" and "sugarings-off" of the old-fashioned rural New Englander. The pagan was the man who stood, open-mouthed and glassy-eyed, when through-passengers from Rome to Brindisi stopped overnight in his village, and nobly cursed its mean accommodations, in the intervals of their cryptic talk about the new games, *with elephants*, the latest divorce, and that notorious Optimate who had just "ratted" or "paired-off" in the Senate. New fashions came in, at the great centres of trade and civilization, in dress, equipage, phraseology, poetry, philosophy, and religion. But the pagan still wore his undyed woolen tunic, drove his gray oxen afield, made his hobbling rhymes, clipped his final syllables, ran his verbs and pronouns together, and worshiped the *Dii patrii indigetes* very much as his representative upon the same soil does to the present day. It was not until one imported faith, more vital than all the rest, had displaced its competitors, and become the religion of the state and the metropolis, and therefore fashionable, that the word pagan began to connote impiety as well as rusticity.

Nor is Italy, as it would seem, the only land where the indigenous gods display an obstinate vitality; long maintaining a retired existence, and an authority quite distinct from that of the

Deity — or deities — of the people's professed worship. I have, indeed, always thought it one of the strongest arguments for the miraculous origin and subsistence of Christianity, that the theory of it — sometimes described as the "Christian Scheme," — is one which could never, by any possibility, have occurred to a mere *terræ filius*, or simple, home-keeping, soil-delving creature; and I have been curiously confirmed in this view by what I have seen during the last few years of a certain circumscribed, semi-mountainous district in one of the New England states. Owing to the geographical position of this tract, untouched by any of the main routes of continental travel, it is, in a manner, self-centred; the backwater of its state, as the late Clarence King used to say that San Francisco was the backwater of the world.

The scenery of the region is beautiful, — to such, at least, as like their landscape simple, verdant, and wild; very slightly humanized, and innocent of all pretension to the great style, either in its original contours or in its native growth.

Even so, alas, it is being rapidly denuded and vulgarized by the ruthless destruction of the white pine and feathery hemlock woods, which used, in the beautiful metaphor of Keats, to "fledge the wild flank" of every considerable hill. Along the clear streams which run among these hills, — devious and loquacious, — low in summer but well-nigh ungovernable in spring, lie the gaunt little villages; many of them less busy and populous than they were sixty years ago, when they were still traversed by important stage routes. The inn, which used often to be crowded in those days, and hospitable with the steam of hearty food and the aroma of comfortable drink, sits dozing in slow decay; a world too wide for its diminished clientèle, and merely calling attention to its own infirmities by fatuously proclaiming itself an hotel. The "Academy" — where the better-to-do farmers' boys once acquired the modicum of Latin and Greek which fitted them to enter one of our lesser colleges — has been converted to some baser use, and even the stark meeting-houses — for there are always two at least — often tell, by their falling clapboards and faded wooden shutters, a tale of long neglect, and sometimes of cynical abandonment.

The meagre annals of the recluse hamlet are written upon tables of stone in the wind-swept graveyard yonder. *Siste viator*, and let us learn something from these, if we can, of the true character of the deity to whom the seniors of the oldest living inhabitant bowed the knee in awe.

What stupendous kind of a machine-divinity was that who was invoked by some bereft husband or lover in the startling couplet: —

> "Sleep, dearest Mary, in the grave
> Till God shall *burst the blue concave*"?

We must admit that this mourner was a bit of a poet, and that there is a certain grandeur in his vision of the violent restoration to consciousness of his poor lost darling. But the author of the ensuing lines held an attitude toward the unseen Powers, as deeply antagonistic, if not quite as cringing, as that of Caliban on the island: —

> In Memory of
> —— ——
> A good Citizen, a kind Husband and Father,
> etc.

And then comes the grim coda: —

> "But while in health, the woodman's axe he sped,
> God aimed the tree that crushed him dead."

Many of the inscriptions in these lone places of ancient rest have no true spontaneity or distinctive character. They are dismally conventional. Sometimes, indeed, surviving relatives have had the good taste and good sense merely to engrave some text of sacred Scripture upon the lichened stone: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" or else — though much less often — the reasoned

and far more confidently hopeful, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." The majority, however, follow two or three familiar and tolerably sombre types of epitaph; one of the finest of which in its collected and majestic sternness is this: —

> "Friend nor physician could not save
> This mortal body from the grave;
> Nor can the grave detain me here
> When Christ shall call me to appear."

But in that selfsame green acre of God where Mary has awaited for some hundred and fifty years the thunders of her grand *svegliamento*, an inquisitive and intractable agnostic of the last century but one has recorded his doctrinal revolt in the following *variante* on the stanza quoted above: —

> "*Why* could not a physician save
> This mortal body from the grave?
> *Why* should the grave detain me here
> Till Christ doth call me to appear?"

The first of these rather insolent queries reminds one irresistibly of the small David Copperfield spelling out upon a wall-tablet of Blunderstone Church the statement that "'afflictions sore long time Mr. Podgers bore, and physicians were in vain.' And then I look at Mr. Chillip and wonder if he was in vain, and what are his feelings on being thus publicly reminded of the fact."

As compared with the sullen disposition of one who could thus boldly mutilate a venerable text, there is something quite refreshing about the amiable and unschooled vivacity of the spirit which makes its exit with these words: —

> "Dear friends, farewell to you!
> Heaven is my native air.
> I bid my friends a fond *ado*
> Impatient to be *their*."

Surely it was no chilly home of the shades that cast no shadow, to which this buoyant creature went skipping away! And what a remarkable power, both of philosophic synthesis and of calm and compact statement, was that of the oft-tried widower who has erected a broad stone with five Gothic points, each one bearing the name of a deceased wife, and set below the names the comprehensive line: —

> "*These all* died in faith."

Indeed we find the brighter and healthier as well as the more superstitious aspect of paganism remarkably illustrated sometimes in these leafy No-Thoroughfares.

Our horses were being baited, and (theoretically) rubbed down, at the indolent old inn, and we had wandered beyond the village into the open, or rather the continuously wooded country. We had left behind us the straggling street bordered by low, white cottages, of which the "fore-rooms," at least, and the jealously fenced front dooryards, were as if sealed in perpetual slumber. We had left the river, shorn, here, even of the serried ranks of splendid scarlet lobelias, or cardinal flowers, which had flanked its lower reaches; left the shaky bridge and the invalid mill, the tightly closed wooden conventicles, even the hill of slumber under the "blue concave" still purely and pensively intact. We had discussed our basket-lunch under some nut trees in a rocky pasture, and were subsequently beguiled into following a curiously well-worn footpath which led off the opposite side of the highway, into a deep, old forest of sighing columnar pines. Two of us had gone on in advance, while two lingered behind, idly gathering handfuls of the vivid dwarf-cornel berries — which glowed everywhere upon the dark background of the forest floor, like showers of living sparks. Presently one of our precursors came back and bade us mend our pace. "There 's an old man here, in the wood, with the most wonderful garden! He hopes you won't go without seeing it."

Sure enough, an abrupt turn of the path a little further on disclosed a sylvan hollow, and a gleam of still water

reflecting a simply miraculous pageant of richly blooming and carefully tended flowers; — the stately, sophisticated, flaunting, garden-blossoms of August. Tall dahlias nodded superciliously to the smaller vegetable people at their feet. There were regiments of stiff gladiolas, wearing their broad, vacant smile, and carrying their sword-like leaves as if on parade. There were the sculpturesque lilies of Japan, both white and pink, hibiscus pink and pale sea-green, California poppies, cockscombs in all the "new" shades, crimson bergamot, furnaces of scarlet geranium, — *que sçais je?* The sides of the hollow were curtained with flaming nasturtiums, and ferns both native and exotic nodded in the crevices of the out-cropping rocks. Most of the flowers were massed in weedless beds of loam defined by rows of small round pebbles; while paths a few inches wide, but absolutely well kept, meandered among them, crossing at intervals, by means of tiny rustic bridges, the ribbon-streamlet carried round the parterre for purposes of irrigation, out of the diminutive lake which we had seen from above. The brook that once traversed the hollow had been dammed and water-lilies planted above the barrier, as we saw by their floating leaves. There had been a beautiful rose-colored blossom riding there, the day before, so we were told by the *genius loci*, but some wild animal — boy or beaver — had stolen it away.

He, the Genius, towered over the oasis which he had created in the green desert, a hulking figure, but hale and tall, white-bearded, apple-cheeked; and he gave us a hearty welcome.

Had nobody helped him about all this?

"These hands" — extending, with a large gesture, a brown and sinewy pair — "have done it all!"

"And do you never" — But the second question died upon our lips; self-convicted, as it were, of impertinence and vulgarity. The point and wonder of the whole show was, that it had been prepared for Beauty's sake alone, — a splendid sacrifice upon a turfy altar. Not merely was the garden a mile or two distant from the gardener's village home; it was many times as far away from the remotest possibility of a flower-market. There should properly have been a statue of the improper Priapus in that forest dell, and a row of conical straw hives; but only the wild bees hummed about the red bergamot their faint and drowsy tune.

There came over us then — like a gush of sweet incense out of an unseen thurible — that sense of the immemorial familiarity of what we saw, in which Plato himself has advised us to discern an intimation of our preëxistence. We had known our old man and his flower-beds in the wild for centuries. And who was he who first made us acquainted, but the selfsame *dolce Duca*, by whom also we had sat, one blessed evening more than a millennium later, in another flower-starred hollow, and heard the patient souls, whose ransom had been made secure, singing: —

"Salve Regina, in sul verde, e in su fiori."

It is of the *anima Cortese Mantonana* that I feel I ought more particularly to ask pardon for inserting here — out of a pretty well-forgotten version of his Georgics — a copy of our original note of introduction to the forest gardener: —

"I mind how, under Tarentum's turrets high
Where the brown waves of the river Galæsus run,
Freshening the yellow fields of harvest, I
An exile of Coryeus, a man of eld,
Tilling a few spent acres once beheld.
Not apt for the plough were these, nor the bearing of corn,
To nourish flocks, nor kindly unto the vine;
But how had he filled the home of briers forlorn,
With goodly garden-herbs, and bidden shine
White lilies and vervain round his ordered beds,
And esculent poppies bear aloft their heads!
The treasure of kings in his content he found,
And, lingering late in the field, he came, at eve,

To a humble board with unbought dainties crowned.
His, the first rose of summer to receive,
The first of autumn's apples! and he, anon,
When fetters of ice were laid the streams upon,
And frosts of surly winter had riven the rocks,
And all the brooks were chained, was fain to shear
The blooming hyacinth of her lovely locks,
While he chid, for its tarrying, the vernal year,
And the lazy zephyrs, long upon the way;
Wherefore his infant bees did see the day
Earlier in spring, and, in their number more,
Than all beside. He from his combs expressed
The foaming honey in more abundant store,
And limes, and the most luxuriant pines possessed,
And never a fruit did set in flowering-time
Upon his trees but ripened in summer's prime!"

It did not surprise or disconcert our party in the least that the floral tribute offered us, — after an evident struggle, — when we came away, should have been gingerly gathered, scanty and short-stemmed. The *Senex Corycius*, as we very well remembered, had been equally reluctant, always, to impoverish or deface his beloved plantations.

Harriet Waters Preston.

AN EDUCATED WAGE-EARNER.

It was with no chivalrous notion of living among wage-earners in order to be useful to them either as an example or as a reporter that I sought employment in a factory, but simply because I needed ready money every week for living expenses, and the factory work paid from the beginning. No unpaid apprenticeship during which the learner must live on nothing, or go in debt, was required. And for a long while I was selfishly concerned as to how I could go about my work with the least possible infliction of the society of my shopmates; not because I despised them, but because their conversation was rough, boisterous, and unmannerly at times, and always deadly dull, wearisome, and uninteresting. They said the same things over and over; and but for their spice of malice these might have been the things that a machine constructed to run in one narrow groove would grind out. I kept on good terms with them instinctively. Their friendship would make all the difference between daily victory and nightly thankfulness and a cumulative succession of crushing defeats that would not have killed. This I knew without being told. It was as though the subconscious part of my mind was at one with them; and I could feel many things of which my sophisticated intelligence could take no note. The most devastating folly that can be indulged in by women who are suddenly compelled to support themselves is the insufferable habit of gabbling about better days. It turns the worst side of industrial life toward them, and prevents them from seeing or using the best.

Not that a certain amount of verbal sympathy may not be wrenched from each new listener that is secured; but this absurd pampering of vanity, unhoused and in exile, brings swift retribution in the loss of that respect which the multiple consciousness of the proletariat has for any of its legitimate units. This compound being is more to be dreaded than any number of armies with banners. We catch glimpses of him in panics, when a hundred or a thousand people suddenly lose the power of individual thought, and each feels the accumulated fear of all; and in mobs, when men ordinarily incapable of brutality weld their beings in some white heat of anger into a single consciousness which uses them for fists and feet, and, having so coalesced psychologically, they are as destitute of the attributes of in-

dividual men, as brainless and heartless and usable as fists and feet. These are the spectacular appearances of the multiple human being; and they are so disquieting to contemplate, so fraught with horror to the mind that speculates but for a moment on the consequences that will inevitably follow when that trick of combining has been learned and can be practiced at will, that they drive us to imitate the children who cover their eyes, clutch for the parental hand, and, when the terror is passed, forget. But the orderly, untumultuous manifestations of this portentous being are much harder to withstand. If one escapes the sudden fury of the panic or mob, one is safe; but the perpetual endurance of those things which instinctive dislike prompts every individual of the multitude to invent on the spur of the moment to convey, as by contact with a live wire, the accumulated voltage of the anger and dislike of all, — for no apparent reason except that of opportunity, — is infinitely worse than any violence that has a beginning and ending can possibly be. The discrepancy between the trivial provocation or no provocation and the malignant intensity of the hostile spirit that manifests itself confounds the mind and induces a frantic feeling as of being chained among ants, any one of which having found where to set its mandibles became at once a bulldog. I have known many women who expected to secure special consideration in shop or mill and some degree of social distinction outside by continually harping on the "better-days" and "never-expected-to-be-here" string, and I have warned not a few; but I do not recollect one who did not go to pieces mentally, and lose every scrap of available intelligence except the pitiful notions that put her at odds with the life she could not escape. Absolutely there is no possibility of continuing normal in the multitude except by self-obliteration. Astonishingly personal questions will be asked, but they must be answered frankly and fully. The proletariat is absorbing another unit. That is all. Very little satisfies this friendly curiosity; then the new worker becomes an old familiar fact, merges in the multitude, and thereafter is no more conspicuous than an individual grain in a bushel of wheat. That the apprentice is working for wages, however tremendous the fact may be to herself, requires neither explanation nor apology. Work is the normal condition. She would not be respectable if she did not work. Honest women and good girls take the middle of the road, and leave the whole sidewalk to their white-handed sisters who have no apparent means of support. The chances are that no woman is nearly so distinguished in appearance as she fancies herself to be; and wage-earning women are much more presentable than their more fortunate sisters are accustomed to believe. Shorn away on both sides to the line of actual fact, the narrow border of difficulty remaining is easily negotiated at any point by the slightest exercise of tact and self-possession.

In my own case nothing was ever remarked upon but my hands. "How *do* you keep them so nice?" asked my window-mate in the factory where I first began to work, after instructing me for an hour or two in the special process that I had been set to learn.

"I 'm not proud of them," I answered, busy with the work; "I shall be glad when they are grubby as can be. They remind me of being sick in the hospital, and I want to forget it. Were you ever in a hospital?"

I divined, probably by a certain avid eagerness of expression, that the girl wanted to know more about me, — wanted to place me, — and so I gave the above information and was ready to impart such other facts as would put her mind at ease.

"No, I never was in a hospital, but my mother died in one, so I know about it. That was when we were

little. We are all grown up now, and have good jobs. You 're catchin' on to that trick first-rate. What ye been doin' ? "

"Housework."

"Oh my! How could you? Lib! come over here. My learner says she 's been doin' housework."

"For the land's sake!" Lib regarded me as one regards an inferior being; but gradually her face softened. "How 's she gettin' along? "

"First-rate. She 'll earn half-pay in a week." I was a thing, and they discussed me with frankness for several minutes, yelling their comments over my head, for one stood on each side of my chair. Finally Lib smiled at me encouragingly, still addressing my teacher.

"She won't have to go back to housework, anyway. I c'n tell by the way she takes hold that she 'll earn her board."

"She 'll do better 'n that first off."

Having undertaken my instruction, something of the feeling of possession was developing, and my teacher was disposed to champion me. "She 's been sick, in the hospital. That 's the way with folks that hire help. They 'll work 'em to death, 'n' then shove 'em into the hospital when they take sick. It makes me mad. You did right to come into the mill. I wish every house girl in the city would skip their jobs 'n' learn trades. 'T would serve 'em right — the folks that hire 'em I mean."

"You seem to know something about it yourself, I said.

"You just bet I do; but when you catch me pot-wallopin' again, lemme know."

"That 's what," said Lib, moving away, but including me in her farewell smile. We were introduced.

Thus easily did the iron doors of industry close behind me. A fondness for nature study and considerable experience in field work probably stood me in good stead. I must instinctively have adopted the same tactics of becoming a stump or boulder and quietly observing the living things around me without being particularly aware of intending to do so. I learned to do my part of the work handily in a few days, and fell in with the interminable ranks of the regular army without undue fatigue or disagreeable friction.

Under these circumstances hand work becomes a sort of relief from over-much thinking; and, in moderation, that is, if the newcomer undertake only the simpler and less trying if less remunerative processes, it conduces to healthy recovery from whatever wounds the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune may have inflicted.

But when the problem of self-support has been disposed of, and the uneasy fear of failure is succeeded by the confidence of skilled, efficient labor, another danger, which has lurked in the background during the battle for mere existence, lifts its head and stalks near and nearer with each succeeding day, — the mental hunger and thirst of an active robust intelligence, confined in a paddock where no appropriate or satisfying food can be found. Reading is always obtainable, and that must suffice. At least it will keep the caged panther alive and prevent it from gnawing its own flesh and sucking its own blood, and so becoming a monstrous and unnatural thing which will finally burst its bars in lunacy or shrivel into imbecility. I read insatiably for years, following out every line of awakened interest exhaustively. But all the while another kind of knowledge was accumulating; I began to demand different mental food from what was available; or else I was losing my taste for reading. Nine out of ten of my instructors, at whose feet I had sat gratefully and unquestioningly, left my mind unsatisfied, or in open rebellion. Sometimes the mood was one of simple endurance, identical with the refreshment produced by the conversation of district vis-

itors, the chatter of the high school girl who brought flowers and old magazines to such of us as happened to be sick, and the discourse of the college students and Young Men's Christian Association delegates who held meetings in boarding-house parlors. As this conviction forced itself upon me, it brought the first low wash of waves from a cold outer deep that I had never sounded and had no wish to explore. If books failed me, God help me through the grayness of the decades and scores of years to come. I was capable of living till I was ninety or a hundred. The very narrowness and regularity of the life I led tended to conserve the vital energies wonderfully.

About this time a casual conversation which I had at the library with an Englishman, who happened to be searching the files, greatly stimulated my mind. He took me for a fellow worker, and it seemed to me afterwards that he gave me credit for a certain amount of mental ripeness and poise. I may as well record the fact that this conversation and an hour's talk with a college or university professor in the cars are the only cases of the kind in the blank intellectual desert where I was tied to a peg or directed forward and back with my burden like any other creature whose time is not its own. By some sort of reasoning, difficult to trace without seeming ungrateful, those who bear mental pabulum to the wage-earner take counsel of the material provisioners and furnishers who bid for the trade of industrial suburbs, and organize veritable rummage sales. Merchants load their counters with the cheap, the worthless, the gaudy, and the adulterated goods that could not be sold at all in the metropolis, loudly and persistently proclaim that these are the latest in fashion and first-rate — none better — in quality, and demand of wage-earners a price in accordance with these assumptions.

For long years I had been engagingly besought to learn of the district visitor, the amateur dispenser of old magazines and single flowers ("even one lovely blossom can brighten a dingy room"), the student anxious to practice oratory, and the irreproachable young clerks and salesmen associated for the good of the universe. (They seemed to concern themselves with about everything.) And what they offered in the way of mental and spiritual food left me in precisely the frame of mind about partaking as a walk among the shops and places of amusement would do. But twice, during fifteen years, I met a human being who talked with me and passed on unaware of the largess that was bestowed. If souls were not immortal I should have died, long before the completion of such a period, of spiritual hunger and thirst.

From the Englishman's conversation I got a triangulation that made it possible to see myself in relation to my surroundings, and to arrive at a new understanding of my waning respect for the books on my specialty obtainable at the library. He took it for granted that I was a writer, several times asking if I had made use, or intended to make use, of what I was saying in my work. It amused me at the time, but after a while I began to say, "Why not?" and to use my leisure for practice. Before then I had always imagined that, in order to gain a hearing for saner methods, I must meet persons and organizations concerned with social betterment, and persuade them orally to consider some of the anomalies and contradictions and futilities of the work as at present conducted. I hated the thought of putting myself forward personally, but gradually overcame the reluctance which after all was a species of pride, and put myself in communication with many leaders in this kind of work. They did not treat me with intellectual respect. One and all, they were very kind and scrupulously courteous; but my conversation was as that of an alien and inferior being, interesting as an exhibition, but of no significance, no practical use. In nearly every case it was interpreted person-

ally. I was kicking against the pricks of the *chevaux-de-frise* that guarded the various little local social encampments, and displaying rather poor taste in making a public question of my necessary exclusion therefrom. And in the kindness of their hearts ladies from committees that had listened to me, or the wives of pastors with whom I talked, would call on me ostentatiously and sometimes heroically ask me to return the calls. Then the incident would be closed, and for all impression that it was possible for me to make I might better have remained silent.

Curiously enough, after I began to write, the editors to whom I submitted my copy took the same exasperating view. If I wanted to get into print I must leave unpopular subjects alone and write what people wanted to hear. Many advised me to write amusing sketches. I must have an enormous fund of material that could be treated lightly, even farcically. It would find instant favor. I would better work along those lines. This was discouraging, but no more so than the curious collection of editorial revelations that I accumulated from denominational and reform newspapers. The denseness of some of these was amazing; but the sum of all the adverse criticisms finally reacted on my courage and raised teasing doubts as to the validity of some of my conclusions. Things might be different in other places. The one community with which I was thoroughly familiar might not be typical in some important respects.

For these reasons I gave up writing for several years, and lived successively in eleven large industrial centres, occupying myself with different kinds of work, and remaining long enough at each to learn the environment by absorption. This enlargement of experience and observation was helpful to me in the extreme, but it brought about no fundamental change of opinion. Every growing centre of industry and trade is an illustration of every other.

Everywhere and at all times my first, deepest, and most lasting impression of my fellow workers has been a recognition of their native gifts, abilities, and capacities. I have met and observed at leisure probably a thousand women among wage-earners who were distinctly my superiors in everything but the accidents of a sheltered childhood and a fair degree of instruction. It would be difficult adequately to express my respect for what they are, or to voice a justifiable prophecy of what they will become when permitted free development, without seeming to indulge in exaggeration. Below the merest surface differences, the interests, influences, and determinations that combine automatically to prevent such development are strangely alike in all places where labor is massed. Employers strive to secure all the work that they can get for the least possible amount of wages; and when labor has its hard-earned wages in hand an army of buzzards and vultures springs out of the earth, drops out of empty space, gathers from the four winds, to batten on their natural prey. An increase of wages, which is often so bitterly fought for, is of little real advantage while the sumpter class hovers so close with avid maw, eagle eye, and dexterous talons. This goes on with the consent and active connivance of responsible workingmen who are perfectly well aware of the continual looting of the camp of labor from flank and rear, while they mass their forces along the other side of the square. Only two in ten of their number belong to unions; but those two contrive pretty effectually to lead or drive the other eight whithersoever they please, and by this we know that they could prevent economic spoliation if they so desired. But there is no such thing as a wage-earning class, no cohesion of fellow feeling and loyalty among the common people of an industrial centre. It is a fundamental part of their creed and constitution that the individual has a perfect right to prey upon the mass to any

extent that will not land him in jail. There is no stable condition as the norm of such a class. Individuals constantly arise who wheedle or bully scores or hundreds to tax themselves unnecessarily, and jump into the mud of extremest poverty to form of their bodies a raft by which the stream can be navigated. There is no commiseration for the despoiled families. In order to succeed others must be prevented from succeeding. That is the race law. The wage-earning masses are simply the main body of the Anglo-Saxon race, reinforced by contributory streams from the most energetic portions of all allied races, which has reverted to pre-Christian ideas and methods in consequence of the social decree that no sort of personal merit, no degree of intelligence, no acquired culture, no refinement of manners, shall receive social recognition, but only the possession of money or material things that money will buy. If St. Francis himself should appear he would be treated as a tramp. And since all havings are valuable according to their negotiable social equivalents, we have no use for anything but money, and each family is bound to get in ahead of all others in the race. It is social disintegration absolute, in essence closely approaching anarchy.

The whole subject of social regeneration has been muddled well-nigh beyond the possibility of accurate statement or scientific consideration from the misfit vocabulary which, partly from mental laziness, partly from vanity, has been borrowed from English literature. The language has reacted on the minds of the users of it, till they persistently think of the population as a geological formation, and try to manipulate it architecturally, as numerically composed of inanimate blocks that can be labeled, ranged in courses, and — beautiful thought! — "stay put."

There is nothing approximating this kind of social structure in any centre of American industry, and the sooner the literary cant of all reforming agencies is shed, the sooner will their influence begin to be felt. The real facts are too grave, the real danger of the permanent disappearance of those traits which can only be fostered in a kindly, hospitable home atmosphere is too appallingly imminent for mischievous affectations longer to be tolerated.

Jocelyn Lewis.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

The Lady Elizabeth, who in the Low Countries and some parts of Germany is called the Queen of Bohemia, and, for her winning, princely comportment, the Queen of Hearts. — *The Familiar Letters of James Howell.* (1622.)

THE band in the *Schlossgarten* has played its last waltz and is still. Over yonder, on the lofty terrace whose angle cuts the sky sharply, a few promenaders yet linger. But here, on this broad *Altan* — great platform or balcony — at the west front of the castle, no footfall wakes the echoes. Lean on the stone balustrade and let the sight plunge downward through a wilderness of gardens, built up slope above slope on walls of solid masonry, intersected by steep pathways and stairs, pierced and tunneled by all manner of passages, vaults, arcades, — a hanging labyrinth of rockwork and greenery. Far below are the red roofs of the narrow city, and the sound of the swift-rushing Neckar stream comes up through the twilight. The sun has set behind the Odenwald, and the vineyards on the opposite slope are already indistinguishable. Over the Rhine plain ascend masses of dun rolling vapor, streaked

with flames which lend a deeper tinge to the red sandstone façade of the *Friedrichs-Bau*, — façade *etwas überladen*, say the guidebooks, with its rich Renaissance sculptures. Momently the sunset fades, and the whole vast ruin — Alhambra of the North — with its background of black forest-covered mountain sinks into the arms of night.

Alt Heidelberg, du feine, now is your time again. With each new film of gathering darkness, the present recedes and the past takes its place on the stage and begins to

> "Rehearse its youth's great part
> 'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts."

It was on the platform at Elsinore that Hamlet met the Ghost, and legions of historic spectres haunt the Altan of the Heidelberger Schloss, — Tilly with his Bavarians, Turenne with his Frenchmen. The images of the old Electors descend from their niches and hobble up and down across the stony pavement. But was not that the rustle of silk that passed us in the dark? And that wandering perfume, as of civet or pomander ball, — came it from the perruque or natural hairy covering of one of those old Electors? Do the locks of old Ruprecht or of old Otto Heinrich, then, thus breathe forth ambrosial odors as from the spicy shore of Araby the blest, after all these centuries?

And again! — Ah, pardon, fair princess, that in the darkness we mistook. It is indeed Elizabeth, — Elizabeth of England — of the Palatinate — of Bohemia. In the darkness we mistook, but now the moon is rising, and, as your own poet sang, —

> "You meaner beauties of the night,
> Which poorly satisfy our eyes
> More by your number than your light,
> You common people of the skies,
> What are you when the moon shall rise?" [1]

It is now nearly three centuries since Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine and builder of this Friedrichs-Bau, brought his young bride to Heidelberg, where her memory is still preserved in the *Elisabethen-Pforte* which gives admission to the *Stückgarten* and the little *Elisabethen-Bau* beyond. The gate was erected and the garden laid out in her honor, with fountains, grottoes, parterres, and "orchards of English trees transplanted entire." She was the eldest daughter of James I., and her life is not the least tragic chapter in the history of the Stuart house, so rich in the materials of tragedy and romance. Through her daughter, Sophia, the mother of George I., she is also the ancestress of Queen Victoria, and the link between the older and the later dynasty of English sovereigns.

Granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and godchild of the great Elizabeth of England, our princess was a little Scotch lassie seven years old, playing with her dolls in Linlithgow palace, when her father was called to the English throne. She was intrusted to the guardianship of Lord and Lady Harington, and reared at their country seat, Combe Abbey, Warwickshire, about two miles from Coventry, where she had a little court of her own, with masters in music, writing, dancing, French, and Italian: physicians, nurses, ladies in waiting, grooms of the bedchamber and of the stable, yeomen, footmen, sumptermen, sempstresses, laundresses, and finally "a stud of nineteen or twenty horses." Combe Abbey was an old Cistercian monastery; and here among the deer and the swans, the great oaks and ancient cloisters, Elizabeth passed her girlhood. She became passionately fond of animals and of the chase. A portrait of the royal child, taken at this period, represents her in company with a parrot, macaw love-bird, dog, and monkey. Through her long years of widowhood and exile, hunting was her favorite amusement and the chief solace of her cares, and some little bird

[1] Sir Henry Wotton, To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

or beast the most acceptable present that could be made her.[1]

At the time of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605 an attempt was made to seize Elizabeth, with the design of proclaiming her queen and converting her to Catholicism. Sir Everard Digby and a number of Catholic gentlemen assembled for a hunt on Dunmore heath, and secretly withdrawing from the hunting party, rode rapidly toward Combe Abbey. But meanwhile an alarm had been given; the Protestant gentry of the neighborhood were on foot; a courier who had ridden post all night from London brought news of the discovery and frustration of the plot; the princess, escorted by Lord Harington and his household, fled to Coventry, and put herself under the protection of the citizens; and the country rose upon the conspirators, hunted them down, and brought them to justice.

The effect of this exciting incident and of the narrow escape from death of her father and brothers, with both houses of Parliament, was naturally to confirm in Elizabeth the Protestant principles which had been inculcated in her by her guardians. A stubborn Protestant she always remained, and circumstances afterwards made her one of the foremost martyrs of the cause in Germany. She called Richelieu an "ulcerous priest." Among the trials of her later years none were sharper than the apostasy of two of her children. Her fourth son, Edward, married a lady of the French court and turned Catholic; her second daughter, Louise, fled secretly to a monastery in Antwerp and then into France, where she was confirmed by the papal nuncio, and took the veil at the Abbey of Maubuisson, of which she eventually became abbess. On the first of these occasions Elizabeth wrote to her eldest son that she would rather have died than see a child of hers renounce the faith of his fathers; and when it was proposed that this eldest son should be replaced in the Electorate on condition of abjuring Protestantism, she exclaimed that she would strangle him first with her own hands. She is the only Stuart of whom Carlyle finds anything good to say. "*Alles für Ruhm und ihr*," he writes, "'All for glory and her,' were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his flag through many battles of that Thirty Years' War. She was of Puritan tendency, understood to care little about the four surplices at Allhallowtide and much for the root of the matter."

But it is only in a very qualified sense that Elizabeth can be called a Puritan. Her Protestantism was inbred: her marriage to a prince who stood at the head of the league of evangelical princes in Germany made her popular among the English Puritans, who hated Spain and distrusted the Spanish leanings of James I. Her marriage furthermore removed her to a court of which the official religion was Calvinism. She was absent from England for half a century, all through the struggles of James I. and Charles I. with their Parliaments, through the Civil War and the Protectorate. We have no means of knowing what she thought of the High Church Laudian Episcopacy and the "four surplices at Allhallowtide," or whether she thought at all of such matters. But she was faithful to the fortunes of her family. She was deeply shocked — how could she be otherwise? — by the execution of her brother, Charles I.; and what she said of Cromwell would not have pleased Cromwell's biographer. "There never was so great a hypocrite. Sure Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, that all kings and nations do worship. I wish *him* the like end and speedily."

[1] Evelyn, the diarist, who kissed her hand at The Hague in 1641, mentions her favorite lap-dog, Apollo, in his correspondence with Sir Edward Nicholas. "Of little dogs and monkeys," wrote Sir Dudley Carleton, "she hath no great want, having sixteen or seventeen in her own train."

Elizabeth was no Puritan. She had the gay, pleasure-loving spirit of her race, the Stuart fondness for masques and revels, games, dances, court pageantry, and shows of state. We read that during her winter at Prague, as Queen of Bohemia, her love of the drama gave offense to the stricter Calvinists; and that afterwards at The Hague, the Dutch ministers were equally scandalized by the Arminianism of her chaplain, a protégé of Archbishop Laud, by her attendance at French plays, and by her low-necked dresses. They remonstrated with Elizabeth, who resented their interference, and with the Prince of Orange, who gave them cold comfort, and assured them that if they would preach better "the plays would be less frequented." As she grew older and was summoned more often to court, she entered into such pleasures with the eager enjoyment which is innocent and natural in a young girl, but which is assuredly not "of Puritan tendency." The retirement of Combe Abbey became irksome to the princess: rooms were fitted up for her in Hampton Court and Whitehall, and her residence was fixed at Kew.

When she was fourteen, suitors for her hand began to present themselves. There was talk of France, of Spain, of Savoy; of a Duke of Brunswick and a Prince of Hesse, both of whom came to woo in person; of Count Maurice of Nassau, of an English Howard, and of a Scotch Hamilton. A proposal came from the great Gustavus Adolphus, destined at no distant day to champion the cause of German Protestantism, and incidentally the cause — alas, already lost beyond retrieve — of this same little English princess, who by a slight turn of the dice might have chanced to be the queen of the victorious hero Swede, instead of the wife of an outcast, broken-hearted *Winter-König*, or mockery snow monarch, — a king without a kingdom.

For the turn of the dice allotted her finally to Frederick V., the Palsgrave (*Pfalzgraf*) or Elector Palatine of the Rhine, who arrived in England in October, 1612, and conducted a four months' courtship with circumstances of great splendor on both sides, which moved contemporary Jenkins to flights of almost Asiatic eloquence and temporarily bankrupted the English court. There were all manner of receptions, processions, entertainments, banquets, marriage settlements and negotiations, interchange of gifts, bestowals of the Order of the Garter, ceremonies of betrothal; where glittered all manner of jewels, velvets, laces, feathers, silks. It is true, the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, in November cast a shadow over the festivities and plunged the court into mourning. But the funeral baked meats were soon disposed of, and the poets who had celebrated the obsequies of the deceased strung their lyres anew, and got ready their epithalamia.

The youthful pair, both of an age, and neither of them yet seventeen, were wedded on St. Valentine's Day, 1613, and Dr. Donne came to the rescue with spousal verses: —

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is:
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave, whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher:
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon:
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her featherbed:
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine."

It is estimated that a folio volume would hardly contain all the poetry composed on this occasion. The University of Oxford alone emitted two hundred and forty-two epithalamia, mostly in Latin. Thomas Heywood, reckoned to be the most voluminous dramatist in English, or possibly in any language, — whose plays, either extant or providentially lost, are

computed to have exceeded two hundred and twenty, — swelled his mellifluous throat in A Marriage Triumph, which fills some thirty pages in the publications of the Percy Society. The spring, it seems, fell early in that year of grace, 1613, and the poet says: —

"The seasons have preferred the youthful spring
To be at this high state's solemnizing;
Who, lest he should be wanting at that day,
Brings February in attired like May,
And hath, for haste to show his glorious prime,
Slept o'er two months and come before his time. . . .
Bacchus hath cut his most delicious vine,
And sent it through his swiftest river Rhine,
Lest to those bridals it might come too late."

And in the Nuptial Hymn which closes his poem, he predicts that the princess will equal in fame her illustrious godmother, and, —

"Four great kingdoms after death
Shall memorize Elizabeth."

These expensive proceedings are duly chronicled in Nichols' Progresses. They included tournaments, pageants, and triumphs by land and water, fireworks on the Thames, with a sham naval battle, and the like. Three court masques were presented, composed by Dr. Thomas Campion, George Chapman, and Francis Beaumont, — the "devices" of the last by no less a person than Francis Bacon, its title, The Marriage of the Thames and the Rhine. The best of these was Campion's; and in reading its congratulatory prophecies, Fate, with ironic thumb-nail, indents for us the margin of that well-known madrigal in its author's Book of Airs: —

"Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, O tell how thou didst murder me."[1]

But the best and the best known of all the Muse's tributes to Elizabeth were Wotton's famous lines To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.[2] Sir Henry Wotton, for many years English ambassador at Venice, and afterwards provost of Eton College, was a man of many accomplishments. He was wit, scholar, diplomat, poet. It was Wotton who defined an ambassador as "an honest gentleman employed to lie abroad for his country." He was a correspondent of Milton, and the subject of a pleasant biography by his friend and brother of the angle, Izaak Walton. He entertained and professed for Elizabeth that chivalrous devotion which her charms as a woman and her misfortunes as a queen inspired in so many gallant gentlemen, in Bernhard of Weimar, Christian of Brunswick, and the Earl of Craven. After the loss of Bohemia and the Palatinate, Wotton did his best, as English ambassador at the Imperial court of Vienna, to negotiate their partial restoration. When the Emperor presented him with a jewel valued at £1000, as a token of his personal esteem, he gave it away to an Italian lady, and explained to the Emperor, as courteously as possible, that he could keep no gift that came from an enemy of his royal mistress. Elizabeth sent him a portrait of herself, painted in her robes of state, and this Wotton bequeathed in his will to Charles II.

But now the curtain rises upon a very different scene in our drama. Frederick and Elizabeth had passed six years of wedded happiness at Heidelberg. She had borne her husband three children, — two boys and a girl. In 1619 the Protestant kingdom of Bohemia deposed

[1] For the ingenious but unconvincing theory that The Tempest was written for Elizabeth's marriage, see Essays of an ex-Librarian, by Richard Garnett, New York and London, 1901, and William Shakespeare, by George Brandes, pp. 647–653. For the lost play of Cardenno, by Fletcher and Shakespeare, acted at court, "during the Princess Elizabeth's marriage festivities," see A Life of William Shakespeare, by Sidney Lee, p. 258. (1898.)

[2] See p. 393.

the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, and offered the Bohemian crown to the Elector Palatine. This was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, and it was Elizabeth's hand which set the match to that terrible conflagration. Frederick was not deficient in physical courage, but he was a man of only moderate abilities and of no very strong character: tender, honorable, loyal, but self-distrustful, moody, irresolute, and easily influenced. "*Par boutades*," wrote Wotton, "the Elector is merry, but for the most part cogitative or, as they here call it, *mélancholique:*" — clearly not a leader of men, nor fitted to cope with the stern crisis which was at hand. He hesitated long and, as the event proved, wisely. His mother, the Electress-Dowager, a plain and shrewd old Dutchwoman, the daughter of William the Silent, besought him not to accept. "They are carrying the Palatinate into Bohemia," were her prophetic words, when her son and daughter-in-law finally set out for Prague. For Elizabeth was of a different temper from her lord, — high-spirited, ambitious, sanguine, with the readiness to undertake and the recklessness of consequences which proceeds as much from levity and ignorance, as from courage: from a failure to know or to imagine the momentous issues which it confronts: the courage of a fly, of a weasel: the courage of all the Stuart pretenders: the courage of Rupert's charging Cavaliers before the Ironsides had taught them caution.

The one shadow on Elizabeth's marriage had been the opposition of her mother. She wanted her daughter to be a queen — if possible, Queen of Spain. She thought a petty German Elector a match very much below the dignity of an English princess, and used to refer scornfully to Elizabeth as "Goody Palsgrave." Whether this taunt still rankled or not, it is certain that Elizabeth was urgent with her husband to take the Bohemian crown. She offered to sell all her jewels to maintain the cause, and proudly assured him: "Sie wollte lieber mit einem König Sauerkraut, als mit einem Kurfürsten Gebratens essen." And so, in the autumn of 1619, while Europe held its breath, and all about the horizon were ominous storm-clouds

"With their stored thunder laboring up,"

and the greatest and grimmest war of modern times was preparing, this girl and boy set out to take seizin of their new kingdom, light-heartedly she, but he with many misgivings. They never saw Heidelberg again, nor ever again had any home of their own, any "continuing city," but spun about till their death day, like feathers or straws, in the black whirlwind that they had let loose. To grasp and hold that crown of Bohemia; to keep one's seat in that Siege Perilous and maintain that Castle Dangerous against assault, the strongest arm, the coolest head, the wariest eye were needed. Scarcely would a Henry of Navarre or a William of Orange have been equal to the emprise; and what chance had Frederick in that combat of giants, in a war where the generals were Tilly, Wallenstein, Gustavus?

The rest is history. On the 4th and 7th of November respectively Frederick and Elizabeth were crowned at Prague. Just a year later they were hunted fugitives, fleeing for their lives through Silesia and Brandenburg, to find an asylum at last at The Hague. "Questo principe e intrato in un bello labyrinto," said Pope Paul IV., when he heard of Frederick's acceptance of the Bohemian throne. At first the new king and queen were popular with their subjects, — Elizabeth especially, whose frank and cheerful manners always easily won her friends. But soon difficulties began to thicken about them. The Imperial armies were gathering: Spinola overran the Palatinate, and Frederick was placed under the ban of the Empire. His soldiers were unpaid and mutinous, and disaffection showed itself among his people. He had brought with him to Prague his

chaplain, Scultetus (Abraham Schultze), a bigoted Calvinist, who offended by his intolerance the Bohemian Protestants, the great majority of whom were Lutherans. Scultetus persuaded Frederick to remove, as idolatrous, the ancient images of saints which stood on the bridge over the Moldau. These were objects of reverence to the populace of Prague, and Frederick's order for their removal provoked a riot, which was quieted only by a proclamation recalling the former order. Finally on November 8, 1620, the Imperialists won a battle just outside of Prague, while Frederick was entertaining the foreign ambassadors at a state dinner in the royal palace; and the Winter King and Queen of Bohemia fled headlong, leaving kingdom, crown, crown jewels, and all to the mercies of the Austrian. The walls of Catholic Antwerp were placarded with pasquinades and caricatures, representing Elizabeth as an Irish beggar-woman with a child at her back, and her father carrying a cradle behind her, — a delicate allusion to her numerous progeny and almost annual confinements. The streets of the same city resounded with satirical ballads on the same theme; and the Jesuits devised a play "in which they feigned a post to come puffing upon the stage; and being asked what news, he answered that the Palsgrave was like to have shortly a huge formidable army; for the King of Denmark was to send one hundred thousand, the Hollanders, one hundred thousand, and the King of Great Britain, one hundred thousand. But being asked thousands of what, he replied, the first would send him a hundred thousand red herrings, the second a hundred thousand cheeses, and the last a hundred thousand ambassadors."

This was a sneer at the timid policy of James, who preferred to negotiate rather than fight, and never could be brought to take up arms in his daughter's behalf, nor to recognize his son-in-law's royal title, for fear of offending Spain. A war for the recovery of the Palatinate would have been popular in England, and the Parliament would cheerfully have voted supplies. The young gentlemen of the Middle Temple, with sword in one hand and wine cup in the other, pledged the health of the Lady Elizabeth, and, kissing their sword-blades, vowed to live and die in her service. And though the King of England would not declare war, thousands of English volunteers served in the Protestant armies of Germany under Sir Horace Vere and later, in Charles I.'s reign, under the Marquis of Hamilton.

The States-General of Holland received the dethroned sovereigns with the kindest hospitality. They assigned them a pension and a residence at The Hague, where Elizabeth held a sort of little court. A great novelist[1] of our own day has drawn a picture of such a court: of the life of one of those wrecks of broken dynasties with which the capitals of modern Europe are familiar, with its intrigues and conspiracies; its hollow etiquette, meaningless ceremonial, petty squabbles over questions of precedence: its debts, jealousies, deferred hopes, pathetic loyalties, and shabby-genteel imitation of royal state. Elizabeth bore the ordeal best. Her character was superficial: she had a certain elasticity, levity, and toughness of disposition: a buoyancy as of cork or other light bodies: an unfailing zest in life, and an ability to forget great sorrows in the pleasure of the moment. "I am still of my wild humor," she wrote to Sir Thomas Rowe, "to be as merry as I can in spite of fortune." But Frederick's sensitive nature suffered more deeply. A dependent on the hospitality of a foreign state and the bounty of a grudging and dictatorial father-in-law, his position was most humiliating. His restlessness and despondency increased, and he absented himself as much as possible from The

[1] Alphonse Daudet, Les Rois en Exil.

Hague. He took service with the Prince of Orange and afterwards with Gustavus Adolphus, but he had no talent for command. With the aid of Duke Christian of Brunswick and that valorous soldier of fortune, Count Mansfeld, he maintained for some years a hopeless struggle for the recovery of the Palatinate.

It would be tedious to follow the history of the tiresome diplomacies and hardly less tiresome campaigns which were directed to this end. All was in vain: Heidelberg was taken by Tilly, plundered, and burned. The death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen extinguished Frederick's last hope, and he died shortly after, in 1632, at Mentz and was buried at Sedan. History affords few examples of a royal pair more loving and faithful in prosperity and adversity alike than Frederick V. of the Palatinate and his English wife. Long years of exile and widowhood were in reserve for her, and she bore them with still unfailing spirit. Her father died and was succeeded on the British throne by her brother Charles, and her brother was brought to the block. In the Civil War, her favorite son, the fiery Rupert (Ruprecht), born at Prague during her short tenure of the Bohemian crown, had distinguished himself as a dashing cavalry general in the royal service. Elizabeth was naturally outspoken in her indignation at the execution of Charles and in denunciation of the Commonwealth. The Parliament thereupon withdrew the annual pension that it had voted her, and she was plunged deeply into debt. Ever shabbier grew the worn velvets and faded upholstery of her court at The Hague, — the presence chamber constantly hung with black since her husband's death. So that when princely and noble strangers, traveling through Holland, sought an interview with "the crowned and elected Queen of Bohemia," she arranged to meet them in the gardens of the Prince of Orange, or at some other place, to avoid the exposure of her poverty.

The Treaty of Westphalia had finally settled the Lower Palatinate upon her eldest living son, Charles Louis (Karl Ludwig), a mean-spirited man, who truckled to the English Parliament, withheld from his mother her dower rights in the Palatinate, and declined to receive her at Heidelberg. She wrote to her correspondent, Sir Edward Nicholas, that the wine which the Elector sent her as a *douceur* was "stark naught." Elizabeth got little comfort from her children, — thirteen of them in all. Two turned Catholic. One of her sons was drowned at Rotterdam and another at sea. A third was killed at the siege of Rethel. She quarreled with two of her daughters, and, in one way or another, all her children had left her before 1660, when the Restoration put her nephew, Charles II., on the English throne. Very much against the wish of that Merry Monarch, she returned in 1661 to England, which she had not seen for half a century. No apartments were assigned her at court, and she died a few months later at Leicester House, February 13, 1662. "It is pity," wrote the Earl of Leicester, "that she lived not a few hours more, to die upon her wedding day, and that there is not as good a poet to make her epitaph as Dr. Donne, who wrote her epithalamium upon that day unto St. Valentine."

Elizabeth Stuart was not a great woman, but she was a very charming one. Her biographer, Mrs. Green, attributes to her genius as well as beauty. She says that she "had a warm appreciation of literature," and that she "conversed freely in six languages." She praises her letters and certain verses and prayers of her composition, not only as "beautiful specimens of calligraphy," but as "intellectual efforts." But with all respect to Mrs. Green, Elizabeth's verses — like her son the Elector's wine — are stark naught; and her letters, several hundred of which are preserved, do not show any uncommon powers of intellect.

They show only that vivacity of temperament which is often mistaken for brightness of mind. Nor was her character, any more than her intellect, constructed on large lines. It was sound, but shallow, without seriousness, distinction, nobility, — quite unlike the great queens of history. She had many engaging traits, but few royal ones. She was affable, gracious, lively, good-natured to a fault, generous to extravagance: qualities that made her popular among her *entourage*, whom she was quite incapable of governing. Her light-heartedness carried her victoriously through — or, rather, over — the tragic calamities of her later days. From her quarrels with her children, one suspects that she had something, too, of that Stuart obstinacy and unreasonableness which seemed like firmness, but was only its narrow-minded counterfeit, and had a fatal way of announcing itself at the wrong time, — irritating where it could not control.

Even her beauty has been questioned. By courtesy all princesses are beautiful, and, if we may believe the poets, Elizabeth was one of the most beautiful. Pepys, who saw her at The Hague in 1660, describes her as "a very debonair but a plain lady." But she was then sixty-four years old. Likenesses of Elizabeth abound: paintings at Combe Abbey, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace, and in many private galleries; and engraved portraits in the print-room of the British Museum and elsewhere. From an analysis of four of these, by Honthorst, Derick, and Mierevelt, Mr. H. S. Wilson[1] ungallantly concludes that the Queen of Bohemia could never have been beautiful. Her hair, it seems, was red; complexion "opaquely white," the lips thin, the forehead narrow; and though the hands were fine and the bearing queenly, one retains "an impression of shrewdness and vivacity, coupled with a mean intellect and with a calculating heart."

The last words seem over-harsh. The only portrait of Elizabeth known to me, or easily accessible to the American reader, is the engraved frontispiece in Mrs. Green's Princesses of England,[2] which is the picture of a pretty woman, if not of a beauty, and strongly recalls the face of her grandmother, the Queen of Scots. The features are good and the expression pleasant and bright. The face has the Stuart oval and that fullness of the eye which was a family trait, but not the pointed chin which is mentioned as a feature in some of the portraits. When all allowances have been made for the exaggerations of contemporary praise, there was enough that was gracious and winning about Elizabeth's personality to account for the interest that her misfortunes aroused and the devotion that she herself inspired. She was the only royal princess of England, the other daughters of James I. having died in infancy, and high hopes followed her abroad.

After the loss of her crown, two champions, in particular, took the field in her behalf. The first of these, her cousin, Duke Christian of Brunswick, administrator of the Bishopric of Halberstadt, was more like some knight-errant in the old chivalry romances than a soldier of modern Europe. He wore her glove on his helmet, and inscribed upon his banner the motto *Tout pour Dieu et ma trés chère reine*. He wrote to her, after his defeat by Tilly, "I entreat you most humbly not to be angry with your faithful slave for this misfortune, nor take away the good affection which your majesty has hitherto shown me, who love you above all in this world. Consider that victory is in God's hands, not mine, and that I cannot challenge victory, although my courage in dying for your

[1] Studies in History, Legend, and Literature. London. 1884.

[2] The portrait by Honthorst is reproduced in Rait's Five Stuart Princesses. New York. 1902.

majesty and serving you will never fail me; for I esteem your favour a hundred times dearer than life: and be assured that I shall try, with all my power, not only to reassemble my troops, but also, moreover, to raise as many more, that I may be in better condition to serve faithfully your majesty, whom I love *outre le possible*, assuring you that as long as God gives me life, I shall serve you faithfully and expend all I have in the world for you. — Your most humblest, most constant, most faithful, most affectionate and most obedient slave, who loves you and will love you infinitely and incessantly to death."

Christian's left arm was wounded in action. He had the trumpets sound while it was amputated, and sent word to Elizabeth that he had another arm left to fight God's battles and hers. The Duke of Brunswick was a mediæval and slightly fantastic figure. But Elizabeth's other champion, the Earl of Craven, served her in a more modern way, with equal chivalry and to better purpose. He was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, from whom he inherited an immense fortune. He first met Elizabeth in Holland, in the days of her exile; and, resigning from the Dutch service, was made a commander of the English volunteers operating in Germany with Frederick and Gustavus in 1632. He fought in those wars with reckless daring, was twice wounded, taken prisoner with Prince Rupert by the Imperialist general Hatzfeld, and ransomed himself for £20,000. He volunteered to contribute £30,000 to raise a fleet for the Palatinate. When Elizabeth's pension from the English Parliament remained unpaid, Craven paid it. He gave £50,000 to Charles II., and his own estates were sequestrated by Parliament for his devotion to the royal cause. By 1649 he had become a permanent figure in Elizabeth's court at The Hague, where he was known as "the little Lord Craven" and the *vieux milord*, — nicknames bestowed by the young princesses, for whom he used to buy jewelry and sweetmeats, and who made fun of their benefactor, just as that scapegrace of a George Osborne in Vanity Fair made fun of Major Sugarplums. Indeed we have to go to fiction to find his like, for history records few instances of a lifelong devotion, so delicate, so self-sacrificing, so disinterested. So disinterested, indeed, that the censorious world could not quite believe in it, and whispered that there was a private marriage between Elizabeth and the earl. But he died unmarried in 1697.

When Elizabeth returned to England in 1661 and found no provision for her entertainment at court, Lord Craven's hospitality placed at her service his house in Drury Lane, where she was his guest for several months, until arrangements were completed for the lease of Leicester House. Combe Abbey, where she had spent her girlhood, was purchased by Craven from Lucy, Countess of Bedford. At Elizabeth's death, she bequeathed her papers and portraits to this old and faithful friend, who deposited them at Combe Abbey, where they still remain.

Henry A. Beers.

OF GIRLS IN A CANADIAN COLLEGE.

ALTHOUGH our college is a small one and little famous, it is still the chiefest in the well-known province of Ultima Thule. It was founded early in the last century; and though our numbers be few and our housing unlovely, there are those that believe in our little college, admire it, love it. Some twenty years ago, certain ambitious girls signified their desire to attend it. The staff, the governors made no objection; the girls came; one married within the year, the other crowned a full course with a good degree; other girls have been coming ever since. I have been young and am now old. I have had some hundreds of the college girl, as bred in these parts, under observation, and I have arrived at definite conclusions regarding her.

The popular imagination is a romantic thing. It transformed the meddlesome old woman in Southey's tale of the three bears into the picturesque and mischievous Goldilocks. And it has created an impossible ethereal being, all good looks and good clothes, who subsists on caramels, and floats gracefully through her courses until she becomes one in a bevy of "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair." This is labeled "the college girl," and is exactly the kind of doll that great baby, the public, loves to play with.

The reality is very different. The Canadian college girl, as I know her, is an earnest young person, who is not carried to the skies of academic distinctions on flowery beds of ease. She knows the meaning and the value of hard work, with small leisure for frivolity of any kind. She may be an infant of sixteen, fresh from school, with her frock at her ankle and her hair in a "club," or she may be a mature woman, who may well have prepared her classmate for matriculation, or a city girl of means, with time on her hands, who takes a class or two because she wants to improve herself; but they all alike learn to work, and shun to be idle. More of our girls have taken honors in mathematics than in any other departments; but this may be due to the climate; the popular opinion is that the head that grows in Ultima Thule is particularly hard and strong.

Outwardly the life of the college girl is rather neutral-tinted. She comes from the country and finds a boarding-house for herself, where she exists in more or less discomfort. Her work is attending lectures; her diversions are church and the meetings of the two college societies for girls, a rare party, or a college "at home." She gives her days to lectures, does not dream of cutting even the dullest, and her nights to study. Outwardly, it is not an attractive life; but every now and then comes a hint of how those who live it look upon it, — a letter from the ends of the earth, a rarity for the museum, some books for the library, a picture for a classroom, a visit of an old student to his former haunts. The secret is that youth is the season of romance, and that within our homely walls the inner life of the intellect is kindled or fanned to brighter flame, that tinges all about it with the color of the rose. The young people get here something that they value, call it awakening, education, point of view, mental attitude, or what you will.

We have no "problem" in our little college. The young women sit at lectures with the young men; they read in the library and work in the laboratory together. They wear streamers of the college colors at the football matches, encouraging the gladiators by their presence at the celebration of their victory as well as at the actual contest. But they are neither rivals with the youths,

nor, to the acute observer, unduly friendly. The young men will open the door of a classroom for them and allow them to go out first; but there is no open flirtation. There was once a girl who came to the college for fun, and who had usually two or three youths about her, engaged in sparkling conversation. Her fate was strikingly appropriate; she married a minister. I have seen her since her marriage and her spirits have not abated. It must, however, be admitted that our college is, somehow or other, a matrimonial bureau, — a school for husbands and wives. Our graduates show a very amiable propensity to marry within the family, so to say. In spite of lectures, examinations, and all the stress of intellectual effort, the old puzzle regarding the way of a man with a maid persists here as elsewhere.

"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

There must be a good deal of question and answer; the lasses must get their dues of courting, but public opinion decrees that it must not be done on the premises. A few lines in the newspaper, or occasional wedding-cards, or the gossip of an old student, tell the faculty all they ever know of these affairs. The freaks of mating are as curious here as elsewhere; as when a stalwart football player chooses a quiet little slip of a girl, who looks as if a breath of wind would blow her away, and carries her off to Christianize the heathen at the other side of the world.

In other words, the relations between the young men and maidens are right and pleasant, as our girls find when they compare notes with their friends in other colleges. They discover that they have been treated with a courtesy and consideration not invariably accorded to girls at college. Part of the credit is due to the young men; but most to the young women themselves. They come from Puritan homes, where religion is a reality. They are good girls. As I sit alone in the long afternoons, in my eyrie that overlooks the sea, there comes at twilight, down the deserted corridor, the sound of girlish voices upraised in a hymn; and, in the silence that follows, I know that they are praying. This exercise is not prescribed in the curriculum, but it forms no small part of their education, and, I imagine, of others. The college girls take their share of church work, sometimes to the detriment of their studies and standing, or they find time in the midst of heavy honor courses for works of mercy among the needy at their own door.

Let no one infer from the last remark but two or three that our girls lack their share of comeliness, of the essential charm of girlhood. Our classrooms have here and there a picture, though our decoration is meagre; but the best are the living pictures. "Praised be Allah," says the devout Arab, "who made beautiful women!" and even in Ultima Thule he would often have such cause for thankfulness. The poor youths! they are so placed in the classroom that they can study only the rear view of various coiffures; but the lucky professor, by virtue of his office, may and must look his audience in the face, and if he dwells on the most attractive part of it, who shall blame him? The prevailing impression left on his mind is pinkish, for our Norland air is tempered by the sea, and sets a lasting rouge upon the cheek that has known it from childhood. Elsewhere on this continent the color in the young girl's face is apt to be too faint. Tusitala would have liked our Ultima Thulians, for here the young maidens have "quiet eyes." As I think of them, a long procession of fresh faces passes before me;

"I dream of a red-rose tree."

Jessica's face comes first, — a baby face, except for its earnest look, full, round, dimpled, in color like a ripened peach. Jessica's eyes are blue, the blue of an April sky after rain, and her hair is wavy and fair. She looked soberly in

class; but once she smiled when she thanked me for something she had learned, she said, from me. Jessica is a woman now, winning her bread by her own toil. I met her the other day, on my long walk, with a young man. They both had a happy, confidential air that proclaimed their relation as well as a placard. I think her days of independence are near an end.

Norah was true to her Celtic name and Celtic blood. Generously made, impulsive, hearty, ready with her tongue, her wit, her laugh, Norah in the classroom made stagnation impossible. She had a trick of blushing when she laughed, and her color changed quickly. When she graduated, she was undecided between going on the stage and going into a convent; and she took the veil. I have seen her since. They have cut off her beautiful hair, and she wears the black habit and white coif of her order. Norah is her name no longer. I must call her Sister Theresita. But these changes do not go very deep. Sister Theresita is my old hearty, impulsive Norah, perfectly happy in her new sequestered life, a power in the convent school, and still warmly interested in her old college.

All the Bellair sisters were pretty. They were all well made, and with a peculiarly graceful carriage. They came in a long succession, and though not famous as students, were most decorative in the classroom. Kate, the eldest, was a court lady in our Shakespearean revival, and she looked the part. Their cousin, Bonnibel, was girlishly slim, with brown eyes and ruddy brown hair. No more than a child when she entered college, she soon proved a good student, patient, systematic, steady as the clock. Without overworking, but by simple faithfulness, she won her high honors, and she deserved them. Not yet content, she is working for a higher degree; but I am glad to notice that she is no longer as thin as she was. Her friend and classmate was called "the Little Duchess" by the Old Professor, from the way she queened it over the whole college. Every one liked her, and every one made demands upon her; and that was the trouble. There was too much for her to do in the twenty-four hours of each day, and, for a time, she was forced to retire from the field. Her disappointment was extreme, but she waited, and the laurels were ready for her when she came back. Like the other Maud, her little head ran over with curls.

But my procession is growing too long; still I must not forget Anita, who has Spanish eyes that dance when she dances. She is in part exotic, a flower of the tropics, strayed in our stern north land. Phœbe was a staid country lass, of the wholesome English type, with smooth black hair, bright red cheeks, and brown eyes that looked black under sleek black brows and long black eyelashes. We had to break the news to Phœbe that she had won, by quiet, hard work, as great an honor as our little world has to offer. It was a complete surprise. Phœbe laughed and blushed, and gasped "I?" in thorough incredulity. I have seen many a rosy dawn and sunset, but never any play of color as fine as the come and go of the good red blood in Phœbe's face that day.

Neither our lads nor our lasses are weaklings. Half the college play football, and our champion team is a joy to behold. Di Vernon is as straight as a lance-shaft, and has swum across the bay and back. A six-mile tramp over country roads is no great feat for any of them. Many are daughters of sea-captains, and have seen, as children, those strange places all round the world, that are for most of us mere names in story books. With this breeding, on or by the sea, they have gained character early. Janet spent her childhood in a lighthouse on a lonely island; her father has saved many a life; Flora remembers a "norther" on her father's ship in Valparaiso harbor; Hannah's earliest recollection is of a strange

man, who could speak no English, knocking at the door one stormy night, all faint and dripping from a recent wreck.

But they are not all strong. Alicia, my best scholar, was in my classes two years before I was able to identify her. She was a quiet, slight little woman, very shy and low-spoken. Her voice was never heard in class, which was a pity, for it was caressing, clear, and exquisitely modulated. Nearly two years passed before I could connect the perfect papers bearing Alicia's name with the most silent, most attentive student in the room. When I did, our friendship began. There is much virtue in work, in mastering the knowledge that is worth knowing, in learning how to wield and handle it, in making it subserve noble ends. This was the stamp of Alicia's work; it was full of this virtue; but the chief charm was the character that showed itself unconsciously in all that work. Strength to endure, an unvarying sweet patience, the scholar's modest ambition and enthusiasm, a richness of gentle affection that radiates warmth on all about her, — these are Alicia. We are old friends now, but the years, as they pass, only give me better reasons for thinking well of her. Sorrow has come to her in many forms, one of the sorest being a long severance from her beloved books; but the fire has only made the gold finer. Mine is the opinion of all who know her. Her life is not one that most would choose; but it is neither without fruit nor without cheer. If only the jewel had not so frail a casket!

Honor was the best listener I ever had. Every speaker knows what I mean. The greater part of every class attends, and attends well; but once in a while you entertain an angel, in the shape of a hearer, who is specially interested, who never takes his eye off you, who never misses a point, who is completely sympathetic. Such a hearer was Honor. Her face was a telltale mirror of what was passing in her mind; every thought, every emotion made some change there. Her eyes were the fresh well-opened eyes of a child, free from concealment, from self-consciousness, from any shade of unreality or affectation. Frank, proud, sensitive, alert, open as the day, Honor was also fair to see, a tall, straight girl who looked her best in her habit and on horseback; eyes, a Scottish gray-blue; a mouth like Browning's Edith, the lips parting naturally and showing a little bit of two white strong teeth. And a pretty wit had Honor, a way of putting things all her own. Once we played a comedy of Shakespeare's, and Honor was our star. Shall we ever forget her brightness, patience, docility, unfailing good humor? Honor made the play, and left her friends a legacy of pleasant memories. Now she is happily married, and has gone to live in a far country. She writes that forget-me-nots grow thick in the Jhelum meadows; they grow also along the brooks of Ultima Thule.

Constance came up to college with strong health, excellent preparation, and a merry face. A way of turning her head on one side, like a bird, and a twist of her lips into a quizzical smile are what I remember her by. Students fix themselves upon the teacher's memory by trick of personality, displaying itself in word, or gesture, or question. Some phrase, or attitude, or incident establishes the identification forever. Many come and go like phantoms, impressing themselves in no way on the college memory; but Constance worked faithfully and cheerfully, earning the respect of the staff, moving in a brightness of her own making, and leaving behind her the afterglow of a rich and sunny nature. When she passed out of our halls for the last time, she little knew what was before her. Mercifully she did not. Constance was fated to be one of an English garrison besieged in a foreign city by the cruel yellow people. The first thing to do, after the investment began, was to write to the far-off friends

and put the letters in the safe, so that *they* would know, in case the promised relief came too late. Otherwise precautions were taken. At the ringing of a bell, all the women and children were to assemble in one place, if the foe broke in. But they were not to be allowed to fall into the hands of the torturers alive. These were among the possibilities our little college girl had to face through weeks of agony. Quenching fire under a sleet of bullets, and the pitiful mother's tragedy, when the long strain was over, — these things she has known, but neither she nor her friends will speak of them willingly as long as they live.

The college girl will play a part of increasing importance in the community; but as yet the community has done very little for the college girl, in Canada at least. Coeducation is a temporary makeshift, due to the national poverty. The time is coming when our women will have their education apart, when it will be shaped to their needs, capacities, tastes, and destiny. There is already such a college, where the students have grown from less than a score to over a thousand in its short lifetime of twenty-five years. It is in a beautiful country town, in a broad valley between ranges of serrated hills. The college is the result of a large plan intelligently carried out. The girls are not allowed to drift into casual boarding-houses, nor are they herded in huge dormitories. They live in little homes, ten or twenty together, under the care of one of the staff. There is a homelike air about the place that strikes the stranger at once. An ample gymnasium, a picture gallery, a library, a chapel where I saw the whole college at their orisons, classrooms, laboratories, hammocks under the apple trees about the tennis courts, are among the more obvious provisions for the education of the lucky girls who can attend this college.

Our Canadian girls deserve as good treatment.

Archibald MacMechan.

IN THE CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS V.

A WOMAN was looking for her own soul as she walked through the rain to the Vatican. She felt as bleak as the rain; she was part of the world's surplus, one of the creatures left over after the favors of the gods have been distributed. And so she was hiding in beautiful Italy the meagreness and loneliness of her lot, drifting among the lesser pensions in a vain pretense of calm content, while her heart resented with increasing impotence the blankness in the eyes of Fate. "Once," she was almost thinking, "I had a soul; but the cruelties of life have battered and bruised it and flung it away, and now, though I travel all over the world, I cannot find it. Ah, the lost loves, — outraged, neglected, what could they do but die? Ah, the struggle with fortune, the bitter, narrowing, deadening struggle! I felt these once, I grieved and agonized, but now there is nothing left in me to feel." And when men and women looked at her, and especially when she saw little children playing together, it seemed strange that they should think she was alive.

So she walked on through the thin, pale rain, on over the bridge whose hard stone angels struck pompous attitudes under the protesting heavens; on past the great round citadel which sprang sombrely out of the dark past, lifting high its burden of centuries. She threaded the narrow *borgo* and emerged

theatrically on the Piazza of St. Peter's, a stage vast enough for all the peoples of the earth to play at large emotions. Hither, like her, over the river and through the lanes, the world was coming in quest of its lost soul. Here it had set the scenes for the climax: ringing its amphitheatre with thick pillars of stone, row upon row in circles that swept the earth; uprearing at their meeting-place a grandiloquent temple fit for the etiquette of the Court of Heaven. Here, with pomp of song and prayer, with splendor of ordered pageantry, the endless procession was feigning the glory of triumph. Hither it had borne the anointed custodian of its soul, to enthrone him in the sacred seat of hope. It had built for him a palace of multitudinous chambers, and filled it with the heaped-up treasures of time, that all nations might know this for the appointed place.

Yet the woman found not here the object of her quest. Here she stood ill at ease, unappeased, wondering at the might and majesty, the prodigious immensity of the mockery. Under the colonnade she circled, shunning the vast arena, longing for speech with beauty in some still corner of the labyrinthine palace. Humbly she slipped up the royal stair, like a beggar unto the feast of kings. Not in the rooms of state could she demand a place to-day, — the halls of Michael Angelo and Raphael, where masters of abler ages had spread a banquet for the minds of men, and whither an endless trail of pilgrims came to be overpowered. The Sistine Chapel, where an importunate questioner once wrote the riddle of life large, frightened her with its agonies of despair and hope. The chambers where a happy skeptic smiled in immortal youth over the problem mocked her with their impartial pagan joy. She was not brave enough to-day for these; they proved to her too cruelly that she was not alive, too surely that men were but athletes at the edge of a precipice, casting immeasurable shadows into the void.

So she hastened on, refusing to look, to answer; on through the boastful hall of battles, through chambers over-rich and strident. In the corner of one of these a heavy black door opened invitingly into a little room whence a tall tourist was issuing, bowed out by the obsequious guard. She crossed his path and entered.

"This is the oldest decorated chamber in the Vatican," said the guard in English, judging her with his quick dark eye, and sweeping his arm amply to cover the little spaces of his kingdom. "Fra Angelico da Fiesole painted it — tutto Angelico, no other master — his last and most finest masterpiece. Si si — the Cappella di Nicolo Quinto; the Pope Nicholas Five brought the friar to Rome to paint it. San Stefano e San Lorenzo — you see, on this wall," — and Fra Angelico's obliging spokesman felt his way among English words until he had delivered himself of his homily. She heard him as through a mist, smiling and nodding assent like a puppet, and thinking, "Yes, once I was sad, but now I am simply nothing at all." And when he had finished she took one of the two chairs to a corner under the high window, and leaned back in the shadow, dipping softly into the old monk's graciousness as into a cool and sunlit well.

Long she sat there, while the episodic tourists came and went, rippling the surface of her thought with smiles. "This room," she reflected, "is like a golden crucifix adorned with precious jewels. The old friar set it up for a divine symbol where men might kneel and worship. But what right have we here, we of to-day, who scrutinize with opera glasses, erect and unawed?" Two Englishwomen entered, as though to answer her by the assurance with which they took possession; remnant women prepared for the rain, their short skirts and long jackets hanging listlessly, their knobs of hair screwed tight under faded

felt hats. They gazed in unison, opening their mouths and squinting upward. "This is the most ancient chamber," began the guard; but they shook him off unsympathetically and turned to their guidebooks. "Catalogues," thought the woman in the corner; "they are making a new entry. They think they are alive — poor, thin pamphlets of print and paper — because they have never known what it is to live. I was alive once and so I know the difference. San Stefano again, — how the blessed Angelico enjoyed a martyrdom!"

But again the door opened and her eyes dropped from the frescoes to a fussy bundle of humanity who held guidebook and bag in one hand and camp stool in the other, and whose face, under the feathered bonnet, was screwed into a tight knot in the effort to carry these burdens and lift her skirt from the mosaic floor. She deposited her camp stool and sat upon it, but dared not unscrew her face lest the serenity of the place should quiet her troubled activities. "C'est la chambre la plus antique du Vatican," said the guard, his quick glance compassing her nationality, yet skillfully reserving an expectant look for the Englishwomen who were moving toward the door, and who, after consulting together, clinked something into his receptive palm and left for larger conquests.

The woman in the corner noted the little French lady's effort to reconcile Fra Angelico with her Parisian mood, noted it vaguely, out of the corner of an eye bent on the stoning of Saint Stephen. "For him life was faith, and he proved it with sacrifice," she mused; and when two black priests entered she wondered if they possessed the martyr's secret. "La cappella del beato Angelico, la camera la più antiqua nel Vaticano!" — the familiar story was told anew; but neither the lean nor the florid face moved out of its sordid stoicism. "They are dark shadows of the departed pageant which Fra Angelico saw passing with banners and song," thought the woman in the corner; "they creep along the ground, black, featureless, insensible, following silently, inevitably, the path once trod by human feet."

Once more the attentive guard responded to a touch on his door, swinging it open to admit a man who tyrannized instantly over the peaceful chapel. So strong was the habit of command in him that one half glance was enough to silence the guard's harangue. He scrutinized the frescoes and knew them at once in detail as accurately as though they had been merchandise. He set his square shoulders and hardened his jaws and brutalized the pictured spaces, till Fra Angelico withered up before him and the woman in the corner felt afraid. "Money is his secret," she thought; "he has bought all, — power, beauty, even knowledge, and these he would like to buy. He is king in his world, and even here he is unaware of mutiny. The great modern substitute for life is his; his will makes want or plenty in the uttermost parts of the earth." She felt him like an irresistible force, she accepted his mastery of the saintly painter, she set the pictures in his scale of values, and she sympathized with his estimate of color and motive. The priests slipped out, the little French lady picked up her stool and bustled away, even the guard felt a rivalry in mastership; and the woman in the corner, thrilled by the big presence, rebuked her sentimentality, and wondered if this were the secret.

But when he had gone, when he had measured an accurate fee into the guard's ready palm, and left to the pious monk his kingdom, the woman in the corner rebelled against his dominance, and yielded little by little to the painter's insinuating sweetness. The sightseers came and went with their red and black books, the guard's monotonous tale flowed on with ever fresh enthusiasm, but in her thoughts, half conscious of the coming and going, a lovely phrase

leaped suddenly out of memory, — the beauty of holiness. It soothed her like the perfume of roses; it rested her like sunshine. The sharp edges of character softened under its graciousness, till men and women seemed touched with a glamour of the infinite. The loud-voiced trio who stepped in expectant and hastened out disappointed, the business-like woman in black alpaca who punctured the pictures through her spyglass, the tall youth in knickerbockers who modestly forbore from judging, the woman with diamonds and her coarse-featured, perplexed husband, the trim young girls with experimental eyes, — all the fitful, strange procession grew luminous like changing shapes in clouds, and divine like prayers.

The beauty of holiness, — that was the old monk's secret, and here on these narrow walls he was telling it still. In that beauty, in every age and clime and creed, men had lived and died. It was the light which revealed wisdom; the heart that held it divined truth. What mattered anything else if one compassed that? If one could lose self utterly one would be bound no more, one would be infinite, would be God. And that would be finding one's soul. The beauty of holiness, — the immaculate beauty, the perfect beauty which rebukes all lesser loveliness, — if she could win that she would find her soul.

The woman in the corner rose and left the little saintly chamber. And the guard, closing his fingers as her tribute touched them and bowing her out with ready smiles, wondered what kind of a tourist was this who gave a whole morning to Fra Angelico.

Harriet Monroe.

THE SECRET OF WORDSWORTH.

Professor Raleigh's book[1] is an earnest attempt to read the works of a poet by the light of the poet's intention. It is not a criticism, nor a commentary, nor in the usual sense of the word an appreciation, though criticism, comment, and high appreciation are all to be found in it. Least of all is it an experiment in comparative appraisal, or assignment of rank, whether of Wordsworth among poets, or of his poems among themselves. What is undertaken is a thing much more difficult than any of these, — an interpretation of the poet's work and an explanation of his method. Professor Raleigh's aim is to ascertain and publish Wordsworth's secret; a secret which the poet himself long ago published, to be sure, as well as he was able, both in prose and in "numerous verse," but which still remains, as Professor Raleigh thinks, for the most part unrecognized.

The work, we say, is in its nature difficult. Whether it has even yet been accomplished, whether even yet Professor Raleigh or the sharpest-sighted of his readers do actually

> "see with eye serene
> The very pulse of the machine,"

a simple Wordsworthian, neither poet nor critic, may modestly hold for uncertain, the more so as the interpreter himself seems to be more or less distinctly of the same modest opinion.

All things are explicable, of course. Nothing is mysterious in itself. If it is true, as Professor Raleigh says, that "a poet is to be had for the making," — and it would take a bold man to dispute it, a new heaven and a new earth being obtainable any day on the same reasonable terms, — it may be admitted also that a poet's secret is always to be had

[1] *Wordsworth.* By Walter Raleigh. London: Edwin Arnold. 1903.

for the finding. But that is not to be convinced that any one has yet found it. Of one thing, at all events, the honest and capable reader of Professor Raleigh's book is quickly made aware, — the seriousness and disinterestedness of the author's spirit. He really is attempting not so much to display his own acumen as to penetrate the hiding of another man's power.

Naturally the attempt becomes in the main what Monsieur Legouis calls his noteworthy work, La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth, — "a study of the Prelude." The fact could hardly be otherwise, Wordsworth having devoted the fourteen books of that poem to much the same end as that toward which his interpreter is aiming, — the elucidation of the history of a poet's mind.

Professor Raleigh's book is the more interesting (whether it is nearer the truth is another matter) because of what may fairly be styled its author's heroic method. He will have no verbal makeshifts, no shirking of the main issue, no resort to the facile explanatory phrases of conventional criticism. If Wordsworth wrote some of the sublimest of poetry and some of the baldest of measured prose, as by universal agreement he did, — and himself could never distinguish one from the other, — the fact is not to be accounted for upon any impatient, easy-going theory of inspiration and non-inspiration. The poet is "a man speaking to men," not "a reed through which a god fitfully blows." And no more are we to consign the problem to the limbo of insolubles by saying that the poet was born, and there 's an end of it. The poet was *not* born. Wordsworth the child, his oftenest quoted line to the contrary notwithstanding, was not in the least Wordsworthian, but a rather boisterous, play-loving country lad, like any other. His was "the ordinary vague stuff of human nature;" "good clay, full of kindly qualities, very tenacious of the forms impressed on it," but clay the like of which is "plentiful enough in any healthy human society."

Here, then, to use a homely phrase, the interpreter of Wordsworth has his work cut out for him. Given a common country boy, how was he *made* into a poet?

The wary reader will hardly expect to find the question answered in so many words. That would be demanding more than is meet. Wordsworth himself, we are told, when he comes to the precise point, hesitates and falters, working only by hints and indirections; and it is no slander upon his interpreter to intimate that in this respect he follows pretty closely his illustrious subject's example. This, however, is not to charge either poet or critic with absolute failure. For the right reader the Prelude is one of the most interesting of long poems, and Professor Raleigh's study, we repeat, is a profoundly interesting book. Success is a thing of degrees. There may be an excellent morning's sport, with capital feats of horsemanship and much wholesome stirring of the blood, and the hare still safe in his burrow.

The country boy took his degree at Cambridge, and then — not for the first time — traveled in France. This was in 1791, when he was in his twenty-first year. Eager, passionate, a believer in human equality, he entered heart and soul into the turbulent spirit of the hour, and was on the point of allying himself actively with one of the Revolutionary parties when his guardian peremptorily ordered him back to England. There he watched the downward course of events across the Channel, the massacres and horrors of the time, till in his discouragement he was driven to seek refuge in the "arid rationalism" of William Godwin and — for a poet — the scarcely less arid study of mathematics. Out of this state of despondency, "the soul's last and lowest ebb," he calls it, he was drawn by the gentle ministrations of his sister Dorothy and the

memory of his own boyish delight in Nature. He began once more to look at the world about him, to seek "for present good in life's familiar face;" and now, as we understand Professor Raleigh, he was made a poet. The secret of the making of a poet, "if ever it should be divined," we are told, "would be found, according to Wordsworth's conception of it, exactly at that point where the free and vigorous life of sense and thought in any young creature is, by some predestined accident or series of accidents, arrested, surprised, checked, challenged, and turned in and back upon itself. Then for the first time the soul makes an inventory of its wealth, and discovers that it has great possessions, that it has been a traveler in fairyland, and holds the clue to that mystery."

It is finely said, after its manner; with an accent of mysticism not unlike Wordsworth's own. One feels as if the face of truth were shining dimly through the semi-transparent words. We think of the great Ode; of

> "those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

We remember also the "famous definition," "Poetry takes its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity." We recognize the pertinence and felicity of Professor Raleigh's remark, that "it was the belief, almost the discovery, of Wordsworth, that the memory, if it be habitually consulted, will not only supply a poet with his most valuable materials, but will also do for him the best part of his work." For Wordsworth, past all doubt, pleasure remembered was more easily turned into the stuff of poetry than pleasure freshly experienced; for which reason he was little used, as he said,

> "to make
> A present joy the matter of a song."

But accepting all this, admitting to the full the momentous character of the intellectual crisis through which Wordsworth passed when, after the insanities and disappointments of the French Revolution, he "cast back among the calm and deep memories of his childhood;" when, as our critic eloquently puts it, "the noises of laughter and cursing were swallowed up in the quiet of the fields and the great spaces of the sky;" admitting even that from this hard-won victory "the best powers of his poetry were derived;" that "the depth of consolation, the austere tenderness, and the strength as of iron that are felt in his greatest works came to him from the same source;" admitting all this and more, we may yet wonder whether, after all, we have discovered, or are even so much as in a way to discover, the secret of "the making of a poet." We seem to have been hearing about the genesis of a poet's works, rather than about the genesis of the poet himself. Wordsworth's memory gave him some of the best of his themes, and threw the light of enchantment over his treatment of them; the horrors of the French Revolution sent him back to Nature and the homely intercourse of every-day humanity, with new depths of vision and a new austerity of tenderness. But these are accessories, helps, aids to a poet's development; the primal thing is the poet himself; and he — why may we not still believe it? — was not "*any* young creature," found here, there, or elsewhere, waiting to be *made* a poet, but an elect soul, a poet already, a poet by birth, one of the "poets sown by Nature," gifted by Nature, not by the shock of the French Revolution, with "the vision and the faculty divine."

Inclining to this belief, we shall naturally hesitate to go with our interpreter when he speaks of the boy Wordsworth as if he were no different from the common run of children, made only of "the ordinary vague stuff of human nature," with "nothing Wordsworthian" about him. True, "he took birds' nests — for the eggs;" "hired and rode horses;" and

"read books [strange thing!] — for the story." "Something willful and passionate" he may have been also. But what then? The boy Keats, too, was more than a little passionate, "highly pugnacious" indeed, always ready for a fight, capable even of squaring off at an usher, "not attached to books," showing "no signs of an intellectual bent;" but it would be hard to convince lovers of poetry that the man who wrote the Ode on a Grecian Urn at twenty-four was no different from the rest of us, only that his "life of sense" happened by some concatenation of circumstances to have been "arrested, surprised, checked, challenged, and turned in and back upon itself." All that may have been true, of course, for aught we can prove to the contrary; but for ourselves, rather than believe it, we are ready to say *poëta nascitur*, and be done with it, although by so saying we forfeit forever all claim to originality.

What is more to the purpose, Wordsworth's own account of the matter seems hardly to bear out this impression of a boy destitute of all Wordsworthian characteristics. "I was often unable," he says, "to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality."

The child was father of the man, we seem to perceive; already a pretty sound Wordsworthian, even though he may have taken now and then a bird's nest — for the eggs, or read a book — for the story. It is partly this reminiscence, we may conjecture, which leads Monsieur Legouis to say (so do critics disagree) that Wordsworth was never more essentially a poet than in his early schooldays.

But, indeed, there is other and perhaps more convincing testimony to the same effect, testimony such as it would seem impossible for any one to read the first book of the Prelude without finding. Professor Raleigh, to be sure, says that Wordsworth, in writing that book, "knows that the light in which he sees his early days is a light half reflected on them;" but the point, we must think, is unduly pressed. Even among his boyish sports, the poet says, he was haunted by the "Presences of Nature" till they

> "did make
> The surface of the universal earth,
> With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
> Work like a sea."

"Even then," he says,

> "I felt
> Gleams like the flashing of a shield; — the earth
> And common face of Nature spake to me
> Rememberable things."

And once more, —

> "Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,
> And twice five summers on my mind had stamped
> The faces of the moving year, even then
> I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
> Old as creation, drinking in a pure
> Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
> Of curling mist, or from the level plain
> Of waters colored by impending clouds."

The word "unconscious" in this last quotation speaks, no doubt, of a difference between that childish, unreasoned delight in Nature and the all-absorbing, carefully nurtured passion which a few years later rendered him for the time being a creature almost beside himself; but when he says, "I felt such things," it is not for any interpreter to say that he did not feel them; and if he felt them, he was not quite the commonplace, everyday boy that we are asked to have in mind.

If Wordsworth was not born a poet, then, we must think, no man ever was. No great poet, certainly, ever had less command of his own power; none was ever more dependent upon his genius, whatever that word may be taken to mean. For a few years he was possessed by it. So long as that possession lasted his strength was as the strength of ten.

Then it deserted him, and he was weakness itself, "weak as is a breaking wave." If he had reinforced himself, if year after year he had studied his art as an art, after the manner of Tennyson, let us say, if he had cared for other poetry besides his own, if he had so much as continued to read books for the story, if he had been somebody else, in short, instead of William Wordsworth, his aftermath of verse might have been, not more "numerous," let us hope, but of a quality worthier of his fame. Even a transient resort to the classics, as we know, — his schoolboy son needing assistance, — yielded Laodamia, of which Hazlitt said that it was "a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it." But the rapt seer is little apt to be also a craftsman. More likely, to quote Hazlitt again, "he can give only the fine tones of thought, drawn from his mind by accident or nature, like the sounds drawn from the Æolian harp by the wandering gale."

The substantial truth of this no one sees with more clearness than Professor Raleigh. "By strange and hard ways," he says, "Wordsworth had been led up to the mount of vision, he had seen through a golden haze all the riches and the beauty of the land that was promised to Poetry, and then the vision faded, . . . and he was left gazing on the woods and hills and pastures under the light of common day."

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it *remains* a secret; a something as far beyond human subtlety to explain as it is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "Genius," "inspiration," — it is hard to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nay, it is precisely *because* they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is as apt as any one's to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isaiah; but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."

Nevertheless it does not lie in any word or formula to make an end of discussion in matters of this kind. Neither genius nor inspiration is a thing too sacred for study. And as an effort at such a study Professor Raleigh's book is in all ways stimulating and praiseworthy; written throughout in a style of rare excellence, never commonplace and never smart, — not distinguished for lightness, some might say, — serious always, yet with no suggestion of the prosy, and rising on occasion to heights of a really noble eloquence. For the service of scholars and the honor of English literature the more of such books the better.

Bradford Torrey.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

W. E. HENLEY AND JOURNALISM.

In the preface to William Ernest Henley's collected poems, published some years ago, this passage occurs: "After spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I found myself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable that I had to confess myself beaten in art, and to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years." There is nothing in this way of putting the case which would strike most people as odd. They would cheerfully admit that a man pursues art and becomes addicted to journalism; as if one were an ideal and the other a bad habit. Why, and how, it may be proper to inquire, does success in journalism differ from success in the literary art?

I.

Journalism, let us say, for the sake of having a definition, is a record of or commentary upon passing events and conditions of life. In its recording function it differs clearly enough from literature. It has only to present an accurate and bare chronicle of events: not an altogether easy task, it is true. Provincial journalists find it hard to keep clear of the language of the street on the one hand, and the language of what they would call "the forum" on the other. What has gone far toward depriving an important public officer of his dignity is his facility in exaggerating the familiarities of the vernacular and in burlesquing the graces of literature. "Newspaper English" has come to mean all that is slovenly, wooden, facetious, or bombastic in written speech. It is not for nothing that fact becomes "story" in the jargon of the newspaper office.

But it is the further business of journalism to hazard an interpretation of the facts which it has recorded. The great public wishes to know not only what is going on, but what to think of it. Now a strictly journalistic comment upon any given event or situation is essentially impersonal and conventional. At most it represents the opinion of a quorum, the expression of a policy rather than of a personality. Prophets are notoriously inefficient in the editorial chair. Herein lies the fundamental difference between journalism and literature; one is normally impersonal, the other necessarily personal. The moment personality begins to shine through an "article," that article is suggesting its right to be considered as literature. And the moment an effective personality succeeds in expressing itself, and the world through itself, a new practitioner in art has arisen. There is no reason why a journalist should aim for this sort of escape from his calling. He may have strength to realize that his impersonality is more effective than his personality; that as a reporter or a leader-writer he is really a person of more consequence than he could be as a solitary climber of the Parnassian slopes. And he has in "the higher journalism" a legitimate goal which he may, with diligence, hope to reach.

It is becoming, to be sure, less and less easy to make any mechanical division between the lower and the higher journalism. There is little or no difference, except in length, between the best articles in such journals as the London Times or the New York Evening Post, and most articles in the monthly and quarterly periodicals. And the tendency toward assimilation has worked both ways. In the popular American magazines the essay gave way some time since to the "special article;" a fact which indicates pretty clearly that they have ceased to be "lit-

erary repositories," as the old phrase was, and have become journals. Recognizing this fact, the dailies and weeklies have not failed to apply the shoe to the other foot by publishing weekly and monthly "magazine numbers." From all this mixing of methods it may well happen that we find ourselves puzzled to gauge the merit of a given piece of writing. Is it a sketch, an article, or an essay? Does it illuminate or merely instruct? Does it belong to the lower journalism, to the higher journalism, or to literature?

II.

Mr. Kipling would probably make an end of the question by asserting that there is no question. Mr. Kipling came out of journalism by the easiest door, — the only door open to a born reporter. He might have succeeded in the higher journalism, for his opinions of men and things are always forcible, if not sound; but he seems to have had no taste for expressing his opinions except by way of fiction and verse. Mr. Kipling's method and spirit, however, are essentially journalistic. He does not hesitate to express his contempt for theories of literary art, and belongs, in short, to that sturdy class of inspired amateur which startles every generation in turn, to be forgotten in the next. The history of literature does, at least, indicate that the writer who is not in some measure impressed with his responsibility to law as well as to his own instinct can hardly hope to have his usefulness survive the moment. Mr. Kipling himself, artist though he is in his own field, has in the end lost from his inability to see life roundly as well as sharply. His frequent feats in the rôle of reporter (as shown for example in his treatment of the Gloucester fishermen) have proved that not even in his case can acuteness quite take the place of thoroughness; and that the rapid notes of an observer inevitably fail of the effect achieved by the broad interpretations of an artist.

III.

Mr. Henley made an entrance, or, as he suggests, a descent, to journalism by way of the literary art. He had devoted his best powers to "the pursuit of poetry," and had failed to gain the sort of pocketable recognition which comes to not more than two or three writers of verse in a generation. It is hardly necessary to suggest to those who know his work at all that he did not descend beneath the upper levels of journalism. As editor, for example, of the Centenary Burns, his production was that of a man of letters rather than of a journalist; and in reality he never quite gave up his pursuit of the poetic art. Some of his verses have from their vigor and melodiousness and ingenuousness become widely known; though it is probably their daring rather than any of these qualities which has thus far made them talked of. Mr. Henley early showed an inclination to mitigate the severities of ordinary usage in the employment of rhythm and rhyme. His verse never became quite formless, but it did sometimes become diffuse and prosaic. "There is something revolutionary," asserts Mr. Arthur Symons enthusiastically, "in all Mr. Henley's work; the very titles, the very existence of his poems, may be taken as a sort of manifesto on behalf of what is surely a somewhat new art, the art of modernity in verse. To be modern in poetry, to represent really one's self and one's surroundings, the world as it is to-day, to be modern and yet poetical is, perhaps, the most difficult, as it is certainly the most interesting, of all artistic achievements." Whatever truth there may be in this postulate, one does not see that it applies particularly well to Mr. Henley's work, at least to the best of it. Attempts have been making since the memory of man to extend the range of poetry, but Apollo has not hitherto consented to figure as the india-rubber man. True poetry still insists upon dealing with the

same old inexhaustible human motives; and Mr. Henley's best poetry is concerned with two of the most elemental of them: the eager cherishing of joy and the stalwart endurance of pain. He was, more than any other modern poet in English, the poet of youth and spring, the poet of courage and hardihood. Impulse and combativeness are his themes, not self-restraint or resignation. He could compose with equal fervor a song like this: —

"It was a bowl of roses:
There in the light they lay,
Languishing, glorying, glowing
Their life away.

"And the soul of them rose like a presence,
Into me crept and grew
And filled me with something — some one —
O, was it you?"

And a ringing strain like this: —

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Few persons, however conventionally pious, can read these fine and now famous lines without a certain leap of the heart. They have, indeed, just that note of truculence which rings through any effective call to arms. Henley's war-lyrics are probably less known in this country than Mr. Kipling's, though they are much better poetry and equally spirited verse: —

"But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
Where the rain-rot spreads, and a tame sea mumbles the shore,
Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
Sons of the sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song —
O you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

Mr. Henley produced another sort of verse than this, which, as it was odd, attracted much attention. When Mr. Symons speaks of his "modernity" he apparently has in mind less the strong simple lyrics from which we have quoted than the series of cockney quatorzains which Henley called London Types, and the group of songs inspired by an experience in a city hospital. All of the hospital poems appear to me to have been conceived in the journalistic spirit. They sketch scenes, they tell stories, they offer data; and most of them are cast in unrhymed, irregular metres not essential, let us hope, to the expression of modernity. Here is a stanza from a number called Casualty: —

"As with varnish red and glistening
Dripped his hair; his feet looked rigid;
Raised, he settled stiffly sideways:
You could see his hurts were spinal."

It must require, one supposes, some curious modernity of taste to appreciate this as poetry: from a more ancient point of view it is a versified report, nothing more. It should be said that this is an extreme instance. Much of the poet's descriptive verse is of great brilliancy, as in this sonnet, which does not appear in the London Types, though it is called In the Dials: —

"To Garryowen upon an organ ground
Two girls are jigging. Riotously they trip,
With eyes aflame, quick bosoms, hand on hip,
As in the tumult of a witches' round.
Youngsters and youngsters round them prance and bound,
Two solemn babes twirl ponderously and skip.
The artist's teeth gleam from his bearded lip,
High from the kennels howls a tortured hound.
The music reels and hurtles, and the night
Is full of stinks and cries; a naphtha light
Flares from a barrow; battered and obtused

With vices, wrinkles, life and work and rags,
Each with her inch of clay, two loitering hags
Look on, dispassionate, critical, half 'mused."

This is the "nervous impressionist realism" for which the Quarterly Review praised Mr. Henley some years ago. It is certainly brilliant, vivid, everything but beautiful; a study, in short, and not a work of art at all in the strict sense. We must go back to those pure lyrics of love and of defiance to feel the power of Mr. Henley's art.

IV.

He never professed the pursuit of prose as an art; indeed, he did not, so far as we can learn, attempt any sort of creative prose. He was an honest and effective, but not especially sound critic; here again his "nervous impressionism" of method gives often the effect of force without finality. He could tell the truth as he knew it, but there were few aspects of truth of which his knowledge was passionate enough to develop a really noble form of utterance. There is plenty of vigor in his judgments, but not always the poise and dignity which could give them authority. Talk of the famous letter to the Pall Mall Magazine on Balfour's Stevenson has not yet ceased to reverberate in literary journals. It was altogether characteristic of Henley that he should have made an admirable point with such an appearance of personal irritation as to confuse the issue in the minds of most of his readers: "I take a view of Stevenson which declines to be concerned with this Seraph in Chocolate, this barley-sugar effigy of a real man. . . . For ourselves, let us live and die uninsulted, as we lived and died before his books began to sell and his personality was a marketable thing." Naturally a public which did not know Mr. Henley considered this a treasonable utterance from a friend of the dead Stevenson's; they took for envy and malice what was really the expression of a generous nature. To the memory of Stevenson, as well as to the world, Balfour's method of canonization was, in Henley's opinion, an insult; and he undoubtedly considered the catalogue of Stevenson's failings, which he proceeded to give, a vindication of his friend. They proved that he had been a man eager for life, and not an angelic invalid; they were a part, at all events, of the evidence as to what kind of man Stevenson really was. Henley was a humanist, not a moralist, and it was hard for him to be patient with the eligible hypocrisies of Anglo-Saxon convention: —

"A sigh sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years end long —
So they say.

"So let it be —
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three,
And we die."

A similar cry was raised over Henley's perfectly frank treatment of Burns, in the Introduction and Notes of the Centenary Edition. The world had chosen, in spite of all the evidence, to surround the memory of Burns with a golden aureole of optimism. Mr. Henley calls attention to the fact that he was not only an inspired singer, but, on occasion, a lewd rustic and a cad. It had been the fashion to treat him as a magnanimous nature continually suffering from a sense of his carnal frailty. Mr. Henley shows that, like most sentimental persons, he was commonly indifferent to questions which had nothing to do with his own comfort. Such services as this Mr. Henley performed for English criticism; and the character of the enemies they made for him constitutes perhaps their best praise.

V.

Apart from these performances, no prose of his is more interesting than the memoir of his friend G. W. Steevens, which has been prefixed to an American collection of that brilliant writer's best work. Journalism cannot conceiv-

ably have seemed a forlorn hope to Steevens; it offered precisely the means by which he could best express his absorbing interest in the things he saw. Kipling is a journalist who rose to literature, Henley a literary man who descended to journalism; Steevens was neither; he was born to journalism, and in journalism fulfilled his nature, apparently free from the unsettling desire to fulfill something else. He wreaked himself upon the moment, and was satisfied to be a part of life. It is not easy to bring into definition the quality in his work which we recognize as journalistic. Perhaps it was his indifference to the amenities of style, his frank preoccupation with the thing he had seen and was describing or interpreting. We cannot fancy him wearying over the choice of an epithet or the turn of a phrase. So much the better for him as a journalist; but an artist has to be all the time meeting little issues, and work which is not made up of a series of victories is little likely to stand; it may attain the rank either of a useful treatise, or of an interesting atelier study, but it will not be a work of art.

There are in every generation writers like Mr. Symons who are troubled lest the work of the moment be not "modern" enough, and who are ready to discover "revolution" and "modernity" in any utterance which succeeds in being not illiterately odd. I for one fail to find in Mr. Henley, except in his descriptive verse, which is the essence of clever journalism, anything to stare at. I do not especially care to find anything of the sort. He was a strong, honest, full-blooded man, a good lover and a good hater, and singer of the best English lyrics during half a generation.

H. W. Boynton.

NEW LIGHTS ON BROWNING.[1]

In 1864 an Atlantic reviewer of Browning's Dramatis Personæ remarked that casual perusers of his work were like "vagrants in a gallery, who long for a catalogue, dislocate their necks, and anathematize the whole collection." In the twoscore years that have passed since that utterance the desires of those who wished for catalogues of the Browning collection have been amply gratified. The poet has been compassed murkily about by ravage of his commentators, and a coeval gloom has invaded the breasts of many of his true lovers. There has been dire need of some dolorous and jarring blast, but nothing of the sort has been forthcoming. Walter Bagehot, Sir Leslie Stephen, and one or two others have written wisely and excellently of Browning, but their voices have availed little against the din of those whose criticism is "fainter, flushier, and flightier." Even some hard-headed and capable men of letters have been unable to withstand the contagion of the Browning jargon, and have written after the manner. In respect to strict biography, indeed, Browning has not been particularly unfortunate. Mrs. Orr's elaborate Life is well enough, and although many

[1] *The Poetry of Robert Browning.* By Stopford Brooke, M. A. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Biographic Clinics. The origin of the ill-health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. By George M. Gould. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. 1903.

persons have published their recollections of him, and his own son has posted his love-letters in the market-place, he has been spared much of the tasteless biography, which, in the delicate phrase of Mr. Swinburne, enables the numerous multitude to "spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer." Yet the classical life is still to be written.

The recent volumes about Browning by Mr. Brooke and Mr. Chesterton are out of the ordinary run of "Browning Literature," critical and biographical. Each throws its ray of new light across the gloom, yet each, despite its marked individuality, shows curiously Browning's way of disturbing his critic's poise. Taken together, in connection with Dr. Gould's admirable piece of quasi-medical biography, they make an edifying exhibition of critical tumbling.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, one of the most learned and genial of writers upon English Literature and the author of a noble study of Tennyson, has brought a ripened enthusiasm to his treatment of Browning. Yet even Mr. Brooke's sturdy intellectual frame could not quite resist the Browning bacillus, and we have him here writing in a high-erected vein which not seldom reaches to tall talk and highfalutin. The texture of the book is largely of such terse and lucid pronouncements as this: "The first woman we meet in Browning's poetry is Pauline; a twofold person, exceedingly unlike the woman usually made by a young poet. She is not only the Pauline idealized and also materialized by the selfish passion of her lover, but also the real woman whom Browning has conceived underneath the lover's image of her."

Perhaps the best chapter in Mr. Brooke's book is that in which he writes of Browning's strangely un-Tennysonian treatment of Nature, with its comparative freedom from the "pathetic fallacy," and its singular fusion of a kind of primitive dualism with enlightened views on the descent of man; yet even in this chapter his hand is so — can we say — subdued to the stuff it works in, that he is capable of making Nature smile mockingly and whisper in Browning's ear, "Thou shalt pursue me always, but never find my secret, never grasp my streaming hair!" It cannot be said that the image of the portly poet straining every nerve to seize Nature by the hair is particularly pleasing.

In short, Mr. Brooke's treatise is more remarkable for glowing rhapsody than for lucid discrimination; yet, as we shall see more clearly as we go on, it has been composed with an eye always on the book, and it is so rich with Browning's purple that for one who does not mind the extravagance it is extremely good reading. How resplendent, for example, is the prose-poem on Browning's color sense: —

"Again no one can help observing in all those quotations the extraordinary love of color, a love Tennyson has in far fainter measure, but which Browning seems to possess more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. Scott, knowing the Highlands, knew dark magnificence of color. But Browning's love of color arose from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure, clear, and brilliant, that color is more intense, and at dawn and sunset more deep, delicate, and various than it is in our land. Sometimes, as Ruskin said, it is not color, it is a conflagration; but wherever it is, in the bell of a flower, on the edge of a cloud, on the back of a lizard, on the veins of a lichen, it strikes in Browning's verse at our eyes, and he only in English poetry has joy enough in it to be its full interpreter.

"He sees the wild tulip blow out its great red bell; he sees the thin clear bubble of blood at its tip; he sees the spike of gold which burns deep in the bluebell's womb; the corals that, like lamps, disperse thick red flame through the dusk green universe of the ocean; the lakes which, when the morn breaks, —

'Blaze like wyvern flying round the sun;'

the woodland brake whose withered fern dawn feeds with gold; the moon carried off at sunrise in purple fire; the larch blooms, crisp and pink; the sanguine heart of the pomegranate; the filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped; the poppies crimson to blackness; the red fan of the butterfly falling on the rock like a drop of fire from a brandished torch; the star-fish, jacynth to the finger tips; and a hundred other passionate seizures of color."

There are many such passionate seizures in Mr. Brooke's treatise, and they serve to disguise its essentially academic character pretty effectually. Yet academic it is, both in its merits and in its shortcomings; in its close and complete following of the text as in its curious lack of detachment of mind, — its singular Browning obsession, which even Mr. Brooke's several set attempts at finding fault with his author do not avail to throw off. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, is, for better or for worse, quite other than academic; there is nothing to indicate that he has been so fond as to read Browning through more than once, and his detachment of mind is prodigious. Where Mr. Brooke is "academic," Mr. Chesterton is "journalistic;" where Mr. Brooke is rhapsodical, Mr. Chesterton is flippant. Yet passing from one book to the other is like coming out of Plato's idol-shadowed cave to daylight and fresh air. But it is precisely Mr. Chesterton's vigorous liveliness that makes his flippancies of attitude and method so lamentable. Often in reading his Browning one longs to revert to the language of that blessed age when literary controversy was still good manners and a wholesome exercise, — to style him roundly an "Itinerant Paradoxer," and so have done with the matter. But with all its faults as biography, the book is too vital to be so airily dismissed without laying one's self open to that most dangerous of dialectical thrusts, the *tu quoque*. It phrases certain true things about Browning better than they have been phrased before, while it shows unmistakably the direction of the prevailing literary wind.

The reader who wants detail, whether of biography or of criticism, must look in other books than Mr. Chesterton's. His method has been to grasp Browning's temperament — which is the real theme of his book — by the genial act of excogitation, pen in hand, rather than by any patient piecing of detail. He is never able to resist the temptation to preach to us, and the first third of his book is made up of a succession of homilies on the conduct of temperament, bound together into something resembling unity by an occasional allusion to Browning. Yet it is curious to note that with all his assertive independence, Mr. Chesterton, like Mr. Brooke, has his try at tall and unbridled talk. He tells us categorically that Browning had "the greatest brain with the most simple temperament known in our annals," that he "stands among the few poets who hardly wrote a line of anything else" — than poetry! that at a certain time in his life he was "delineating in great epics the beauty and horror of the romance of Southern Europe;" that Pippa Passes is "the greatest poem ever written, with the exception of one or two by Walt Whitman, to express the sentiment of the pure love of humanity." If this be speaking by the card, surely it were better to be undone by equivocation.

Mr. Chesterton's main thesis is the essential simplicity, the healthy primitiveness of Browning's temperament. On this point he has much to say that is both wholesome and fresh. Two passages, one about personality, one about poetry, will afford a taste of his quality:

"He pictured all the passions of the earth since the fall, from the devouring amorousness of Time's Revenges to the despotic fantasy of Instans Tyrannus; but he remained himself an Englishman of the middle class. The moment that he came in contact with anything that was slovenly, anything that was lawless,

in actual life, something rose up in him, older than any opinions, the blood of generations of good men. He met George Sand and her poetical circle and hated it with all the hatred of an old city merchant for the irresponsible life. He met the Spiritualists and hated them with all the hatred of the middle class for borderlands and equivocal positions and playing with fire. His intellect went upon bewildering voyages, but his soul walked in a straight road. He piled up the fantastic towers of his imagination until they eclipsed the planets; but the plan of the foundation on which he built was always the plan of an honest English house in Camberwell. He abandoned, with a ceaseless intellectual ambition, every one of the convictions of his class; but he carried its prejudices into eternity."

"Poetry" — and this is said particularly of Browning's poetry — "deals with primal and conventional things — the hunger for bread, the love of woman, the love of children, the desire for immortal life. If men really had new sentiments, poetry could not deal with them. If, let us say, a man did not feel a bitter craving to eat bread, but did, by way of substitute, feel a fresh original craving to eat brass fenders or mahogany tables, poetry could not express him. If a man, instead of falling in love with a woman, fell in love with a fossil or a sea-anemone, poetry could not express him. Poetry can only express what is original in one sense, — the sense in which we speak of original sin. It is original not in the paltry sense of being new, but in the deeper sense of being old; it is original in the sense that it deals with origins."

This is gay and sprightly writing, but, somehow, it lacks the sure accent of lucid truth. Unless we define "simplicity of temperament" as mere insular prejudice, it is not easy for the plain man to see just how it coexists with an intellect which goes on bewildering voyages, and with an imagination which piles up fantastic towers to eclipse the planets. There was, to be sure, a certain coherence in Browning's moods. He was not subject to the vagaries and perturbations which are doubtless the affliction of the complex temperament; but a reading of Dr. Gould's essay, with its irrefragable scientific analysis singularly humanized by a keen sense of Browning's poetic quality, would have shown Mr. Chesterton that Browning, with his shrewd, recurrent headaches, his fidgetiness, his complete nervous exhaustion each summer, was no such healthy, primitive animal intelligence as he maintains. Nor is poetry — even Browning's poetry — so simple and primitive an affair as the confiding reader might suppose. There is a large body of excellent poetical reading which deals with secondary and modern desires, and there have been poems which have treated poetically desires even less "primal," if perhaps less conspicuous, than the craving to eat brass fenders.

Mr. Chesterton is too nimble a wrestler to afford one any good hold upon him, but what he has to say of Fifine at the Fair may serve as a point of issue. This "soliloquy of an epicurean who seeks half playfully to justify upon moral grounds an infidelity into which he afterwards actually falls" contains, says Mr. Chesterton, plenty of casuistry but no trace of cynicism. "It is difficult," he remarks, reverting to his definition of cynicism as that attitude of mind which sees good in nobody, "to understand what particular connection there is between seeing good in nobody and seeing good even in a sensual fool." To this one may object that the husband of Elvire was not precisely "a sensual fool," that, whatever he was, he is portrayed by Browning with something more than intellectual comprehension, and, finally, that it is not easy to conceive the casuistical mood, here seen in its intensity, without some corresponding involution of temperament.

In the main, Mr. Chesterton's liter-

ary criticism is a matter, not so much of strictly ordered, compelling thought, as of the lively phrase, for ideas already well established. Nothing could be better than his distinction of the "hot wit" of Browning and Donne from the "cold wit" of the age of Pope; and there are many such felicities. Browning's curious vitality and emotional psychology, his love for passionate crises and tragic turnings, is excellently expounded by Mr. Chesterton in what he has to say of "the doctrine of the great hour," and his description of the source of power in The Ring and the Book — Browning's deep sense of the "absolute sanctity of human difference" — is remarkably good. Of Browning and his fellows he says: "Significance is to them a wild thing that may leap upon them from any hiding place. They have all become terribly impressed with, and a little bit alarmed at, the mysterious powers of small things. Their difference from the old epic poets is the whole difference between an age that fought with dragons and an age that fights with microbes."

Despite the novelty of Mr. Chesterton's phrasing and dialectical manœuvres, his general verdict upon Browning is pretty much in accord with the opinions of the best exoteric critics. This is especially noticeable in his chapter upon Browning as a Literary Artist, where, with a fine air of discovery, he points out how Browning uses the grotesque as his chief poetic medium, gracefully abstaining from any mention of Mr. Bagehot, who, in his remarkable essay on Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art, made many similar observations. Here, however, one must speak carefully. "The truth about Browning," says Mr. Chesterton in his modest way, "is not that he was indifferent to technical beauty, but that he invented a particular kind of technical beauty to which any one else is free to be as indifferent as he chooses." Is this indeed the truth about Browning, or is it a kind of bull? A man can invent a technique perhaps, but can he invent "technical beauty"? He may sometimes *attain* it, but can he *invent* it? It is quite true, as Mr. Chesterton observes, that Browning was a great hand at inventing metrical forms; it is equally true that his creative mood was usually so deep and vital that a noble structure and formal unity underlies most of his poems, but to the "form" that eternalizes he rarely attained. He had a style, but not style. His writing had life and tang, but a man who talks prose may have these virtues. It is hard to believe that his welded mass of queer words will ever be

> "Approved beyond the Roman panoply
> Melted to make it."

If, as Ben Jonson sturdily observed, "Donne for not keeping of accent deserved hanging," to what capital punishment is Robert Browning liable! In short, Mr. Chesterton's claim of poetic permanence for Browning's art on the score of his serious use of the grotesque is not an end of the matter. For many readers in his own age the charm of Browning's very preposterousness was invincible. But half the charm was the charm of surprise, and it is not easy to surprise successive ages, or the same reader twice. He has, indeed, one pervasive charm which has been but slightly noted, a power over the poetic atmosphere of strange and recondite beauty, a gift of conveying

> "Faint sweetness from some old
> Egyptian's fine, worm-eaten shroud;"

he has this strange sweetness, he has his grotesque vigor, and his amazing metrical triumphs, but how rarely does he reach the crystalline phrase, or the golden glory of those beautiful words, which are, as a prince of critics said long ago, "in deed and in fact the very life of the spirit." Yet such imperishable beauty is to be found in some of Browning's poems. It is a safe guess that it is not by his grotesque poems that he will be longest remembered, but rather by such perfect pieces as Evelyn Hope and the

Lyrics, in which his ruggedness was subdued to a stricter beauty; in which profound feeling is seen to be not inconsistent with purity of line, sweetness of tone, and a fine reserve, telling of the depth more than of the tumult of the soul.

Yet though Mr. Chesterton is disposed to assign what seems to the writer an undue artistic validity to Browning's grotesquerie, he is by no means blind to the disadvantages of the contorted manner. Once, even, his turn for paradox leads him rather inconsistently to style his poet "simply a great demagogue with an impediment in his speech." He is so alive to that "insane swiftness" which is the chief superficial trait of Browning's style that he can parody it admirably; as in the incident of the man being knocked downstairs: —

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back."

That insane swiftness — though Mr. Chesterton, like more pious Brownings, passes it casually — is "the truth about Browning;" and despite all assertions to the contrary there are many who will forever find it hard to believe that this was not a matter of creative mood as well as of narrative effect. He was — and is — in a certain sense a woman's writer, Euripidean, never quite masculine in his literary conscience, never very careful for *ce lendemain sévère*, that stern to-morrow, with which, as Sainte-Beuve said, the great artist must reckon. Mr. Chesterton is doubtless quite correct in observing at the conclusion of his book that the voice which comes forth from Browning's vast assemblage of copious and casuistical apologists is "the voice of God, uttering his everlasting soliloquy," but the remark is no truer of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau than of Proverbial Philosophy or of the Course of Time. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Old Times on the Missouri.

THE Missouri River as you see it on the map is the picture of a stream that has been forever dissatisfied with its channel, and, like a man who chafes under the conditions of his lot, it has a crooked career. It is always traveling sideways by the operation of eating away one of its banks, and thus on one shore or the other it has leveled the landscape as far as eye can see. There is not a season in which it does not succeed in calling the map a liar and teaching a pilot to swear. It takes away a man's farm, and adds what it pleases to the possessions of the man on the opposite shore, and in a general way does as it pleases, — that is, until it comes to one of Missouri's rock-ribbed hills in its sideward journey. It bares the hill to the bone, and when it can go no farther it impatiently doubles its speed and hurries along to the end of the obstruction. Then it strikes off and builds prairie until it comes to a range of rock on the other side. It cleans the rocky wall as bare as a Thanksgiving turkey, and leaves it as flat as the side of a sky-scraper, but often much taller. Thus the lower river is shored with toppling walls and alluvial prairie facing one another, the scene alternating to opposite shores many times in a day's journey. And every foot of this prairie has at some time been in succession shore and channel of the river. On the down trip the steamer hugs the hills and makes good time as it shoots along in dangerous proximity to the rocky wall, where the channel is deep as well as swift, and where there are no sand-bars. But what with crossing and recrossing to hug the hills alternately the pilot has to know much of the shifty bot-

tom. On the up trip it does not pay to face the swift current next to the rocky wall, so you keep nearer the middle and trust to Providence for a channel. Some time you will strike a sand-bar and stop with a swash and a grind on bottom like "a rusty nail in monumental mockery." The black roustabouts put out the spar in front with rope and tackle, and start up the "doctor" engine in the bows, and you crawl back foot by foot and work the boat sideways after the manner of pulling the same rusty nail. For half a day the boat is loaded to the hogway with impatience and profanity. I have blushed in my day to know that a country preacher was a passenger on the General Meade.

Few craft now navigate this muddy drain except for short trips between the small towns. When the Pacific railways were built, the long cigar-shaped craft that used to make the twelve-hundred-mile trip were thrown out of employment, and sank one by one in the service on the lower river. In '86 the General Meade had long been the last of the race, and the only true Missouri boat afloat, plying from St. Louis in vast superiority to the little boats of the river towns, and so old that she had become a burlesque on Fate and insurance companies, for the companies have refused to take risks in those waters. Few passengers now know the Lower Missouri. In '86 the steward had occasion to make a few extra bunks in the long line of unused staterooms, and at the old bar over the boilers the captain kept one jug of peach brandy which could be partaken of without cost. If you had taken this route out of St. Louis, I could have assured you of being a distinguished guest. While you were aboard, the steward and Aunt Mary would have pie, — prune pie and mock-apple pie, of dry bread and vinegar, — a marvelous imitation. Thus you would have had an insight of the old days of Indians, and risky woodpiles, and the long Fort Benton trip, of which Aunt Mary was a sole survivor. And while the roustabouts sat along the hogways with tin pans of delicious peach cobbler, the steward would get out his package of corn-starch, preserved for special occasions, and he would prepare for a season of custard pie "kase dey is a passengah abo'hd."

The Missouri fleet of long, lithe craft was built during the war of the Rebellion, and especially designed to encounter the dangers of navigation between St. Louis and Fort Benton in Montana. They were built extra long so that the bows could run high on a sand-bar, and yet leave the stern in deep water with a chance to get off immediately by means of the wheel. There was no fancy flummery of storied cabins and jig-sawed woodwork. The boats were intended to carry freight and passengers who were to be pioneers; to take necessities of life to the men at the fort and bring back booty of the plains.

Long before '86 all the fleet had succumbed to snag and sawyer and the dangers of fire and water. The long trips were a thing of the romantic past. In reaching the Northwest it was first the Oregon trail, then the Missouri fleet, and then the Pacific railways. But for a quarter of a century the General kept on regardless of the proprieties of history or the fact that she ought to sink or burn or blow up. She took farm machinery up river, and on the way down stopped for the piles of wheat sacks wherever a farmer displayed a red shirt on a pole. Whenever she sank it was in medium water, and she was soon at it again in victorious competition with the locomotives that whirled along the banks.

I used to wonder how she kept afloat twenty-five years on these most dangerous of waters, but now I only marvel how a boat could go through a single summer after the manner of the Meade. But I did not worry about the summer at the time. One need not worry on a boat that has run twenty-five years. When you figure on her sinking, there is only one chance in twenty-six for her to go down. And when a boat has gone

through all sorts of perils unscathed, one need not worry about taking dangerous chances. So life aboard the Meade went on in a careless and happy manner.

I recall several instances. It was considered dangerous for a boat to turn into the Osage River. One boat had met her fate by turning out of the muddy Missouri and taking into her pumps the clear aguish water of the Osage. The mixture caused the boilers to foam and sent boat and crew to the four winds. The General turned into the Osage every week. On but one occasion were there serious results. It was my duty to fill the water barrels with Missouri water before turning in, and I forgot. Shortly afterward, the boat was laden with chills and fever, in blue shirts and red, from drinking the Osage water. Along the long hogways of the hull two roustabouts would meet, one going to the warm boilers in the bow, and the other to look with longing eyes on the ice-box in the stern. Thus the crew circulated from stem to stern and stern to stem, always one to get warm and the other to get cool according as they had chills or fever. My excuse to the captain was that I had been giving the steward a lesson in arithmetic when the whistle blew for the Osage, — then the trees of the Osage brushed the smokestacks and it was too late. I did not wonder that the other boat blew up.

And there was the St. Charles bridge, which, according to all logic, should have sent us to the bottom. The current was swift there, and the piers obstructing the channel made it swifter still. Our only competitor — a high-cabin Mississippi boat — managed to make the passage and so did we. A train of freight cars ran off between the outer piers, still more obstructing the channel and increasing the current of the middle piers. As a result our competitor was "stalled" at a critical moment; the rudder failed to control her as she stood motionless with a full head of steam on; she swung against the masonry and sank.

This obstructed the channel still more. But the General Meade kept on running, and each trip managed to pull past the piers with extra firing. Sometimes when we were almost stalled between those piers, when the "niggers" were shoving the cordwood under the boilers, and we were running with forced speed and yet hardly moving, I would ramble astern and covertly take a look at the axle of the wheel. This piece of mechanism — an immense octagonal shaft of wrought iron — had been broken in the old days, and was mended with a ponderous casting clamped on with bolts. The blacksmith at St. Louis used to come down with big wrenches and screw it up whenever it had worked loose during a trip. Sometimes the axle sagged, and as it hung down continuously while the wheel went round, I felt with mechanical insight the grind and wrench in that place that *meant* something, especially between the piers. But the sweating backs managed to shove in the wood that sent us ahead foot by foot as though they were running a race, — which in fact we were. And in every race with that stone wall the General Meade won.

It was against the laws of our country to steam down the Missouri at nighttime, but the General Meade always ran nights on the down trip. It was by this means that she broke her own record and was presented with a locomotive headlight by the wheat-loving men of the St. Louis elevators. Not only did we ply the Osage, but on one trip with much close steering in the bends we went up to where the trees brushed the smokestacks on both sides, and we came across a farmer who had never heard a steam whistle. Consider for a moment that only one who knows steam power has ever heard this loudest voice of all, and imagine if you can how the noise would inspire an aguish human soul of the quiet woods to its first sensation of boundless power.

And suppose that you who lived in the backwoods with your sallow 'Lize, and

who had never heard Barnum's calliope or seen an elephant or a locomotive, should have this wondrous creation come round the bend and stop all on account of *you*, and raise its voice to hail you and your pile of wheat sacks, — what would you think about it? The farmer jumped up and down and yelled, "Toot her agin, boys; toot her agin. My wife 'Lize is sick up to the house, and kain't come down to see, but if ye 'll toot her agin fer 'Lize I 'll give ye a pair o' deer horns." Oh, deceitful humanity! The captain knew that John only wanted to hear it again himself. He turned her open on the siren blast, and added the deer horns to the headlight.

Not only did she end the last of her race, but with a part of the old crew in the person of Aunt Mary, the aged darky who helped the steward and baked the jar full of cookies for the spoiled captain whom she "brung up" in her slave days. And to him of a later generation than those who ran the Meade to Montana she used to tell the story of the time when the Meade came down from the fort with the smallpox aboard and Indians along the shore, and how she got into St. Louis with most of the crew buried along the Missouri.

Many river boats burn up. There was the queen of the rivers, the beautiful Natchez, — her immaculate white engine-room a triumph of mechanism.

How she used to walk up the current with seemingly no more slip to her paddles than if she were wheeling on land. Yet she (watched and tended like a queen) burned up with her gay passengers.

Not so the Meade. Her sheet-iron stove smoked up the cabin every morning when I made the fire, and the lids were so warped that you could always see without lifting them when to put in more wood. The cook often remarked, as he threw a handful of salt from the pantry into the kitchen so that the exact amount always fell into the soup-pot, that he would not trade it for any stove he ever saw.

The Meade did not burn, neither did she blow up. The corroded bell wire that ran all the length from the towering pilot-house to the engines in the stern, and went around divers corners into unseen places, never broke at a critical moment in all those years. When a roughening wind came, her long hull would bend lithely on the waters; she seemed to be getting better as time passed. Whenever she sank it was always in shallow water, — merely a sort of delay.

The insurance companies declared those waters unnavigable, in spite of the government snag-boats and the government lights on the whitewashed posts at the bends. Certainly they did not get their statistics from such boats as the General Meade. However, when I left her in '86 I had a secret idea that her time would soon come. Coming back after a couple of years in the South, I lost track of her. But she had not sunk or come to a violent end; she had simply disappeared. Lately I made it my business to ascertain what had become of her. She is not only afloat, but bearing on her back much of the cargo that goes down the Mississippi. She has been dismantled of engines and upper works and turned into a wharf-boat at St. Louis.

She now bears as much freight as dozens of other boats, — momentarily wheeled across her immortal buoyancy. During her life many a man who thought he had a fixed home on land has seen his farm eaten away and his house tumbled into the river. But the dangerous abode of the captain on the Missouri stuck like a mortgage on the waters.

The only conclusion I can draw is that it is dangerous to be safe.

Declined with Thanks.

THE Contributor who says, "Believe me, gentle writer, it is far better for posterity that your manuscripts should be rejected than that they should be accepted," assumes that hers is the usual experience, and that success affects us all in the same way. It seems safe to say "her." The inci-

dent of the apple barrel and Irish Mary point to "her." *He* would have asked Mary to bring him the apple, having been pampered in that way since the time of Eve.

Very likely it would be better for posterity were most manuscripts rejected, but that does not appear to be the Contributor's meaning. She finds her wings clipped (perhaps one would better say her fishing-line entangled) by success, and posterity deprived of other and possibly better productions. There are those of us who could tell a different tale. Myself, for instance. I, too, sit with a beautiful, long morning before me. I have ideas which please me, and an opening sentence has formed itself on the paper. Let me but manage the attack and then try to live up to it! I write and erase, and write again. Quite suddenly *the* word, *the* phrase, leaps out of the void and writes itself. I take a turn around the room and write again. I am having a delightful time. Under no other circumstances do I like myself so well as when doing this thing which I am always intending and seldom accomplishing. Forgotten are cares and troubles, and even self-consciousness loosens its grip. Then the doorbell rings and the postman hands in a large envelope. No need to open it, — the address in the upper left-hand corner is enough. Nevertheless I do open it, and with a sickening sinking of the heart read the inclosed printed slip. The editor has read my manuscript with much interest, but regrets that it is not adapted to his special requirements, and he therefore returns it to me with thanks for my courtesy in submitting it. And he is quite right, I say to myself, as I open the deepest drawer in my secretary and thrust the manuscript into the farthest corner. Seldom indeed do I get courage to send it out a second time. What a fool I was to fancy there was anything good in it. No, I won't give up. I 'll try again. I swallow my disappointment and return to my writing; but now my ideas are commonplace and my style is crude. I cling to the belief that I really have something to say, but in vain I grope for it. The cover of the well is fastened down and defies every effort to lift it. At last I give up in despair and seek refuge in the most mechanical employment that presents itself, and for many a morning my pen lies idle, not at all to the disadvantage of posterity, but greatly to the detriment of my own self-respect.

On the other hand, let me have an experience like that of the Contributor. Let the postman come with the note of acceptance and the check. What an uplifting of the spirits! Then I really was n't mistaken, I really could judge! The manuscript which I sent off with a certain modest confidence was actually worthy of that confidence! The check is very nice to have as money, but how much more valuable as a sign that I can do the thing I want to do, and that I may have some small amount of faith in my opinion of my own performance. I put the check away (I do not, like the Contributor, indorse it, — that strikes me as an imprudent thing to do before one is ready to use it), and return to my work with a wonderful new energy. My head is full of ideas, and the right word does not escape me as often as usual. The "pretty, shining things" beckon alluringly.

This is the happiest time. That other day, when the postman leaves the magazine with the printed article, is, on the whole, a day of dread. I am horribly afraid to look at it in the irrevocable print. One would think that reading the proof would have taken off the edge of my apprehension. Not at all. I lay it aside and all day it is on my mind. I take up the magazine and read all around it, skipping it with half-shut eyes, lest by chance I may see some sentence which will bring me to confusion. Then at night, in shame of my own cowardice, I slowly, reluctantly, turn to it and read

it through. Heavens! What courage it takes. Yet on the whole it gives me pleasure. There are some things I long to change, — some things which make my cheeks burn with a sense of my own stupidity, but on the whole — yes, I like it pretty well, and lay it down planning with fresh courage to do better next time.

Believe me, gentle Contributor, we are not all made alike.

The Camera Obscura.

THERE was once a thoughtful man who owned a tall Tower — or perhaps he rented it, but that is only a technicality — in the midst of a large and ancient city. The city was set all round about and up and down a hill, and the Tower topped it, although not conspicuously. The people of that city were for the most part unaware of the Tower. It was not a landmark, like the Cathedral and the Castle and the Palace. It did not stand alone; it was neither the newest nor the oldest thing in the city; its label was dingy.

The man had filled his Tower full of hypotheses, and other possibilities. He had also been obliged to use a certain amount of space for the storing of books, beautiful books with their leaves uncut, editions that had failed to sell; books that the thoughtful man had thought the people ought to buy and care for, — and they ought, but they did n't. The man said that his Tower represented his theory of life; and this was almost true, but not quite. Most of us have more than one theory of life, at least part of the time.

One day he took me up to the top of his Tower, and on the way up he showed me a little of all the kingdoms of this world; but we surveyed them calmly. They were expressed in diagrams. Moreover, the man's attitude toward material things was never possessive, and his guests quickly caught his attitude and kept it — as long as the spell of his personality lasted, for he was a kind of wizard, as I discovered. By the time I had climbed the Tower stairs, all but the last flight, which was very steep and narrow, I found that the kingdoms of this world were no temptation to me, — except in so far as I should have liked to make them all over according to my own somewhat advanced ideas, politically, socially, industrially, artistically, and sanitarily. But then, they never had been one of my great temptations. So, as far as I was concerned, the thoughtful man did not convert me to his way of thinking, he only convinced me that his way was mine, to a certain extent. We all have our reserves and our limitations.

The room at the top of the Tower was small and quite dark. I touched a table with my hand and moved around it to allow the wizard to squeeze in at the door. A loose cord flapped against my cheek. I could hear the wizard groping for something. Then there was a little squeak as of a slide or shutter being drawn aside, and suddenly, on the table, in a disk of ambient atmosphere, the city sprang to life, in miniature. Instinctively I moved aside to escape the pale purple-tinted smoke that curled upward from a chimney-pot immediately beneath my nose. But there was no reek. I felt the wizard's kindly smile in his voice as he said, "Only a *camera obscura*." I laughed with a little catch in my breath. "Of course," I said. But it was not *of course*.

It is not my purpose to explain the mechanism of the camera obscura. It is a thing that reflects: let that suffice.

Before me, in the circle of light on the table, lay the courtyard of the Castle, its cobblestones reduced according to scale. A group of tourists wandered over these stones, a gesticulatory guide in their midst; I imagined him voluble, but all our Liliput was wrapt in a pleasing mystery of silence. The tourists moved to the edge of the circle and vanished. A soldier came briskly across the courtyard; I listened for the click of his boot-heels on the stones. In an angle of the

Castle wall a girl waited, evidently for him. He came and stood beside her, and when she lifted up her face I could see that she smiled. Presently the soldier glanced around the courtyard; there was no one in sight. He kissed the girl. I felt abashed, I turned aside, and at my elbow I heard the thoughtful wizard chuckle.

By jerking the cord which dangled from the ceiling, the wizard transported us from one section of the city to another in a second's flash. It was swifter than the magic carpets in the Arabian Nights, and there was no danger of our being spilt over the edge. I have never really approved of those magic carpets, the motion must be so unpleasant.

There was a beautiful public garden in the city, at the base of the rock on which the Castle perched, a long green garden where children frolicked and students meditated. On a bench behind a flowering shrub there sat a middle-aged man reading a book.

"That is Professor —— of our University," whispered the wizard; although why he whispered I do not know.

I gazed eagerly at the eminent scholar who thought he was alone. I watched him annotate the margin of his book, pause, lean his head wearily on his hand. Yes, I heard him sigh. Or was it the wizard who sighed? A trail of rushing smoke tore up a trench in the middle of the greenness.

"The London Express," said the wizard. "The line is sunk below the level of the garden."

The Professor arose from his bench with a shrug of impatience, and we also moved on.

"It is true," I said. "Your city is one of the most beautiful in all the world."

The wizard answered nothing; he only twitched the cord. And I remembered that the city was famous for its squalor and its wickedness as well as for its beauty. Old houses leaned outward, inward, and sidewise, along the narrow hilly streets. In and out of black holes that the wizard said were covered alleys, children crawled like maggots. Filth strewed the sidewalks, and slime dripped from the roofs. Foul humanity choked the way. I breathed sparingly, imagining a stench.

In a little arid square at the bottom of the hill, below the congested region, a few gray children played. Suddenly, at a gallop, a carriage drove across the open place. The children scattered like frighted sparrows; but one wavered, moved this way, that way, uncertain, and the off horse struck it. The people in the carriage huddled together; the horses plunged as, for one brief moment, the driver reined them in. Then, there was some kind of sign from the occupants of the carriage; he gave the horses the whip, and they dashed on.

"Stop!" I shouted, and brought my fist down smash — upon the table. But the carriage slipped over the edge of the circle into the darkness.

"They were probably catching a train," said the thoughtful man.

The child lay very still in the square, the other little ones fluttering about it. Then a woman came out of a house, and I was glad we could not hear her scream.

"I do not often see anything so dramatic as this," observed the wizard.

"Thank God!" said I.

We came down the stairs in silence. By the light of that magic circle at the top I began to read more meaning into the diagrams which represented the excellences and deficiencies of the kingdoms of this world.

"You have given me a most stimulating afternoon," I said to the thoughtful man when I bade him good-by. "I mean to have a camera obscura of my own, when I go home."

"It is simple and inexpensive," he replied. "Observation, reflection, a high place, — these are the chief requisites. It never fails to amuse, and there are some people who get more than amusement out of it."

"I shall build my Tower higher than yours," I continued, "so as to have as broad an outlook as possible. And when it is finished I shall be at home to my friends. Do you think they will come?"

He hesitated, and then he said, "Perhaps they will if you serve tea."

On Progress.

I WONDER, now and then, as I watch the progress of humanity, just where we shall stop. In matters of church finance, for instance, how will our children's children, a century hence, conduct themselves? No one can question that we have made tremendous strides in this direction. Economy and thrift in the adjustment of religious affairs have become matters of course. Abel, it will be recalled, offered to the Lord the firstling of his flock, and the Lord looked with respect upon the offering of Abel. But with the offering of Cain he was distinctly displeased, if one may trust the record. I often wish there were, among modern inventions, some sort of spiritual phonograph by which one might judge the attitude of the Lord toward the present mode of sacrifice. With a little effort of the imagination, one can conceive such an instrument treasuring up for future generations the record, "The United Church of Centreville offered to the Lord, last evening, a rummage sale; and the Lord had respect unto the offering of Centreville."

The ideal of the Puritan Fathers — which was essentially that of Abel, namely, to give to the Lord the best of the flock — has suffered many changes on its way to the rummage sale. But in each of them there has lurked a thrifty desire to get much and give little, a desire to win the respect of the Lord at a minimum expenditure. It has been reserved to the rummage sale, however, to achieve a degree of shrewdness before which the imagination is dumb. Think of the delight of the first woman to whom the idea presented itself. She was, doubtless, some level-headed matron of the church who had labored long in the cause. She had baked cake for church fairs, and beans for church suppers, and made ice cream for festivals, and coffee for all three, till her soul was weary within her and her countenance reddened with fire. Then, in a flash, there came to her, some night, perhaps, when she laid her tired head upon her well-earned pillow and thought upon the future welfare of the church — there came to her a revelation of the possibilities of the attic. In her mind's eye she saw, as in a dream, the roofs lifted from a hundred homes and the contents of a hundred attics exposed to view, — a harvest for the Lord, — old dresses and chairs and tables and hats, boots and shoes — too small or too big or too thick or too thin for the present owners, but sure to find a purchaser somewhere in the congregation. The stuff that everybody rejected should become the head of the corner. The idea flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth and from home to home. Old garments were routed out, cribs and baby carriages cherished by barren women, bags and baskets and lamp chimneys, rolling-pins, stoves, and pie-tins, — church members appeared bearing them proudly in their hands, offerings to the Creator of the world.

The idea in its inception was a stroke of genius, — religious, commercial genius; and its execution has been no less happy. It has grown, indeed, in the brief years of its existence, to magnificent proportions. When it was found that, although every church member was willing, and glad, to contribute things that he did not want himself, he was sometimes inconvenienced by the burden of carrying them to the church, the furniture van was introduced, and a postal was sent to each member of the congregation announcing its arrival on a fixed date. There was still left to the individual contributor the labor of climbing the attic stairs and the mental exercise of choosing from among cherished relics the least desirable ones. But this amount of

sacrifice one renders cheerfully. One does not expect to get everything for nothing — even in church finance.

Certain features of the enterprise still remain to be adjusted. A perfect adaptation of means to ends has not yet been achieved. The sale, for instance, was at first held in some part of the church building, and the buyers were, for the most part, members of the congregation. But it soon became plain, even to the least enlightened type of mind, that more could be had for the money by enlarging the circle of buyers. A hall was hired outside the church and the public invited in. Then a curious sociological development took place. It was found that the chief buyers were old clothes dealers from the down-town district; and a second move was inevitable and natural. A room was taken in a part of the town more accessible to these buyers, notice was given from the pulpit that cast-off garments of every description would be especially acceptable for the prospective rummage sale, an advertisement of the date and place of the sale was put in the daily paper, and the circle was complete. Clothes that formerly filled the missionary box or went to clothe poor relatives were now thriftily sold and the money given to the Lord. What further reach of economy is to be achieved only the future can reveal. The "manufacturer's sale" has possibilities that appeal to the imagination. When the manufacturer sends samples of his goods for nothing, and the ladies of the church sell them for something, the problem of church support has been reduced to a science. The ladies of the future, it may be, will have only to sit in stalls gay with bunting and inscribed, "Eat Calkins' Breakfast Food For Red Cheeks," or "Ball's Blacking Is Best." The manufacturer's sale is only a variety of rummage sale. Its career is of necessity limited. And what will our children do then, poor things? It might almost seem that we have reached the limits of economy, and that a return to the ways of Abel is open to us for consideration.

A Query Concerning Up-To-Date Novelists.

THE proper age for broken hearts has increased decidedly within a century. It used to be about fifteen. At that tender age woman once reached the height of her intellectual and physical charm. This is proved by the overwhelming testimony of biographers, poets, and novelists. Did n't Goethe, for example, who rivals Solomon not only for his wisdom, but also for the number and variety of his heart entanglements, fall in and out of love with his Lili when she was just at that proper age? At fourscore and over he still had a vivid recollection of her beauty, wit, and grace in those far-off days. Of course I am wandering from my subject a little here, for no hearts were broken in this transaction, as Goethe did n't finally get his Lili, and she made it lively for him during their brief engagement. But even if we set aside this case as not wholly belonging here, what are we to do with the testimony of countless biographers, poets, and novelists? Take the profoundly philosophical and wholly unsentimental Jane Austen, in her Sense and Sensibility, to make one illustration do for all. Does n't she let her Marianne finally marry the flannel-waistcoated, rheumatic colonel of nearly forty after her recovery from a broken heart due to "an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen"? No, whatever the scoffing may say, the proper age for broken hearts used to be about fifteen.

Before I became a Darwinist I was a scoffer and ignorant, too. I could not close my eyes to the fact that girls of fifteen are nowadays exceedingly crude, unformed, and trying, and in my ignorance I scoffed particularly at the old-time novelists. Darwinism has shown wherein they were right and I was wrong. I was ignoring entirely the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Our up-to-date novelists will hardly permit a broken

heart under twenty-five, and such an impaired organ at forty-nine is not at all uncommon. They are right, too. Any one who chooses to look carefully into the reasons for the rush citywards, the rising cost of beef, and the increasing age at which marriages are contracted, sees at once why the novelists were right then and are right now.

Of course, the broken heart is almost exclusively a prerogative of the fair sex. The male is, in general, the tougher animal. Besides, he has one privilege which every self-respecting novelist denies to woman, he can drown his cares in drink and so preserve his heart in alcohol.

But there is another psychological inquiry which is at present troubling me, and on which I should like to have light. Our novelists (I speak of novelists only, for biographers do not give testimony on this point, and we have no poets) invariably cause the hero to make all the advances when it comes to proposals of marriage. Are they right? Is there something in the make-up of the Englishman or American which causes him to be the aggressor in all affairs of this kind? My experience with the broken heart has taught me to be cautious about doubting novelists, but there are certain considerations which lead me to suspect that they are on the wrong track here.

The inquiry was forced upon me more than a score of years ago during my student days in Germany. In my strolls through the university city the most frequently recurring sight was some servant girl roaming about with her arm around her soldier's waist. Or perhaps they were sitting on a bench with her arm tenderly encircling his neck, while his head rested on her shoulder. Here evidently woman was the aggressor, and man the passive victim. Sometimes he would look ashamed, but she never. While in the contemplative mood caused by this oft-viewed spectacle, I ran across a French picture entitled Love's First Kiss. It represented a stalwart youth, with hands down at his side, while a pretty young woman (undoubtedly not a servant, but some sort of duchess, countess, or princess) stood on tiptoe with her arms resting on his shoulders, and in the fit attitude, not to receive, but to give, love's first kiss. Here, again, woman was clearly the aggressor.

This led me to consult Continental poets and novelists with this particular point in view. To my surprise they helped confirm the mute testimony of the servant girls and the picture by frequently making the hero the victim, not the victimizer, in those acts of aggression by which love comes into its own. One example may suffice for all. In his Alexis and Dora, Goethe, who is chosen again because he is such a past master in all that pertains to love affairs, lets the youth admire Dora as he might admire the beauty of the moon, but with no more desire to have her than he felt to make that pale orb his own. But, enticed into her garden where she gathers a basket of fruit for his journey, he suddenly finds her arms about him, and succumbs at once. When his ship sails away a few minutes later, we see him leaning against the mast in a veritable delirium tremens of love and jealousy.

But the most serious consideration is still to come. Lay hold of almost any one of your intimate friends, make him mellow by any agency in your power, and he will confess to you privately or in a circle of confidential friends that he is married simply and solely because his wife led him on. Men have even been known to say this in the very presence of their wives without contradiction. Such confessions seem to show, among other things, that the Continental novelists are not wrong in their practice. Hence the query, Is our up-to-date novelist up to date?

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THE POWER OF THE SENATE.

Shortly before daybreak, in the closing night of the session of the Congress which came to an end on the 4th of last March, Mr. Cannon made a remarkable speech. One of the great appropriation bills of vital importance to the government was in conference between the two Houses. Unless it should pass before twelve o'clock on that day it would be necessary to have an extra session, or the wheels of some of the great governmental departments would be stopped. A Senator had delivered an ultimatum that an ancient claim of his state should be fastened upon the bill, or, as an alternative, he would talk until the end of the session and defeat the measure. Under the rules of the Senate it was clearly in the power of one Senator to carry on, as long as his physical strength would last, the appearance of debate, which would in no fair sense be debate at all, but simply a forcible stopping of the legislative machine. Mr. Cannon very unwillingly consented to pay the price demanded, but he declared with emphasis that the Senate should change its procedure, or that another body, "backed up by the people, will compel that change, else this body, close to the people, shall become a mere tender, a mere bender of the pregnant hinges of the knee to submit to what any one member of another body may demand of this body as a price for legislation."

Such instances of the effect of the rules of the Senate are by no means rare. Perhaps one more strikingly illustrating not merely the tendency to efface the House as a legislative body but also the overthrow of the rule of the majority in the Senate itself was seen two years ago. The River and Harbor Bill, after a protracted consideration on the part of both Houses and of their committees, and after passing both Houses in its substantial form, had reached its last stage in the report of the conference committee within less than twenty hours of the final adjournment of the Congress. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to attach to the bill, to which it bore no relation, an irrigation scheme involving scores of millions of dollars. A Senator who had the irrigation project much at heart determined to defeat the bill. It did not appeal to him that the measure had received the careful attention and approval of both Houses. The rules of the Senate permitted him, under the guise of debate, to consume all the remaining time of the session. He took the floor against the measure. To talk against time for twenty hours demands qualities which few, if any, of the greatest parliamentary orators have possessed. The "debate" which followed afforded a rare display of physical endurance. The Senator demonstrated his capacity to defeat the bill, and, to save the little time that was left to the Senate for the transaction of other urgent public business, the supporters of the bill surrendered and withdrew it from consideration.

It is scarcely a conclusive answer to

indulge in the time-honored epithet and say that the measure in question was a "River and Harbor steal." Very little public money is expended with greater benefit to the people of the country at large than the money which is spent to deepen the rivers and improve the harbors along the oceans and the Great Lakes. Some portion of it doubtless is mere waste, and never should be appropriated at all. A large proportion of that waste is due to the fact that some Senators, like the one to whom I have just referred, with small states behind them, but with the same power as Senators from the great taxpaying states, are careful that their localities shall receive their share of the public money, and their ingenuity expends itself in finding other objects for public bounty in default of oceans and navigable rivers. I shall subsequently refer, more fully, however, to the unequal character of the constitution of the Senate. I am only referring here to the effect of the Senate rules.

The House of Representatives may devote its time to the perfecting of a great measure which also receives the approval of a majority of the Senate, and then the measure is to be overthrown, and the labors of the House brought to naught unless consent is given to engraft upon it the pet scheme of some individual Senator to which the great majority of both bodies may be opposed. As much can be said for the freedom of debate which exists in the Senate as for the summary procedure which often prevails in the House, under which a vote is taken upon most important measures with practically no debate at all. But unless a change of the Senate rule is made, as applied to new matters sought to be put upon bills which have received in substance the approval of both Houses, the House of Representatives will be compelled to submit to the demands of individual Senators, and accept the principle of government by unanimous consent instead of by majorities, or see necessary legislation fail of passage.

From the time of the adoption of the Constitution to the present day there have been frequent protests against the large measure of power possessed by the Senate, especially in view of the very unequal and very unrepresentative principle upon which that body is constituted, but its power appears to have fattened upon these protests, and to have been, on the whole, increasing. If, in spite of the constitution of the Senate, its power has been employed as a rule for the general good, it must be remembered that something can be said in favor of the most unequal system of government that has ever existed. The purest despotisms and the most exclusive oligarchies have frequently been responsive to popular opinion, and have often sheltered order and sometimes individual freedom. I shall take for granted, however, that the democratic idea, which our nation is supposed to represent, will be accepted without argument as applied to North America. Caution compels me to say "as applied to North America," for the government of the American people has decreed that the "consent-of-the-governed" declaration of our forefathers was either not a declaration of a principle at all, or had only a local application, and did not possess vitality across the seas.

The great and growing power of the Senate is not more odious on account of any degeneracy in its personnel. The lament of the degeneracy of the present as compared with the past is one of the oldest things one can find in history. There always have been, and there probably always will be, people in the world who disparage the times in which they live, — people who, as Macaulay said, are always painting a golden age which never existed save in their imaginations. I am not one of those who think that the talent in public life has declined. I believe it is true that, on the whole, even the national

Congress for the last ten years will compare very favorably with the national Congress of any other time in our history. Some exceptionally great figure may depart from one House or the other and be greatly missed for a time, but the average of membership maintains itself very fairly. If I were dealing with the House of Representatives, I could cite many names from the last decade of its history that would show the strength of its membership, — statesmen like Reed and Dingley and Wilson, orators like Cockran and Dalzell and Bryan, debaters like Turner, Cannon, Hepburn, and Crisp. But I am dealing with the Senate. It contains in its present membership one, whose name will readily occur to all, who will pass into history as among the three or four greatest statesmen who ever had a place in that body. When has it had, since the days of Douglas certainly, a more accomplished debater than Spooner, or a more pungent and brilliant speaker than Vest; or when has it ever had more tactful and discerning leaders than Allison and Aldrich? And the list of striking figures might easily be made longer.

Select for the purpose of comparison the debates of the Convention which formulated our national Constitution, — a body of very great eminence in history, the virtues of which it would be little short of treason to disparage. Those debates had a very competent and dispassionate reporter. He did not write shorthand, and for that reason did not always preserve the dilutions that would have the effect of weakening what was said. I imagine no one would question that Mr. Madison was, of all men, fitted to report the substance of a great political debate, and yet careful readers of his report have doubtless observed that gentlemen in the Convention who have left sounding names sometimes talked like sophomores; that others had very crude and undigested notions of government, and that only occasionally would a man be found who spoke with the pith and weight of Dr. Franklin, whose speeches impress one very much as speeches made in our modern House of Representatives by Mr. Thomas B. Reed. The Convention which framed the Constitution was one of the most memorable assemblages of all time. On the other hand, there is hardly one so poor to do the latter-day Congress reverence. But let any one infatuated by the theory of modern degeneracy compare the great debate in the Convention with any of the most important debates in Congress in the last decade. In wisdom, in learning, in eloquence, and in a rich variety I think the comparison will not be to the disadvantage of the modern assembly.

The striking circumstance in connection with the power of the Senate is that it holds the commanding place at the centre of the government. It brings to mind the condition of things in Europe under the feudal system, where the nobles had the position between the king and the people, and gradually encroached upon both until they were able to oppress both, — a condition which continued until a union was effected between the people and the sovereign, and the feudal system was finally overthrown. The Senate shares the powers of legislation with the House and some of the most important executive functions with the President. The latter is unable to appoint a collector or a postmaster, or even a member of his own official household, without the Senate's consent. Such important powers, exercised at the centre of the state, would naturally increase by encroachment upon both extremes, and they certainly would not diminish.

The course of the Revolution made it almost inevitable that in the Continental Congress, and in the Congress under the Articles of Confederation, the states should vote as a unit and exercise an equal authority; but when the time came to formulate the Constitution, the most enlightened of our statesmen were

strongly impressed with the idea that there could not be such a thing as a permanent free government established upon so unequal a principle. The question of the relative power of the large and small states in the new government became a pressing one. That was the rock upon which the Convention was more than once very nearly destroyed. In the long contest which ensued it must be admitted that the representatives of the small states played the better game and won upon almost all points. Their most effective resource was found in the ardent desire of the leading statesmen from the larger states to substitute a real national government for the mere shadow of a government that then existed, and they made the larger states pay a high price to obtain it. They secured an equal representation in the Senate, and they exaggerated the powers of that body by conferring upon it a great variety of important functions.

The large states made a determined stand upon the question of taxation. They insisted that the people and not the states paid the taxes, and that, as the larger states would yield more taxes than the smaller states, the representatives of the people, chosen substantially upon the basis of population, should have a peculiar control over revenue bills. Mr. Gerry well stated the prevailing idea of the time with reference to taxation when he said, "Taxation and representation are strongly associated in the minds of the people, and they will not agree that any but their immediate representatives shall meddle with their purses."

Although the representatives of the smaller states insisted upon an equal power even over revenue bills, they did not lack in thrift when it came to guarding themselves against liability to pay an equal share of the expenses of the government, and the Constitution accordingly provided that representation and direct taxes should be apportioned among the states according to population.

An apparent concession, however, was finally made by the small states with regard to revenue bills, and I shall refer to it more fully hereafter, because it is the one point where I think the Senate, not satisfied with the great powers conferred upon it, has directly encroached upon the prerogatives of the House. Having secured the great grant of power in the Constitution, the smaller states then demanded a provision that that instrument should never be amended so as to take away the equal representation of the states in the Senate without the consent of every state, — something which obviously it would be impossible to obtain, and which was equivalent to providing that the Constitution, in that particular, should never be amended at all.

The constitution of the Senate was recognized, at the time of its establishment, as a violation of the democratic principle, but a violation which the peculiar conditions seemed to require, and I think it was never imagined that the inequality would not be limited to that which existed, or might grow out of the states at first forming the Union. While the Senate's constitutional powers have not changed, the course of events has greatly intensified their undemocratic character. The practical inequality originally was sufficiently bad, but, by the admission of so many new and small states, it has become almost intolerable. The original inequality bore heavily upon three states, yet was not essentially glaring with reference to the others; but to-day it is possible to select fifteen states having together in round numbers five millions of people, or about two thirds of the population of the state of New York. The senatorial representatives of those five millions would lack only a single vote of the number necessary to defeat some great treaty which the Senators of the other seventy millions might support. States having

less than one sixth of the population choose a majority of the entire Senate, while more than five sixths of the people of the country are represented by a minority in that body. The state of Nevada, under the last census, had less than forty-three thousand people. If New York were permitted to have the same proportional representation in the Senate, it would have some three hundred and fifty Senators. There are many things in the constitution of the Senate which are admirable. Such a conservative body is to-day of vital importance. The length of the term, the different method of choice from that of the Representatives, and the very gradual change in membership are highly valuable features. But none of its good features grows out of the great inequality of its constitution, giving one man in one section of the country the power of a hundred equally good men in another.

This exaggerated inequality, so utterly subversive of the American dogma of government, is undoubtedly the great fault in the constitution of the Senate. There is none of the common traditional attributes of aristocracy that enters into this situation. The theory of government which treats sovereignty as a mere possession, passing from father to son like any other species of property, at least has something human in it. But even the human element disappears entirely when a capricious bestowal of power is made upon a mere incorporation. If the owners of land and other property, the mercantile interests, and the workingmen are treated as classes and permitted to choose their representatives in the governing body, there is at least a representation of the diversity of nterests with which legislation deals. And the proposition is not entirely lacking in force that individuals, separated from property or class interests, are affected in much the same way by legislation, and have a substantial identity of interests. In other words, that the touch of nature will affect legislators when they pass laws concerning life and liberty to which they themselves will be subject; and that they are representatives in a stronger sense than if they exercised a mere delegated authority ; but that when property and class rights are dealt with, the rapacity of one class should be held in check by the rapacity of another, and that there should be such a balance in the assembly that those broad interests which are weak in mere numbers should not be devoured by those that are strong. But what conceivable thing is there in the state of Nevada, estimable as her people doubtless are, to entitle one individual there to a hundred times as much weight in governing the country as is possessed by a man residing in New York or Pennsylvania or Illinois, or indeed to a particle greater weight? On any rational theory of government such inequality is unthinkable, unless, indeed, it be true that those having a particular occupation should exercise a special and almost potent control in governing the myriads of other occupations.

We have had recent illustrations that this system of inequality does not merely violate our ideals, but that it has serious practical results. Ten years ago, in consequence of concessions to the silver mining interests, the country had reached the verge of the precipice, and our financial system was at last almost at the point of falling upon the silver standard. Under the law requiring the government to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion every month, gold was rapidly leaving the treasury, while its vaults were groaning under the great mass of silver. The spectacle was then witnessed of Senators from states, containing mining camps but comparatively few people, almost holding the balance of power, and, having an equal voice with that of the populous commercial states of the Union, struggling desperately to con-

tinue the fatal policy of the government purchase of silver. It was only by the inflexible and heroic conduct of the President, supported, as he chanced to be, by the great body of the party in opposition to him, that the most vital commercial interests of the great majority of the people and the financial honor of the nation as well were not sacrificed.

Other illustrations might be given, but they would only tend to prove what is axiomatic — that the Senators from the small states, as well as the Senators from the large states, will, as a rule, vote for those measures furthering the special interests of the states they represent. They would, I think, be accused of betraying their trust if they did less.

The great practical encroachment of the power of the Senate beyond its fair constitutional limits is seen in connection with bills relating to taxation. The chief concession in the formation of the Constitution was that by which the large states were given at least the appearance of a special power over taxation in proportion to their population as a set-off against the great proportional powers given the small states through their equal representation in the Senate. The small states, however, on the basis of population would possess entire equality with the large states, and it would certainly be no good ground for complaint that they should not be accorded the right to impose taxes for other people to pay. This compensating power is found in that clause of the Constitution providing that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, reserving to the Senate the right to propose or concur with amendments as on other bills. Unless a substantial power was intended to be conferred by this clause, the contemporary construction put upon it by the Federalist, in a paper written either by Madison or Hamilton, was strikingly erroneous. "Admitting, however," says the author of this paper, "that they should all be insufficient to subdue the unjust policy of the smaller states, or their predominating influence in the councils of the Senate, a constitutional and infallible recourse still remains with the larger states by which they will be able at all times to accomplish their just purposes. The House of Representatives can not only refuse, but they alone can propose the supplies requisite for the support of government. They, in a word, hold the purse, — that powerful instrument by which we behold, in the history of the British Constitution, an infant and humble representative of the people gradually enlarging the sphere of its activity and importance, and finally reducing, so far as it seems to have wished, all the overgrown prerogatives of the other branches of the government. This power of the purse may, in fact, be regarded as the most complete and effectual weapon with which any constitution can arm the immediate representatives of the people for obtaining a redress of every grievance, and for carrying into effect every just and salutary measure."

But what would this power amount to if the imposition of a tax upon a single article would confer upon the Senate the right to go over the whole range of taxes and construct any sort of a bill it desired? By giving such an interpretation to the meaning of the exception the great power itself is practically destroyed. At the time of the framing of the Constitution there was no such thing known as amendment by complete substitution, and the fair construction of that clause, having reference to the conditions surrounding its adoption, is that if the House should send a bill to the Senate imposing a tax upon an article, the Senate might amend by raising or diminishing the proposed tax as it saw fit. It was such an abuse of the right of amendment as to destroy the power to originate taxation laws, when the Senate, as it did in 1872,

substituted for a House bill relating to a tax on coffee a general revision of the tariff. The Senate's action at that time called out a protest from Garfield, who had deeply studied this subject, and who contributed to it one of the most notable efforts of his career in Congress. Garfield held that the action of the Senate in the case cited was an abuse, and that its action should be confined substantially to the subjects in the House bill. He declared that the action of the Senate invaded "a right which cannot be surrendered without inflicting a fatal wound upon the integrity of our whole system of government." No hard and fast rule can be set up in such a case, but it is a question of prerogative, and each body should respect the constitutional prerogatives of the other. Surely the body representing the people should struggle for its own.

The great Senators have almost uniformly contended for a broad construction of the prerogative of the House. Webster held that it was purely a question of privilege, and that the decision of it belonged to the House. Benton, who belonged to the opposite political party, in the same debate declared that "in all cases of doubtful jurisdiction between the Houses my rule is to solve the doubt in favor of the House, which, by the Constitution, is charged with the general subject. Taxation and representation go together. The burdens of the people and the representation of the people are put together. An important and full representation of the people is in the House of Representatives." Sumner, Wilson, Seward, and Hoar have also declared in the Senate for a broad construction of the prerogative of the House.

It has been said that the Senate will construct a better tariff than the House. The framers of the Constitution, and especially its great interpreter, Hamilton, did not foresee in its full force the influence of special great interests in framing tariff laws. It is for the benefit of those interests, sometimes pressing for governmental protection and sometimes for governmental indifference, to have tariffs constructed by a few men, responsible practically to no great body of public opinion, as many of them as possible with small constituencies, so that after having protected the interests of those they particularly represent, they might be unattached and without special electoral responsibility. A scrutiny of the recent bills relating to taxation will show that the House bills have usually been drawn upon more popular lines. Take the repeal of some of the war revenue taxes two years ago, when the House of Representatives sent to the Senate a bill, the chief feature of which was the removal of nearly all the troublesome and vexatious stamp taxes which had been imposed upon almost all the instrumentalities of trade. The tax upon bank checks, insurance policies, real estate conveyances, and similar taxes of a wide application were removed by the House bill. The Senate, under the guise of its power to amend, struck out all after the enacting clause of the House bill, and substituted a measure of its own. The distinguishing feature of the Senate bill was an extension of the amount of the reduction of the tax on beer and tobacco by about twelve millions, and to enable this to be done, it retained many of the stamp taxes which the House bill removed, and especially the stamp tax upon checks. The tax upon checks was a direct tax upon hundreds of thousands of people, and was not of sufficient importance to any individual, vexatious though it might be, to lead him to make any special effort for its repeal. On the other hand, the millions which were remitted upon beer went to a very small class who had so much at stake as to warrant an extraordinary effort. The House repeal was in favor of the great number, and the Senate repeal was in favor of the few.

It does not require a close study

of the tariff laws of the last twenty years to lead to the conclusion that, although special interests have fully as much consideration shown them in the House of Representatives as they should have, yet the Senate has been the citadel of those interests. The representatives are reached directly by the people who pay the taxes and can be visited with public indignation, while the Senators in some instances at least are for all practical purposes irresponsible to the taxpayer.

The question primarily is not one of wise or unwise laws, or whether small states do not often have strong Senators, while large states have weak ones. It involves a principle which is not disregarded even in a constitutional monarchy like Germany. It involves the principle of one set of men imposing taxes for another set of men to pay, and if the House of Representatives would insist, as some of its greatest members have advised, upon a broad and fair construction of its prerogatives, we should be upon a platform more consistent with the principles of sound government. We should, I am sure, have laws of taxation formulated upon more popular lines. The masses would suffer less for the benefit of the great special interests, and there would be some compensation to the large states, and to the people who are directly represented, for the extraordinary powers conferred upon the Senate.

The notable struggle over taxation in the Parliament of Great Britain, which must have been in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, should be of decisive weight in upholding the prerogative of the House. That struggle, continuing for centuries, had just been brought to an end at the time of our Revolution, and had resulted in a signal victory for the English Commons. It had secured to them the complete control over all matters of taxation. The question of taxation was the one out of which the Revolution originated. That Revolution was the assertion by the people who paid the taxes of the right to say what taxes should be imposed. Surely if the construction of our Constitution upon this point were doubtful the course of events in Great Britain and the Colonies would make it clear.

By a sort of attraction of gravitation the great powers of the Senate increase by drawing other powers to them, and this species of expansion is especially seen in the tendency to confer special official functions upon the Senators individually. Take the negotiation of the treaty of peace with Spain in 1898, which was, in effect, a treaty of war rather than of peace, and which embarked us upon a policy nobody contemplated when we entered upon the war for the liberation of Cuba. Of the five commissioners who were appointed to negotiate that treaty, three were Senators. That is not an exceptional instance, but it is becoming the rule. A more recent illustration is found in the appointment of the commission, soon to meet, to decide the Alaskan boundary dispute, a tribunal which, under the agreement, was to be composed of impartial jurists of repute. Two of the three American members of the commission were chosen from the Senate. We may concede to those two Senators the utmost their warmest friends could claim for them, and yet there is no danger in the assertion that there are plenty of other jurists in the country as impartial and of as high repute. If there were a paucity of American talent, or if the great part of it were concentrated in the Senate, then it might be desirable to fill such places, which, for all essential purposes, are offices, from the membership of the Senate. But there is certainly no such lack of talent in private life as to call for a duplication of parts in the play, or for imposing on Senators important public functions in addition to those belonging to their own office. Mr. Hay

had not been conspicuous as a public man before the first election of Mr. McKinley. The public career of Mr. Richard Olney had been limited to a term in the Massachusetts legislature before he rendered his notable service in the Cabinet of President Cleveland. I think neither Mr. Gage nor Mr. Root nor yet Mr. Knox had ever held important public office before he entered President McKinley's Cabinet. Scores of instances can be found where men of little or no experience in the public service have been selected to fill the most important offices, and have infused new strength and energy into the government.

In a government which is a republic in anything but name the offices should be as widely distributed as is consistent with good administration, and the rich red blood which the country possesses in abundance should course through the channels of office. Even if the country were so poor in talent as to make it desirable to appoint Senators to such places, even if there were no impropriety in their negotiating treaties upon which they were to pass judgment as Senators, such appointments come perilously near being an infraction of the Constitution. A Senator is disqualified from holding any other office under the United States, and if it is not a most important office of government to determine in the first instance the great question of peace and war, or to settle a disputed boundary with another nation, then the term has an exceedingly narrow meaning.

The expansion of the power of the Senate in an undemocratic as well as an unconstitutional direction is also seen in the growing tendency to pass laws, and especially taxation laws, by treaty. Treaties are high contracts between nations, and it can hardly be believed that it was within the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution so elaborately to construct a legislative machine and at the same time to throw the whole mechanism out of gear by a single clause regarding treaties, providing that the President and Senate might call in a foreign potentate and might make laws for the internal government of the United States. Treaties have the force of law, but they should obviously be within the fair scope of the treaty-making power. At any rate, it would scarcely be reasonable to claim that they set aside the Constitution, and if we are to regard the Senate as a part of two legislative machines, it cannot, as a part of either, do the things prohibited by the Constitution. Under that instrument revenue bills must originate in the House. How, then, can they originate by treaty? It would, indeed, be a curious spectacle, that of the Senate, composed in the way it is, sitting behind closed doors, and deciding in secret what taxes the American people are to pay.

The four years' term of the presidency is too short for a struggle with the Senate, and its part in executive transactions is so great that any such struggle would expose an administration to failure. The period of life of the House of Representatives is still shorter, and its term would be likely to come to an end before a contest between the two Houses would acquire any great momentum. The custom under which Representatives are expected to secure offices for their constituents, and thus to ask for senatorial favors, makes a contest between the two Houses less apt to occur. As I have said, an amendment to the Constitution depriving states of their equal membership in the Senate is not within the range of possibilities, as such an amendment would require the unanimous consent of all the states. It would be possible to pass an amendment in the ordinary way, reducing the powers of the Senate, but the friction of the amending machinery is so great that it would involve an intense and long continued pressure of public opinion to set it in motion. The only practical hope of even a partial

remedy lies in the jealous insistence by the House upon its constitutional prerogatives. If it should do that, it would be more likely to realize the advantage of its position in a nation imbued with the democratic idea. The doubtful powers of government would gravitate toward the House, our laws would become more popular in character, and would respond to broad and general needs in the community, while the character of the Senate as a conservative body would be unimpaired.

But things have drifted long enough. Nothing can be clearer than that in the long lapse of time institutions of government may be corrupted and become vastly different from their original character. Venice began her national career as a republic in fact, and for centuries was governed by elected rulers responsible to a popular assembly, but, while maintaining the name of republic, she came to have, in the Council of Ten, sitting in secret, or, as it might be called to-day, "in executive session," as despotic and cruel an oligarchy as ever existed. It might be said that we have the restraints of a written Constitution, and a Supreme Court to enforce them, but already we have heard made, not entirely without effect, that appeal to an utterly false national pride, "Is not the American government able to do anything that any other government can do?" as if that which has been accounted our glory, as if the restrictions in favor of freedom and against tyranny, even by the government itself, were a defect and a badge of weakness. And in view of the tendency of recent decisions, how long may we expect the Supreme Court to remain the austere guardian of the Constitution against the encroachments of executive or congressional power? That court may not always be composed of Marshalls and Storys and Harlans, and what will become of the limitations of the Constitution if ever the high aery, about which the eagles of our jurisprudence once hovered, shall be held by the twittering judicial tomtit? At any rate, the preservation of our institutions in their purity requires that each branch of the political department of the government shall be the guardian of its own powers, and, without encroaching upon any other branch, shall stand firmly for its own prerogatives. Any determined conflict will be settled, not by mere popular clamor, but by public opinion. Popular clamor is often stirred up by an ardent cultivation of the galleries, and the sensation of yesterday is thrust aside and forgotten for the sensation of to-day. But the settled and potent public opinion, which is the product of patient discussion, and of the persistent education of the people, usually leads to policies in quite an opposite direction. When that shall be appealed to in any determined contest between the two Houses, it can scarcely be doubted that the decision will be in favor of those great principles of popular government which underlie the American Commonwealth.

S. W. McCall.

QUIXOTISM.

When Falstaff boasted that he was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men, he thought of himself more highly than he ought to have thought. The very fact that he was witty prevented him from the highest efficiency in stimulating others in that direction. The atmospheric currents of merriment move irresistibly toward a vacuum. Create a character altogether destitute of humor

and the most sluggish intelligence is stirred in the effort to fill the void.

When we seek one who is the cause of wit in other men we pass by the jovial Falstaff and come to the preternaturally serious Don Quixote. Here we have not the chance outcropping of "the lighter vein," but the mother lode which the humorist finds inexhaustible. Don Quixote, with a lofty gravity which never for an instant relaxes, sets forth upon his mission. His is a soul impenetrable to mirth; but as he rides he enlivens the whole country-side. Everywhere merry eyes are watching him; boisterous laughter comes from the stables of village inns; from castle windows high-born ladies smile upon him; the peasants in the fields stand gaping and holding their sides; the countenances of the priests relax, and even the robbers salute the knight with mock courtesy. The dullest La Manchan is refreshed, and feels that he belongs to a choice coterie of wits.

Cervantes tells us that he intended only a burlesque on the books of chivalry which were in vogue in his day. Had he done no more than he intended, he would have amused his own generation and then have been forgotten. It would be too much to ask that we should read the endless tales about Amadis and Orlando, only that we might appreciate his clever parody of them. A satire lasts no longer than its object. It must shoot folly as it flies. To keep on shooting at a folly after it is dead is unsportsmanlike.

But though we have not read the old books of chivalry, we have all come in contact with Quixotism. I say we have all come in contact with it; but let no selfish, conventional persons be afraid lest they catch it. They are immune. They may do many foolish things, but they cannot possibly be quixotic. Quixotism is a malady possible only to generous minds.

Listen to Don Quixote as he makes his plea before the duke and duchess: "I have redressed grievances, righted the injured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants. My intentions have all been directed toward virtuous ends and to do good to all mankind. Now judge, most excellent duke and duchess, whether a person who makes it his study to practice all this deserves to be called a fool."

Our first instinct is to answer confidently, "Of course not! Such a character as you describe is what we call a hero or a saint." But the person whose moral enthusiasm has been tempered with a knowledge of the queer combinations of goodness and folly of which human nature is capable is more wary, and answers, "That depends."

In the case of Don Quixote it depends very much on the kind of world he lives in. If it should happen that in this world there are giants standing truculently at their castle doors, and forlorn maidens at every cross-roads waiting to be rescued, we will grant him the laurels that are due to the hero. But if La Mancha should not furnish these materials for his prowess, — then we must take a different view of the case.

The poor gentleman is mad, that is what the curate and the barber say; but when we listen to his conversation we are in doubt. If the curate could discourse half so eloquently he would have been a bishop long before this. The most that can be said is that he has some notions which are not in accordance with the facts, and that he acts accordingly; but if that were a proof of madness there would not be enough sane persons in the world to make strait-jackets for the rest. His chief peculiarity is that he takes himself with a seriousness that is absolute. All of us have thoughts which would not bear the test of strict examination. There are vagrant fancies and random impulses which, fortunately for our reputations, come to nothing. We are just on the verge of doing something absurd when we recognize the character of our proposed action; and our neighbors lose a pleasure. We comfort ourselves by the

reflection that their loss is our gain. Don Quixote has no such inhibition; he carries out his own ideas to their logical conclusion.

The hero of Cervantes had muddled his wits by the reading of romances. Almost any kind of printed matter may have the same effect if one is not able to distinguish between what he has read and what he has actually experienced. One may read treatises on political economy until he mistakes the "economic man" who acts only according to the rules of enlightened self-interest for a creature of flesh and blood. One may read so many articles on the Rights of Women that he mistakes a hard-working American citizen who spends his summer in a down-town office, in order that his wife and daughter may go to Europe, for that odious monster the Tyrant Man. It is possible to read the Society columns of the daily newspapers till the reader does not know good society when he sees it. An estimable teacher in the public schools may devote herself so assiduously to pedagogical literature that she mistakes her schoolroom for a psychological laboratory, with results that are sufficiently tragical. There are excellent divines so learned in the history of the early church that they believe that semi-pelagianism is still the paramount issue. There were few men whose minds were, in general, better balanced than Mr. Gladstone's, yet what a fine example of Quixotism was that suggested by Queen Victoria's remark: "Mr. Gladstone always addresses me as if I were a public meeting." To address a woman as if she were a public meeting is the mistake of one who had devoted himself too much to political speeches.

A thoroughly healthy mind can endure a good deal of reading and a considerable amount of speculation with impunity. It does not take the ideas thus derived too seriously. It is continually making allowances, and every once in a while there is a general clearance. It is like a gun which expels the old cartridge as the new shot is fired. When the delicate mechanism for the expulsion of exploded opinions gets out of order the mind becomes the victim of "fixed ideas." The best idea becomes dangerous when it gets stuck. When the fixed ideas are of a noble and disinterested character we have a situation which excites at once the admiration of the moralist and the apprehension of the alienist. Perhaps this borderland between spiritual reality and intellectual hallucination belongs neither to the moralist nor to the alienist, but to the wise humorist. He laughs, but there is no bitterness or scorn in his laughter. It is mellow and human-hearted.

The world is full of people who have a faculty which enables them to believe whatever they wish. Thought is not, for them, a process which may go on indefinitely, a work in which they are collaborating with the universe. They do it all by themselves. It is the definite transaction of making up their minds. When the mind is made up it closes with a snap. After that, for an unwelcome idea to force an entrance would be a well-nigh impossible feat of intellectual burglary.

We sometimes speak of stubborn facts. Nonsense! A fact is a mere babe when compared with a stubborn theory. Let the theory, however extravagant in its origin, choose its own ground, and entrench itself in the mind of a well-meaning lady or gentleman of an argumentative turn, and I 'll warrant you it can hold its own against a whole regiment of facts.

Did you ever attend a meeting of the society for the, — perhaps I had better not mention the name of the society lest I tread on your favorite Quixotism. Suffice it to say that it has a noble purpose. It aims at nothing less than the complete transformation of human society, by the use of means which, to say the least, seem quite inadequate.

After the minutes of the last meeting

have been read, and the objects of the society have been once more stated with much detail, there is an opportunity for discussion from the floor.

"Perhaps there is some one who may give some new suggestions, or who may desire to ask a question."

You have observed what happens to the unfortunate questioner. What a sorry exhibition he makes of himself! No sooner does he open his mouth than every one recognizes his intellectual feebleness. He seems unable to grasp the simplest ideas. He stumbles at the first premise, and lies sprawling at the very threshold of the argument. "If what I have taken for granted be true," says the chairman, "do not all the fine things I have been telling you about follow necessarily?"

"But," murmurs the questioner, "the things you take for granted are just what trouble me. They don't correspond to my experience."

"Poor, feeble-minded questioner!" cry the members of the society, "to think that he is not even able to take things for granted! And then to set up his experience against our Constitution and by-laws!"

We sometimes speak of an inconsequent, harum-scarum person, who is always going off after new ideas, as quixotic. But true Quixotism is grave, self-contained, conservative. Within its own sphere it is accurate and circumstantial. There is no absurdity in its mental processes; all that is concealed in its assumptions. Granted the reality of the scheme of knight-errantry, and Don Quixote becomes a solid, dependable man who will conscientiously carry it out. There is no danger of his going off into vagaries. He has a mind that will keep the roadway.

He is a sound critic, intolerant of minor incongruities. When the puppet-player tells about the bells ringing in the mosques of the Moorish town, the knight is quick to correct him. "There you are out, boy; the Moors have no bells; they only use kettledrums. Your ringing of bells in Sansuena is a mere absurdity." Such absurdities were not amusing; they were offensive to his serious taste.

The quixotic mind loves greatly the appearance of strict logic. It is satisfied if one statement is consistent with another statement; whether either is consistent with the facts of the case is a curious matter which it does not care to investigate. So much does it love Logic that it welcomes even that black sheep of the logical family, the Fallacy; and indeed the impudent fellow, with all his irresponsible ways, does bear a family resemblance which is very deceiving. Above all is there delight in that alluring mental exercise known as the argument in a circle. It is an intellectual merry-go-round. A hobby-horse on rockers is sport for tame intelligences, but a hobby that can be made to go round is exciting. You may see grave divines and astute metaphysicians and even earnest sociologists rejoicing in the swift sequence of their own ideas, as conclusion follows premise and premise conclusion, in endless gyration. How the daring riders clutch the bridles and exultingly watch the flying manes of their steeds! They have the sense of getting somewhere, and at the same time the comfortable assurance that that somewhere is the very place from which they started.

"Did n't we tell you so!" they cry. "Here we are again. Our arguments must be true, for we can't get away from them."

Your ordinary investigator is a disappointing fellow. His opinions are always at the mercy of circumstances over which he has no control. He cuts his coat according to his cloth, and sometimes when his material runs short his intellectual garments are more scanty than decency allows. Sometimes after a weary journey into the Unknown he will return with scarcely an opinion to his back. Not so with the quixotist. His opinions not being dependent on evidence, he does not mea-

sure different degrees of probability. Half a reason is as good as a whole one, for the result in any case is perfect assurance. All things conspire, in most miraculous fashion, to confirm him in his views. That other men think differently he admits, he even welcomes their skepticism as a foil to his faith. His imperturbable tolerance is like that of some knight who conscious of his coat of mail good-humoredly exposes himself to the assaults of the rabble. It amuses them, and does him no harm.

When Don Quixote had examined Mambrino's enchanted helmet, his candor compelled him to listen to Sancho's assertion that it was only a barber's basin. He was not disposed to controvert the evidence of the senses, but he had a sufficient explanation ready. "This enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the possession of one who ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith that it shall not be surpassed or even equaled. In the meantime I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

Where have you heard that line of argument, so satisfying to one who has already made up his mind? Yesterday, it runs, we had several excellent reasons for the opinion which we hold. Since then, owing to investigations which we imprudently entered into before we knew where we were coming out, all our reasons have been overthrown. This, however, makes not the slightest difference. It rather strengthens our general position as it is no longer dependent on any particular evidence for its support.

We prate of the teaching of Experience. But did you ever know Experience to teach anything to a person whose ideas had set up an independent government of their own? The stern old dame has been much overrated as an instructor. Her pedagogical method is very primitive. Her instruction is administered by a series of hard whacks which the pupil is expected to interpret for himself. That something is wrong is evident; but what is it? It is only now and then that some bright pupil says, "That means that I made a mistake." As for persons of a quixotic disposition, the most adverse experience only confirms their pre-conceptions. At most the wisdom gained is prudential. After Don Quixote had made his first unfortunate trial of his pasteboard visor, "to secure it against like accidents in future he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron so skillfully that he had reason to be satisfied with his work, and so, without further experiment, resolved that it should pass for a good and sufficient helmet."

One is tempted to linger over that moment when Quixote ceased to experiment and began to dogmatize. What was the reason of his sudden dread of destructive criticism? Was he quite sincere? Did he really believe that his helmet was now cutlass proof?

For myself, I have no doubts of his knightly honor and of his transparent candor. He certainly believed that he believed; though under the circumstances he felt that it was better to take no further risks.

In his admirable discourse with Don Fernando on the comparative merits of arms and literature, he describes the effects of the invention of gunpowder.

"When I reflect on this I am almost tempted to say that in my heart I repent of having adopted the profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age as we live in. For though no peril can make me fear, still it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and lead

may rob me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned throughout the world by the might of my arm and the edge of my sword."

There is here a bit of uneasiness, such as comes to any earnest person who perceives that the times are out of joint. Still the doubt does not go very deep. In an age of artillery knight-errantry is doubtless more difficult, but it does not seem impossible.

It is the same feeling that must come now and then to a gallant twentieth-century Jacobite who meets with his fellow conspirators in an American city, to lament the untimely taking off of the blessed martyr King Charles, and to plot for the return of the House of Stuart. The circumstances under which they meet are not congenial. The path of loyalty is not what it once was. A number of things have happened since 1649; still they may be treated as negligible quantities. It is a fine thing to sing about the king coming to his own again.

"But what if there is n't any king to speak of?"

"Well, at any rate, the principle is the same."

I occasionally read a periodical devoted to the elevation of mankind by means of a combination of deep breathing and concentrated thought. The object is one in which I have long been interested. The means used are simple. The treatment consists in lying on one's back for fifteen minutes every morning with arms outstretched. Then one must begin to exhale self and inhale power. The directions are given with such exactness that no one with reasonably good lungs can go astray. The treatment is varied according to the need. One may in this way breathe in, not only health and love, but, what may seem to some more important, wealth.

The treatment for chronic impecuniosity is particularly interesting. The patient, as he lies on his back and breathes deeply, repeats, "I am Wealth." This sets the currents of financial success moving in his direction.

One might suppose that a theory of finance so different from that of the ordinary workaday world would be surrounded by an air of weirdness or strangeness. Not at all. Everything is most matter of fact. The Editor is evidently a sensible person when it comes to practical details, and, on occasion, gives admirable advice.

A correspondent writes: "I have tried your treatment for six months, and I am obliged to say that I am harder up than ever before. What do you advise?"

It is one of those obstinate cases which are met with now and then, and which test the real character of the practitioner. The matter is treated with admirable frankness, and yet with a wholesome optimism. The patient is reminded that six months is a short time, and one must not expect too quick results. A slow, sure progress is better, and the effects are more lasting. This is not the first case that has been slow in yielding to treatment. Still it may be better to make a slight change. The formula, "I am Wealth," may be too abstract, though it usually has worked well. A more concrete thought might possibly be more effective. Why not try, remembering, of course, to continue the same breathings, "I am Andrew Carnegie"?

Then the practitioner adds a bit of advice which was certainly worth the moderate fee charged: "When the exercises are over, ask yourself what Andrew would do next. Andrew would hustle."

A slight acquaintance with the pseudosciences which are in vogue at the present day reveals a world to which only the genius of Cervantes could do justice. We see Absurdity clothed, and in its right mind. It is formally correct, punctiliously exact, completely serious, and withal high-minded. Until it comes in contact with the actual world we do not realize that it *is* absurd.

Religion and medicine have always

furnished tempting fields for persons of the quixotic temper. Perhaps it is because their professed objects are so high, and perhaps also because their achievements fall so far below what we have been led to expect. Neither spiritual nor mental health is so robust as to satisfy us with the usual efforts in their behalf. Sin and sickness are continual challenges. Some one ought to abolish them. An eager hearing is given to any one who claims to be able to do so. The temptation is great for those who do not perceive the difference between words and things to answer the demands.

It is not necessary to go for examples either to fanatics or quacks. Not to take too modern an instance, there was Bishop Berkeley! He was a true philosopher, an earnest Christian, and withal a man of sense, and yet he was the author of Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water, and divers other Subjects connected together, and arising One from Another. It is one of those works which are the cause of wit in other men. It is so learned, so exhaustive, so pious, and the author takes it with such utter seriousness!

Tar is the good bishop's Dulcinea. All his powers are enlisted in the work of proclaiming the matchless virtues of this mistress of his imagination, who is "black but comely." Our minds are prepared by a lyric outburst: —

> "Hail vulgar Juice of never-fading Pine!
> Cheap as thou art! thy virtues are divine,
> To show them and explain, (such is thy store)
> There needs much modern and much ancient
> Lore."

For this great work the author is well equipped. Plato, Aristotle, Pliny, and the rest of the ancients appear as vanquished knights compelled to do honor to my Lady Tar.

Other specifics are allowed to have their virtues, but they grow pale before this paragon. Common soap has its admirers; they are treated magnanimously, but compelled to surrender at last. "Soap is allowed to be cleansing, attenuating, opening, resolving, sweetening; it is pectoral, vulnerary, diuretic, and hath other good qualities; which are also found in tar water. . . . Tar water therefore is a soap, and as such hath all the medicinal qualities of soaps." To those who put their faith in vinegar a like argument is made. It is shown that tar water is not only a superior kind of soap, but also a sublimated sort of vinegar; in fact, it appears to be all things to all men.

To those who incline to the philosophy of the ancient fire-worshipers a special argument is made. "I had a long Time entertained an Opinion agreeable to the Sentiments of many ancient Philosophers, that Fire may be regarded as the Animal Spirit of this visible World. And it seemed to me that the attracting and secreting of this Fire in the various Pores, Tubes and Ducts of Vegetables, did impart their specifick Virtues to each kind, that this same Light, or Fire, was the immediate Cause of Sense and Motion, and consequently of Life and Health to animals; that on Account of this Solar Light or Fire, Phœbus was in the ancient Mythology reputed the God of Medicine. Which Light as it is leisurely introduced, and fixed in the viscid juice of old Firs and Pines, so setting it free in Part, that is, the changing its viscid for a volatile Vehicle, which may mix with Water, and convey it throughout the Habit copiously and inoffensively, would be of infinite Use in Physic." It appears therefore that tar water is not only a kind of soap, but also a kind of fire.

Yet is not Quixote himself more careful to avoid all appearance of extravagance? The author shrinks from imposing conclusions on another. After an elaborate argument which moves irresistibly to one conclusion, he stops short. "This regards the Possibility of a Panacea in general; as for Tar Water in particular, I do not say it is a Panacea,

I only suspect it to be so." Yet he must be a churlish reader who could go with him so far and then refuse to take the next step. Nor can a right-minded person be indifferent to the moral argument in favor of "Tar water, Temperance, and Early Hours." If tar water is to be known by the company it keeps, it is to be commended.

There is a great advantage in taking our example from another age than ours. Our enjoyment of the bishop's Quixotism does not cast discredit on any similar hobby of our own day. "However," as the author of Siris remarked, "it is hoped they will not condemn one Man's Tar Water for another Man's Pill or Drop, any more than they would hang one Man for another's having stole a Horse."

Indeed of all quixotic notions the most extreme is that of those who think that Quixotism can be overcome by any direct attack. It is a state of mind which must be accepted as we accept any other curious fact. As well tilt against a cloud as attempt to overcome it by argument. It is a part of the myth-making faculty of the human mind. A myth is a quixotic notion which takes possession of multitudes rather than of a single person. Everybody accepts it; nobody knows why. You can nail a lie, but you cannot nail a myth, — there is nothing to nail it to. It is of no use to deny it, for that only gives it a greater vogue.

I have great sympathy for all mythical characters. It is possible that Hercules may have been an amiable Greek gentleman of sedentary habits. Some one may have started the story of his labors as a joke. In the next town it was taken seriously, and the tale set forth on its travels. After it once had been generally accepted what could Hercules do? What good would it have been for him to say, "There 's not a word of truth in what everybody is saying about me. I am as averse to a hard day's work as any gentleman of my social standing in the community. They are turning me into a sun-myth, and mixing up my private affairs with the signs of the zodiac! I won't stand it!"

Bless me! he would have to stand it! His words would but add fuel to the flame of admiration. What a hero he is; so strong and so modest! He has already forgotten those feats of strength! It is ever so with greatness. To Hercules it was all mere child's play. All the more need that we keep the stories alive in order to hand them down to our children. Perhaps we had better touch them up a bit so that they may be more interesting to the little dears. And so would begin a new cycle of myths.

After Socrates had once gained the reputation for superlative wisdom, do you think it did any good for him to go about proclaiming that he knew nothing? He was suspected of having some ulterior design. Nobody would believe him except Xanthippe.

When after hearing strange noises in the night Don Quixote sallies forth only to discover that the sounds come from fulling hammers instead of from giants, he rebukes the ill-timed merriment of his squire. "Come hither, merry sir! Suppose these mill hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, being a knight, to distinguish between sounds, and to know which are and which are not those of a fulling mill, more especially as I have never seen any fulling mills in my life?"

If the mill hammers could only be transformed into giants how easy the path of reform! for it would satisfy the primitive instinct to go out and kill something. I have heard a temperance orator denounce the Demon Drink so roundly that every one in the audience was ready to destroy the monster on sight. The solution of the liquor problem, however, was quite a different matter. The young

patriot who conceives of the money power under the terrifying image of an octopus resolves at once to give it battle. When elected to the legislature he meets many smooth-spoken gentlemen whose schemes are so plausible that he readily assents to them, — but not an octopus does he see. Yet I believe that were he to see an octopus he would slay it.

Perhaps there is no better test of a person's nature than his attitude toward Quixotism. The man of coarse unfriendly humor sees in it nothing but a broad farce. He greets the misadventures of Don Quixote with a loud guffaw. What a fool he was not to know the difference between an ordinary inn and a castle!

There are persons of a sensitive and refined disposition to whom it is all a tragedy, exquisitely painful to contemplate. Alas, poor gentleman, with all his lofty ideals to be so buffeted by a world unworthy of him!

But this refinement of sentiment comes perilously near to sentimentalism. Cervantes had the more wholesome attitude. He appreciated the valor of Don Quixote. It was genuine, though the knight, owing to circumstances beyond his own control, had been compelled to make his visor out of pasteboard. He had heroism of soul; but what of it! There was plenty more where it came from. A man who had fought at Lepanto, and endured years of Algerine captivity, was not inclined to treat manly virtue as if it were a rare and delicate fabric that must be preserved in a glass case. It was amply able to take care of itself. He knew that he could n't laugh genuine chivalry away, even if he tried. It could stand not only hard knocks from its foes, but any amount of raillery from its friends.

The bewildered soldier who mistakes a harmless camp follower for the enemy must expect to endure the gibes of his comrades; yet no one doubts that he would have acquitted himself nobly if the enemy had appeared. The rough humor of the camp is a part of its wholesome discipline.

Quixotism is a combination of goodness and folly. To enjoy it one must be able to appreciate them both at the same time. It is a pleasure possible only to one who is capable of having mixed feelings.

When we consider the faculty which many good people have of believing things that are not so, and ignoring the plainest facts and laws of Nature, we are sometimes alarmed over the future of society. If any of the Quixotisms which are now in vogue should get themselves established, what then?

Fortunately there is small need of anxiety. When the landsman first ventures on the waves he observes with alarm the keeling over of the boat under the breeze, for he expects the tendency to be followed to its logical conclusion. Fortunately for the equilibrium of society, tendencies which are viewed with alarm are seldom carried to their logical conclusion. They are met by other tendencies before the danger point is reached, and the balance is restored.

The factor which is overlooked by those who fear the ascendency of any quixotic notion is the existence of the average man. This individual is not a striking personality, but he holds the balance of power. Before any extravagant idea can establish itself it must convert the average man. He is very susceptible, and takes a suggestion so readily that it seems to prophesy the complete overthrow of the existing order of things. But was ever a conversion absolute? The best theologians say no. A great deal of the old Adam is always left over. When the average man takes up with a quixotic notion, only so much of it is practically wrought out as he is able to comprehend. The old Adam of common sense continually asserts itself. The natural corrective of Quixotism is Sancho-Panzaism. The solemn knight, with his head full of visionary plans, is followed by a squire

who is as faithful as his nature will permit. Sancho has no theories, and makes no demands on the world. He leaves that sort of thing to his master. He has the fatalism which belongs to ignorant good nature, and the tolerance which is found in easy-going persons who have neither ideals nor nerves. He has no illusions, though he has all the credulity of ignorance.

He belongs to the established order of things, and can conceive no other. When knight-errantry is proposed to him he reduces that also to the established order. He takes it up as an honest livelihood, and rides forth in search of forlorn maidens with the same contented joy with which he formerly went to the village mill. When it is explained that faithful squires become governors of islands he approves of the idea, and begins to cherish a reasonable ambition. Knight-errantry is brought within the sphere of practical politics. Sancho has no stomach for adventures. When his master warns him against attacking knights, until such time as he has himself reached their estate, he answers: —

"Never fear; I 'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I 'll warrant you; for I ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels."

When Sancho becomes governor of his snug, land-locked island, there is not a trace of Quixotism in his executive policy. The laws of Chivalry have no recognition in his administration; and everything is carried on with most admirable common sense.

It is an experience which is quite familiar to the readers of history. "All who knew Sancho," moralizes the author, "wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspire some men with understanding, as they stupefy and confound others."

Mother wit has a great way of evading the consequences of theoretical absurdities. Natural law takes care of itself, and preserves the balance. So long as Don Quixote can get no other follower than Sancho Panza, we need not be alarmed. There is no call for a society for the Preservation of Windmills.

After all, there is an ambiguity about Quixotism. They laugh best who laugh last; and we are not sure that satire has the last word. Was Don Quixote as completely mistaken as he seemed? He mistook La Mancha for a land of romance, and wandered through it as if it were an enchanted country.

The Commentator explains to us that in this lay the jest, for no part of Spain was so vulgarly commonplace. Its villages were destitute of charm, and its landscape of beauty. La Mancha was a name for all that was unromantic.

"I cannot make it appear so," says the Gentle Reader, who has come under the spell of Cervantes, "Don Quixote seems to be wandering through the most romantic country in the world. I can see

'The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
. . . . . .

'White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

'White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
. . . . . .
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat, —
All was a dream to me.'

"Through this enchanted country it is pleasant to wander about in irresponsible fashion, climbing mountains, loitering in secluded valleys where shepherds and shepherdesses still make love in Arcadian fashion, meeting with monks, merchants, muleteers, and fine gentlemen, and coming in the evening to some castle where one is lulled to sleep by the splash of fountains and the tinkle of guitars; and

if it should turn out that the castle is only an inn, — why, to lodge in an inn of La Mancha would be a romantic experience!"

The Spain of the sixteenth century is to us as truly a land of romance as any over which a knight-errant roamed. It seems just suited for heroic adventure.

Some day our quixotic characters may appear to the future reader thus magically conformed to the world they live in, or rather, the world may be transformed by their ideals.

"They do seem strange to us," the Gentle Reader of that day will say, "but then we must remember that they lived in the romantic dawn of the twentieth century."

Samuel McChord Crothers.

DIES ULTIMA.

WHITE in her woven shroud,
Silent she lies,
Deaf to the trumpets loud
Blown through the skies:
Never a sound can mar
Her slumber long;
She is a faded star, —
A finished song!

Over her hangs the sun,
A golden glow;
Round her the planets run,
She does not know:
For neither gloom nor gleam
Can reach her sight:
She is a broken dream, —
A dead delight!

No voice can waken her
Again to sing;
She nevermore will stir
To feel the spring;
Through the dim ether hurled
Till Time shall tire,
She is a wasted world, —
A frozen fire!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE FRUITS OF INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

THE political, educational, social, and economic evolution through which the South passed during, say, the first fifteen or twenty years after the close of the civil war furnishes one of the most interesting periods that any country has passed through.

A large share of the thought and activity of the white South, of the black South, and of that section of the North especially interested in my race, was directed during the years of the Reconstruction period toward politics, or toward matters bearing upon what were termed civil or social rights. The work of education was rather slow, and covered a large section of the South; still I think I am justified in saying that in the public mind the Negro's relation to politics overshadowed nearly every other interest. The education of the race was conducted quietly, and attracted comparatively little attention, just as is true at the present time. The appointment of one Negro postmaster at a third or fourth rate post office will be given wider publicity through the daily press than the founding of a school, or some important discovery in science.

With reference to the black man's political relation to the state and Federal governments, I think I am safe in saying that for many years after the civil war there were sharp and antagonistic views between the North and the South, as well as between the white South and the black South. At practically every point where there was a political question to be decided in the South the blacks would array themselves on one side and the whites on the other. I remember that very soon after I began teaching school in Alabama an old colored man came to me just prior to an election. He said: "You can read de newspapers and most of us can't, but dar is one thing dat we knows dat you don't, and dat is how to vote down here; and we wants you to vote as we does." He added: "I tell you how we does. We watches de white man; we keeps watching de white man; de nearer it gits to election time de more we watches de white man. We watches him till we finds out which way he gwine to vote. After we finds out which way he gwine to vote, den we votes exactly de other way; den we knows we 's right."

Stories on the other side might be given showing that a certain class of white people, both at the polls and in the Legislatures, voted just as unreasonably in opposing politically what they thought the Negro or the North wanted, no matter how much benefit might ensue from a contrary action. Unfortunately such antagonism did not end with matters political, but in many cases affected the relation of the races in nearly every walk of life. Aside from political strife, there was naturally deep feeling between the North and the South on account of the war. On nearly every question growing out of the war, which was debated in Congress, or in political campaigns, there was the keenest difference and often the deepest feeling. There was almost no question of even a semi-political nature, or having a remote connection with the Negro, upon which there was not sharp and often bitter division between the North and South. It is needless to say that in many cases the Negro was the sufferer. He was being ground between the upper and nether millstones. Even to this day it is well-nigh impossible, largely by reason of the force of habit, in certain states to prevent state and even local campaigns from being centred in some form upon the black man. In states like Mississippi, for example, where the Negro ceased nearly a score of years ago, by operation of law, to be a determining factor

in politics, he forms in some way the principal fuel for campaign discussion at nearly every election. The sad feature of this is, that it prevents the presentation before the masses of the people of matters pertaining to local and state improvement, and to great national issues like finance, tariff, or foreign policies. It prevents the masses from receiving the broad and helpful education which every political campaign should furnish, and, what is equally unfortunate, it prevents the youth from seeing and hearing on the platform the great political leaders of the two national parties. During a national campaign few of the great Democratic leaders debate national questions in the South, because it is felt that the old antagonism to the Negro politically will keep the South voting one way. Few of the great Republican leaders appear on Southern platforms, because they feel that nothing will be gained.

One of the saddest instances of this situation that has come within my knowledge occurred some years ago in a certain Southern state where a white friend of mine was making the race for Congress on the Democratic ticket in a district that was overwhelmingly Democratic. I speak of this man as my friend, because there was no personal favor in reason which he would have refused me. He was equally friendly to the race, and was generous in giving for its education, and in helping individuals to buy land. His campaign took him into one of the "white" counties, where there were few colored people, and where the whites were unusually ignorant. I was surprised one morning to read in the daily papers of a bitter attack he had made on the Negro while speaking in this county. The next time I saw him I informed him of my surprise. He replied that he was ashamed of what he had said, and that he did not himself believe much that he had stated, but gave as a reason for his action that he had found himself before an audience which had heard little for thirty years in the way of political discussion that did not bear upon the Negro, and that he therefore knew it was almost impossible to interest them in any other subject.

But this is somewhat aside from my purpose, which is, I repeat, to make plain that in all political matters there was for years after the war no meeting ground of agreement for the two races, or for the North and South. Upon the question of the Negro's civil rights, as embodied in what was called the Civil Rights Bill, there was almost the same sharp line of division between the races, and, in theory at least, between the Northern and Southern whites, — largely because the former were supposed to be giving the blacks social recognition, and encouraging intermingling between the races. The white teachers, who came from the North to work in missionary schools, received for years little recognition or encouragement from the rank and file of their own race. The lines were so sharply drawn that in cities where native Southern white women taught Negro children in the public schools, they would have no dealings with Northern white women who, perhaps, taught Negro children from the same family in a missionary school.

I want to call attention here to a phase of Reconstruction policy which is often overlooked. All now agree that there was much in Reconstruction which was unwise and unfortunate. However we may regard that policy, and much as we may regret mistakes, the fact is too often overlooked that it was during the Reconstruction period that a public school system for the education of all the people of the South was first established in most of the states. Much that was done by those in charge of Reconstruction legislation has been overturned, but the public school system still remains. True, it has been modified and improved, but the system remains, and is every day growing in popularity and strength.

As to the difference of opinion between the North and the South regarding Negro education, I find that many people, especially in the North, have a wrong conception of the attitude of the Southern white people. It is and has been very generally thought that what is termed "higher education" of the Negro has been from the first opposed by the white South. This opinion is far from being correct. I remember that, in 1891, when I began the work of establishing the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, practically all of the white people who talked to me on the subject took it for granted that instruction in the Greek, Latin, and modern languages would be one of the main features of our curriculum. I heard no one oppose what he thought our course of study was to embrace. In fact, there are many white people in the South at the present time who do not know that instruction in the dead languages is not given at the Tuskegee Institute. In further proof of what I have stated, if one will go through the catalogue of the schools maintained by the states for Negro people, and managed by Southern white people, he will find in almost every case that instruction in the higher branches is given with the consent and approval of white officials. This was true as far back as 1880. It is not unusual to meet at this time Southern white people who are as emphatic in their belief in the value of classical education as a certain element of colored people themselves. In matters relating to civil and political rights, the breach was broad, and without apparent hope of being bridged; even in the matter of religion, practically all of the denominations had split on the subject of the Negro, though I should add that there is now, and always has been, a closer touch and more coöperation in matters of religion between the white and colored people in the South than is generally known. But the breach between the white churches in the South and North remains.

In matters of education the difference was much less sharp. The truth is that a large element in the South had little faith in the efficacy of the higher or any other kind of education of the Negro. They were indifferent, but did not openly oppose; on the other hand, there has always been a potent element of white people in all of the Southern states who have stood out openly and bravely for the education of all the people, regardless of race. This element has thus far been successful in shaping and leading public opinion, and I think that it will continue to do so more and more. This statement must not be taken to mean that there is as yet an equitable division of the school funds, raised by common taxation, between the two races in many sections of the South, though the Southern states deserve much credit for what has been done. In discussing the small amount of direct taxes the Negro pays, the fact that he pays tremendous indirect taxes is often overlooked.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that while there was either open antagonism or indifference in the directions I have named, it was the introduction of industrial training into the Negro's education that seemed to furnish the first basis for anything like united and sympathetic interest and action between the two races in the South and between the whites in the North and those in the South. Aside from its direct benefit to the black race, industrial education has furnished a basis for mutual faith and coöperation, which has meant more to the South, and to the work of education, than has been realized.

This was, at the least, something in the way of construction. Many people, I think, fail to appreciate the difference between the problems now before us and those that existed previous to the civil war. Slavery presented a problem of destruction; freedom presents a problem of construction.

From its first inception the white people of the South had faith in the theory of industrial education, because they had noted, what was not unnatural, that a large element of the colored people at first interpreted freedom to mean freedom from work with the hands. They naturally had not learned to appreciate the fact that they had been *worked*, and that one of the great lessons for freemen to learn is to *work*. They had not learned the vast difference between *working* and *being worked*. The white people saw in the movement to teach the Negro youth the dignity, beauty, and civilizing power of all honorable labor with the hands something that would lead the Negro into his new life of freedom gradually and sensibly, and prevent his going from one extreme of life to the other too suddenly. Furthermore, industrial education appealed directly to the individual and community interest of the white people. They saw at once that intelligence coupled with skill would add wealth to the community and to the state, in which both races would have an added share. Crude labor in the days of slavery, they believed, could be handled and made in a degree profitable, but ignorant and unskilled labor in a state of freedom could not be made so. Practically every white man in the South was interested in agricultural or in mechanical or in some form of manual labor; every white man was interested in all that related to the home life, — the cooking and serving of food, laundering, dairying, poultry-raising, and housekeeping in general. There was no family whose interest in intelligent and skillful nursing was not now and then quickened by the presence of a trained nurse. As already stated, there was general appreciation of the fact that the industrial education of the black people had direct, vital, and practical bearing upon the life of each white family in the South; while there was no such appreciation of the results of mere literary training. If a black man became a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, or an ordinary teacher, his professional duties would not ordinarily bring him in touch with the life of the white portion of the community, but rather confine him almost exclusively to his own race. While purely literary or professional education was not opposed by the white population, it was something in which they found little or no interest, beyond a confused hope that it would result in producing a higher and a better type of Negro manhood. The minute it was seen that through industrial education the Negro youth was not only studying chemistry, but also how to apply the knowledge of chemistry to the enrichment of the soil, or to cooking, or to dairying, and that the student was being taught not only geometry and physics, but their application to blacksmithing, brickmaking, farming, and what not, then there began to appear for the first time a common bond between the two races and coöperation between North and South.

One of the most interesting and valuable instances of the kind that I know of is presented in the case of Mr. George W. Carver, one of our instructors in agriculture at Tuskegee Institute. For some time it has been his custom to prepare articles containing information concerning the conditions of local crops, and warning the farmers against the ravages of certain insects and diseases. The local white papers are always glad to publish these articles, and they are read by white and colored farmers.

Some months ago a white land-holder in Montgomery County asked Mr. Carver to go through his farm with him for the purpose of inspecting it. While doing so Mr. Carver discovered traces of what he thought was a valuable mineral deposit, used in making a certain kind of paint. The interests of the land-owner and the agricultural instructor at once became mutual. Specimens of the deposits were taken to the laboratories of the Tuskegee Institute

and analyzed by Mr. Carver. In due time the land-owner received a report of the analysis, together with a statement showing the commercial value and application of the mineral. I shall not go through the whole interesting story, except to say that a stock company, composed of some of the best white people in Alabama, has been organized, and is now preparing to build a factory for the purpose of putting their product on the market. I hardly need to add that Mr. Carver has been freely consulted at every step, and his services generously recognized in the organization of the concern. When the company was being formed the following testimonial, among others, was embodied in the printed copy of the circular: —

"George W. Carver, Director of the Department of Agriculture, Tuskegee, Alabama, says: —

"'The pigment is an ochreous clay. Its value as a paint is due to the presence of ferric oxide, of which it contains more than any of the French, Australian, American, Irish, or Welsh ochres. Ferric oxides have long been recognized as the essential constituents of such paints as Venetian red, Turkish red, oxide red, Indian red, and scarlet. They are most desirable, being quite permanent when exposed to light and air. As a stain they are most valuable.'"

In further proof of what I wish to emphasize, I think I am safe in saying that the work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, under the late General S. C. Armstrong, was the first to receive any kind of recognition and hearty sympathy from the Southern white people, and General Armstrong was perhaps the first Northern educator of Negroes who won the confidence and coöperation of the white South. The effects of General Armstrong's introduction of industrial education at Hampton, and its extension to the Tuskegee Institute in the far South, are now actively and helpfully apparent in the splendid work being accomplished for the whole South by the Southern Education Board, with Mr. Robert C. Ogden at its head, and by the General Education Board, with Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., as its president. Without the introduction of manual training it is doubtful whether such work as is now being wrought through these two boards for both races in the South could have been possible within a quarter of a century to come. Later on in the history of our country it will be recognized and appreciated that the far-reaching and statesmanlike efforts of these two boards for general education in the South, under the guidance of the two gentlemen named, and with the coöperation and assistance of such men as Mr. George Foster Peabody, Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of the North, and Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, Chancellor Hill, Dr. Alderman, Dr. McIver, Dr. Dabney, and others of the South, will have furnished the material for one of the brightest and most encouraging chapters in the history of our country. The fact that we have reached the point where men and women who were so far apart twenty years ago can meet in the South and discuss freely from the same platform questions relating to the industrial, educational, political, moral, and religious development of the two races marks a great step in advance. It is true that as yet the Negro has not been invited to share in these discussions.

Aside from the reasons I have given showing why the South favored industrial education, coupled with intellectual and moral training, many of the whites saw, for example, that the Negroes who were master carpenters and contractors, under the guidance of their owners, could become still greater factors in the development of the South if their children were not suddenly removed from the atmosphere and occupations of their fathers, and if they

could be taught to use the thing in hand as a foundation for higher growth. Many of the white people were wise enough to see that such education would enable some of the Negro youths to become more skillful carpenters and contractors, and that if they laid an economic foundation in this way in their generation, they would be laying a foundation for a more abstract education of their children in the future.

Again, a large element of people at the South favored manual training for the Negro because they were wise enough to see that the South was largely free from the restrictive influences of the Northern trades unions, and that such organizations would secure little hold in the South so long as the Negro kept abreast in intelligence and skill with the same class of people elsewhere. Many realized that the South would be tying itself to a body of death if it did not help the Negro up. In this connection I want to call attention to the fact that the official records show that within one year about one million foreigners came into the United States. Notwithstanding this number, practically none went into the Southern states; to be more exact, the records show that in 1892 only 2278 all told went into the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. One ship sometimes brings as many to New York. Various reasons are given to explain why these foreigners systematically avoid the South. One is that the climate is so hot; and another is that they do not like the restrictions thrown about the ballot; and still another is the presence of the Negro in so large numbers. Whatever the true reason is, the fact remains that foreigners avoid the South, and the South is more and more realizing that it cannot keep pace with the progress being made in other parts of the country if a third of its population is ignorant and without skill.

The South must frankly face this truth, that for a long period it must depend upon the black man to do for it what the foreigner is now doing for the great West. If, by reason of his skill and knowledge, one man in Iowa learns to produce as much corn in a season as four men can produce in Alabama, it requires little reasoning to see that Alabama will buy most of her corn from Iowa.

Another interesting result of the introduction of industrial education for the Negro has been its influence upon the white people of the South, and, I believe, upon the whites of the North as well. This phase of it has proved of interest in making hand training a conciliatory element between the races.

In 1883 I was delivering an address on industrial education before the colored State Teachers' Association of one of our Southern states. When I had finished, some of the teachers began to ask the State Superintendent of Education, who was on the programme, some questions about the subject. He politely but firmly stopped the questions by stating that he knew absolutely nothing about industrial training, and had never heard it discussed before. At that time there was no such education being given at any white institution in that state. With one or two exceptions this case will illustrate what was true of all the Southern states. A careful investigation of the subject will show that it was not until after industrial education was started among the colored people, and its value proved, that it was taken up by the Southern white people.

Manual training or industrial and technical schools for the whites have, for the most part, been established under state auspices, and are at this time chiefly maintained by the states. An investigation would also show that in securing money from the state legislatures for the purpose of introducing hand work, one of the main arguments

used was the existence and success of industrial training among the Negroes. It was often argued that the white boys and girls would be left behind unless they had the opportunities for securing the same kind of training that was being given the colored people. Although it is, I think, not generally known, it is a fact that since the idea of industrial or technical education for white people took root within the last few years, much more money is spent annually for such education for the whites than for the colored people. Any one who has not looked into the subject will be surprised to find how thorough and high grade the work is. Take, for example, the state of Georgia, and it will be found that several times as much is being spent at the Industrial College for white girls at Milledgeville, and at the technical school for whites at Atlanta, as is being spent in the whole state for the industrial education of Negro youths. I have met no Southern white educators who have not been generous in their praise of the Negro schools for taking the initiative in hand training. This fact has again served to create in matters relating to education a bond of sympathy between the two races in the South. Referring again to the influence of industrial training for the Negro in education, in the Northern states I find, while writing this article, the following announcement in the advertisement of what is perhaps the most high-priced and exclusive girls' seminary in Massachusetts: —

"In planning a system of education for young ladies, with the view of fitting them for the greatest usefulness in life, the idea was conceived of supplementing the purely intellectual work by a practical training in the art of home management and its related subjects.

"It was the first school of high literary grade to introduce courses in Domestic Science into the regular curriculum.

"The results were so gratifying as to lead to the equipment of Experiment Hall, a special building, fitted for the purpose of studying the principles of Applied Housekeeping. Here the girls do the actual work of cooking, marketing, arranging menus, and attend to all the affairs of a well-arranged household.

"Courses are arranged also in sewing, dressmaking, and millinery; they are conducted on a similarly practical basis, and equip the student with a thorough knowledge of the subject."

A dozen years ago I do not believe that any such announcement would have been made.

Beginning with the year 1877, the Negro in the South lost practically all political control; that is to say, as early as 1885 the Negro scarcely had any members of his race in the national Congress or state legislatures, and long before this date had ceased to hold state offices. This was true, notwithstanding the protests and fervent oratory of such strong race leaders as Frederick Douglass, B. K. Bruce, John R. Lynch, P. B. S. Pinchback, and John M. Langston, with a host of others. When Frederick Douglass, the greatest man that the race has produced, died in 1895, it is safe to say that the Negro in the Southern states, with here and there a few exceptions, had practically no political control or political influence, except in sending delegates to national conventions, or in holding a few Federal positions by appointment. It became evident to many of the wise Negroes that the race would have to depend for its success in the future less upon political agitation and the opportunity of holding office, and more upon something more tangible and substantial. It was at this period in the Negro's development, when the distance between the races was greatest, and the spirit and ambition of the colored people most depressed, that the idea of industrial or business development was introduced

and began to be made prominent. It did not take the more level-headed members of the race long to see that while the Negro in the South was surrounded by many difficulties, there was practically no line drawn and little race discrimination in the world of commerce, banking, storekeeping, manufacturing, and the skilled trades, and in agriculture, and that in this lay his great opportunity. They understood that, while the whites might object to a Negro's being a postmaster, they would not object to his being the president of a bank, and in the latter occupation they would give him assistance and encouragement. The colored people were quick to see that while the Negro would not be invited as a rule to attend the white man's prayer-meeting, he would be invited every time to attend the stockholders' meeting of a business concern in which he had an interest, and that he could buy property in practically any portion of the South where the white man could buy it. The white citizens were all the more willing to encourage the Negro in this economic or industrial development, because they saw that the prosperity of the Negro meant also the prosperity of the white man. They saw, too, that when a Negro became the owner of a home and was a taxpayer, having a regular trade or other occupation, he at once became a conservative and safe citizen and voter; one who would consider the interests of his whole community before casting his ballot; and, further, one whose ballot could not be purchased.

One case in point is that of the twenty-eight teachers at our school in Tuskegee who applied for life-voting certificates under the new constitution of Alabama, not one was refused registration; and if I may be forgiven a personal reference, in my own case, the Board of Registers were kind enough to send me a special request to the effect that they wished me not to fail to register as a life voter. I do not wish to convey the impression that all worthy colored people have been registered in Alabama, because there have been many inexcusable and unlawful omissions; but, with few exceptions, the 2700 who have been registered represent the best Negroes in the state.

Though in some parts of the country he is now misunderstood, I believe that the time is going to come when matters can be weighed soberly, and when the whole people are going to see that President Roosevelt is, and has been from the first, in line with this policy, — that of encouraging the colored people who by industry and economy have won their way into the confidence and respect of their neighbors. Both before and since he became President I have had many conversations with him, and at all times I have found him enthusiastic over the plan that I have described.

The growth of the race in industrial and business directions within the last few years cannot perhaps be better illustrated than by the fact that what is now the largest secular national organization among the colored people is the National Negro Business League. This organization brings together annually hundreds of men and women who have worked their way up from the bottom to the point where they are now in some cases bankers, merchants, manufacturers, planters, etc. The sight of this body of men and women would surprise a large part of American citizens who do not really know the better side of the Negro's life.

It ought to be stated frankly here that at first, and for several years after the introduction of industrial training at such educational centres as Hampton and Tuskegee, there was opposition from colored people, and from portions of those Northern white people engaged in educational and missionary work among the colored people in the South. Most of those who manifested such opposition were actuated by the highest and most honest motives. From the

first the rank and file of the blacks were quick to see the advantages of industrial training, as is shown by the fact that industrial schools have always been overcrowded. Opposition to industrial training was based largely on the old and narrow ground that it was something that the Southern white people favored, and therefore must be against the interests of the Negro. Again, others opposed it because they feared that it meant the abandonment of all political privileges, and the higher or classical education of the race. They feared that the final outcome would be the materialization of the Negro, and the smothering of his spiritual and æsthetic nature. Others felt that industrial education had for its object the limitation of the Negro's development, and the branding him for all time as a special hand-working class.

Now that enough time has elapsed for those who opposed it to see that it meant none of these things, opposition, except from a very few of the colored people living in Boston and Washington, has ceased, and this system has the enthusiastic support of the Negroes and of most of the whites who formerly opposed it. All are beginning to see that it was never meant that *all* Negro youths should secure industrial education, any more than it is meant that *all* white youths should pass through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or the Amherst Agricultural College, to the exclusion of such training as is given at Harvard, Yale, or Dartmouth; but that in a peculiar sense a large proportion of the Negro youths needed to have that education which would enable them to secure an economic foundation, without which no people can succeed in any of the higher walks of life.

It is because of the fact that the Tuskegee Institute began at the bottom, with work in the soil, in wood, in iron, in leather, that it has now developed to the point where it is able to furnish employment as teachers to twenty-eight Negro graduates of the best colleges in the country. This is about three times as many Negro college graduates as any other institution in the United States for the education of colored people employs, the total number of officers and instructors at Tuskegee being about one hundred and ten.

Those who once opposed this see now that while the Negro youth who becomes skilled in agriculture and a successful farmer may not be able himself to pass through a purely literary college, he is laying the foundation for his children and grandchildren to do it if desirable. Industrial education in this generation is contributing in the highest degree to make what is called higher education a success. It is now realized that in so far as the race has intelligent and skillful producers, the greater will be the success of the minister, lawyer, doctor, and teacher. Opposition has melted away, too, because all men now see that it will take a long time to "materialize" a race, millions of which hold neither houses nor railroads, nor bank stocks, nor factories, nor coal and gold mines.

Another reason for the growth of a better understanding of the objects and influence of industrial training is the fact, as before stated, that it has been taken up with such interest and activity by the Southern whites, and that it has been established at such universities as Cornell in the East, and in practically all of the state colleges of the great West.

It is now seen that the result of such education will be to help the black man to make for himself an independent place in our great American life. It was largely the poverty of the Negro that made him the prey of designing politicians immediately after the war; and wherever poverty and lack of industry exist to-day, one does not find in him that deep spiritual life which the race must in the future possess in a higher degree.

To those who still express the fear

that perhaps too much stress is put upon industrial education for the Negro I would add that I should emphasize the same kind of training for any people, whether black or white, in the same stage of development as the masses of the colored people.

For a number of years this country has looked to Germany for much in the way of education, and a large number of our brightest men and women are sent there each year. The official reports show that in Saxony, Germany, alone, there are 287 industrial schools, or one such school to every 14,641 people. This is true of a people who have back of them centuries of wealth and culture. In the South I am safe in saying that there is not more than one effective industrial school for every 400,000 colored people.

A recent dispatch from Germany says that the German Emperor has had a kitchen fitted up in the palace for the single purpose of having his daughter taught cooking. If all classes and nationalities, who are in most cases thousands of years ahead of the Negro in the arts of civilization, continue their interest in industrial training, I cannot understand how any reasonable person can object to such education for a large part of a people who are in the poverty-stricken condition that is true of a large element of my race, especially when such hand training is combined, as it should be, with the best education of head and heart.

Booker T. Washington.

THE END OF DESIRE.

I.

He had had many strong desires in his life, and God had given him joy of his desires in full measure, more than is the fortune of most men. Being an animal healthy in all parts, he had known the keen zest of appetite, and he had never become sated, using himself and his pleasures wisely with the instinctive restraint of uncorrupt blood. Nevertheless he had turned hither and thither, back and forth upon the earth, on the pleasant errands of this life, and each avenue trod by him touched a new vista of quick desires. There was no end to his joy.

He had dealt kindly with whomsoever he had crossed in the pursuit of his manifold desires, — of that kindness, born of good food and drink well digested, that takes pleasure in the giving of it and believes that all men thirst alike for joy. Moreover, from the beginning, he had done the work appointed for him, and he had done it with a cheerful will. That little was asked of his hands was beyond his concern. He accomplished his tasks joyfully, and an easy labor yielded abundance, even riches. Thus states and climates furnished him with their best delights; the cycle of the year was too brief to hold them all.

Hence it follows that he was much loved and envied, placed high in the esteem of other men, and given of their best in matter and spirit. The enjoyment of this pleasant fortune caused him, at rare moments, even to envy himself, and to wonder that the sojourn on this earth, ill-spoken of by many, should have offered such a smiling face to him. But this rarely; for he was not given to reflection. To live, with him, was to desire, and to desire was to satisfy. Thus he lived in an unbroken circle, and regret was pushed ever further away, beyond the distant years.

So it went with him for a long time.

Then one day he fell ill of a fever, and woke to find himself in the neat, cool room of a hospital. He could remember nothing since the day he had walked last in the city with some friends, and he called the nurse to him to question her. His eye happening to rest upon his hand, which lay white and nerveless beside him, he demanded a mirror. The nurse held one before his face, for he could not stretch forth his arm to take it; and against the glassy surface of the mirror he saw a strange man, one with deep, sunken, misty eyes, pallid face, and shrunken neck. A long, thick mustache drooped heavily at either side of the sunken mouth.

He would have turned himself to the wall but lacked the strength. Within the hard surface of the mirror there had lurked an image, pale and wan: he knew that he had seen the end of desire! So he lay in the bare and silent room, his eyes fastened to the distant ceiling. When the doctor came and found him lying with vacant eyes at rest upon the ceiling, he greeted the sick man jovially, and pressed his hand with friendly warmth.

"We shall have you out soon!" he exclaimed.

But the sick man, his eye falling on his thin hand in the doctor's powerful fist, remarked indifferently, —

"It seems very empty."

"What — your stomach?" joked the doctor.

"No, no; my arm. Can't you see? Are you empty, too, doctor?"

"You must sleep," the doctor responded hastily.

"I am not tired," the sick man answered. "I seem to have slept a great deal. But I am empty, — like a vast jar, a cool and quiet jar."

The doctor smiled, and glanced at the patient's chart.

"And this room is empty!" the sick man continued. "The shadows stalk back and forth across the ceiling, and the air dances. Do you not feel how empty it is? Are the streets and the town outside, also, empty?"

But the doctor had slipped away with a word to the nurse.

The patient lay in the pleasant silence of the empty room and thought of nothing, for a number of days, content with the ceiling and the empty shadows, neither asking questions nor heeding those about him. The shrunken frame began to fill once more with flesh and blood, but the eye remained within the arbor of the dark brows and would not look forth.

One night, as he lay there awake, neither thinking nor dreaming, he heard from the corridor a groan, and later another sorrowful groan.

"Some one is dying," he said to himself calmly.

A nurse passed through the corridor, opened and closed a door, and again the hours began broodingly their travel toward the dawn. Just as the gray light was coming over the ceiling the nurse entered the room.

"Some one has died?" he asked.

The pale and weary girl started at the question and dropped the glass she held.

"Some one has just died?" he repeated tranquilly. "You have been with him while he died, and have just now come from him?"

"Yes," she admitted, the tears starting from her eyes. "Yes, another one to-night. And to-morrow, that is to-day, there will be another, — many, many others. It is — awful."

She bent her tired head upon her arm and rested beside the window; her tears flowed gently.

"Why do you care?" the sick man asked coldly. "They are content, no doubt."

"They are somebody's children," she answered softly. "Somebody's fathers or mothers. They might be mine!"

In the dawn by the open window he could see her figure tremble.

"So you have a father and a mother," he observed idly. "Where are they?"

"At home, very far away."

Her little story was soon told. They were poor in the home "very far away," and she had left them two years before to come to the city for work. She had longed to see the city! It was very wonderful, all said; but, fearful and shy, she had seen it only from the high windows of the hospital. And the desire to see the city was swallowed up now in the greater desire to see her home again, to fulfill which she saved the meagre dollars of her wage.

"When will you go back? Soon?" he asked politely.

"Maybe in another year, if I am lucky," she answered with a sigh, and dragged herself from the window where she leaned.

"Why don't they come for you and take you home?"

"All they have to live upon is what I send them, week by week, and that is — little."

At last he asked: "You desire it very much? To go home? To see them again?"

"Oh!" She gave a little aspiring sigh. "Do you know the country? Where we live among the mountains there are tall blue peaks, and still valleys, and great forests."

"Some desolate spot in the backwoods hills," he said to himself, "where the frogs answer one another in the creek, and the flies buzz all day long."

"In the spring," she continued, her eyes flashing, all weariness gone, "the mountains are covered with purple flowers. They run like flames up and down the valley. And some morning you see in the mist on the hillsides the pinky branches of the peach trees. They are like the dresses of a queen, so gay and pink."

Her words stirred the man's memories of forgotten scenes, — tropical twilights, nights on the Alps, a great dawn in the midst of the sea, — old pictures that once filled his heart with joy and wonder, but that hung now like paintings out of fashion in the disused galleries of his soul.

"You are overworked," he observed when she was silent, dreaming of that valley home. "Get me my things," he ordered suddenly; "my watch and purse. They have hidden them away in that drawer behind the door."

The little nurse brought his watch and purse, fingering in childish wonder the long, thin chain and the many rings and seals.

"It is very beautiful!" she murmured.

He took the heavy pocket-book from her, and with trembling fingers emptied it upon the bed. His hand fastened upon a sheaf of bank notes.

"They look very old and yellow," he mused, fingering the bills with curiosity. "I must have lain here asleep a long time! I remember getting them at the bank the day before I became ill. They were bright and crisp enough then!" he laughed. "Here," he exclaimed excitedly, almost roughly, "take this and go at once — to-day. You can go to-day, can't you?"

He thrust a thin, yellowish bill toward the little nurse. She drew back, as if frightened by his rude energy, and the ready tears came to her eyes.

"You are good! So very good. But I cannot take it."

She covered her eyes with her fingers, lest the yellow bank note might tempt her sight.

"Why not? why not?" he panted. "It 's enough, is n't it? I mean enough to take you there to the land's end where the flowers grow all over the mountains? And you want to go, don't you? You said you 've wanted for two years to go home. Two years! My God! To want anything for two years! What a chance!"

She still drew away from his outthrust hand which held the trembling bill.

"I cannot take your money, no matter how much — I want it," she gasped.

"It is nothing, child," he urged. "A bit of paper with marks printed on its face. You see there are others like it, — and I want none of them. Come! It will take you there to the wonderful mountains and back, and you can get some presents for your people. You must take them something, of course."

He urged his gift gently, pleadingly:

"It is only a bit of paper, a pass," he said; "and it is no good at all unless you are the right one, the one meant to have it, and then it unlocks everything. I think you are the one meant, — it is *your* pass, — and it is no longer good for me," he ended with something like a groan. "So take your pass while you can use it."

Still she held back.

"Child," he pleaded further. "Do this to give me a bit of joy. There is nothing in this wide, wide world I want as you have wanted this for two years. Just think of it! Perhaps you could make me believe I was going, too, — make me believe I *wanted* to go. So, child, you see it 's nothing but a kind deed to me."

The face of the little nurse worked nervously. She let her fingers fall from before her eyes, and looked eagerly at the magic strip of paper. It seemed to bring all the things she had longed for most and had seen afar off within the touch of her hand. Her cheeks flushed with desire.

"And, child," the man added, perceiving some possible woman's motive in this hesitation, "you need not think that I give it. It is *your* pass, and it has dropped from heaven in your path this fine spring morning. God, up aloft there, has felt the passion of your desire and answered it. Not that I am the kind of messenger God might choose ordinarily," he hastened to add with a whimsical smile. "But they say He uses strange messengers sometimes. And, at the worst, this messenger will not harm *you*, my child."

He patted her dubious hand encouragingly and smiled up at her. The quick-coming, irresistible desires flushed her face, and left her speechless. Suddenly she fell upon her knees beside the bed and kissed the man's hand and cried childish tears of joy and pain.

"Tut, tut, child," he said. "You make too much of it. Tell me again how the misty hills look when the peach trees blossom. . . . And, now, pull up the shade. I want to see if it is the same outdoors as always."

She obeyed him, and with a startled face, like one in full course of a dream, went out and shut the door. The man lay in the calm room, remote from every desire, and watched the sun creep up the walls to the ceiling.

He thought that God had ordered the conditions of life very wisely, so that most of his creatures being poor and weak could get the full satisfaction of their desires only at rare moments. A two years' longing would make sharp joy! He saw some wisdom in a world of strife and want.

II.

He lay there content for some days longer. The little nurse, with hat on her head and traveling bag in her hand, slipped into his room to say good-by, but finding his lids down, kissed his fingers gently instead. Later, men of business came to see him and asked this and suggested that; invariably he nodded his head and smiled. It seemed to him that they made much of nothing, but he was courteously grateful to them for their kindly interest in the trivial. Yet he might have remembered the days when he found some meaning in the commonest acts of the business day, and trotted back and forth among men with all the zest of a lively dog who carries a basket cleverly between his teeth.

Finally the doctor came to him, — the doctor who was his friend, — and said cheerily: —

"The spring is getting on. We must turn you out of this and pack you away to your country place, and let you watch the blossoms open. You 're all fit, my friend, only a little burned out by that quick fever."

Then it was arranged that he should return to his pleasant country home beyond the city, and that a young interne of the hospital should make him a long visit, to keep him company and watch over him. The day before he was to leave for good the cool, placid hospital room he was wheeled out upon the terrace beside the wing of the building that he might sniff the May tonic in the air, and gain strength before taking his journey. There, upon the terrace, he saw many patients from the public wards, convalescents, lying in long chairs or shuffling to and fro. They were dressed in motley blanket wraps, and the men were unshaved. When the stranger, gracefully dressed and freshly shaved, was wheeled among them, the convalescents stared at him with languid, invalid curiosity; and he stared back with a fleeting thought upon the irony of unequal distribution, thrusting its face among the sick and feeble.

His eyes rested upon one immovable bundle huddled in the shelter of the wall. An old, wrinkled, and painful face emerged at the top of the bundle. The man's eyelids opened and shut automatically, and his breath came feebly with much effort. He was a consumptive.

A young girl, with a flaming bit of ribbon on her hat, had come to visit him, — doubtless a daughter. Her vivid, restless eyes followed the stranger rather than the consumptive's bloodless face. He watched her with understanding, uncritical eyes. He knew that she turned to life and sought to avoid the look of death. Soon she went, and the stranger spoke to the consumptive.

"This is fine weather for us all," he said.

"It makes — no difference. It is — all the — same," gasped the consumptive spasmodically.

"Oh," he replied good-naturedly, "to-morrow you will feel differently."

"Even *they* say that no longer. I care not."

"Your daughter, eh? You would not leave that pretty girl alone" —

The consumptive's lips trembled, and he interrupted shrilly: —

"She will go as her mother went. I cannot save her!"

Between gasps he told his fears to the sympathetic stranger. This daughter, the sole child of a weak woman who had abandoned her and him, was now unfolding the meretricious bloom of her mother.

"But she must even take what lies inside her," the consumptive ended indifferently. "I can do no more now."

"Suppose some one should take your place? Should do for the girl all that can be done? Give her a good home and start her well?"

For a moment the sharp-set features of the consumptive relaxed, and his eyelids stayed open.

"She might be saved!" he whispered. "But who can do that now?"

"I!" the stranger exclaimed.

"You?" the consumptive asked wonderingly. "Why, why do you — Ah, well, I don't know. She must suffer as all do in this life."

The momentary passion died from his face, and he sank back numb. Soon he roused himself and said complainingly, —

"The sun has gone — I am cold. Why does n't some one wheel me into the sun away from this cold wall?"

The stranger moved him gently into the sunlight, perceiving that illness had mercifully simplified life for him and reduced his desires to a few that might easily be satisfied.

That night the consumptive died, in great peace, the breath fading from him easily. The stranger, as he left the hospital, asked to see the dead one. The

body lay in the morgue, — a cold, white room.

"Here, again," thought the man, while he gazed at the composed features of the corpse, "God has ordered wisely this difficult matter of breaking with life. He takes from us each desire, one by one, and leaves us with a calm vacancy of content, unmoved by the tenderest passions of our hearts. And this great gift of peace, He gives at last generously to all!"

Nevertheless, there was the living woman to be cared for by living hands.

III.

"Spring in a pleasant land, among the trees, above a broad river! What more can man dream of?"

So pondered the idle invalid pacing back and forth between the tulip-beds of his garden. What more? He carried an open letter, written in a childish scrawl. Some lines glowed and quickened his blood. "The rhododendron flames like fire over the mountain-sides, and the peach blossoms are like perfumed gowns." It ended with a shy girl's bit of sentiment: "I hope they will give me my old ward at the hospital: it will not be so lonely there, when I go back next month."

The pleasant smile on his face faded quickly as he thought: "She is near the end of her candy, now, and another box will never seem so good as that one. When she goes back to the hospital round, her heart will be warm for a few days, and then she will, like all the rest, try to get enough fun to make the work go down."

He turned to the agreeable young interne, who was also strolling in the garden. "My friend, read this and tell me what you make of the girl."

"Ah," the interne answered, rapidly scanning the writing, "the little drudge, — that 's what the nurses called her. Not very clever, or attractive."

"An unattractive, dull woman has no right to exist?"

"I suppose not, — ultimately the variants from the type will be extinguished. I mean that complex type we call a national ideal, — in matters of sex selection varied, but singularly tenacious. When that elimination takes place, I think" —

"Friend," — his host waved a hand distractedly, — "spare me. You clever youngsters describe the universe in a hideous vocabulary. You call it science, and worship it. It is a disease. My little drudge has a heart; she feels and sees things; she desires! Is n't that better than a ripe figure and a smooth skin, — I mean for the race, my boy, for the race?"

The young interne smiled indulgently at his host's foolery, and fingered a letter of his own, one of many that he received.

"Perhaps," continued his host, "you have daily evidence to fortify your mind against me?"

The young man blushed.

"Why, yes. She *is* beautiful, oh, so rarely beautiful, and she has a heart, too, as big as the land we live in!"

"Tell me," his host urged gently. "I believe I am getting an interest in hearts, as a collector. Can you match my drudge?"

The young doctor flashed a scornful defiance at his host's comparison, but yielded to his own wish to tell of *her*. She was the one most admired in the little town where he had grown up and where his parents lived. For her favor he had hoped and struggled against many competitors through the years at college. Others were richer than he, and all more light-hearted and companionable, he admitted; but he had won her away from them. Strange fortune that he related reverently! In him she had seen something to love, and he bore his head more loftily for that. This he had known for a year.

The host refrained from asking ques-

tions, although he knew that more was behind the simple tale. Meantime he thought of the oddity of men, who strive with one another for women, and are proud to carry away the prize as at a county fair, — the prize of the hour, that must fade and grow less year by year! When this young man's country belle had reached the ripeness of her powers, the mother of his children, would it not seem strange to him to look back and know that he had sought her, in part at least, because she had been the prize of his day? In love, it seemed, as in all else, the worth of the thing desired was largely lent to it by public esteem. So merchants stock their stores, and few customers give them the lie and refuse their goods. So brave young men strive for the Helen of their city and of their day, and count it honor to carry her away.

But he was too wise to tell his thoughts, and the young man cleared his throat and answered expectations.

"Yes, I said *she* had a heart! She knows I want to marry her more than anything in the world, but she wants me to go abroad and study, do that work I was telling you about the other day, and not tie myself down first.

"But I don't know. She is n't very happy at home, and two years is a long time, and I could start right in there at home and make a living from the first. It 's hard to tell which is best."

Generally speaking, that was the truth, his kindly host reflected, deeply interested in the old conflict between the ideal of fame and the ideal of home. The young doctor was one of those who their elders say have "a future." The young man knew it, and the thought of that had comforted him many a dreary day in the exclusive Eastern hospital where the unknown doctor, who had no family name that chimed when any one spoke it, had been made to feel that it was better to be born to a good name in this life, though you be a fool, than to be a genius. Now, should he demonstrate to the supercilious that he was a genius, or marry and get his comfort and happiness, which lay three hundred miles south-southwest in a little river town of Pennsylvania?

The young man's brows knit, as his eyes searched the dark Sphinx, that knowing beast who never answers!

"I should do as she says," the host advised cautiously. "Fame will not prick you far, but *she* will!"

A revelation of existence, as the mad dance of atoms in obedience to the call of the mothers of the race, crossed his fancy. Evidently the thing to do was to dance hard, and win one of the mothers of the race at the end.

"If I could only take her over, too. But I shall have to borrow the money to take myself over, even!"

He did not know what a temptation he was placing before his kindly host. The latter itched for his check-book; a month before, when he had spoken with the little nurse, he would have yielded inconsiderately with the crude wish to make mere joy. Now he refrained, wisely declining to interfere with the fabric of Fate until he was more sure of the result. The world hinged on that dance of atoms the young man was about to undertake, at least for the young man. It took wisdom to put a finger in the loom and reshape the fabric; and this rich man, who had seen the end of desire, began to doubt his wisdom.

So he answered gently: "We must have her here to make a visit. My sister will write to her at once."

The young doctor's thanks rang out joyously.

"You will make me jealous, sir, for she will like you tremendously."

"Would you marry a woman who could n't make you jealous?" his host asked blandly.

The evening glow lay upon the valley at their feet, filling it with peace. The one disturbing element in the scene was the evening train winding its way slowly

up grade from the distant city, bearing messages and fruits out of the turmoil. At the height of the grade it stopped and puffed a while, and then passed on around the hill to other horizons.

The two men thought their thoughts each to himself. The young doctor dreamily fancied his fair Helen queening it in the little river town; he pictured her here in this comfortable mansion. He pictured her in his arms, and the world held not one thing more for him.

But the older man, dreaming in the exquisite evening peace, recalled that on the next day he must return to the city, which seemed to him now to be a very caldron of hell. They wrote him from the city that some men whom he had trusted, taking advantage of his long absence from his usual haunts, had cheated him, and were endeavoring to take a still larger part of his wealth. Moreover, a friend whom he had loved for years, and with whom he had shared some joyous feasts, had lately fallen into a vice that was eating the life out of him. Furthermore, certain men had appealed to him to help them in a good act, — an act that would be good for all their fellows without one jot of self-gain or self-glory to any one of them.

He hated to leave the blessed peace of his valley. He remembered with wonder how in the years gone from him he would have leapt up to revenge himself upon those who had cheated him, and would have pursued them with the exultant ferocity of an Apache. That was life, he would have said. And he remembered how he had drunk with his friend very many pleasant wines, each drop of which had turned to rank poison and corrupted that friend's mind and body. That was life, he would have said, and tossed a light word about the curse of heredity. And he remembered that he had never done in all his life an unrequited act for his fellows, without the expectation of praise and social payment; for such was life, he would have said, — a bargain and a sale between man and man.

Now he felt the lie of all such common belief: that was not life. The robber must be tracked and punished, but not because hate would be appeased. The drunkard must be nursed and shielded, but not for the sake of past feasts. And good deeds must be done by the idle and full-handed, but secretly, and not for the glory and the esteem they might bring.

"Where in it all, in this fabric of Fate, did he come?" he asked himself faintly. And he knew not and cared less, for he had come to the End of Desire, which is the Beginning of Wisdom.

Robert Herrick.

SOME REMARKS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE.

The science of English verse is still in the formative stage. A large body of poetry — a body which seems in many ways the richest and noblest in the world — has grown up in the English language without the conscious adoption of a fixed and universal standard of measurement, or the dominance of a system of metrical rules of recognized authority. No doubt this body of poetry has developed in accordance with certain fundamental laws, — laws which belong to man's psychical nature and control the sense of pleasure evoked in the human mind by the perception of rhythm. They may therefore be called, with propriety, natural laws.

But to discover what these laws are, and to order them in some kind of a system, we must approach the great

body of poetry as it already exists in the English tongue and study it, not with a fixed theory, but with an observant ear and an open mind. We must take the art of English verse and its products, as the facts given, with which we have to deal, and upon which the science of English verse, if it is to have any value, must be founded.

We must examine and consider the verse structure of the best poems, those which have given pleasure to the rhythmical sense of the most intelligent readers, those which are regarded by persons of general knowledge and taste as representative examples of good metrical form. We must read these poems naturally and simply, not according to arbitrary rules drawn from the prosody of other languages, but according to the native rhythm of the English speech. From this reading we must seek to learn the actual balance and movement of the verse, the number and relation of the parts of which it is composed, the nature of the recurring cadence from which its charm is derived.

The art of poetry in English is not to be evolved out of the inner consciousness of professors, nor deduced from ancient metrical systems. It is to be studied inductively, from the material which has already been produced by the great poets who have written in our language. It is only through a study of this kind, based upon a broad and familiar intimacy with the best poetry, clarified and corrected by the constant practice of reading aloud in a natural tone of voice, and controlled by common sense as well as by literary culture, that we may hope to arrive, in the course of time, at something like an orderly and comprehensive knowledge of the laws and principles of English verse.

In my opinion, this study has much to commend it as a means of academic culture. I do not claim that it has any great advantages from what is called "the practical point of view." For even if it were possible to teach men how to write poetry by lectures and lessons — which seems to me a very doubtful proposition — the profession of a poet is not one which brings in large pecuniary wages in any age; and just at present the outlook for one who sets out to earn a living by the production of verse is particularly unpromising. I think there is no real demand, in these times at least, for academic classes in the writing of poetry. The poet's way is difficult, and few there be that find it. It is both safe and wise to leave the calling and election of these chosen few to that secret, inward power which impels genius to find its own best expression.

But the reading of poetry, with the spirit and the understanding, is a different thing. It is, in my judgment, one of the very finest instruments for the opening of the mind, the enlarging of the imagination, and the development of the character. I make this claim, in an especial sense, for English poetry. The study of it brings us into immediate touch with the high thoughts and ideals which have guided the progress of the race. It reveals many of the secret spiritual forces which have made our history. We cannot understand the age of Elizabeth, of the Puritans, of Queen Anne, of Victoria, without knowing Shakespeare, and Milton, and Pope, and Tennyson, and Browning. The accurate and sympathetic observation of Nature is stimulated and informed by the study of English poetry. It cultivates humane and noble feelings, broadens and deepens the range of our sentiments toward our fellow men, and adds a new interest and a larger significance to life. Even on the purely technical side, the study of metrical form and movement (which is more particularly the subject that I have in mind at present) trains the eye and the ear, enlightens the judgment and the taste, develops the faculties of careful observation and discrimination, and disci-

plines the mind, in the attempt to trace and verify the subtle laws, and to solve, at least tentatively, the interesting problems which we find in English verse.

It will be a long time, I fancy, before we come to the final solution of some of these problems. Many years, perhaps, will pass away before our knowledge of English metres is complete and capable of a truly scientific statement. The books which have recently been written upon the subject show that it is gaining in interest. Some of them are admirable contributions to an advancing study. But almost all of them present different theories and use different systems of nomenclature. Meantime we stand in need of certain terms, easily understood and commonly accepted, to describe the forms of verse which we are reading and studying. My object, in the present writing, is simply to suggest a few such terms, and to give the reasons why I think they may be useful.

It is generally admitted, to-day, that the controlling principle in English verse is not quantity but accent. In this it differs radically from Greek and Latin verse. A line of English poetry — for example,

"To be, or not to be, that is the question" —

does not consist of a certain number of feet, each foot containing a certain number of syllables of a certain length arranged in a certain order. The attempt to read it in that way results in an intolerable sing-song. The length of syllables in English is not fixed and unvarying. It is not determined by rule. In the line quoted above it is impossible to say that there is any difference in the length of the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth vowels; the fourth, which is naturally short, ought to be long according to rule; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth are equally short in quantity, though in the verse their value is quite different. But when the line is read naturally, according to the meaning of the sentence, the rhythm comes out clearly, and we cannot help feeling its simplicity and its strength.

Or take the familiar and exquisite lines from Wordsworth's great Ode: —

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

It is impossible to scan these lines according to any known system of quantity. But when one reads them, following the sense and swing of the words, giving one's self to the subtle and inevitable rhythm, the verses prove their rightness by their charm.

A line of English poetry, metrically considered, is built around a number of accents, recurring at certain intervals, each accent usually supporting a group of two or more syllables of varying length. The simplest and most natural way to measure the line, therefore, is not by attributing to it a fixed number of imaginary "feet," — which in the majority of cases it does not contain, — but by counting the points of emphasis, which are really the structural factors of the verse.

These points of accentuation do not always coincide with the natural emphasis of the sentence. There must be a certain number of such coincidences, — and I should say a preponderance, — if the verse is to flow smooth and strong. A line in which the sense requires an altogether different accentuation from that which is demanded by the metre is both rough and weak. But it is permissible, and in many instances necessary, to make some of the accents mainly, if not altogether, metrical in character. That is to say, there is a certain stress of the voice, slightly marking words and syllables, which does not

come merely from the meaning of what is written, but also, in part, from the fact that it is intended to be read not as prose but as verse. The poet's art lies in the skill with which he orders his words so that this metrical emphasis blends with the natural emphasis and enhances, while it varies, the cadence of his phrases. Take, for instance, a stanza from Shelley: —

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

The flow of the verse here requires a slight accent at several points which would not be at all emphatic if the sentence were written as prose. We need, therefore, a word to describe this recurring metrical accent (which may, or may not, fall upon the same syllable with the rhetorical accent), and to distinguish it for the use of poetry. The best word, in my judgment, for this purpose, is *stress*.

The easiest, clearest, and shortest way to describe the measure of a line of English poetry, in regard to length, is not to call it a trimeter, or a pentameter, or a heptameter verse, but simply a three-stress, a five-stress, or a seven-stress verse.

The name to be given to a group of syllables marked and bound together by a metrical stress is more difficult to determine. I will confess that it seems to me artificial and misleading to call such a group of syllables a "foot," when the element of fixed quantity, which is essential to the "feet" of classical prosody, is wanting. Take another illustration from Shelley's Skylark: —

"If we were things born
Not to shed a tear," —

here are three stresses in each line. But are there also three feet? If so, what kind of feet are they? How shall we mark the quantity of the syllables which they contain? There is, in fact, not the slightest attention paid to the length or shortness of the syllables in the structure of the lines; and to speak of them as containing a certain number of feet is to pervert the meaning of the word.

Compare a good Latin hexameter with a good English six-stress verse.

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Here are six regular feet, three dactyls, a spondee, a dactyl, and a spondee.

"Earth! thou mother of numberless children,
the nurse and the mother!"

Here are the six stresses, and as many groups of syllables. But it is only by the most forced interpretation that these groups can be classified as dactyls and spondees.

It seems to me very desirable to get rid of this misleading term "foot," and to use a name more accurate and descriptive. There is a close analogy between the cadence of English verse and the rhythmical structure of music. Take away the element of pitch from a musical measure, and it corresponds very nearly to a verse measure. The word *bar*, which is used in music to describe a group of notes bound together by a strong accent, would be an appropriate term for use in English metrics to denote a group of syllables bound together by a stress.

The question still remains, how are we to describe these bars which make up a measure of verse? Their quality and effect manifestly depend upon the place where the stress falls, and the number of syllables which they contain. Is it proper to make any use of the terms "trochaic," "iambic," and the like, to denote the differences of cadence which thus arise?

This question is vigorously debated by the advocates of opposite metrical theories. In the main I agree with the opinion expressed by one of the latest and soundest writers on the subject,[1]

[1] *English Verse.* By Raymond M. Alden. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

that a "carefully limited use" of these terms is both admissible and advisable. For this opinion some reasons may be given.

In one particular there is an evident resemblance between the simpler rhythms of classical verse and those which are used in English: namely, in the order of arrangement of the syllables in a structural division. For example, a trochee consists of a long syllable, followed by a short syllable. This corresponds closely to the English rhythm in which the first syllable of the bar is accented, the second unaccented. We may not say that such a verse is composed of trochees, for, as already stated, the syllables cannot be distinguished, with any regularity, as long or short. But we may quite properly say that the general movement and effect of the verse are trochaic. For instance, —

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd
it in his glowing hands"

is an eight-stress trochaic verse, with the light syllable of the last bar omitted.

In the same way the movement of English blank verse may be called iambic, not because it is composed of regular iambs, but because the normal stress in each bar falls upon the second and final syllable.

"So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea"

is five-stress iambic verse.

A metre in which the typical bar is composed of three syllables may be called anapæstic if the stress falls on the last syllable, dactylic if the stress falls on the first syllable. The cadence of such metres distinctly resembles that of classical anapæsts and dactyls.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly
null"

is a seven-stress dactylic verse, with a trochaic variation in the second bar.

"I remember the time, for the roots of my
hair were stirr'd"

is a six-stress anapæstic verse, with an iambic variation in the last bar.

The only alternative to this nomenclature, so far as I know, is that proposed by Mr. Robert Bridges, in his admirable little book on Milton's Prosody. He suggests that we should speak of "dissyllabic rising rhythm, dissyllabic falling rhythm, trisyllabic rising rhythm, and trisyllabic falling rhythm." But this seems to me more awkward and less accurate than the use of the words iambic, trochaic, anapæstic, and dactylic, not as nouns, let it be remembered, but merely as adjectives to describe the general cadence of the verse.

I shall conclude this paper with a few observations on rhyme. It is here, I think, that there is most need of an agreement, among students of English verse, upon a few simple and clearly defined terms.

Rhyme, in the broadest sense of the word, covers all agreements in tone (that is, quality of sound) between two or more syllables, or groups of syllables, in verse. This recurrence of similar tones is used in English poetry to enhance the pleasure which arises from the regular recurrence of equivalent accents.

Take a stanza from Shelley, for example: —

"Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight."

It is evident that the charm of this stanza, as a bit of verbal music, subtle and expressive, comes not only from the rhythmic movement of the recurrent stress, but also from the harmony in quality of the sounds which are so delicately marked and bound together by the accents. But this harmony is not all of one kind. There are at least three different ways in which the delightful agreement of tone is produced in this stanza.

In the first line there is an agreement

in the initial sound of three words: "walk," "western," and "wave." This kind of tonal agreement is called, in common usage, *alliteration*.

In the fourth line there is a harmony of the vowel sounds of the words "long" and "lone." This is what is commonly known as *assonance*.

There are many good reasons why these particular varieties of tonal harmony should be distinguished by these names, and why the word *rhyme* should be kept exclusively for the third form of tonal harmony, which is now decidedly more frequent and more important in English verse.

This third form, as illustrated in Shelley's stanza, consists of an agreement in the final sound of certain lines. Thus the closing tone of the first line is repeated in the third; the closing tone of the second line is repeated in the fourth and in the seventh; and the closing tones of the fifth and sixth lines are alike.

When we look at the nature of this particular tonal harmony more closely we see that it does not include all the letters of the words in which it occurs. The initial sounds of the harmonious words are different. The agreement lies in the accented vowel and the letters which follow it. This form of harmony is what is commonly known in English verse as *rhyme*.

Of course it has a general kinship with assonance and alliteration, in that it belongs, as they do, to the realm of tone. But its specific difference from them is so marked, its influence upon the structure and quality of the stanza is so much greater, that when it is absent it seems natural and proper to call the verse *unrhymed*.

The normal place for rhymes is at the end of the lines. Sometimes, however, one of the rhyming words is within the line, which then receives a more noticeable cadence and a richer effect. Rhymes of this kind are called "internal" or "Leonine." When rhymes include more than one syllable they are called "feminine." But if three or four syllables are included, they are called "triple" or "quadruple," according to the number of rhyming syllables.

These names are in common use, and there is no need to change them. But it is in regard to the arrangement of rhymes in a stanza that we find ourselves in want of accurate and universally accepted terms.

Take, for example, a simple stanza of four lines, — a quatrain. There are several different orders in which the rhymes may be placed. It would be of considerable advantage to have definite names to describe them. Let me give some illustrations, and suggest a name for each.

Interwoven rhyme.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

Alternate rhyme.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Couplet rhyme.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

Close rhyme.

"Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought."

Interrupted rhyme.

"Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Some of these names are already in use, but it would be well, in my opinion, if all of them should be generally recognized and adopted by students of English verse.

We are in need, also, of a revised

and improved nomenclature for the various forms of imperfect rhyme, some of which are allowable in English without real injury to the verse, while others are distinct blemishes.

The most striking instance of the latter kind of imperfection is that form of rhyme which the French call *rime parfait*, and which their verse sanctions. It consists in a complete agreement of sound, not only in the accented vowel and the letters which follow it, but also in the letters which precede it. Thus the two words, or syllables, which correspond are absolutely identical in tone. Corneille, in Le Cid, writes: —

De ses nobles efforts ces deux rois sont le prix;
Sa main les a vaincus, et sa main les a pris.

An English illustration may be found in Tennyson's The Daisy: —

"At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours."

Now the writers on English verse (I believe without exception) have translated the French term, rime parfait, with literal stupidity. They all speak of the recurrence of an identical sound as a "perfect rhyme." At the same time they all agree that such a rhyme is not to be tolerated in modern English verse. Could anything be more absurd than to call a thing perfect and then to rule it out?

We should have a new and better name for this kind of inadmissible rhyme. It is nothing but an echo of precisely the same sound in two words. It should be called an *echo-rhyme*, and carefully avoided.

There are four other principal kinds of imperfect rhyme, two of which are venial faults, while the second two are serious defects.

There is a rhyme in which the accented vowels differ slightly, but the final consonants agree. Thus Tennyson writes in The Palace of Art: —

"And one, an English home — gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order stor'd,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

Trees — peace, I think, should be called an *assonant rhyme*, because the vowel sound is identical, but there is a slight difference in the sound of the final consonants.

Another variety of imperfect rhyme is found in the next stanza but one of the same poem: —

"Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm."

Warm — arm, I think, should be called an *approximate rhyme*, because the vowel sounds are different, though the final consonants agree.

These two kinds of imperfect rhyme are not uncommon in the work of the best poets. In Dryden's Alexander's Feast, in Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, they stand in about the proportion of one to seven perfect rhymes. Of course, as this proportion rises, the effect of the verse is marred. A defect which is tolerable as an exception, becomes intolerable when it is constantly repeated.

An imperfection of the third kind is a much graver fault. There is one in The Lady of Shalott: —

"From the bank and from the *river*
He flash'd into the crystal *mirror*."

Here both vowels and consonants fail to agree. I should call this a *false rhyme*.

An imperfection of the fourth kind is found in A Dream of Fair Women, where Tennyson rhymes *sanctuaries* with *palaces*. In order to produce any resemblance of tones a false accent must be put on the last syllable of each word. The effect is harsh and halting. I should call this a *lame rhyme*, and pray the Muse to keep me from it, or pardon it.

Henry van Dyke.

OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS.

MANY are the indictments which are brought against Golf: that it is a deplorable waster of time; that it depletes the purse; that it divorces husband and wife; that it delays the dinner hour, freckles fair feminine faces, upsets domestic arrangements, and unhinges generally the mental balance of its devotees. Yet perhaps to each of such charges Golf can enter a plea. It repays expenditure of time and money with interest in the form of health and good spirits. If it acts the part of co-respondent, it is always open to the petitioner to espouse the game. If it keeps men and women away from work and home, at least it keeps them out on the breezy links and dispels for a time the cares of the office or the kitchen. If it tans — well, it tans, and a tanned face needs no paint, and is, moreover, beautiful to look upon. Nevertheless, one indictment there is against which it is not in the power of Golf to enter a plea. It has killed the country walk. "A country walk!" exclaimed a fellow golfer to me the other day; "I have not taken a country walk since I began to play."

There are, I know, who affect to believe that Golf consists of country walks, diversified and embellished by pauses made for the purpose of impelling little round balls into little round holes; that mind and eye are occupied chiefly with the beauties of Nature, and that the impulsion of the insignificant sphere into the insignificant void is, as it were, but a sop to Cerberus, or a cock sacrificed to the Æsculapius of this sporting age. "How greatly," said to me once a fair and innocent stranger to my links, "how greatly this beautiful landscape must enhance the pleasure of your game!" *O sancta simplicitas!* Far be it from me to explain that as a rule the horrid golfer only drank in the beauties of that landscape when the game was over, and he was, perchance, occupied in performing a similar operation upon the contents of a tumbler at his elbow as he reclined in an armchair on the veranda. — And yet, and yet, our links *are* beautiful, and one and all of us their frequenters know and appreciate to the full their beauty; but *not*, I think, at the moment of "addressing the ball." — No; Golf is Golf; a country walk is quite another thing; and the one, I maintain, has killed the other.

For mark you, the essence of a country walk is that you shall have no object or aim whatsoever. The frame of mind in which one ought to set out upon a rural peregrination should be one of absolute mental vacuity. Almost one ought to rid one's self, if so be that were possible, even of the categories of time and place: for to start with a determination to cover a certain distance within a specified time is to take, not a walk, but a "constitutional;" and of all abortions or monstrosities of country walks, commend me to the constitutional. The proper frame of mind is that of absolute and secure passivity; an openness to impressions; a giving-up of ourselves to the great and guiding influences of benignant Nature; an humble receptivity of soul; a wondering and childlike eagerness — not a restless and too inquisitive eagerness — to learn all that great Nature may like to teach, and to learn it in the way that great Nature would have us learn. — Yet, true, though we take with us a vacuous mind, it must be a plenable mind (if I may coin the word), a serenely responsive mind; otherwise we shall not reap the harvest of a quiet eye.

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him who hath not asked
Large measure shall be dealt,"

sings Wordsworth; and of Nature and of Nature's ways no one had a greater right to sing. — Wordsworth must have been an ideal country walker. The Excursion is the harvest of innumerable walks, and when Wordsworth depicts the Wanderer he depicts himself: —

> "In the woods
> A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
> Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
> The better portion of his time; and there
> Spontaneously had his affections thriven
> Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
> And liberty of Nature; there he kept,
> In solitude and solitary thought,
> His mind in a just equipoise of love."

Only, "the w . . . w . . . worst of W . . . W . . . Wordsworth is," as a stammering friend of mine once remarked, "is, he is so d . . . d . . . d . . . desperate p . . . pensive." (I was expecting a past participle, not an ungrammatical adverb for the "d.").— He is; and like, yet unlike, Falstaff, he is not only pensive in himself, but he is the cause of pensiveness in other things, — to wit, his "stars," his "citadels," and what not; and certainly his diary of A Tour in Scotland makes the driest reading I know. — Nevertheless, Wordsworth must have been an ideal country walker. He was

> "A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth;"

and if we would understand him, we ourselves must

> "Let the moon
> Shine on us in our solitary walk;
> And let the misty mountain winds be free
> To blow against us."

All great souls, I venture to think, were at some period of their lives walkers in the country. Jesus of Nazareth spent forty days in the wilderness, and the three years of his mission were, we know, spent in unceasing wandering. And whose heart does not burn within him as he reads the moving narrative of that seven-mile country walk which he took with two of his disciples to the village called Emmaus, a narrative that Cowper has touched without spoiling? It was after a forty days' solitary sojourn on Mount Sinai, too, so we are told, that Moses came down armed with the Decalogue; and was it not after a similar Ramadan retreat that Mohamed returned with the novel doctrine that there was no God but God? Enoch, we know, walked with God; and it is a childish fancy of mine which I am loath to relinquish that God took him, and that he was not, because he was so delectable a companion. Of a surety the Sweet Singer of Israel must have wandered much in the green pastures and by the still waters; he who kept his father's sheep; who slew both the lion and the bear; who sang the high hills, a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies. — Indeed, if one comes to think of it, how much literature owes to the country walk! It was to that long walk outside the wall of Athens, and to the long talk that Socrates held with Phædrus under the plane tree by the banks of the Ilissus, that we owe one of the most beautiful of the Dialogues of Plato. There had been no Georgics had not Virgil loved the country. Horace must as often have circumambulated his Sabine farm as he perambulated the Via Sacra. Chaucer must sometimes have pilgrimed afoot, and Spenser trode as well as pricked o'er the plain. Shakespeare's poaching episode gives us a glimpse into his youthful pursuits. Milton oft the woods among wooed Philomel to hear her evensong; and even after his blindness not the more ceased he to wander where the Muses haunt clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill. The Traveller of Goldsmith was the outcome of a walking tour; so was Robert Louis Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes. To how many minds walks about the green flat meads of Oxford have been a quiet stimulant we may get a hint from Matthew Arnold. Was it to Newman that Jowett, meeting him alone and afoot, put the query, "*Nun-*

quam minus solus quam quum solus?" Of Jowett's walks many a tale is told; of De Quincey, who spent his youth in wanderings; of William Cowper, the gentle singer of the winter walk; of Thoreau; of Mr. John Burroughs; of Richard Jefferies; of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, the discoverer of the Forest of Arden; of Mr. Henry van Dyke, who, though primarily and avowedly a fisherman, would be, I warrant me, an incomparable companion for a walk, and whose books make the pent-up sigh for the open; of a Son of the Marshes; of Dr. Charles C. Abbott, that indefatigable Wasteland Wanderer; of Mr. Charles Goodrich Whiting, the Saunterer; of that prince of walkers, of whom The Spectator said it was "half a pity that such a man could not go walking about forever, for the benefit of people who are not gifted with legs so stout and eyes so discerning," — I mean that erudite nomad, George Borrow; of Senancour, who in his journeys afoot experienced *illusions imposantes;*[1] of Louis J. Jennings; of Sir Leslie Stephen[2] — of these and many another lover of outdoor Nature it is needless to speak.

The earliest walks which my own memory recalls were rather curious ones. We were in Burma, a country in which, in the dry season, exercise must be taken about daybreak or sundown, or not at all. We walked — and before breakfast; and always we were accompanied by a pet cat, a sharp-nosed "toddy-cat" (so they called him), indigenous to the country, and not unlike the American raccoon, very affectionate and very cleanly. But the cat was not our only companion, for just overhead, screaming threateningly, were always also, and all the way, a flock of crows — the mortal enemies, so I must suppose, of Hokey-Pokey (thus was named our 'coon-cat pet). — Now I come to think of it, it must have been a funny sight: a family afoot; in the rear an impudent cat with tail erect; overhead irate and clamorous crows.

My next walks were on the Nilgiris, the Blue Mountains of India. Ah, they were beautiful! The seven or eight thousand feet of altitude tempered the tropical sun, the mornings were fresh and invigorating — your cold bath was really cold, and Spring seemed perennial. Hedges of cluster-roses bloomed the whole year round; on the orange trees were leaf, bud, bloom, and ripening fruit, also the whole year round. Heliotrope grew in gigantic bushes that were pruned with garden clippers. Through the grounds about the house flowed a babbling brook, widening here and there into quiet ponds, from the sedgy edges of which green-stemmed arums raised their graceful cups. In the deep valleys grew the tree-fern; here and there a playful waterfall gushed from the hill; and everything was green. — No; two things were not green: the one, the hot and hazy plains, shimmering in yellow dust as seen from the shoulder of a hill; the other, the gigantic Droog, a mighty mountain mass rearing its head, sombre and silent, on the other side of a deep ravine. The Droog was purple: not with the pellucid purple of a petal, but with the misty blue-black purple of the bloom of a plum. — Ah, it was all very good. Never shall I forget the convolvulus that decorated the northern veranda before the heat of day shriveled the delicate corollas. There were rich bass blues that stirred one like the tones of an organ. There were soprano pinks so exquisite that a pianissimo trill on a violin seemed crude in comparison. Their beauty was all but audible: it penetrated the senses and reached in to some inner subtile psychic centre, there to

[1] Obermann, Lettre ii.

[2] Whose charming essay In Praise of Walking in Mr. Murray's Monthly Review for August, 1901, I have chanced upon just in time to mention it, in my proof sheets, here.

move emotions which must remain unsaid. — This was in India. — There is something perfervid in the fascination of the East. The West may clutch the thrilled heart with a steely clasp; the East holds the soul in a passionate embrace. Ah, India, beloved India, my first nurse and I trust my last; not were that submarine, gem-lighted city mine would I relinquish hope of seeing thee again, adored India: old majestic land; land of ancient castes and alien creeds; land of custom, myth, and magic; land of pungent odors, stinging tastes, and colors dazzling as the sun; land of mystery, of pageant, and of pain! Ah, subtile, thralling, luring India! — India is like Samson's lion: it has been conquered by the young and lusty Occident, and in its old carcase its conqueror finds both meat and sweetness; — and it serves for a riddle to others. To complete the analogy, there are those who are trying to plough with Samson's heifer.

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My next walks were in England. For their size, the British Isles probably afford the most varied tramping ground of any country in the world. Within a few hundred miles of radius you get infinite variety: the rolling Downs; the quiet Weald; hilly Derbyshire; mountainous Wales; Devonshire's lanes; Killarney's or the Cumberland Lakes, — these for the seeker of quiet. For the more emprising there are the Grampians, the Cotswolds, and the Cheviots, and the wild and broken scenery of the northern isles. The lover of the homeless sea can choose any sort of shore.

Him who knows not England I will here permit to peep into a page of a diary giving a glimpse of a morning dawdle on the Sussex Downs: —

"Royal Oak Inn,
Village of Poynings,
March 27th, 18—, 11.30 A. M.

"The little maid is laying the other half of this table to supply me with eggs and bacon. . . .

"I got me out of Brighton early, walked through Hassocks and Hurstpierpoint, and strolled on in any direction that invited (for I had the whole lovely day to myself), choosing chiefly bye-ways and sequestered paths approached by stiles.

"The day was superb. The sky, after a rainy night, was a rich deep blue, and across it sailed great white-grey clouds, the shadows of which chased each other — albeit solemnly and with dignity — over field and meadow. The fields, sown with corn already tall, were burnished green — they shone in the sunlight. The meadows were deeper in colour. The slopes of the Downs changed their hues every moment; every acre changed, according as it caught the light direct, or through a thin cloud, or was immersed in shade by a big and thick one. The ditches and the little banks by the road, out of which the trim hedge-rows sprang, were green with a hundred little plants and weeds — the dock, the nettle, groundsel, 'kisses,' ivy of every hue and shape, mullein, the alder well in leaf, and the hawthorn here and there in flower. —

"Breakfast over. The most delicious bacon, the freshest of eggs, milk that might have masqueraded as cream; and all served with the extremity of respectful civility. A fire smouldering in the hearth; a terrier longing to make friends; otherwise they shut the door and leave me to quiet privacy.

"The greenness of the hedges was exquisite. And here and there the primroses in profusion — and the violets — and birds. England teems with life. I heard the thrush — 'It *is* Spring! It *is* Spring! O the joy! I tell you it is — is — is!' And the blackbirds screaming out of a bush, pretending to be frightened, but only looking for an excuse to shout. The ring-doves, really disturbed and rising with noisy wings. The rooks, lost in real wonderment that any one should

stop and look at them for five minutes, and 'cawing' and 'cahing' in vociferous interrogation. Querulous tits, chirping hedge-sparrows, cheeping linnets and finches — by the hundreds and hundreds."

A mere peep (but a peep photographed on the spot), and giving but a poor glimpse of a scene the exact like of which you will not get elsewhere the wide world over. — And, by the way, should'st ever find thyself at this self-same village of Poynings, omit not to examine the Early Perpendicular church; — the alms-box is an ancient thurible.

A morning walk is worth the effort of getting up. Much would I give to have been of that party which, in sixteen hundred and something, "stretched their legs up Tottenham Hill towards the Thatched House in Hoddesdon on that fine fresh May morning," — I mean Messrs. *Piscator*, *Venator*, and *Auceps*. I should have been *Peregrinator;* and whereas *Piscator* praised the water, and *Venator* the land, and *Auceps* the air, as the element in which each respectively traded, I should have praised all three, for the pedestrian's pleasures derive from no single one. And to walking I should have applied dear old Izaak Walton's own phrase, that it, like angling, was "most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless." [1] Upon quiet, Walton sets extraordinary stress. Quoting with approbation the learned Peter du Moulin, he tells us that "when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to His prophets, He then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, He might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation." [2]

It is strange that Izaak Walton, himself apparently a most quiet and contented old man (he lived to be ninety-one), should, writing at sixty years of age, and two hundred and fifty years ago, — when I suppose there was no faster or noisier thing than a galloping horse, — should so insistently preach and teach quiet. Yet, perhaps we must remember that he lived through the Great Rebellion. The last words of his book — and he puts them into his own, *Piscator's*, mouth — are: —

"And [let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be] upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling. STUDY TO BE QUIET. — 1 Thess. iv. 11."

Why, I do not exactly know, but there is to me something straightforward, honest, and simple-minded in the idea of ending a book with the words "and go a-angling." This and the quotation from 1 Thess. iv. 11 sum up for me the character of the man and the book.

Walking rivals angling in demanding and engendering quiet. "To make a walk successful," says another dear old gentleman, writing at the same time of life but in modern times, "mind and body should be free of burthen." [3] The true and abiding joy of walking is in calm. "The mood," says John Burroughs, "in which you set out on a spring or autumn ramble or a sturdy winter walk . . . is the mood in which your best thoughts and impulses come to you. . . . Life is sweet in such moods, the Universe is complete, and

[1] See The Compleat Angler, chap. i.

[2] Ibid.

[3] See a delightful letter to The Publishers' Circular of September the 27th, 1902; vol. lxxvii., p. 325, on A Plea for a Long Walk, by T. Thatcher, of 44 College Green, Bristol, England. Also another letter by the same writer on 42 Miles on 2d. at the Age of 64, in the same periodical in its issue of April the 25th, 1903; vol. lxxviii., p. 457. — The "2d." means that his food consisted of dry brown-bread crusts only, the cost of which he computes at two-pence.

there is no failure or imperfection anywhere." [1] Only Nature can induce such moods: —

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,"

says the soul-tossed, self-torturing Byron. Books, music, art, the drama, philosophy, science, — at bottom there seems to be something disquieting in these. They come in such questionable shape. They are the works of man; and we never altogether trust the works of man. We never feel, even with the first of those who know, that our fellow man, who is, after all, like unto ourselves, has answered every question, allayed every doubt, stilled every fear. Was something of this in Matthew Arnold's mind when he cried: —

"One lesson, *Nature*, let me learn of thee,"

and prayed her to calm, to compose him to the end? — But enough in praise of calm. Calm is compatible with the highest and most exuberant spirits. Indeed, high and exuberant spirits are the first and natural outcome of a mind at peace with itself. Good old Walton is continually breaking out into pious or pastoral song — and making milkmaids and milkmaids' mothers break out into song, too.

For many reasons, walking seems to be an ingrained instinct of mankind. I cling to the perhaps fanciful theory that no primitive instinct of man is altogether lost. It is modified, amplified, refined; that is all. With all our culture, we are barbarians still. Man is a clothed savage. And now and again he delights in doffing the clothing and returning heartily to savagery. How delightful the feel of the briny breeze and the boisterous wave on the bare pelt! Mr. Edward Carpenter rails at the (I think) eleven layers of clothing that intervene between our skins and the airs of heaven. Walt Whitman reveled nude in his sun-bath. What a treat too, sometimes, to get away from the multi-coursed dinner and to bite downright audibly into simple food in the fresh air, and to lap water noisily from the brook! Well, walking, perhaps, is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And, if my theory is correct, walking will persist till in recovered Paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.

But not all walks are occasions of unmitigated pleasure. By no means. A certain trudge, which particularly lives in my memory, was one of almost unmitigated pain. — No; I will not say that, for wert not thou, L——, cheeriest of companions, with me? What a day that was! It was in Canada, in early spring. It rained the long day through, and as we walked westward, a cold, wet wind from the east caught us just where the waistcoat leaves off and the trousers don't begin. The roads were impassable for mud; the trees were leafless; the fields bare. Inns there were none, and at the thirteenth mile I broke a nice big flask of port wine or ere a blessed sip of the liquid (I mean a sip of the blessed liquid) had passed our lips. A woeful walk was that, and woeful pedestrians were we. — Yet, somehow, it is with the extremest pleasure that now I recall that trudge. To beguile the time and to try to forget the rain, we improvised a play, and shouted dialogues as we trudged. We covered forty miles at a stretch; and whether it was the play, or the fresh air, or the exercise, or L——'s indomitable Mark Tapleyism, or what, we limped (no, we lamely ran the last few yards) into our destination, in spirits, at least, buoyant, jubilant, and secure. — How mad and bad and sad it was! And oh, how we were stiff!

Up to the present we have considered the country walk only. The walking trip or tour is a more serious affair. If

[1] Pepacton: Foot-Paths, p. 205.

it requires as vacuous a frame of mind, it necessitates a more deliberate preparation. Much depends upon the country and the locality chosen. If inviting hostelries abound, one needs to weight one's self with little; if they are infrequent or non-existent, food and clothing become matters of moment. This may sound a truism; but it is a truism that many a tripper wishes he had laid more earnestly to heart when, miles from house and home, he finds himself wet, hungry, and fatigued. It is better to carry a few extra pounds far than to run short soon; for a worn-out body means a useless mind, and hunger and cold, with their attendant depression of spirits, not only rob the tour of its pleasure, but rob the tourist of his zest. Start, therefore, comfortable and comfortably provided. This is not Sybaritism; it is common sense.

For an extended trip, send on some luggage ahead, if you can; and some money (I speak of civilized regions). It is impossible, if you are alone, — unless, like Stevenson, you hire a donkey, — to transport on your own back food and clothing to keep you going for more than a few days at a stretch, — unless you shoot, or fish, or trap, — which is sport, not walking.

Your first care should be for your feet, — another truism not seldom neglected. See that your boots fit, — *fit*, remembering that the feet swell (I speak to tenderfoots). If you prefer shoes to boots, wear gaiters, — to keep out the wet in winter, to keep out the dust in summer. The only occasion upon which I suffered from blisters was on a sixty-mile walk in tennis shoes on a dusty road in August. Take three or four changes of socks. If you walk in a populous region, carry a pair of light shoes. These will come in handy if you run across a friend who asks you to dinner. Carry also a white shirt and a collar or two: not only hosts and hostesses, but landlords and landladies look askance at flannel shirts and muddy boots: *verb. sap. sat.* Do not refuse an invitation to dinner. Follow Napoleon's advice and let the country you pass through support you, falling back upon your own food-supply when necessary. Help yourself to as much fruit as you can, or as the owners thereof and their dogs permit. A too concentrated diet is unwholesome. Expatiate upon this to the owners of orchards, and back your theories with a dole.

But nothing comes up to the evening meal cooked over your own fire, — if you are not too tired to cook it. Of the cookery I shall speak later; but the fire is as invigorating as the food. Would you taste the consummation of human masculine contentment, stretch your tired legs before your own fire after a long, long walk followed by a full meal: your chamber, the forest primeval, green, indistinct in the twilight; your couch, the scented earth; your canopy, the heavens, curtained with clouds; in your nostrils the incense of burning wood; in your heart the peace which the world giveth not. — The elaborately ornamented modern hearth, with its carved oak or its sculptured marble, is the direct lineal descendant of the nomad fire, — the earliest institution of man, the first promoter of civilization, the binder-together of troglodytic families into tribes. "Hearth and Home" is an ancient, a very ancient, sentiment. It dates back, I take it, to the Glacial Epoch, — far enough, in all conscience. — In my mind's eye I see the shivering Cave-man, appalled at the encroaching ice, the deepening cold. He gathers wood, he huddles him in caves, the drops from his furry, ill-smelling clothing (there was no tanning then) sputtering in the flames. For self-protection and from lack of fuel, family makes alliance with family, and the first-formed human community squats silent about the first-formed human hearth. What friendships must have there been cemented, what tales told; what a strange first unburthening of human heart to hu-

man heart! What ecstatic love-makings, too, must have been enacted in the darksome corners of the sooty cave, the while the grey gorged hunters snored, and toothless beldames gesticulated dumb-crambo scandal by the smouldering brands! — No wonder pre-historic associations cluster even now about what is too often represented by a flamboyant mantelpiece with immaculate tiles and polished brasses. *Pro Aris et Focis!* Is not even the smoking altar but the consecrated symbol of the lowly hearth?

But here just a word in your ear. — If you would guard against a desperate temptation to indulge in reprehensible expletives over the lighting of this your evening fire, — and few things are more provocative of profanity than the attempt to light a fire with wet wood, — if you would guard against this, be careful to collect each evening a nice little bundle of *dry* twigs and to carry them with you in the driest receptacle you possess; for *matches*, be it remembered, in a prolonged walk, become sometimes more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than fine gold. Nothing will bring this home to a man more than to have to walk mile upon mile with a well-filled, sweet, but unlighted pipe in his mouth.

As to food, — bacon, flour, and beans are the stand-by. The curious in the matter of concentrated and portable foods will do well to consult Nansen's elaborate and carefully calculated lists of these.[1] Carry some chocolate: it staves off hunger and is nourishing. Milk, if you can get it, has wonderful staying powers, and by most people — especially under stress of prolonged exertion — is easily digested. Wear wool next the skin, and wear it loose. Let everything be loose. And see that your tailor puts pockets — deep and wide ones — in every conceivable and inconceivable part of your costume. As to books, sketching or writing materials, or a camera, — every tramp has his hobby: indulge yours to the full; what are you walking for if not to enjoy life? Lastly, do not forget that, if you are not far from the haunts of men, you will over and over again be indebted to your fellow men for little kindnesses and civilities. A pocketful of small change will make many a rough place smooth. — I might mention also *sotto voce* that so will a flask of good whisky. As for the rest, a pipe, a very big pouch of tobacco (many will dip into it), a stout stick, and abundance of matches ought to make you independent of everything and everybody for days together.

But, after all, one's impediments must be chosen according to one's tastes. Mr. Hillaire Belloc equipped himself for his seven-hundred-mile walk from Toul to Rome with "a large piece of bread, half a pound of smoked ham, a sketch-book, two Nationalist papers, and a quart of the wine of Brulé"[2] (but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!); though farther on he tells us he also carried "a needle, some thread, and a flute."[3] But then Mr. Belloc's path lay through thickly peopled districts; he rarely slept in the open; traveled in summer time; and not once, I think, lighted a fire: and certes he reached Rome in sorry plight.

And now for some hints on the practical details of walking tours of more arduous character and more extended length.[4] — Suit the weight of your knapsack or pack to your strength, leaving a large margin for comfort. If you travel in regions uninhabited by man, a shelter at night is all important. Therefore carry a light blanket: a warm

[1] See his Farthest North, ii. 73 *et seq.*; and 76 *et seq.*; *et passim.*

[2] The Path to Rome, p. 16.

[3] Ibid. p. 341.

[4] For these I am indebted to my younger brother, Mr. Herbert E. T. Haultain, A. M. Inst. C. E.

head and face induce sleep, — not everybody knows this; so does a change to dry underclothing at the end of the day. For really hard trips, when you walk all day and walk far, you will need, to replace used-up muscular tissue, each day,

¾ lb. of flour;
¾ lb. of bacon;
½ lb. of beans;

and to these you should add dried fruit or rice. The best dried fruit is a mixture in equal parts of apricots and prunes. Take an abundance of tea: nothing takes the place of tea; and supply yourself with pepper, salt, sugar, candles, and soap. Your cooking pots should fit the one into the other. These things, with a small frying-pan, an axe (to cut poles for your evening shelter and wood for your fire), a file to sharpen this, and some stout wire hooks by which to hang your pots over the fire, complete, I think, the sum total of your absolutely necessary *impedimenta*.

The sedulous, however sage, have little idea how large a part of active life depends on food. To stay-at-homes, who go down to the dining-room when the gong sounds, a meal seems a mere incident of life, an intermission from work, an opportunity for a family chat. The traveler on foot soon learns that a meal is of the most vital importance. Every reader of Nansen's thrilling narrative must have noticed this. Even in Mr. Belloc's literary Path to Rome one is struck with the intrusion of this unliterary topic, and the even more literary Inland Voyage of Robert Louis Stevenson is not free from it. — The importance of a supply of food has so often been borne in upon me that I am inclined to believe that the political community is coeval with the pantry. Even amongst animals, only those form commonwealths which form common stores of food, — as the ant and the bee. The pedestrian gains a practical insight into this wide-reaching influence of a storage of food. Not for half a dozen hours can he subsist before its importance is impressed upon him by most painful pangs. If, therefore, sedulous sage, you set out on a long hard walk without due provision for the allaying of hunger, you will come to grief. I make no apologies, accordingly, for minute instructions on that topic here.

The bread of the Western prospector — that most redoubtable of walkers — is the bannock. Dost know how to make a bannock? You must have with you a bag containing flour (of the highest grade, made from hard wheat), baking powder, and salt, thoroughly mixed beforehand. (Use twice as much baking powder as the instructions on the tin direct. Half a cup of salt will suffice for ten pounds of flour.) Open this bag, and make a depression in the contents with your fist. Into this pour a cupful of water. Stir the sides of the depression into the water till you get a stiff dough. Spread this dough in a clean greased frying-pan. Hold the pan over the fire till the under side of the dough is slightly browned, then take the pan off the fire and set it up on edge to allow the top of the bannock to toast, and your bannock is made, — and very delicious you will find it if you are hungry, and hungry you certainly will be.

Beans are a more troublesome affair, for, unfortunately, they take from two to four hours to boil. But beans are the mainstay of life on a tour. There are two good varieties: the small white, and the larger brown. Take both, and before starting clean them thoroughly from dust and grit and stones, — thoroughly. As soon as your fire is lighted, put on your beans in cold water with no salt, and keep them boiling. As soon as they show signs of softening, add a piece of bacon or a ham bone and some pepper and salt. When ready — eat. If they are not ready for you when you are ready for them (and this coincidence is, alas, rare with beans), the pot should be filled up with water, the remains of the fire raked into a circle, in the cen-

tre of which the pot should be kept for the night: they will then make a dish for breakfast, when they may be eaten as they are, or can be fried. If drained fairly dry, they may be carried as they are and used for luncheon. — But the best thing is to make a bannock of them. Take a clean frying-pan with plenty of bacon fat in it, and mash the already boiled beans in this with a fork. Heat, with stirring, till the mass is dry enough to set; then fry on both sides. This will keep for days, "and is," says my authority, "the finest food I know of for emergency trips."

Now let us see what your Bill of Fare will be.

MENU.

Soupe aux herbes édibles cueillies
Lard aux rashers, sauce de l'appétit
Fèves au jambon — bouillies ou fries, à goût
Bannocks grillés au grand air
Compôte d'abricots et de pruneaux desséchés
Riz bouilli à l'eau de ruisseau
Fruits volés
Thé noir — demi tin-pot
Cognac (s'il y en a) — au petit flask
Bonbons — chocolat frappé

May I here request the reader to accompany me in a short digression? — Few things are pleasanter than a walk in which one turns down any lane that invites.

One of the first delights of walking is the pleasure derived from the passing scene. — What is the secret of the pleasure derived from a beautiful landscape, — or, as a matter of fact, from almost any landscape? For apparently a landscape need not be actually beautiful in order to give pleasure. 'I would n't give a mile of the dear old Sierras," says Bret Harte, "with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for 100,000 Kilomètres of the picturesque Vaud." [1] And even Mary MacLane, rail as she did at the barren sands of Butte, Montana, in her Story, when she left them wrote, "I love those things the best of all." [2] — Bret Harte and Mary MacLane may give us a clue to the secret. It is not merely the contour or the colors of a landscape that delight; it is the associations that cling to it. — But what of a scene which is quite new to the eyes? Still, I think, association. "Scenery soon palls," says George Borrow, "unless it is associated with remarkable events, and the names of remarkable men." [3] And Ruskin, you will remember, when gazing at the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain above the village of Champignole, in the Jura, found that the impressiveness of the scene owed its source to the fact that "those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue." [4] Packed away in the brain and mind of man must be subtile and secret memories dating back through unknown ages of time. — A gaseous theory, perhaps, but one which Senancour has liquefied into the pellucid sentence: — "*La nature sentie n'est que dans les rapports humains, et l'éloquence des choses n'est rien que l'éloquence de l'homme.*" [5] The great fight for life, the stern joys of life, — the ferocious combat, the thrilling love-match, the myriad sensations and emotions evoked by man's physical environment, and his struggle for existence therein, — surely these live somehow somewhere packed away in his brain to-day, — just as some migratory and nidificatory memories must be packed away in the brain of a bird. It is these dormant memories that a great landscape revives. On how many a plain to-day does there not flow veritable human blood re-muted into sap. — Terrene Nature was man's ancestral home, and no man can gaze

[1] Quoted in The Academy and Literature of October the 4th, 1902; p. 340.

[2] In The New York World of September the 14th, 1902; p. 7.

[3] Wild Wales, Introduction.

[4] The Seven Lamps of Architecture: chapter vi., The Lamp of Memory; § i.

[5] Obermann, Lettre xxxvi.

upon it unmoved. The freedom of a great expanse seems to arouse primitive instincts. Idylls do not happen in drawing-rooms. The odorous glades are Hymen's haunts. In the meads of Enna Proserpine was wooed. Zephyr won Aurora a-Maying. In the boscage Daphnis proposed.[1] On Latmos top Endymion was nightly kissed. — If only Fashion would decree that honeymoons should be spent under Jove! Lovers ken the banks where amaranths blow, and poets build their altars in the fields. How actually physically exhilarating sometimes is

> "The champaign with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses everywhere!
> Silence and passion, joy and peace,
> . . . . . .
>
> "Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
> Such miracles performed in play,
> Such primal naked forms of flowers,
> Such letting nature have her way . . ."

Perhaps the poem from which these lines come (Browning's Two in the Campagna) is the deepest and most delicate poetical expression of this emotion.

Now, I know precisely what will happen. Some epimethean enthusiast, carried away by the anticipated delights of a walk, will suddenly make up his mind to take one; will hastily stuff some things into a bag, and will start off at four o'clock in the morning with some vague and distant goal in view. He will think to roll John Burroughs and Richard Jefferies into one in his minute observation of Nature, and to outdo Wordsworth and Amiel combined in his philosophico-poetical disquisitions on the same; he will rid his mind of the world and the worldly, and float in themes transcendental and abstruse. But I think I know what will happen. By the afternoon of that selfsame day he will be hungry, thirsty, foot-sore, and tired. His boots will be tight; his bag as heavy as his spirits; his head as empty as his stomach. Instead of observing Nature he will find Nature — in the shape of the rustics (and the rustics' dogs) — very narrowly observing him, not always with sympathetic or benignant gaze. Instead of deep and transcendental meditations rising spontaneously to his mind, he will find curt and practical questions assailing his ear as to who he is and what he is doing there. — My dear but epimethean enthusiast, you must know that Nature is a jealous mistress. If so be you are sedulously engaged for fifty weeks in the year in the pursuit of pelf, think not to woo her by a half day's worship at her shrine. Even if your courtship be sincere, it must be slow. Not in forty-eight hours will you brush away the cobwebs of the work-a-day world and prepare for the reception of sweet Nature's influence a mind free from all uncharitableness: their skies, not their characters, they change who sail over-seas. From all blindness of heart, from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, you must seek to be delivered, else you will walk in vain. For most men walk in a vain show, and the perpetual perambulation of the streets of Vanity Fair is a poor preparation for the Delectable Mountains. — But take heart. If you will keep but a corner of your mind free from the carking cares of barter and commerce — if only by half-holiday jaunts and Sabbath-day journeys, great will be your reward. By the end of the third or fourth day's tramp, what with the exhilarating exercise, the fresh air, the peace and loneliness, the long hours of mental quietude, the freedom from the petty distractions of social and official life, if you are humble and child-like, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, — the scales will fall from your eyes; then indeed you will see — and feel — and think. The trivial little objects at your foot, equally with the immense expanses of earth and sky, will lift you high above themselves: the wet

[1] And his bride complained of the damp! (See Theocritus, Idyll xxvii., 52.)

and drooping high-road weed, the tender green of a curled frond, the soft ooziness of a summer marsh, — the sense of beauty, of the fitness of things, of their immense incomprehensibility — the wonder of it all . . . words seem useless to say how such things sink into the soul, plough up its foundations, sow there seeds which, like the Indian juggler's plant, spring up at once and blossom into worship, reverence, awe. — Believe me, I am not extravagant or hyperbolic, nor do I beguile with empty words. If you will not hear me, hear the simple-minded Richard Jefferies: —

"I linger in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little. . . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough. . . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . . These are the only hours that are not wasted these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it." [1] — Which passage has received the *imprimatur* of quotation by no less an authority than Lord Avebury (better known, perhaps, as Sir John Lubbock), himself not only a man of science, but a statesman and a man of affairs as well. Listen: —

"The exquisite beauty and delight of a fine summer day in the country has never perhaps been more truly, and therefore more beautifully, described." [2]

But surely, with all deference to the learned quoter, there is something deeper in Richard Jefferies, these his dithyrambs, than a description of a fine summer day. Surely Jefferies finds himself here, in Amiel's fine phrase, tête-à-tête with the Infinite, and tries, poor soul, in vain to find vent for his thoughts. It is not a picture, it is a poem. Nor needed it the Pageant of Summer to transport this poet thither. Jefferies was here viewing Nature through a seventh sense, — a sense more delicate than that of sight or sound, the sense that Maurice de Guérin has defined as, —

"*Un sens que nous avons tous, mais voilé, vague, et privé presque de toute activité, le sens qui recueille les beautés physiques et les livre à l'âme, qui les spiritualise, les harmonie, les combine avec les beautés idéales, et agrandit ainsi sa sphère d'amour et d'adoration.*" [3]

It is not Richard Jefferies his catalogue of the things he saw which moves us to admiration and delight, it is his sense sublime which enabled him to rise from the things which are seen to the things which are unseen, to rise above the *hic et nunc* of the parochial and to peer into the *illuc et tunc* of the eternal. He saw "into the life of things," and in him the finite stirred emotions which savored of the infinite.

Of a sober truth, could we only realize it, all things point to the infinite. Not a cobweb, not a wisp of morning mist, not a toadstool, not a gnat, but has a life-history dating back to the dark

[1] The Pageant of Summer.

[2] The Pleasures of Life, part ii. chapter viii.

[3] Journal, Lettres, et Poèmes, p. 17. Paris. 1880.

womb of Time, or ere even meteoritic dust or incandescent nebulæ were born; dating forward, too, could we trace it, to the dark doom of Time, if for Time there be a doom. Who can understand it? Who shall explain it? — any part of it? Take Burns his simple line, —

"Green grow the rashes, O."

To explain "green" is not within the power of profoundest oculist and physicist combined: on the question of the color-sense alone the scientific world is divided and has for years been divided; and of the precise action of chlorophyll — the green coloring-matter of plants — it is almost equally ignorant; while of the train of connected phenomena, from the chemic action in the leaf, through the stimulation of the retina, the transmission along the optic nerve, the sensation in the *corpora quadrigemina* of the brain, to the concept in the mind, we know absolutely nothing. To define and classify the rushes, also; to know exactly their place in the vegetable kingdom and how they came there, — their evolution from lower forms, the modifications wrought in their structure by environment and internecine strife, — that is beyond the wit of botanist and palæophytologist in one. And as to that simple verb "to grow," dealing, as it does, with life itself in its inmost penetralia, that has baffled, and probably will forever baffle, the whole host of physical and metaphysical experimenters and speculators world without end. When we can explain Life, we shall be within measurable distance of explaining the Life-Giver. — Tennyson saw this: —

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of your crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

But my song has grown too advent't'rous. Let us descend th' Aonian mount. — This, however, let me say: If to somewhat abstruse ontological speculations such as these you like to add scientific or other knowledge of the region of your walk, — something of the geology, palæontology, mineralogy, zoology, botany, archæology, history, well and good. No sort of knowledge but is profitable for doctrine. The interest and pleasure of walking are greatly enhanced by noting and being able to account for the thousand and one natural phenomena which greet the eye even in the shortest stroll; and few things sooner oust petty worries from the mind than such occupation. Happy is the man who can do this. I, alas, cannot help you here. I have but a bowing acquaintance with Science, though it is always with a deep reverence that I doff my hat to her. Nevertheless, with this I console myself: it seems to matter but little with what sort of eyes you look on Nature, provided you really look. Give her but the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and she is lavish of her gifts. — And (let me roun this in thine ear) perhaps she prefers (woman-like) the understanding heart to the seeing eye; though (woman-like again) she likes to be admired as well as understood — though never (and here most woman-like) does she like to be too curiously regarded. — Sometimes, I confess, I have envied him gifted with the scientific eye: him in whom a granite boulder in a grassy mead rouses long geological trains of thought; to whom the dwarfed horse-tails by lacustrine shores paint pictures of dense equisetaceous forests; for whom a fossil trilobite calls up visions of Silurian seas; him even have I envied who can classify common plants and tell us why the lowly daisy is superior to the lordly oak; who can expatiate on crystallographic angles, and learnedly descant on amphibole or pyroxene. For myself, I am not versed in the mechanism of Nature. I have never asked to see the wheels go round. I like to see her smile, and am not careful as to what oral or buccal muscles are brought into play for that smile. That

she has an anatomy I suppose. But I bethink me of Actæon's fate, he who saw Dian's naked loveliness too near. So, thou, beware lest thine eye see so much that thy heart understand too little. Keep thy mind "in a just equipoise of love." Accomplish that, and no knowledge is too high for thee.

Here, however, it is but right to enter a *caveat*. It must be admitted that it is not given to every one to hold high converse with Nature. Nature speaks a cryptic tongue, and unless one has paid some heed to her language her accents are apt to fall upon deaf ears. Nor can any one translate Nature's language to those unversed in her speech. If you think to hear her voice while the din and clatter of business or mercature are ringing in your ears, you will hear nothing. Nor, for that matter, will you see anything. Trees and fields and clouds you may see, or may think you see; but they will say nothing to you, will mean nothing to you. To their mere beauty you will be blind; for beauty is a thing to be felt, not seen. Goethe declared that beauty was a primeval phenomenon which had never yet made its appearance.[1] So Euripides: —

κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὄμμα δ'ουχ ὁρῶν τὸ σόν.[2]

To be *felt*. That is the clue to the secret. The appeal of natural beauty is to the heart: to the emotions, rather than to the intellect. The eyes of the wisest savant may miss what Nature will reveal to the veriest babe. This is what Mr. Edward Carpenter means when he says, albeit in somewhat extravagant language, —

"As to you O Moon —

"I know very well that when astronomers look at you through their telescopes they see only an aged and wrinkled body;

"But though they measure your wrinkles never so carefully they do not see you personal and close —

"As you disclosed yourself among the chimney-tops last night to the eyes of a child —

"When you thought no one else was looking.

. . . . . .

"Anyhow I see plainly that like all created things you do not yield yourself up as to what you are at the first or the thousandth onset,

"And that the scientific people for all their telescopes know as little about you as any one —

"Perhaps less than most.

"How curious the mystery of creation." [3]

The poet, bereft of words whereby to give vent to his emotion, falls back on "the mystery of creation." — Not dissimilarly says Carlyle, "The rudest mind has still some intimation of the greatness there is in Mystery." [4] And again, "The *mystical* enjoyment of an object goes infinitely farther than the *intellectual*." [5] — It is not alone the indescribable color of the delicate corolla, nor is it the minute knowledge of its astonishing structure that causes to blaze up in the beholder a sense of something profound; it is not alone the majestic heap of the cloud, nor the piercing radiance of the quiet stars, known to be incomputably distant, that lifts one to the contemplation of the lofty; it is the immanent, the permanent Mystery that pervades and unifies all that ever was or is or shall be.

"But what possible pleasure, what possible profit," I can hear the practical and common-sensible man asking, "is to be gained from walking — *walking?*

[1] "Das Schöne ist ein Urphänomen, das zwar nie selber zur Erscheinung kommt." — Dichtung und Wahrheit.

[2] Hippolytus.

[3] Towards Democracy. Third edition, pp. 149, 151.

[4] Essay on Characteristics. Works (shilling edition), ix. 15.

[5] Essay on Diderot, x. 26. — The italics are Carlyle's.

Surely walking is the paltriest of sports. Why not write of riding, driving, rowing, bicycling, motor-caring, — any mode of locomotion rather than that of mere trudging? " — I feel I am up against it now. Well, in a technical and paronomasiacal phrase, the question really *solvitur ambulando*. For one thing, horses have to be baited, boats caulked, bicycles pumped up, balloons inflated, and motor-cars eternally tinkered at. For another thing, not the least of the practical blessings incident to a walk is that you are beyond the reach of letters and telegrams and telephones. You are not likely to be served with a writ when walking; you can laugh at *capiases* and injunctions; drafts at sight and judgment-summonses cannot easily overtake you on a trudge. "I have generally found," says De Quincey, "that, if you are in quest of some certain escape from Philistines of whatsoever class, — sheriff-officers, bores, no matter what, — the surest refuge is to be found amongst hedge-rows and fields." [1] (Had De Quincey lived in the twentieth century, truly he might have added that it is amongst the fields and hedge-rows also that one gets away from that pest of civilization, the pene-ubiquitous advertisement. — And not always even amongst fields and hedge-rows, as the landscape-spoiling hoardings along the routes of our railways prove. Like Nero, I sometimes wish that the erectors of sky-signs and the daubers of barns and fences had but one neck that I might . . . that I might — lay upon it a heavy yoke of taxation. — I throw out that hint to any Finance Minister that may care to act upon it.)

But far rather would I reply to my querist in other words than mine. — "I went to the woods," says Thoreau, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life. . . . I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life. . . . Our life is frittered away by detail. . . . In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds." [2]

Hear, too, Henri-Frédéric Amiel: —

"1*st February*, 1854. — A walk. The atmosphere incredibly pure — a warm, caressing gentleness in the sunshine — joy in one's whole being. . . . I became young again, wondering, and simple, as candour and ignorance are simple. I abandoned myself to life and to nature, and they cradled me with an infinite gentleness. To open one's heart in purity to this ever pure nature, to allow this immortal life of things to penetrate into one's soul, is at the same time to listen to the voice of God. Sensation may be a prayer, and self-abandonment an act of devotion." [3]

Or hear a greater man than these, — hear the great Jean-Jacques Rousseau, he who divided with Voltaire the intellectual realm of the eighteenth century: —

"What I regret most in the details of my life which I have forgotten is that I did not keep a diary of my travels. Never have I thought so much, never have I realized my own existence so much, been so much alive, been so much myself if may so say, as in those journeys which I have made alone and afoot. Walking has something in it which animates and heightens my ideas: I can scarcely think when I stay in one place; my body must be set a-going if my mind is to work. The sight of

[1] Additions to the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, p. 381. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1876.

[2] Walden, pp. 98, 99, in David Douglas's Edinburgh edition, 1884.

[3] Journal, p. 45. London: The Macmillan Co. 1890. — I avail myself of Mrs. Humphry Ward's admirable translation.

the country, the succession of beautiful scenes, the great breeze, the good appetite, the health which I gain by walking, the getting away from inns, the escape from everything which reminds me of my lack of independence, from everything which reminds me of my unlucky fate — all this releases my soul, gives me greater courage of thought, throws me as it were into the midst of the immensity of the objects of Nature, which I may combine, from which I may choose at will, which I may make my own carelessly and without fear. I make use of all Nature as her master; my heart, surveying one object after another, unites itself, identifies itself with those in sympathy with it, surrounds itself with delightful images, intoxicates itself with emotions the most exquisite. If, in order to seize these, I amuse myself by describing them to myself, what a vigorous pencil, what bright colours, what energy of expression they need! Some have, so they say, discerned something of these influences in my writings, though composed in my declining years. Ah! if only those of my early youth had been seen! those which I have composed but never written down!" [1]

Thus wrote the great Jean-Jacques in the calm of his declining years. Those walking inspirations must have been potent indeed to have left so lasting an impression.[2]

But Thoreau and Amiel and Jean-Jacques Rousseau are perhaps counsels of perfection; exemplars too remote for our purpose. Permit me then to resort to an *argumentum ad hominem*. — I knew a man who one summer tried to do two-and-half men's work in one. For five days in the week it took him from early in the morning of one day till early in the morning of the next. On Saturday afternoon he was free, and on Saturday he took the boat to a village twenty-one miles distant. Sunday afternoon was devoted (alas, necessarily) again to work, — but in the open air. At two-thirty on Monday morning he started on his return journey — afoot; breakfasted halfway in; and was at his desk in as good time as spirits. — Profit? That early morning walk picked him up for the week. Pleasure? My dear practical sir, would you had been with him! Would you had felt the quiet, the serenity, the calming influence of unsullied Nature; the supreme repose in those early morning hours, the solitude, the vastness, the expansion of soul and spirit beneath the silent stars, the quiet dawn. He saw the full moon pale and set; he saw great Nature slowly wake; the sleepy cows knee-deep in clover; the fields begemmed with dew; the little pools — pools which at noon would be muddy puddles — glistering like emeralds and garnets in the morn. By degrees, growing things were individualized. Each shrub, each creeping thing, had a life of its own. The veriest weed was exalted into a vegetable personality which had dealings with the Infinite and the Divine; and all flowers in field or forest which unclose their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day spake to him. — He was alone, — alone with unhurrying, uncareful Nature. The peace of untold æons entered his soul and couraged him to battle with the petty and the trivial for five more wearing days without a qualm. — Profit? Pleasure? — What nag, what buggy, what skiff, what bike, what motor, what dirigible balloon, would have got him that? In simple truth, of all that he learned and did during those arduous weeks, only those lovely lonely walks live in that man's memory to-day. — Would that oftener

[1] Confessions, *partie* i. *livre* iv. Paris: Lefèvre's edition; 1819, vol. i. pp. 259, 260. — It is with pain that I attempt a translation of this; but it would give me greater pain that those not conversant with French should pass it by.

[2] Thirty-four years separated the tour of which he speaks from the date when he penned these words.

we bathed our thirsty souls in the dews of the dawn! Would that oftener men gat them away from offices and counters and desks, — nay, from balls and bats and cleeks, — away into the quiet country, where nor strife nor struggle, noble or ignoble, has place or worth! The world is too much with us. Call-loans — narrow margins, with a slump in the market — killing races with a dark horse — quickly changing quotations — prolonged ill luck at pontifical or pokerian games — anthracite coal out of sight — unstable tariffs — strikes and rumors of strikes — such things perturb the human mind. Well, I know few more efficacious antidotes to mental perturbation than an early morning walk. It is a psychic as well as a pecuniary investment.

It is also a mental tonic, — even in homœopathic doses. — I took last Sunday in a northern clime a little four-mile stroll before breakfast, and its calming and beneficent influence is with me still. No one was about; I had the whole country to myself, and I bathed a tired head in the spacious quietude of earth and sky. From a height I looked over a great and restful country, across the sleeping town, and far away over the peaceful lake. Above it all stretched the benevolent heavens, brooding over this pendent world. — I thought I saw fixity in the midst of motion; substance beneath evanescence; unity in multiplicity; a sort of goal where everything was cyclical; an end where all things seemed only means; infinity lurking in finitude; a divine inhering in the natural. After the treadmill of the week it was uplifting, exalting. I inhaled great drafts of air from ultra-planetary spaces; I fed on manna fallen from the highest heavens. This tiny planet, with its trivial cares and duties, vanished from my eyes, and I cooled my brow in the clouds of the Holy of Holies. — But none the less did I recognize the all-importance, to it and to me, of earth's small cares and duties. Were they not part of that infinite multiplicity in which lurked that infinite unity? Did they not go to make up the "spiritual economy" of the cosmos? But I saw them in a newer light, — a larger light than merely solar, and they took on a new aspect, and declared themselves integral portions of that divine All without which that divine All would cease to be.

There is something strangely pure and purifying about early morning air. It is Nature's great sterilizer. It is aseptic; and none breathes it but is more or less cleansed of the taint of noontide life. The noxious germs of care and anxiety cannot live in it. It is a magnificent bactericide. Nature is herself then. Even the denizens of Nature seem to know this, for never is bird or beast more blithesome than at dawn.

For lonely souls, for luckless souls, there is, perhaps, after all is said and done, but one source of solace. "Nothing human," said Eugénie de Guérin, "nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human supports it: —

> 'A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
> A mon âme il faut mon Dieu.'"

Well, those who think their God has revealed Himself in the Canonical Books will go to their Bible; those who think He has chosen the channel of a Church will derive ghostly strength from their spiritual counselors; but those who think the Nameless has nowhere so plainly shown himself as in his works will seek in the face and lineaments of Nature that consoling smile which every lonely soul so miserably craves; and fortunate it is that not over his works, but only over his words, theologians so wrathfully wrangle. — Art thou cast down, and is thy soul disquieted within thee? Dost distrust thyself? Has love grown cold? And hast thou caught on thy leman's lips a sigh not meant for thee? Is there none to whom thou canst go, on whose bosom to rain out the heavy mist of tears? — Go thou to Pan; betake thee to the fields; betake

thee to the woods; pour out thy contrite heart at the altar of the Universe, and thou shalt be comforted. What matters it the petty perturbations of the mind? What signify the paltry upheavings of the heart? Lay thy tired head on Nature's breast. Friendship may fade, ideals vanish, passion wane, the darling desire upon which thou hast staked thine all may prove to have been snatched from thee before thy very eyes. — Take heart. Always there is at hand the Infinite and the Eternal: about thee, above thee, in presence of which the petty and the paltry flee away.

I know no more comfortable medicament than the quiet companionship of Nature. The trees breathe a salutary air. The fields invite to repose. A calming influence pervades unwalled, unceilinged earth, and there the crumpled soul has room in which to smooth itself out: the noxious bacilli which infest its folds are swept away; ill-natured thoughts take flight. How paltry seems a passing quarrel beneath the boughs of a hoary oak that has witnessed a hundred fights! How puny a callous rage while the somnolent clouds roll by!

For, believe me, Great Pan is *not* dead. Nor, believe me, are any that go to him in any wise cast out. He cares not of what Church thou art a child, nor does he fence his tables. Worship at whatsoever shrine thou choosest, always he will welcome thee to his, for Pan is beloved of all the gods.

Ach! There comes a time when nothing seems worth while; when gayety palls, and even sorrow dulls instead of stirs; when nothing seems of any use, and one feels inclined to give up, to give up. — To such I would say, pull on thick boots, clutch a stout stick, and go for a country walk — rain or shine. — It sounds a preposterous remedy, but try it. Nature never gives up. Not a pigmy weed, trodden under foot of man and covered up and overwhelmed with rival growths, but battles for its life with vim. Nor does it ask for what it battles. Neither does it question why more favored plants are so carefully nurtured, and it, poor thing, is dragged up by the roots. — Take a country walk, and look at the weeds if at nothing else.

And remember, this is a legitimate remedy, preposterous though it may sound. So many prescriptions for the heartache are illegitimate — stimulants, or narcotics, or stimulant-narcotics: sport, work, play, hazardous adventure, the gaming-table or the betting-ring, to say nothing of the cup that inebriates but does not cheer. A country walk is but "letting Nature have her way," is but a giving an opportunity for the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Try it; do not, like Naaman, prate of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, but go wash in Jordan seven times.

But is it not a selfish pleasure, this that is to be gained by rural peregrination? I shall be asked. Bluntly I answer, No. A country walk makes one blithesome; and than blithesomeness there is no greater foe to selfishness. Had Bacon not declared that gardening was the purest of human pleasures, I should be inclined to give the palm to walking. — Yet no; Bacon was right.

We are too gregarious. We live too much in herds, and we consider too much what the herd will think of our petty individual ways. Civilization is not an unmixed boon, and artificial combinations of men taint the natural simplicity of the race. In combining together for mutual protection against a common foe we forget that sometimes a man's foes are those of his own household. Each feels that the eyes of the world are upon him, and always he is subconsciously occupied in conforming himself to the world. A political community not only curtails the individual's freedom of action for the good of the whole, it curtails also his freedom of thought and manner. What is the result? The result is that "self-consciousness" has taken on a new and sinister meaning.

Instead of denoting the especial and distinguishing characteristic of emancipated reason, self-consciousness has come to denote a painful cognizance of the fetters that our fellow reasoners have put upon reason. We are the slaves of ourselves. Only the child and the savage are free to "live deliberately," to "live deep and suck out all the marrow of life." Long before the child has developed into the grown, and the savage into the civilized, man, that silent and unseen but tireless architect Convention builds about him an invisible but infrangible wall of reserve; his spontaneous emotions, his natural affections, his aspirations and ambitions, must filter through crevices and peepholes instead of exhaling from him as a rich and original aura.

Already the taint is perceptible in our literature. The centripetal tendency is not a purely economic one. Commerce and industry draw the crowds to the cities, and immediately there arises a set of writers who write only of the city. How large a proportion of our fiction portrays only the wretched drawing-room intrigue, the wretched rivalries of wretched citizens. The Epic was buried two hundred years ago. The Ode is dead. The Lyric is dying. Now we have the Novel and the Problem Play, the sensational Newspaper and the Picture Magazine. In time, I suppose, we shall come to the Snap-shot and the Paperette. Already we are almost there. — Was it for this that the mighty Areopagitical pleader for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing strove?

I wish the whole population of crowded cities could be turned out hebdomadally to take long week-end walks in the country, there to mew its mighty youth and kindle its undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; there to slough off the skin of daily toil, cleanse itself from the dross of money-getting, and learn that there is something in life more worth living for than the weekly wage, and other joys than those of *panem et circenses*. — But this is a wild dream. As well try to rehabilitate the Bacchic dance and Chian in place of Baseball and Peanuts. Yet methinks I have heard of wilder. What did Jean-Jacques and his school really mean by "back to nature"?

To me, I confess, this polipetal or city-seeking tendency in modern life (if I may so call it) wears a most serious, a most sinister aspect. So, I am inclined to think, it did to Ruskin. "I had once purposed," wrote Ruskin a quarter of a century ago, "to show what kind of evidence existed respecting the possible influence of country life on men; it seeming to me, then, likely that here and there a reader would perceive this to be a grave question, more than most which we contend about, political or social, and might care to follow it out with me earnestly. The day will assuredly come when men will see that it *is* a grave question." [1]

If we read history aright, always the bloated city succumbs to the pagan horde. It is in the crowded city that all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,[2] have most free play. And it is in the city, where division of labor is daily carried to greater extremes, that men's activities as a whole have least free play. The result is twofold: the nobler emotions are stunted; the baser passions are stimulated. Socialism (whatever the precise prescription so labeled may be) is no remedy for this. Perhaps Rousseau reasoned better than he knew.

In a sense, however, — thanks to whatever gods may be! — as a matter of fact there is quietly going on a constant recurrence to Nature. The United States of America, Canada, Australia,

[1] Modern Painters, part vi. chapter i. paragraph 7. — Vol. v. pp. 5 and 6 of George Allen's edition.

[2] 1 John, ii. 16.

South Africa, — what but wholesale emigration from over-populous or over-pragmatical centres is the source and origin of these? Colonization is the protest against the social, political, economical, or religious constrictions of the crowd. — It is precisely these constrictions, my practical querist, that I am tempting thee now and again to flee. *De te fabula.*

Have I too much belauded the country walk? I do not thereby decry the outdoor sport. The thorough sportsman is the noblest work of God (apologies to the shade of Alexander Pope!). Athletics, says that acute philosophical historian, Mr. Goldwin Smith, "wash the brain." Well, sometimes I think a really good country walk cleans the soul. You get away from rivalries and trivialities; from scandal, gossip, and paltriness; you get away from your compeers and your neighbors, — perhaps you learn for the first time who your neighbor is, namely, your fellow farer in distress, as the Good Samaritan long ago taught; you get away from barter and commerce, from manners and customs, from forms and ceremonies; from the thousand and one complications that arise when a multitude of hearts that do not beat as one try to live in a too close contiguity. It was only when the inevitable third party appeared upon the scene (as I think some one must have said) that Adam and Eve ceased to be good, put on clothes, and hid themselves from the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden. It is easy to be generous amongst trees and grass and running water; one feels good 'neath the blue firmament on the open earth; ghosts vanish that scent the morning air, and glow-worms pale their uneffectual fire. For to every one, I care not whether theist, deist, or atheist, — to every one Nature instinctively, spontaneously, proclaims herself an infinitely adorable Mystery. If there is anything above and beyond the ephemeral and the fleeting; if there is somewhere some immensity of Being, some source of All, would it not be well sometimes to make haste and bow the head toward the earth and worship? [1]

Some immensity of Being. It is to this that in reality all Nature points. The clouds, the skies, the greenery of earth, the myriad forms of vegetation at our feet, stir as these may the soul to its depths, they are but single chords in the orchestra of Life. It is the great pæan of Being that Nature chants. By them it is that we perceive "the immense circulation of life which throbs in the ample bosom of Nature, a life which surges from an invisible source and swells the veins of this universe." [2] Through them it is that we detect the enormous but incomprehensible unity which underlies this incommensurable multiplicity. The wavelet's plash; the purl of the rill; the sough of the wind in the pines, — these are but notes in the divine diapason of Life, of Life singing its cosmic song, unmindful who may hear. — Alas, that so few hear aught but a thin and scrannel sound!

Arnold Haultain.

[1] Exodus, xxxiv. 8.

[2] "*Cette immense circulation de vie qui s'opère dans l'ample sein de la nature; . . . cette vie qui sourd d'une fontaine invisible et gonfle les veines de cet univers.*" — Maurice de Guérin, Journal, p. 22. Paris. 1880.

THE OLD DECOY-DUCK.

Within the cobwebbed loft he sits
'Mid spars and caufs and wreck of things,
Who, couched in sedgy marshes, heard
Wheel to his lure swift vibrant wings.

Below him creep the lapping tides,
Before, down bleak receding lines,
The shuttles of the waning year
Crimson Acoaxet's woof of pines;

He marks the lowering cloud-wrack's flight,
When spurned before the rising gale,
The homing fisher-fleet, close-reefed,
Drives up the channel, sail by sail;

He sees great sunsets burn and fade,
And, through his close-set window bars,
Tremble along the dusky wave
The twilight splendor of lone stars;

To him all sights and sounds are one;
Not the slow drip of summer rain,
Nor, when fierce rocking gusts go by,
The clash of sleet against the pane,

No faint alarm of distant guns
That wake the halcyon's clamorous brood,
Or thunder on the bridge of hooves,
Shall rouse him from his timeless mood.

Mercy E. Baker.

WILD JUSTICE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

IV.

THE SINGING IN THE HOUSE.

After this, a year went by without further incident, — a summer of hard work, a winter of desperate sitting about and staring out of the window at snow-fields and white-caps, of reading again the few books that had been his mother's, of pacing up and down like a wolf before the closed door of the other room. After the adventure on the shore, Marden knew himself for a man apart from other men. Yet it had renewed his purposes within him. He must be steadfast to a mem-

ory, and the Sebright blood must die out of his veins. All winter he hammered at these thoughts. The spring drew on, when the cakes of ice came floating down in the black water, and a brown haze covered the horizon, and the patches of snow melted from under the firs and cedars, and the thin, black crescent lines of geese quivered northward in the sky, and the air was filled with the pungent, resinous smoke of brushwood fires, and the fields turned slowly from buff to green, and May-flowers grew again, and dandelions, and later the twin-flowers that Marden's mother had taught him to love. There were long comforting walks in the warm air; now that he felt the settled calm of knowing himself irretrievably alone, the return of spring seemed no longer a cruel mechanism of Nature. Summer found him at work again on the beach, pausing now and then to look shoreward, with a kind of sad beatitude, at the house that he guarded.

Once when he was at the wharf to help in shipping some of the Yankee's barrels, he saw among the bystanders, city and country loungers, the woman of that memorable noon. He recognized her with an odd emotion that he could not name. She had seen him, he was sure; but she looked scornfully past him, and began talking gayly to a great sullen man with a red beard and a Viking face, who stood beside her and scowled. Later he saw the two driving in a furious cloud of dust past the Griswold house into the up-country road.

"There goes old man Barclay and his housekeeper," called Heber from his doorway. "She must keep house pretty lively, to git so much time outdoor and off the farm." And he winked solemnly. Marden went on, laughing inwardly for the first time in months, but not at Heber's joke.

The summer passed quietly enough. Once he went to church, to please the rector, a comfortable blond Englishman who often asked him why he did not go.

"Your mother was so very devout, you know," the rector had said, beaming at him mildly.

"Yes, but you see, sir," Marden had answered, "she hardly ever went, because she could n't walk so far. And so I 've got in the way of spending my Sundays at home always."

It was by this argument, nevertheless, that Mr. Bradwell prevailed. Unluckily, however, Marden happened to come on a morning when the good man had elected to inform the younglings of his flock that they should honor their parents. The exhortation remained long as a distressing memory. Marden had given the matter years of thought as against the rector's week. He had never liked the latter part of the text, — "that thy days may be long," — which this man, moreover, did not explain to his satisfaction. "It 's like a bargain," he thought, and his mind wandered curiously away to call up a picture of some black-bearded Jews he had seen trading in Palermo. Out of the whole hour in the dark little church he remembered chiefly this impression, and the sense of waiting for help that was not offered, and the look of the fog that had been drifting like smoke past the windows. Always afterward the church-bell recalled that morning to him, till finally it seemed to ring an ironical refrain, — "that thy days may be long, long, — that thy days may be long." As if a man needed that, and as if they were not long enough already!

Though the rector saw that the odd young Sebright came no more to hear him, he took interest in the young man, and later had some comfortable ecclesiastical talks with him. He even was at pains to point him out, one day on the wharf, to a brother clergyman from the great world of cities.

"That young man there," he said, "the bright-eyed one who stands so straight, is quite an extraordinary character. He has been a sailor, and is a clam-digger. But do you know, he really

has a mind of his own, and ideas. I was urging him the other day to go to the cities and make a career for himself, and he replied with a quotation from The Pilgrim's Progress, — well, I can't quite recall it now, but I assure you it was astonishingly apt. His personality has puzzled me extremely, I confess. He keeps entirely alone, and has something almost fanatical about him that is beyond my comprehension."

"Very interesting," said the greater prelate, nodding his gray head benignly. "One sees hermits nowadays, to be sure, and I presume that they all have their stories. Edwin and Angelina, perhaps?" He smiled gently as at a drollery, and added, "It is doubtless he whom I have observed on the beach digging — quite like a picture of Millet's. . . . He has a good face."

"He seems to feel it his duty to stay here, I think," said the other, and they passed on to talk of golf.

That very afternoon duty was to put on toward Marden a newer and a sterner face. He had no presentiment while he walked through the street toward the setting sun, and through the fields already yellow with the autumn. He even felt a deep content when he mounted the knoll and stopped, as he often did, to look at the house standing there gray and silent, with the woodbine leaves glossy in the late afternoon sunshine. It was very still and peaceful, — the sleepy village with long stilted wharves behind him, the long beach and low water at his left hand, and in front, beyond the house, the yellow fields sloping up to the dark belt of fir woods toward which the sun was drawing down. The tide was far out; from the island and the point on the main shore the two long bars ran in thin and black penciling, almost joined at the channel. The horses that were pastured on the island were coming home, — tiny black figures that galloped along the bar, became mere specks as they swam the channel, and then galloped again to the land. Their whinnying, faint and thin across the mirror of the harbor, was the only sound. And as Marden stood there in the path, breathing the cool air that rose from the wet beach, drinking it in with the autumn sunshine, he was content in the happy weariness of a good day's work.

Suddenly he noticed that the door of the house was open, and that a thin smoke was curling from the chimney. And he had not recovered from this surprise, when out of the dim interior there came an incredible sound. A voice was singing in the house, — a coarse, throaty bass that growled the semblance of a tune: —

"Oh, the National Line it ruined me,
It caused me grief an' pain,
So we 'll h'ist up on the Turkey,
An' we 'll whelt the road again."

The singer cleared his throat with a deeper growl, then spat, and went on: —

"We 'll whelt the road again, my boys,
We 'll whelt the road again,
We 'll h'ist up on the Turkey,
An' we 'll whelt the road again."

Marden stood transfixed. He knew in an instant what it meant. But it was impossible, he would not believe it, that this creature could be alive after sixteen years, and could return thus. His mind reeled in a vertigo, a nausea of dismay. Yet he pulled himself together, waited an instant to feel himself strong for the encounter, and advanced to the door.

He had thought himself ready, but he had not counted on such a sight. Just inside the door a canvas bag lay dumped with the letters "J. S. — Bark Gild— " showing through the dirt. Beyond it he saw his father's big armchair drawn out of its corner and before the stove, where it had not been for years; and slumped in the chair was a great hulk of a man, with a fierce white mustache and a gray-brown face. The room smelled of a rank pipe and of whiskey.

For the first instant Marden thought his father had come back to life; for the

next, it was surely a dream; then he was himself again, grasping wildly at the situation, and thanking God that his mother had died before this thing could happen.

"Oh, I 've got no good o' me daughters
Since Barney came ashore," —

growled the apparition, and spat again, so that the warped stove sizzled. Then, as if conscious of the eyes fixed upon him, he looked up and saw Marden gripping the door frame. For all the world, the big face and staring, puffy eyes were those of the old Captain, John Sebright.

"Hello, podner," he grunted, half surly, half cheerful, "who might you be? An' where 's the inmates o' this here shanty, *I* want to know?" Then suddenly, his eyes staring wider and a grin of foolish astonishment spreading over his brown face, — "Well, if it ain't the kid, by James Rice!" And with surprising quickness for a man of his bulk, he was out of the chair and wringing Marden by the hand, with roars of laughter that made the windows rattle. "Ho ho ho! I would n't 'a' knowed ye, Mard, God damn ye, I would n't 'a' knowed ye, honest! Ooh, ho ho!"

Marden let him go on shaking the hand, but could not trust himself to speak. The other suddenly stopped and stared.

"He don't know me! By the Lord Harry, he don't know me!" he cried, and burst into enormous guffaws.

"Yes, I do," said Marden quietly, pulling his hand away, for he too had a strong arm. "You 're Lee." He added with an effort, "You 're my brother."

"Right you are, boy," cried Lee, laughing still, "Lee Sebright, otherwise Bat. — But you don't seem so damn glad to see your brother, either," he grumbled; and then cheering up again, "That 's all right, boy. You 'll like me better more ye see o' me. Everybody does. Say, I was afraid the' was n't nobody at home, anyway. Where 's the old woman?"

Marden shot him a black look.

"If you mean our mother," said he, "she died while you were away."

Looking his elder brother square in the face, he read there a genuine surprise, which gave way to genuine dejection. At least the gross joviality of the man oozed out of his hulking body, and he stood crestfallen, thumbing his pipe-bowl, and looking down at his feet, which were braced widely apart as if on shipboard.

"Well, now, that 's noos for ye," said he, shaking his great head gloomily. "That 's what I call downright noos for ye. Is that straight, Mard, boy? — Well, I 'll be damned. It don't seem possible. She was — It don't seem possible. Why look a-here," he cried petulantly, "here was me a-thinkin' how glad she 'd be to see me, and a-lookin' for'ard to comin' home, and — and — a-lookin' for'ard to it, ye know" — He stepped back, and leaning against the edge of the table, pulled his fierce white mustache, and stared weakly at the floor.

"You seem to have looked for'ard to it long enough," said Marden dryly. "Meantime, she died — six years ago last April. I was n't so clever as this damned Yankee, and must go away to sea to keep her alive through the winter. But she died," — his voice was like flint, — "and she died alone, because she never told them how sick she was. And I was enjoying myself at sea, and so were you, — oh, I 'm with you there, — and we were both looking for'ard to coming home! Ah, I tell you we 're a fine pair of sons!"

The rebuke reached the elder brother, who stood like a whipped schoolboy. But it contained subtleties beyond him, for he replied at last, in a tone of piety, —

"Well, boy, we must make the best of it, I s'pose. We both had our faults, says you. An' 't was a sad home-comin' for you, an' a sadder one for me, ye see, bein' gone longer. If 't was to do over again, we 'd do better. Well, here 's our comfort," — and before Marden could stop him, he had pulled a black bottle from his pocket, and taken a long swig,

leaning back over the table till the sunlight shone through his white mustache. "Here," said he, "have some. It 'll cheer us up."

Marden snatched the bottle from his hand, and whirled it out of the door far down the bank.

"There 'll be none o' that in this house," he cried, his gray eyes blazing, "nor out of it while we 're talking o' such matters!"

Lee sprang from the table, bulky but active, with knotted fists and an ugly face flushed purple.

"Wha' d' ye mean?" he bellowed. "Who are you to take a man's drink away from him? Do you own this house? It 's much mine as yours, an' if I want to take a drink in it, or anything else, what 'll you do about it? Hey?"

Marden stepped closer. He stood very straight, and looked very proud and handsome and dangerous in his anger.

"Hey? What 'll you do about it?" roared his brother.

"I 'll smash your face," he answered, slowly and incisively, as if giving a piece of advice.

Through the open door came the faint whinnying of the horses on the point; the clock on the shelf ticked heavily; and Lee breathed as if he had been running. The two brothers stood ominously close, looking each other in the eye. Though one was a stripling beside the other's gigantic width, they were both strong men, both physically brave, both at white heat. Yet the power of victory shone like a light through Marden's eyes, and the older brother saw it. He stood undecided for an instant, then struck his colors and unclinched his fists.

"Why, look a-here," said he, turning it off with an uneasy laugh. "Look here at us, would ye? Sixteen years, an' here we are like a couple o' gamecocks! Mard, boy, I like yer spunk, damn me if I don't. 'D lick yer big brother, would ye?" His good nature broke out again. "By the Lord, a chip o' the old linkumvity block! Ho ho ho! I 'll give ye credit fer that, buster!"

And he would have clapped Marden on the shoulder — but did not.

"What 's the use of manhandlin' each other over half a long-neck?" he sneered genially. "'T wa'n't no better 'n rot-gut, anyhow, an' the' 's lots more where that come from. Ye see," he added with a face and a voice of great candor, "I don't bear no malice. A word and a blow, as the old sayin' is, an' all right again. That 's my style. I like yer spirit, lad, *I* tell *you*. — Oh, well, if ye want to be sulky, sail ahead, and be good an' God damned to ye!"

He went over to the big chair, slumped into it once more, lighted his pipe, and spat on the stove. But he was too well pleased with his magnanimity to stay silent long, for presently he began to hum, or rather grumble: —

"Wey, hey, blow a man down,
An' they all shipped fer sailors aboard the Black Ball.
Oh give the wind time fer to blow a man down."

"That 's all right," he added consolingly. "That 's all right, Mard. You 'll like me. Every one does as knows me."

Marden looked at him, where the heavy shoulders bulged beyond the chair-back, and was torn between laughter, scornful silence, and tears. At least he was the master, and he felt thankful, though he had had no doubt at any moment. For a long time he stood watching, while his brother smoked, and spat, and growled snatches of song.

"That 's the shotgun I shot the loon with," Lee broke in pensively. "An' that 's the Gilderoy a-hangin' there, same as when we was boys, ain't it? A fine ship she must 'a' been, an' a fine man as run her. The' ain't no more ships like her these days. Sawin' 'em off fer coal-barges, they are now. All the ships now 's coffins with three sticks in 'em, or little better. Well, say, Mard," emptying his pipe on the stove-lid, "ain't it gettin' round time to eat, huh?"

That was a strange supper the two brothers ate together at the table by the window where Marden and his mother had used to face each other. Lee did most of the eating, and all the talking, which ran chiefly on his voyages and what a figure he had cut in the world, — strange disconnected yarns, jumping from port to port, from London to Valparaiso, Melbourne, and Hong Kong. Some were funny, some rudely picturesque, some obscene. Through them all Marden found himself wondering to think how easily he might once have gone on doing just as this other of the Sebright blood.

Finally when the fish and bread and butter and coffee had all disappeared, and Marden was busy clearing away the things, the sailor took to the armchair again by the stove.

"It 's a cold climate you 've got here," he grumbled, huddling in the chair. "Ongodly cold." But he was evidently in gross comfort, for he sat there gorged, staring in front of him, and from time to time made a sucking noise through his teeth that sounded in the room as loud as a man chirruping to a horse.

By lamplight he seemed once more like the ghost of the old captain, so that Marden, sitting at the window and watching him in silence, felt an obsession of unreality.

Toward nine o'clock Lee roused himself, and looked about.

"Say, mate, I 'm a-goin' to turn in. I 'll take this here room on the lower deck, I guess. Hullo, it 's locked. Where 's the key?" And he shook the door.

"Never you mind," said his brother, with a calmness he did not feel. "That 's closed for good, and you 'll sleep in the loft, — whichever room you want."

"Humph!" grunted the sailor. "You 're free with yer orders, ain't ye?"

Marden looked so dangerous, however, that he said no more, but took the lamp in one hand and grappled the canvas bag in the other.

"It 's a pretty poor sort o' home-comin'," he growled, kicking the little deal door open, and standing at the foot of the stair with his pirate face shining brown and evil in the lamplight. "It 's a pretty poor sort o' home-comin', to find yer old woman gone an' yer brother turned into a tee-total parson. That 's what I say."

The door clinked behind him. Marden, left in darkness but for the firelight through the chinks in the stove, heard the heavy feet go clumping upstairs. Then there came a stirring about and creaking boards overhead, and growls, and boots dropped heavily, then silence, and at last tremendous snores. Fumbling in the dark, he took the key from behind the spyglass, to hang it by a string about his neck. Then he sat there by the table, and thought, and thought. The creature overhead seemed actually to weigh down upon him and the whole house. But he felt equal to the burden, and even resigned, now that it had so happily come six years too late. He sat thinking and thinking, long after the gleam of the fire had died. At last, from bodily weariness, he fell into a doze and then into a sleep, with his head on his arms.

When he woke the dawn was glimmering in the window beside him. Heavy with sleep, he stared about and thought drunkenly that it must have been a dream; but next instant the loud snoring in the loft set him right.

V.

THE SEBRIGHT BLOOD.

For the first day or two of their life together, it seemed again to Marden as if it were all a dream, as if his brother had long ago been drowned at sea, and this were a phantom come to torment him in the lonely house. The reality of the thing soon came back to him, however.

Lee was too much in the flesh, too loud and jovial and earthy. With that terrible ease with which a man adapts himself to anything, the younger brother became used to having the older about. Marden saw his past life, alone or with his mother in the house, as some distant memory almost in a golden age, a quiet interregnum between the tyrants of circumstance. By brute weight this new duty crushed together the epochs of his life, joining the present to that past when old John Sebright had been a growling nightmare in the house. The northern autumn, a season of paradox when Nature grows more sad and cold while the young blood flows brisker in the veins, drew slowly with ironical sunlight across the dying fields and through the shivering trees. And by November, when the first flurry of snow whirled in the air, it seemed to Marden as if he had always lived so, guarding the closed door against this creature of his own blood.

Their life was together, yet vastly separate. When Lee found his brother unmoved by stories that had set all the forecastle in an uproar, he grew more surly and silent indoors. By tacit agreement the two saw less of each other. Whoever came first to table left the bread and the knife lying ready for the other; and if it were Lee, there were always very dirty dishes left to be washed, while he was out lounging about the village from morning till night. In fine weather he never came home at noon, which made it easier for Marden, who must keep a constant but secret watch upon him and the house. This was not hard to do, so far as that the season of clam-digging was virtually over. Yet it became very dull work, — always to be on hand as if by chance, always to outwatch him at night, — and always the same old songs in the throaty bass, the stories out of the gutter, or out of the scuppers and the bilge, the same boasting, the same sneers, the tobacco smoke, the spitting, the odor of bad liquor.

In the matter of this same liquor there appeared a droll sign of the younger brother's mastery, which after the open quarrel had come to be silently recognized. Lee never again attempted to bring a bottle indoors. But whether in fair weather or rain, whether on a hot summer noon or a bitter morning when the snow clogged the door knee-high, he would tramp to the shelf, take down the old brass spyglass, and with a growl — "Here 's for a look at yer damn fresh water shippin' " — would be gone outdoors to some hiding-place or other. At night, it was, "Well, let 's see if all 's snug alow and aloft." He always came back more bitter or more gay, according to the mood in which he had set out. And Marden, who could rule him drunk or sober, was content to let it go at this.

Drunk, he was for the most part, between visits to his private cache, somewhere under a rail fence behind the house, and visits to Jim Driscoll's secret bar-room. This last, a secret which all the town knew, was in a tumble-down shanty, with windows shuttered and barred, on the most rickety wharf of all the crazy old piles. Here, where one dim kerosene lamp burned night and day from among the bottles behind the greasy bar, Lee spent much of his time, making friends over a glass of beer or rum and water. What little money he had brought home, he spent quickly and generously on these friends, as he afterward spent what he could borrow from Marden on various pretenses, and what little he got by spasmodic efforts at clam-digging. His favorite trick was to borrow somebody's sailboat, take a party of summer people out, run them cleverly aground on the bar or elsewhere, and after entertaining them with sea stories, overcharge them for the loss of his time in getting home so much later than they had agreed. The profits of these social afternoons he would spend freely at Driscoll's in still more social evenings. And the boozy loungers admired his

cleverness and his knowledge of men and cities.

"Why, look a-here," he would cry sometimes, leaning against the bar, with his piratical mustache bristling and his slouch hat raked over one ear. "Look now, what do you swabs know about life, huh? Ever been in Archangel, or London, or Fernando Po, or South Georgia, or Candlemas, or the Tonga Islands, or Noo Caledonia, or Lisbon, or Sitka, or Bombay?" He pounded the bar till the dregs leapt upward in his glass. "No, says you, never a one of 'em! But I have, mind ye, an' more to boot; an' I 've seen men, an' women, too. Aaw, hell" — and in a tone of great disgust he would launch into one of his thousand yarns. At the end there would be loud laughter, and more drinks, till his audience forgot this great man's contempt in the flattery of his friendship.

Strangely enough, he was not so unpopular among the orderly people in the village as one might have thought. His loud good nature and bluff willingness to be friends made him tolerated where he was not liked. Then, too, he had brought a fiddle home in the old captain's bag, and was eager to play it at dances, which he did with tipsy vigor and flourish. Being too large and strong for a butt, he became a "character." And so if people laughed at Bat Sebright behind his back, they usually wore a friendly smile when they met him face to face.

"He ain't so queer and offish, like his brother," they said. Even the rector took something like this view.

"Those two Sebrights," he said, smiling, "are like the man and woman in the barometer. You never see them together, and it 's always cloudy weather with one, and sunshine with the other."

Heber Griswold was almost alone in opposing this simile.

"Humph!" said he, on hearing it reported. "What? Him? Bat Sebright? Humph! — A street angel and a house devil."

As two years drifted along, and Bat's figure lost its novelty in the village street, more people inclined to Heber's opinion. The flavor of the sea still clung about him, but the romance had faded away. Perhaps he borrowed too many little sums; perhaps he made too free among the sailboats; perhaps he waked too many people when, almost every midnight or early morning, he scuffed and stumbled home, roaring to some companion, "You 're the damnedest finest man on the green globe!" or bellowing sadly, to the echoes of the empty street and darkened houses, —

"Oh, they sank her in the Low Lands,
Loow Lands, Loow Lands,
Oh, they sank her in the Low Lands low!"

Whatever it was, he fell off in the general estimation. His glory paled, like the moon seen by day; or like himself when, after an evening of hearty rule, big and flushed and effulgent on the platform of the dance-hall, he came slouching home by daylight, blear-eyed and gray, and years older in a white stubble of unshaven beard. When the gossips learned that Marden always sat up till the drunkard was in bed, they began to guess, though vaguely, why the younger brother, too, looked so much older and more haggard.

Some of the women in the village stood out longest in liking Bat Sebright without reserve. Perhaps there were those who hoped to gain through him a better acquaintance with his indifferent and inscrutable brother. But others liked him for his own sake and his own taking way, which he had none the less because he bragged of it. Certainly there had been rumors and veiled jokes within his first fortnight ashore, and little by little he walked in an inglorious halo of scandal, which grew more luminous with the affair of old Barclay's housekeeper. He met her, it seems, at a dance where he was in one of his most dashing and picturesque moods. The affair soon became notorious.

Yet Marden did not hear of it, and found it out for himself only by accident. Once, when the high tide had stopped his work for the afternoon, he was walking where the up-country road dipped into a valley of sombre firs. From time to time, out of the dark woods on either hand and into the sunshine on the dusty road, rabbits came hopping, lean and brown in their summer coats. To watch them the closer, Marden walked very quietly over the short parched grass of the roadside. And so, turning the flank of a granite boulder noiselessly, he came upon his brother, who stood with his broad back toward him, and who held in a bearlike hug the woman of that noon on the beach. In the same moment she struggled free, with a little shriek; but she was quite shameless, for with what sight there was in her wild, glazed eyes she looked only scorn at the intruder. Marden passed without change of stride or turn of head, though his heart beat curiously faster; and when their loud derision followed him, it was he who was both angry and ashamed.

That night Lee came home late, but sober enough. He sat down by the open window, and smoked; and while Marden glowered from the furthest corner, he looked out with great satisfaction across the harbor. Presently, spitting out of the window upon a tall stalk of London Pride so that it swayed with its flowers red in the lamplight, he said, —

"Lord, don't she think small o' you! — Bess, I mean. — Say, she would n't give you hell-room, honest. — Dunno why, but," he added with malice, "she 's a fine judge o' men. Knows me like a book."

"That 's enough," said Marden savagely. "You 'll mention her no more in this house, do you hear?"

"Jealous, huh?" chuckled the sailor.

"Shut your head," said his brother.

He was obeyed. Not only for that evening, but from then on, they exchanged no further word of Barclay's Bess. But Lee, imagining himself the cause of a bitter jealousy, so gloried in himself as a dramatic figure that he became generous, after his fashion. True, there came a period of great sullenness that October, when he had been away for three days, and came back old and transformed with the white stubble covering his face, and his nose broken, and a bloody cheek bone. He had the doctor in to set his nose. Marden paid for it. Meantime the village rang with the saga of a fight in the hawthorn lane on the Barclay farm between Bat Sebright and the old red-bearded Viking. And for a fortnight the sailor nursed himself and cursed himself by the stove.

This must have been only an episode, however, for his good humor returned and in a month soared at higher pitch than ever. But now that winter was on, Marden found him more of a "house devil" again. He went out oftener with the spyglass to watch the shipping from behind the rail fence, and as the weather grew worse he sat in the great chair, and smoked, spat, and fiddled, or grumbled out his songs. On evenings when the snow or the cold kept him from going to Driscoll's or elsewhere, he often did his best to be entertaining, with no encouragement beyond silence.

One winter night, after scraping lugubriously on the fiddle, Lee broke out into a song of incredible filth.

"That 'll do," said Marden from his corner.

The sailor leered at him, but stopped, and contented himself with sucking noisily through his teeth. Then he began another: —

> ". . . But now we 're off to Adelaide
> For to give those girls a chance.
>
> "Walk her round, boys-oh-boys,
> We 're all bound to go.
> Walk her round, my" —

"Please don't sing that, either," Marden broke in with unusual gentleness.

His brother looked up in wrathful surprise.

"Why, look a-here," he bellowed. "What 's the matter with you? The' ain't a word o' dirt in that song, so help me."

Marden could not have explained to him what echoes it had raised, and was silent.

"You 're a beauty, you are," growled Lee. "You ain't got common sense. A man 's got to come to psalm-singin', like a reg'lar damn Rescue Mission. — Well, here 's one for ye, parson, that I learned from Scotty McKenzie." And, with a fair imitation of the Scots, he croaked away: —

"John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

"The Lord thy God I am,
That, John, doth thee call.
John, signifies man,
By grace ce-les-ti-all.

"So it 's John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair adow."

"There 's a godly one for ye," he sneered. Hereafter this became his favorite song indoors, and he sang it in the black joy of his heart.

But this was not so bad as his long evenings of drunken gloom, when he sat there with a hopeless face, silent, or growling from under his white mustache, "Here we are on a lee shore an' the riggin' rotten!" Then it seemed as if Marden were sitting by lamplight in a house of ghosts. The loss of sleep and the constant watching had worn him thin, febrile, and morbid. Often, now, the old captain was there bodily before his eyes; behind him, in the room with the closed door, his mother sat trembling with fear, as he remembered her in his boyhood. It was no fancy, but reality. Through all that hideous time he felt his mother's actual presence in the house, a comfort and a strength. Yet the long winter of spectral evenings told on him. By spring, the world seemed feverish and phantasmagoric. By summer, though he could work again, he dug the clams in a frenzy of hatred toward them and all creatures of the sea, of which he now felt a physical loathing. Given a Hamlet who lives with his ghosts, who has no power of foolery to relieve his overwrought mind, and whose mission is one of endurance harder than action, you will find him grow dangerous. Marden himself began to feel that something must happen.

At length something did. In August, the Yankee, hearing of some new clam-beds at the head of the bay, came to get Marden to drive there with him and inspect them. Since the road ran thirty miles about, it meant staying there overnight, and Marden at first refused. But while the Yankee lingered on the knoll, arguing nasally, Lee came out of the house and hailed them.

"Ahoy, parson, I 'm a-goin' off fer three days. D' ye hear?" And he slouched off across the fields into the up-country road.

As the sailor always told the truth about his excursions, and — if anything — forecast them too short, Marden gave in to his employer, locked up carefully, and went along. But he was uneasy all the time they were gone, and in the strange bed he lay awake all night, listening to the rain. When finally in mid-afternoon of the next day the Yankee pulled up the rattling wagon and let him out where the road turned into the village street, Marden took to his heels and ran through the tall grass to the knoll. Somehow it was like his first coming home from sea, to find himself alone.

He was climbing the path, when suddenly he looked at the house. His heart stopped beating, then began to pound against his ribs. Among the woodbine that covered the end nearest him the window of his mother's room stood open. It had not been so since the days when she had sat there knitting, to smile at

him as he came up the bank. For one instant of madness he expected to see her face appear in the frame of woodbine leaves. Then he sprang forward to the door, sick with a new fear.

VI.

"THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG."

The door was still locked. Puzzled not a little, he turned the key, and stopped to listen. All was quiet within. Wondering, he pushed the door open, looked in, and was astounded.

The kitchen, always so orderly, was in the dirtiest confusion. Over the floor lay the tracks of muddy boots, with here and there a cake of dried mud. A broken chair and the fragments of a plate cluttered round the legs of the table, on which there stood, in a litter of dishes, two great empty bottles. The stuffed loon in the corner leaned its black head tipsily against the wall, as if it were the culprit. Through the back door, which stood open, Marden caught sight of another bottle smashed at the foot of the chopping-block. All this he saw in a flash, thinking, "He came home late, for his boots were muddy, and I did n't hear it rain till nearly midnight." Taking a lid from the stove, he found coals still smouldering. Lee had been there till noon or thereabout.

But next instant he lost all use of reason. The door into his mother's room stood open, splintered about the lock. With the cry of an animal, he darted in, and saw everything in a state of indescribable breakage, as if men had been wrestling about there. Some one had climbed in through the window, shoving the table aside. The knitting lay flung in a corner, and beside it the envelope to his letter, ripped open. The floor-boards and the rugs were smeared with muddy tracks.

Marden shook his fist at the cracked ceiling and at the heavens beyond it.

"He 'll pay for this!" he cried, choking. "By God, he 'll pay for this!"

Then as he stood in dumb rage, the tears running down his cheeks, he mechanically straightened with his foot the deerskin rug that lay by the bureau. The movement uncovered something small that shone on the floor. He picked it up, but dropped it as if burned. He had seen it shine before. It was three links of silver chain, on a silver bangle perforated with star-shaped holes. Both of them had been there.

Something gave inside Marden's head; he shuddered as with ice and fire; the room swam black round him. He heard a strange voice cry in the distance, and knew that it was himself. When the darkness cleared, he found himself standing on the stove in the kitchen, tearing down the gun and the powder-horn from over the Gilderoy. He jumped to the floor again, and sobbing and whispering strange words, tugged with his teeth at the wooden plug in the horn. With the facility of acts in a dream, the black grains poured softly in; the wadding was rammed home; the cap from the little box on the shelf slipped over the nipple precisely; the leaden ball dropped plump into the barrel. He deliberated a moment.

"No, one bullet 's enough," he whispered. "It could n't miss him."

Then he searched wildly for a second wad, but could not find it, till at last, ransacking the table drawer, he fished out a scrap of soiled blue paper, written on in a large hand. He stopped and read it carefully: —

"Drake caulking ballast ports . .	do. 15. do.
Bissant brasswork	2.17.11
Ross ballast	53.13. 4
Edy butcher	18.15. 8
Moon optician	.18. 6
Doyle sailmaker	11. 1. 1
Pilotage to the Downs	10.10.
forwd. . . .	£298.18. 1"

He thought painfully. "I don't believe this is important," he concluded, then crumpled the paper up and rammed it

home fiercely, enraged at the loss of time, and with the words, "Hurry, hurry!" coming in a savage whisper from somewhere.

He ran blindly out into the hot sun, bareheaded, gun in hand. For an instant, habit told him to lock the door. But the abomination was done, the sanctuary violated. With a frantic, hopeless gesture he turned again and ran down through the fields into the up-country road. The heat had burned away all traces of the rain, so that the silent yellow dust rose softly in his trail. Over the hill he ran, down through the valley of firs, past the granite boulder, from behind which a solitary lean rabbit hopped across his way and into the dark woods. Sweating, breathless, Marden ran on and on, without sight, without hearing, and without plan save for an instinct, a certainty that he was in the right path; till suddenly, as he plunged down into a gully that cleft an open space through the woods on either side, a plan flashed into his head, and he stopped, panting, blind with sweat and tears.

Beyond, just above the little hill that wound sharply upward before him, he knew that the highway forked into two roads, both of which ran past the great triangle of the Barclay farm. Lee might come by either. The thought of deliberate waiting, of ambush, filled him with nausea. But there must be no mistake, — that creature must not have the devil's luck to get by. He grounded his gun in the dust, and looked about the little clearing.

"It must be here," he thought, and for all his hurry in the sun, was struck cold and shuddered.

The clearing, an old dry watercourse, slanted down from the left in a tangle of low bushes and weeds. Marden chose the upper side of the road, and flung himself in, to swelter in the fierce heat.

He listened and listened for footsteps on the hill, and stared through the bushes till his neck and elbows ached. Then while time dragged by, long as years, the details of the place grew focused out of a blur into painful and weary distinctness. Trees stood out from the vague green wall — cedars, spruces, firs, alders, and a willow with its leaves blown silver side out in the hot, faint breeze. The wild growth about him resolved itself into bushes of dusty, crumbling raspberries, into yellow St. John's-wort and the sickly pink of fire-weed and sheep's-laurel, into withered caraways, into scorched strawberry leaves with wiry runners, old nameless twigs bleached silver gray, the rusty white cockades of queen-of-the-meadow. The road wound up over the little hill to the sky-line, a bleak avenue of pebbles and dust between tall weedy mullein stalks and fat little childish fir trees with their pale green tips sticking up knee-high. The very blades of grass became amazingly diverse under his eyes, and achingly full of the minutest life. The very silence grew into a thin, metallic hum of flies that he had heard in some other stillness before. And over and through it all blazed and quivered the truculent heat.

All at once his heart gave a jump, and began to flutter in his ribs, little as a kitten's. There were footsteps scrambling among the pebbles at the top of the hill. He grasped the gun, and craned his neck to see above a clump of snapdragon. He could have cried out aloud in the long suspense. But no, it was not his brother: the man was little and thin. As he came down into the gully, Marden knew him for Heber Griswold. He came very close, stopping once nearly opposite Marden to pluck a joint of timothy, which he did with difficulty, it was so dry and tough with over-ripeness. The straw swayed in his teeth as he passed on, smiling in quizzical meditation. And Marden, lying smothered in the hot underbrush, found kindly feelings mingled in the confusion of his heart.

The heat and the hum of flies settled down again more intensely. A long time

passed. Finally a new sound broke in, — the bell in the distant village, ringing to Wednesday vespers. The old refrain started up once more, — "that thy days may be long, long, that thy days may be long," — ringing slowly over and over again. Marden nodded over his shoulder toward the sound, his teeth bare in a grin of satirical friendliness. "Right you are, old fellow, for once," he thought, while the warning rang on in his head, half solemnly, half in a kind of black merriment.

Turning to watch again, he noticed a mosquito on the gun-barrel, and crushed it with his finger mechanically. The thing must have been biting him and sucking its fill, for it left a sticky smear of blood on the warm brown metal. The sight of blood disgusted him. He wiped his hand vigorously in the shriveled grass.

Suddenly, from the trees above the hill, a squirrel chittered like a fisherman's reel. As if it had been a signal, there followed a scuffing among the pebbles, and in the gap of the bare road the broad figure of Lee heaved against the sky. He came slouching down close by the line of dusty mullein stalks, and almost reached the foot of the gully.

Marden leapt out into the road, cocking the gun as he stood up straight. At the sight of this squat creature, all the years of smothered hatred blazed ungovernably.

"Stop!" he cried, dry and harsh.

The sailor jumped back with a motion of his arm like a boxer guarding.

"Hold on! Hold on, Mard!" he cried in a strangely little voice. "I did n't — it was n't us, honest!"

Each man, looking at the other, knew that the lie would not serve. And Lee saw death in the round black muzzle and the blazing eyes behind it. Let it go to his credit that he bellowed like a bull and hurled himself forward with great gnarled hands grappling in the air.

The gun roared in the stifled gully.

In the cloud of smoke the sailor reeled, with a gray face and his open mouth a black circle; then his bulk collapsed like a telescope, or rather like an empty meal-sack that has been held open and suddenly dropped. Marden, deafened by the explosion, and with his shoulder smarting from the recoil, gave a loud cry as he saw the man fall so through the smoke, and then jerk forward convulsively, burying his face in the sharp bristles of a little fir tree, as a heavy sleeper might bury it in a pillow. This lasted only a moment, for the body rolled over with a terrible limpness and lay on its back, the twisted legs pointing uphill, and the head jammed over against one shoulder by the weight. Almost in the same instant there shuddered over the gray features a swift and mortal change.

The smoke drew slowly up the hill, trailing in low-spread layers and wisps, among the lean mullein stalks. With the smell of powder mingled that of burning paper from the wads, which lay smoking among the pebbles and dust. There also rose the pungent odor of rum: in the pocket of the blue flannel shirt that was drawn so tight over the huge chest a flat bottle had broken. The cloth was dark and sopping with this and another stain, that spread. No trace of red appeared: life-blood and rum soaked the flannel together, indistinguishable.

Marden, with gun grounded, looked down at this, his thin face stern as bronze in the hot sun, — the face of a soldier and a priest.

Slowly the ringing in his ears turned into the hum of flies that made the silence. Then of a sudden the place was struck into dusk. The sun had gone behind the trees above the road, leaving the gully in shadow, as if clouded over before a storm. The hollow seemed also to become cooler. And just then Marden, with his eyes still fixed on the dead man's face, lying half sidewise, in the stubble of beard, saw it as if it had been his father's. At the thought, his heart shrank small and cold: it was as though

he had killed them both. His whole body unstrung, like a fiddle-string when the peg slips. Without another look at the dead man, he turned and ran in panic and horror, shivering with cold, stumbling to his knees with weakness, back into the sunlight and along the deserted road.

VII.

THE CLUE.

Why he went back to the house he never could have told, any more than how he got there, or whether he had passed any one — though he had not — on the way. He only knew that he found himself sitting on the millstone at the door, and that in the east, over the sea, an ancient star shone bright in mocking calmness. He held his head in his hands, shuddering uncontrollably in a tumult of dismay. He could not rightly think what he had done. Which of them had he killed, or was it indeed both? Why, why in all the welter of chances, had this thing happened? He racked his brain for some word of help, but no word came except a fragment he had been reading the day before, — by what right had he read it? — the prayer of Elijah: "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Better? How many times worse! They, rough, simple men, had done what they knew, no more. And he, what sacred things had he not known, what high purposes had he not guarded, only to dash them underfoot.

He shook his fist at the calm, inveterate star.

"Who 'll be the judge, then?" he asked fiercely, in a whisper more heart-breaking than a cry. "What 's right, and what 's wrong? And what is there left?"

He found no answer, and dropped his head again, shivering as in a fever-fit.

A horse, left alone in the island pasture where the tide had cut him off, whinnied out of the distant dark. Even in Marden's torment, the sound brought back that evening when his brother had returned. Memories and questions swarmed in his brain again, rioting. Why could not he that now lay there dead in the gully, why could not he have stayed away? The world was so big, and full of a million other mishaps. If he were to die, a drunken lurch on the string-piece of a pier, a slip on an icy foot-rope, and Fate would have been satisfied without this dreadful means. Or again, was it all a fault of his, Marden's? Could he not have treated Lee differently? Had he not been too stern and sour with the poor devil? "For God knows," he cried within himself, "we are all poor devils together." Had it been a test, long, secret, subtle, and had he failed once more through dullness? Perhaps all the years of night-long watching, without complaint, showed him only a hard-hearted prig, a weakling Pharisee. Or if not, were they all to go for nothing because the watchman had been false a single night? These and a hundred worse questions hounded him over a black, shifting wilderness of despair. He was alone. There was no creature believed in him or loved him, not even his mother, of whom he dared not think. The remembrance of the starry night aboard the Merry Andrew, of the spring walks alone that had strengthened his devotion, rose in his mind like pale glimpses in the life of some other man, long ago. Surely that boy — and yet here he sat, a murderer, with the eldest primal curse upon him. He groaned aloud, and flinging back his head, looked up into the infinite brightness and distance of the stars, from whence came no help. His sight and his thought could no longer penetrate among them, to thread a measureless way from depth to outermost depth, and be cleansed in the wonder of space. His head only grew the dizzier, with thoughts confined and whirling.

A light, flurried footstep sounded in the path close by. He sprang up. People in the world — he had forgotten them, and here was one coming, perhaps to speak empty words, perhaps to ask why he had done what was done.

He hoped the last, and was prepared to answer humbly.

Before he knew what was happening, a woman had run and flung her arms about him where he stood by the larch tree. Surely it was a dream, this swift embrace in the dark. But she was alive, warm, breathless, and was shaken violently as she clung to him.

"Oh," she panted, in tempestuous relief and hurry, "oh, why did n't you — why did n't you — oh, you fool!" She laughed in breathless and wild happiness, her voice smothered by his clothing.

"Why did n't you let me know?" she cried. "You 're so deep — I never guessed — not till I found him there — Aah!" she shuddered, and clung to him as if she would have fallen.

"There was blood on him," she whispered brokenly. "And it 's on me now — my sleeves. He was all wet when I — I dragged him into the bushes. It was in the dark — and oh God, so heavy! — Let 's go, let 's go, let 's go, quick!"

"Where? Go where?" Marden asked in amazement. He tried to raise her face, but could not, from where she held it buried against his side and in the crook of his arm.

"Across — over to the other side," she said. "Him an' I was goin' anyway to-night. That 's why we — But that 's before I knew what you — Come on, the boat 's ready hid. Come along!"

Marden slowly drew near the brink of comprehension. The woman suddenly raised her head, seizing him anew and fiercely by the arm.

"You must n't be afraid of me any more," she coaxed, still in a whisper. "Don't be so cold to me. I understand you now, don't I? Don't I?" she repeated vehemently, shaking him. And she gave a little happy laugh that rang dreadful in Marden's ears. "Oh, you quiet men!"

Marden looked at her, silent. His eyes, accustomed to the starlight, saw with an unaccountable clearness. The woman's face — the odd, alluring face, triangular like a kitten's — was upturned to his once more, and once more was mysteriously pale. This time, at night, there was something magic and phantasmal in the yearning darkness of the great eyes. He knew her thoroughly vile, a by-word of the country-side; yet for one moment she stood before him mystical, a sorceress, and he wondered if there were not help in her.

"Come on!" She tugged at him with triumphant energy. "It 's all plain as day — an' easy. See. I 've got the money that we — I 've got money enough. — We 'll go to the American side, an' then to the cities, an' it 'll be a week before they find it — him, there, in the bushes — so they 'll never get us in God's world. — We 'd planned it already — but that was when I thought you did n't care. — An' the cities!" she cried. "That 's the place to live. I 'll show you, for I know 'em all. That 's where Jim found me first — Jim Barclay. The old fool! — old red-headed beast! Pah!"

She paused for breath, and while the crickets were trilling in the damp grass, stroked his arm as if in consolation.

"Golly, how strong you are!" she purred. "But you 're not like them. I 'm through with their kind now, honest, for good. They 're big babies along of you. — Don't you see? Don't you see? — Oh, you quiet devil! The time we 'll have! — I never knew a man like you before."

Still Marden could not pull himself away from what at once quieted and angered him.

"A man like me?" he stupidly faltered. "Why — what" —

"That 's you all over!" cried the woman proudly. "Why, how many of 'em do you s'pose there is nowadays would

do what you done for the sake of a woman?"

Once more, as in that meeting on the beach, a light began to grow slowly in his mind. Just so a man underground might see, far ahead, the day glimmering in the mouth of some burrow.

He drew himself free, without violence or scorn. The blood running in his veins was his own again, under control.

"You're right," he replied slowly, "right in a way. — I begin to see — By the Lord, it *was* that! That's a straw to catch at, anyway. There's a chance, after all."

His tone showed that he had forgotten her.

"What are you after now?" she whipped out. "Don't go moonin' again, now we understand each other."

She made as if to put her hands on his shoulders, but he drew back, regarding her gravely.

"It's queer," — his voice, too, was very grave, and trembled, — "it's queer to hear a murderer talk of conscience, and all that — but let Him judge, wherever He is. I've meant to do right, and — you see, the fist I've made. But now you've made me see somehow, a little. — It's like, well — it's as if a soldier (a stupid one, that's me) lost a great battle — for the cause — the cause his whole heart's in. — That's how it is. — And the man's heart breaks, — but he loves the cause just the same, and loves the Commander, too, that puts him to death — you see he deserves it. Hopeless wrong, that's what I've done; but something on the right side put me up to it."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, you queer thing," she said curtly. "But you're wastin' time, anyway. Hurry up, for God's sake! I don't understand none o' that stuff, but this is right under our noses."

He shook his head sadly.

"A little while ago I might have killed you too. And now — why, it's almost a debt you've put me under. At least, — go on — go away — We're all poor devils together — and how do I know how the two Commanders choose up beforehand? — Go away, and let me think this out — It ain't much I have left me — and I want to think it all out."

"What's the matter?" complained the woman. "After you done all this for me — What d' ye mean?"

"For you?" he replied quietly. "It was n't for you."

"Not for me?" She gave an impatient and incredulous laugh. "Then who in the devil was it for?"

"A woman," he slowly answered, — "you never knew her, and I hope you never saw her. I can't name her name before — either of us. And yet I see now she's way above any harm you or him or I might say or do against her."

With a sharp intake of breath that was almost a snarl, the woman advanced on him, quick and hostile.

"Do you mean that?" she cried, shrill with anger. "Do you understand what I know — what I can do, you fool? — an' I *will* do it, too. — I'm in a pretty fix now — when it was all for some other woman, — Oh, you two liars, you an' him both — an' let me go an' make a fool o' myself here — Oh, you great — you, you — oh, oh, oh!" She could find no words, but ran in close, pelted him viciously with her fists, then turned and bolted toward the town.

Marden neither felt her blows nor heard the sound of her running. He only knew that she had vanished. The darkness swallowed her up, and all memory of her. He was trying to feel his way out of this labyrinth before the tenuous clue should be withdrawn, or spin itself down to nothing in the dark.

"It was n't for such reasons as — as it might have been," he pondered. "If they'll only give me time, I'll follow this through yet, and get unsnarled, perhaps."

A soft breeze was drawing cool out of

the west. The leaves of the poplar behind the house began to whisper shiveringly. High in the air, a firefly was blown down the wind, so that at the first glance he mistook it for a falling star. And in the sudden coolness, Marden found himself thinking clearly and sweetly of his mother, whom he saw again as in the blue December dawn, with the firelight shining upward on the gentle face and the sad gray eyes. It was all very distant, and belonged not to him; but at all events the vision was there.

"She 'd understand even this," he thought. "Whether she ever forgave it or not, she knows what 's been fighting in my veins. That 's as much as a man deserves."

Through the trilling of the crickets and the soft patter of the leaves came the sound of a frog chunking away among the rushes of the little marsh behind the knoll, croaking his song, older than Aristophanes. Marden did not hear it, but he saw the ancient star hung in the east, and under the Great Bear the ghostly play of the Northern Lights, shifting in long faint streamers across the sky, showing a handiwork beyond all understanding.

He stood lost in wonder, filled with a grief as old as sea and land. Then he slowly faced about.

A light was coming from the village.

"The house," he said aloud, "it does n't matter now what happens to that, either."

The light came bobbing across the field. It was a lantern, carried in the midst of a little group of people, who approached silently. He could see their legs moving dim in the path, and the long, black, magnified shadows crossing and recrossing, shearing the broad hillside.

Marden walked slowly down to meet them.

Henry Milner Rideout.

(*The end.*)

COLLEGE RANK AND DISTINCTION IN LIFE.

THERE is a tradition in England — very wholesome for undergraduates — that university honors are a premonition of an eminent career. They are even associated in the popular mind with cabinet office, and men point to Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, Lowe, Northcote, Harcourt, and many more, to prove that the general impression is well founded. The list includes, indeed, most of the great figures in English public life during the Victorian era who were graduates of Oxford or of Cambridge. Nor are we entirely without similar examples in this country. If we take the alumni of Harvard, and classify as honor men those who stood in first seventh of their class, who received honors at graduation in any special subject, or who won a Bowdoin Prize; then in the honor list of Harvard there figure the President of the United States, the only Harvard men in his Cabinet and in the Supreme Court, the Ambassador to England, and the last Governor of the Commonwealth who graduated from the college. Nor would it be difficult to cite many examples among the successful professional and business men. Yet, the impression is certainly common here that high scholars rarely amount to much afterwards, and that the competitive trial of life does not begin until college days are past.

It seems worth while, therefore, to determine by statistics the relation between rank in college and success in after life. Attempts to do this have been made of late, and one of them has recently been published under the title High-Grade Men; In College and Out, by Professor Edwin G. Dexter, in the Popular Science Monthly for March, 1903. In it the author compares the subsequent careers of the members of the Φ. B. K. — the society of high scholars — with the careers of other graduates, and he gives figures, taken from twenty-two colleges, to the effect that the proportion of the former who have proved to be high-grade men in the world is nearly three times as large as that of the graduates taken as a whole.[1] He examines, also, two large New England colleges, the percentage of whose living graduates that have achieved success is 2.2, and shows that the percentage among the men who ranked in the first tenth of their class is 5.4; while in the second tenth it is 2.9; in the third tenth, 2.5; in the fourth and fifth, 1.8; and in the rest of the class, 1.9. In one of these colleges he considers the first four scholars in each class, and finds that their percentage of success is very much larger still.

As his test of success in life Professor Dexter has relied upon the names that appear in Who 's Who in America. No doubt, like every other compilation of the kind, this book leaves out many people who ought to be included, and inserts many names that ought to be left out; but in dealing with a large number of cases such personal errors affect the validity of the result very little, unless they are caused by some systematic error, some false standard or criterion in estimating men. Now the editors of this work intended it to be a catalogue of all men of mark in the country, and yet, if used for the purpose of measuring success in life, it is certainly subject to a systematic error. While it attempts to include every man who has achieved a position of great eminence of any kind, it pays far more attention to success in some fields than in others. Its list covers all authors, an undue proportion of college professors, and perhaps for our purpose too many men, also, who hold high public office in the nation or in the state. Hence, as a measure of success in life, it tends to favor those who devote themselves to scholarship or public affairs as compared with men who expend their energies on professional, and especially on mercantile pursuits. It gives particular prominence to scholarship, and as this is an occupation for which high scholars in college are peculiarly fitted, the book cannot be considered a fair test of the relation between college rank and general success in after life. So far as mere fame is concerned, however, the position is somewhat different. The reputation won in the practice of a profession or in business fades more rapidly than that achieved by the pen or by public service. The writers and statesmen of half a century ago have been forgotten far less than the successful lawyers, doctors, and merchants. Who 's Who is, therefore, a much better test of distinction than of success in life; although in any case the results it yields must be looked upon as approximate, not absolute. At present, however, it is the only statistical measure that can be applied, and hence the figures taken from it have no little value, even if we cannot regard them as numerically exact.

Bearing these facts in mind, an effort has been made to discover the relative distinction in after life, as shown

[1] In the case of Harvard, at least, Professor Dexter has by mistake included among the Φ. B. K. men the members of the society who have been elected some years after graduation on the ground of reputation achieved out of college. This vitiates his ratio of success as between Φ. B. K. and other graduates, — which in Harvard he puts at nearly five to one, — but the error is, no doubt, too small to affect his general conclusion.

by Who 's Who,[1] of those men who were scholars or athletes at Harvard as compared with other graduates of the college. With that object the records of the classes have been studied from 1861 to 1887 inclusive. The first of these classes was taken as the point of departure, because from that date the rank lists were easily found, and because if we go further back the proportion of members who have died becomes large. On the other hand, the reasons for ending with the class of 1887 were the fact that after that year the practice of ranking the high scholars in numerical order was given up, and the consideration that a very small part of the graduates would have an opportunity to attain distinction within less than fifteen years after leaving college.

The total number of men who graduated from Harvard College during the twenty-seven years, 1861–87, was four thousand and eleven, of whom three hundred and one, or one in thirteen and three tenths, are named in Who 's Who. The chance, therefore, that the average graduate will attain the distinction that this implies is one in thirteen and three tenths. Or — since a number of the graduates have died — it would be more accurate to say that this fraction represents the average chance that he will be living and possessed of such dignity some thirty years after graduation. Inasmuch, however, as there is no reason to suppose that the mortality of high and low scholars, athletes and others, is markedly different, the deaths may be neglected for purposes of comparison, and it will be convenient to speak of the chance of distinction in terms of the ratio of the total number of graduates to those in Who 's Who at the present day.

If now we turn to the high scholars, and take the men who graduated in the first seventh of their classes during the same period, we find that they number five hundred and seventy-three, of whom eighty-two are in Who 's Who; so that their chance of distinction is a trifle better than one in seven, or nearly twice as great as that of the average graduate. Moreover, if, instead of comparing them with the whole body of graduates, we compare them only with the men in the remaining six sevenths of the class, we find that the chance of the latter is one in fifteen and seven tenths, or decidedly less than half as great as that of the men in the first seventh of the class.

One would naturally suppose that the chance of the very highest scholars would be better still, and so in fact it is. Out of the twenty-seven first scholars there are seven, or more than one in four, in Who 's Who; out of the second scholars, three; of the third scholars, five; and of the fourth scholars, six. These numbers are, of course, so small that accident plays a large part in the result; but, speaking roughly, it may be said that the chance of distinction for any one of the first four scholars is about one in five, as against one in seven for the men in the first seventh of the class, and about one in sixteen for the rest of the class.

In considering the causes of the greater chance of distinction among the high scholars, many elements must be taken into account. The large proportion of men with university honors among the prominent English statesmen is due, in no small degree, to the fact that their honors opened to them while young the doors of the House of Commons, and an early start has always been an enormous advantage in a parliamentary career. Lord Palmerston quotes his tutor as saying to him, at about the time he came of age, that having done exceedingly well in his examinations he ought to expect shortly a seat in Parliament; and, in fact, he obtained one before long. It is impossible to compute how many Lord Palmerstons the State Department has lost by our failure to imitate this salutary tradi-

[1] Edition of 1902.

tion. In America, and certainly at Harvard, college rank is no help to a man in starting either in public life, in a profession, or in business. Rank is, no doubt, a help toward an academic post, and thus assists indirectly to the literary eminence which is most noticed in Who 's Who; but this alone is clearly not enough to account for the difference in subsequent distinction between the high scholars and their classmates. To some extent, at least, the college career of the high scholars works as a principle of selection, or as a preparation, of the fittest. The high scholar wins distinction in after life mainly because he is naturally better fitted, or because his training makes him more fit, to win it. Both of these things are probably true. The taking of rank is a test of natural qualities, and tends also to develop those qualities. It is, in fact, impossible to distinguish between the two; nor is it necessary for our purpose to do so, seeing that their results are the same.

Let us suppose — to make the matter plain — that to bring distinction four things must be combined. Let us say industry, intelligence, adaptability, and opportunity, and that the average chance that any one of them falls to a man's lot is one half. Then the chance that all four will be combined is one in sixteen. This would be the chance of distinction for the average man. But if we know that a man possesses one of them, the chance of his having the other three is one in eight, and this would be that man's chance of distinction. If he possess two the chance of his having the other two, and therefore his chance of distinction, is one in four. Now, let us suppose that the fact of ranking in the first seventh of the class shows that a man possesses, or has acquired, industry. In that case his chance of distinction would be one in eight, or twice as great as that of the average member of the class. If in the same way we suppose that the first scholar in the class must possess both industry and intelligence, his chance would be one in four, or four times as large as the average chance of his classmates. Of course the problem is by no means so simple as our suppositions would make it appear. The possible combinations of qualities and accidents that will bring distinction are indefinitely variable and complex. Nor are these qualities independent of one another, for the presence of one quality affects the probability of the existence of another; so that even if we knew the average chance of the presence of each separate element, it would be well-nigh impossible to calculate the chance of a successful combination. Still, the principle is true, although we cannot apply it by means of vulgar fractions, and the known presence of one or more important qualities increases a man's chance above the average — and the more he possesses the better his chance.

But it may be suggested that while all this is true, while it is admitted that the high scholars possess industry, and that it is an element of chance in their favor, they have no monopoly of it. There are many men in the class who possess it, and other valuable qualities besides, but who do not feel impelled to display them in the form of a struggle for marks. Their gifts may be exercised on other objects in which they are interested, or may not be called forth at all until college days are over and men are aroused by contact with the problems of the outer world. The conclusion deduced is that rank as an indication of future achievement amounts to little or nothing. Herein lies a fallacy. It is the fallacy which gives rise to the common belief that because a first scholar is rarely the most distinguished man in his class, and is commonly not distinguished at all, therefore he has no better chance of distinction than any one else. It is the old fallacy of the favorite and the field. The favorite may have a better chance

than any one of the other horses, and yet the odds may be that some horse will beat him. If, as most people unconsciously do, we compare the chances of the first scholar on one side, and all the rest of the class on the other, the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. But if we were to compare the chances of the first scholar and those of any other one man, let us say the fiftieth scholar, it would be easy to show that the chances of the first scholar were very much the better; and, in fact, the impression left on the mind after such a comparison would probably be that the particular man selected — the fiftieth — attained distinction with singular rarity. To revert to the numerical example. If the chance of distinction of the first scholar is one in four, and that of the average student is one in sixteen, then, if the class contains one hundred and sixty men, their collective chances are forty times as great as that of the first scholar; and yet his chance is four times as great as that of the average student, or of any single student drawn by lot.

Another common fallacy arises from comparing the test of rank with other tests, such as the opinion of a man's comrades. It is often said that this last is the better test, and the inference is often unconsciously drawn that the former is of no value. The error here is obvious. Rank may prove the presence in one man of certain requisite qualities, and hence an unusual chance of distinction, and yet the presence of the same or other qualities may be known by different means to exist in an even higher degree in some other man, whose chance is therefore better still; but this in no way affects the fact that both are in better case than the average man.

So far our statistics have been drawn only from the general rank list, but very valuable results may be obtained from the honors won in special fields of college work. The Bowdoin Prize for an English essay is an old institution at Harvard, and while far less work is needed to win it than to attain a high general average of marks for the whole college course, it requires a serious effort for a time and abilities of a high order. During the years under consideration, — that is, from 1861 to 1887, — one hundred and thirty-three men won this prize, of whom twenty-nine, or one in four and six tenths, are to be found in Who 's Who. Their chance is, therefore, nearly as good as that of the first scholar in the class.

Still more interesting are the results to be derived from a study of the honors given at graduation for excellence in special subjects, such as classics, philosophy, history, etc. These were established first in 1869, and during the nineteen years from that time through 1887 they were obtained by three hundred and seventy-five men, of whom seventy-one, or one in five and three tenths, are in Who 's Who. Some of these men, for supposed peculiar merit, were given highest honors; and of the eighty-one students who attained to that grade, no less than twenty-nine, or more than one in three, are in Who 's Who. In order to compare these results with those already found by a study of the general rank list it is necessary to revise our figures by taking them for the same nineteen years; because the graduates of those years, being more recent, have naturally reached a somewhat smaller share of distinction than the classes that have been longer out of college, although the difference is not, in fact, great. The proportion of men in Who 's Who from the different categories of graduates in the classes from 1869 to 1887, inclusive, is as follows: —

Total graduates	.	.	.	224	out of	3239	or one in 14.46
First seventh of class	.			67	" "	473	" " " 7.05
First scholar[1]	.	.	.	7	" "	19	" " " 2.71
First four scholars	.	.		16	" "	76	" " " 4.75
Bowdoin Prize men	.	.		18	" "	89	" " " 4.94
Honors in special subjects				71	" "	375	" " " 5.28
Highest special honors	.			29	" "	81	" " " 2.79

[1] None of the first scholars in the eight classes from 1861 to 1868 happen to be in

From this table it will be seen that scholarly attainment of every kind in college tends to be followed by distinction in after life, though not to an equal degree. The proportion of names in Who 's Who is decidedly larger among the men who took honors in special subjects than among men, to about the same number, taken in the order of rank on the general scale. It is one in five for the former, but it is only one in seven for the first seventh of the class. In fact, the proportion among the men with special honors is nearly equal to that of the first four scholars, although the former are five times as numerous. For the students who graduate with highest honors the chance of distinction is extraordinary. It is better than one in three, being about the same as that of the first scholars for these nineteen years, and much above that of any other men. We are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the work done for honors in a special subject is a better preparation, or a better test of ability, than that which confers rank on the general scale. It is probably safer to regard it as a better test of ability, and the reasons why it should be so are evident to any one familiar with the methods of instruction and examination. Mere talent for acquisition, quickness, and memory count somewhat less, while thoroughness, power of reasoning, and originality count for more.

The same remark applies to the Bowdoin Prize, for, taking the whole period from 1861 to 1887, this gives a chance of subsequent distinction almost equal to that of the first scholar, and better than that of any other class of men save the winners of highest honors.

One would naturally suppose that the question of pecuniary aid might have an important bearing upon the relation of rank in college to distinction in life. At Harvard, where undergraduate scholarship has met, unfortunately, with scant recognition among one's fellows or in the outer world, the ordinary man has little inducement to study for marks; but the scholarships are allotted mainly by rank, and hence the student in need of aid must work hard in his courses in order to obtain it. Under such conditions one might expect to find that the men of means who took high rank were gifted with a peculiar energy and love of work that would give them an advantage over other high scholars who studied because they were obliged to do so. But this does not appear to be the case. Of the men in the first seventh of the class, about three fifths held money scholarships during the years from 1861 to 1887, and the proportion of them in Who 's Who is almost the same as that of the other two fifths who had no such inducement to work. Either the struggle on the part of the scholarship men to get to college and remain there works as a selection of the really vigorous, or the discipline involved develops a strength of character that stands them in good stead throughout their life.

But, after all, the scholar is not the only type of man of mark in college whose subsequent career is worth following. The athlete is a far more prominent figure. What is the relation between his fame in college and his distinction in after life? In undertaking to examine the question the writer believed, and expected to find, that any success in college, intellectual or physical, would be an indication of natural vigor, and therefore increase to some extent the chance of distinction in any subsequent career; but this proves to be true only in part. In the case of the three great athletic bodies, the crew, the baseball nine, and the football eleven, we have no data to work with so accurate as those which the college rank lists furnish in regard to scholars, because until very recent times their records of membership were not carefully made

Who 's Who, so that the proportion for the nineteen years from 1869 to 1887 is considerably larger than for the whole period from 1861.

and preserved. Still, it is believed that the lists compiled by Mr. Thompson, of the Harvard Union, are so nearly correct that any errors are not likely to affect the general result.

Take first the crews. We find that during the twenty-seven years from 1861 to 1887 they comprised eighty-two different men, of whom six, or one in thirteen and two thirds, are in Who 's Who. This, it will be observed, is very nearly the same as the proportion for the total graduates of the college during the same period, and it has remained fairly constant throughout. The members of the crew would appear, therefore, to have about the same chance of the kind of distinction implied in Who 's Who as the average members of the class. That is, intellectually speaking, they are neither better nor worse than their classmates. When we come to the captains of the crew, we should expect to find men chosen on account of superior force or intelligence. We should, therefore, expect them to win a greater share of distinction in the world than the average of their classmates; and this proves to be the fact. Of the seventeen captains of the crew during the twenty-seven years in question, three, or one in five and two thirds, are to be found in Who 's Who. The numbers dealt with are, of course, so small that accident plays a very large part, — a part large enough to make the results untrustworthy as a basis for any theory. Still, so far as they go, they would indicate that the chance of the kind of distinction implied by Who 's Who is as great for the captains of the crew as for the high scholars in the class, and the men who take special honors, and greater than for the average of the men who rank in the first seventh of the class. So far, our results are not very different from those we might have been led to expect; but when we turn to the other teams we reach quite different conclusions.

Baseball began with the class of 1866, and from the twenty-two classes down to and including 1887 there were drawn one hundred and two members of the nine, of whom seven, or one in fourteen and a half, are included in Who 's Who. At first sight this seems to show that, intellectually speaking, the members of the nine have been fair average specimens of the class; but when we examine the matter a little more closely we find that a great change has taken place. Six out of the seven baseball men whose names appear in Who 's Who belong to the three classes of 1867, 1868, and 1869. During the eighteen years that followed there were seventy-two players on the nine, of whom only one is in Who 's Who. The contrast is very surprising until we examine more carefully the names of the men who played upon the nine in the early days. In the four classes from 1866 to 1869, there were thirty members of the nine, of whom six, as we have said, or one in five, are in Who 's Who; but these were days in which scholars played upon the nine. In fact, one member of the nine in each of five consecutive classes in those days was in the first seventh of his class; and of the thirty men already mentioned, three were in the first seventh of their class, while two more took special honors; and thus it happens that of the six men in Who 's Who in the first four years, four are men who distinguished themselves by scholarship in college. Since that time the scholars have ceased to play ball, or the nine have ceased to study; for, of the one hundred and eleven men recorded as members of the nine from 1872 through 1898, there was only one man who took honors in any subject, no man who won a Bowdoin Prize, and through 1887 (when the rank list was given up) only one man in the first seventh of his class.

Perhaps the reason for such a change may be found in the very improvement of the game. A higher amount of skill is required than of old, and this means

more training and more time expended. So that while it was possible in the early years for men like James Barr Ames, Francis Rawle, and Francis Greenwood Peabody to be proficient both with bats and books, this has become well-nigh an impossibility to-day.

The case of the baseball captains is even more surprising. Their names are not given for the first few years; but from 1874, when the list begins, down to the present day, there does not appear in Who 's Who the name of a single captain of the nine.

The record of the football team tells much the same story, except that it opens after the days were passed when men combined scholarship with athletics. Mr. Thompson's football records start with the class of 1874; and from that time through 1887 there were ninety-three members of the eleven, of whom three, or one out of thirty-one, are found in Who 's Who; while of the seven captains, not one appears in that work. Of late years the result has been more promising, for of the fifty-five men who have been upon the team from 1888 to 1898, two are in Who 's Who, and one of these was a captain. As in baseball after the early years, so among the football men the record of scholarship at college has not been brilliant. In all the years from 1874 to 1898 there were, out of the one hundred and forty-eight men upon the team, only two men who took special honors, two who took a Bowdoin Prize, and two who were in the first seventh of the class. In one case, however, all three kinds of honors were attained by the same man. So that out of the one hundred and forty-eight men, four attained some distinction in scholarship. Curiously enough, no one of the four appears in Who 's Who.

These statistics would tend to show that while the chance of the kind of distinction recorded in Who 's Who is about the same for the crew as for the average of the class, and is much greater for the captains of the crew, it is for the football and baseball men far less than for the average graduate. Such a result cannot be attributed entirely to the fact that high scholars no longer play upon the nine or upon the eleven, for this is equally true of the crew. In fact, from 1861 to 1898 no member of the crew won a Bowdoin Prize, or stood in the first seventh of his class, and only one took final honors in any subject; but the oarsmen proved in other ways that they possessed in as great a degree as the average of the class the qualities that make for distinction. Why should not this be true of the baseball and football men also?

To contrast the proportion of college athletes and high scholars found in Who 's Who might well be thought unfair on the ground that the criterion of eminence used in that book tends to favor scholarship as compared with success in the professions or in business, and tends, therefore, to give a distinct advantage to men who were scholars in college. This might explain, in part at least, why the high scholars should appear in Who 's Who in greater numbers than the athletes; but it does not explain why the athletes should appear in it less than the average graduate. There is no obvious reason why the athletes should not distinguish themselves in later life, whether through scholarship or otherwise, as frequently as the other members of the class who are not scholars. If they do not do so it would seem that a principle of selection must be at work in the case of the nine and the eleven which eliminates men of intellectual abilities and tastes. The time that one must devote to such sports is greater than in the case of the crew, and this apparently discourages men who have other interests.

That the members of the teams should attain in after life a smaller share of distinction than the average of their classmates, by whatever criterion

it is measured, was a surprise to the writer, and is certainly a matter for regret. It is one of many indications that athletics have become too much an end in themselves, distinct from the current of college life; that the pursuit has become so absorbing, the amount of practice required so great, as to entail a sacrifice of other things in order to play on the team. This is due partly to the professional character of all American sports, which tend peculiarly to the development of a very high degree of technical skill, and partly to a distribution of the college year which throws work and play into the same periods. Division of labor, and specialization of occupation, is an important element in the progress of the world, but men can carry it too far in the training of their brains and bodies in college.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG.

For the five days of big wind at the end of the March blowing of 1901 the boom across the ploughed land on the bluff farms of Morning County beat time to the shrill whistling in the timber like the drone bass in *pifferari* music. It was a grand world out of doors, the sort of world that is always unrolling with the whirl of the wind in Missouri, wild and gray and free. In the swales the tough grass dipped and rose in shaking circles; on the hills the gaunt trees went like flails; overhead resounded that whistling, roaring diapason. The sting of the air, mica-laden, was like a whip. On the bluffs few people braved it. In the hillside pastures the horses battled against it with wide-nostriled whinny; the cattle ran from it to the shelter of the hayricks, heads down, lowing uneasily.

At Hogback Hill, — the foreland tract in the chain of great tracts in the holding of Lowry Penryn of Penangton, — Penryn's tenant, a tireless farmer, looked out on the resistless weather in the mid-afternoon of the final day, took the horn from the kitchen porch, and sent a reluctant winding call to his hands in the furrows. The hands turned back to shelter gladly, and for the rest of that day the fields were left in the clutch of the storm, while the men sat in the barn, tinkering, mending harness, recalling other storms.

"They 'll be lightning to come," said one, who stood by the barn door watching. "Huccome me to know is f'm that yellowness yonder. Scampish-lookin' clouds over tha'."

" 'T is n't to say cyclone time though, is it? " inquired another, who had come from the Northeast, and feared the ways of Missouri.

"Naw, but they 'll be devil's own lightning," replied the old-timer comfortingly, and added that it was well to be indoors on such a day. "Takes town-fool boarders to resk it outside! " He breathed the words in a whistling cadence, his lips tightening condemningly, his eyes fixed upon the two who were running down the steps of the weather-beaten front porch of the tenant's house.

The high-trunked walnut trees, the black-jack oaks, and the silver sycamores tossed and strained sonorously as the two who had come down from the porch went across the damp mast-weighted grass of the yard at Hogback Hill, scurrying like children, — the skirts of the woman blown out in front of her, her slender body careening with the grace of a ship at sea, her eyes bright, her cheeks red with the whip of the air, — the man's hand on the wo-

man's arm, the wind raising his thick black hair, his chest lifting and expanding. A strain, as of watching and waiting, that sharpened the faces of both, slackened. Whatever cares oppressed them blew away, for the moment, on the wings of the wind. The youth and vigor in both were keenly triumphant. As they pitted themselves against the stress of the elements, there was in their consciousness only a glee in their own valiance, their own well-matched vigor. A recognition that they were splendidly complementary flashed from one to the other as he seized her hand and they were swept on to the yard fence, where they leaned, laughing a little and panting hard.

"Oh yes," he said in a tone whose self-indorsement seemed to have a direct reference to some antecedent advice. "You do look better already. You needed fresh air. You can't stay in the house all day much better than I can." He had not released her hand, and she drew it from him.

"I can stand alone," she said. "Yes, it 's true that I need lots of outdoors. Is n't it satisfying?" She threw her head back and watched the storm, the high up-rolling of the clouds, the blown grass, the hills where the great trees lashed in travail. "That 's what it does for me, — satisfies — by expressing." There was a leaping joy in her voice, as though some deep antiphonal note responded, true and strong, to the storm.

When she had taken her hand from his he had folded his arms, and he stood now, unshaken in the teeth of the wind, looking down at her, his great love of her hardly restrained. "Does it do that for you, too?" he asked, understanding in his voice. His eyes sought hers and held them. Then, as though to make daringly sure that he understood, he added, — "By expressing what? Satisfies by expressing what?"

"One hardly knows what," she murmured, — "the things that fight toward expression in one's soul, the blown weakness of tears, — the keen strength of joy." Though some shadow of waiting self-reproach lay like a veil across the light in her eyes, the light was there, and the words swelled and quivered up the gamut of memory from grief to gladness.

Watching her, he drew his breath in with a trembling inspiration, made a little start toward her, and turned away. The moments of torturing intimacy that came into their days were too life-laden. "Don't!" he said pitifully. "Don't!"

"Don't? Don't what?"

"Don't let me know your soul!" he cried in a strange agony of entreaty. "Keep me out! Keep me out!" The cry was the cry of one on the threshold of his own, fighting himself back.

Her eyes, frightened and storm-driven, sought the flying clouds again, and a little silence fell between them, impenetrable for a time.

"Talk to me of Hardin," she said at last, in a low reticent voice. "How are we to reconcile him to the loss of that arm?" Her eyes met his steadily now, all that young leaping strength of hers, body and soul, securely in leash.

"Yes, talk to *me* of Hardin," — he caught at the name as at a thing to pull up by and stand by. "Though I 've met with a lot of discouragement with him, I 'm bound to admit that the worst thing in the whole history of his case is this final apathy of resentment at having to get at the future disabled. All his hold on life seems to have lain in the grip of the hand that had to go."

"Ah, Hard was so big and whole! He has reveled so in his strength and wholeness, been so ingenuously vain in the thought of it, — his poor old pride is so hurt, don't you see?" she explained, her face showing her own sympathetic hurt.

"Yes, I see. He is getting restless again; have you noticed? We have had him down here nearly a week.

That 's doing pretty well. What next? Shall you take him back to Kansas City? "

"No, to Penangton, I expect. He likes to be near you. You can stand it, can't you? Now, as always, his chance seems to lie with you."

"His chance is good. Don't forget that. He is still strong. We shall save him yet."

She looked off toward the house, where she could see a man who waited for them at a window. He had one arm through the sleeve of a velvet jacket, and the other sleeve of the jacket hung empty from the shoulder, but he sat up stockily and looked out upon the storm. When he saw that the woman's eyes sought his, he raised his arm in salutation and smiled a halting absent smile. She lifted her hand and waved to him, then clasped both arms about her own body, "Oh, if I were not so much alive! It 's a crime with Hardin like that, — let 's go back to him, let 's go back! " she cried, with a rush of tumultuous sorrow, a fine young maternalism possessing her face entirely; and the two started again across the yard together.

The man at the window lay back on his chair and watched them come up the trough of the wind, his thoughts surging toward the woman stormily, in wild leaps: "Ah, yes, you! You re something to keep a man, — but you are whole, — and I — lying here in these bandages — dying limb by limb, like a sickly tree, — God! It 's hardly the way of the strong." He looked down upon the bandaged rigidity of his trunk and groaned. The strong! That was what he had been all his vigorous, successful life, powerful, intact. He had come up out of the strength of a sturdy, barefooted childhood, on into the strength of a muscle-hardened, poverty-urged boyhood, on into the strength of a seasoned manhood, that had overcome the circumstances of birth, wrested wealth, wife, and happiness from Fate, — conquered, after the fashion of the strong. And here, at the end of it all, he was back in the home of his childhood, whither he had crept to hide from his conquered world, while he sought the strength to accustom himself to himself as a partly stripped trunk, as maimed, as incomplete. He was seeking that new strength still, braced against his wife and his physician; seeking, but not finding it. The marks of his awful inability to find it had seared his face deep these past few weeks. As he waited for the woman to come on to him, his defeat, his admission that his was battle strength, the strength to act, not to stand and endure, lay blightingly upon him.

On the weather-beaten porch again, the man and the woman stopped for a moment. The glow was dying from her face. She looked anxious, burdened, as she turned toward him. "It 's very good," — she hesitated as though the wailing wind swept the words from her lips, and she swayed a little toward him. If he had willed it, he could have touched her hair with his lips.

"Yes? " he asked.

— "good to have you stand by us, — it 's a hard place to stand in, I know that." Her tone was full of a divine sympathy.

"A hard place, but a high place. Am I failing you? "

A flash of glad light came over her face. "Oh no, you are not failing me, — being you, you could not fail me! " she cried softly, her very confidence in him beating like mighty, unsettling waves about him.

He opened the outer door for her quickly, and she went by him to the door of her own room.

"Stay with Hardin a minute, will you? " she asked, as she disappeared, and he, passing on into the sick man's room, was greeted listlessly: —

"Well, Henderson, could n't stand the storm? "

"Yes, — oh yes, we stood it."

"We can blow in Missouri, when the notion takes us, huh?" went on the sick man, his voice blank, his little effort at friendly conversation like a futile chipping at the shell of despondency about him.

"It 's a monster wind." Henderson manifested a compelling, magnetic interest in the barren topic, so different from the other's lifelessness as to suggest that the one was determinedly opposed to the other. "The farm here gets the full force of it, Hard. Wonder how your pioneer ancestors ever happened to select this bleak foreland to pitch crops on?"

"Lord!" — intermingled with an invalid's querulousness was a little of that interest for which the physician was playing, — "pitched here because they could reap here, — black land this."

"You spent nearly all your boyhood here, did n't you, Hard?"

"Mighty near it, — good times those, Henderson," — he sat up and looked out over the distant hills where the wind tore like a harried wraith. "Very good times. And it 's queer, is n't it, how old times, old places call and call to a fellow. From the very minute that I heard that Lynn's father had added this farm to his holdings, though I 'd forgotten the place for years, why, nothing for it, but what I must get back here and remember my beginning. I was born in that room there," — he twisted his head over his shoulder, with a jerk toward the tenant's dining-room. "And look here," he waved his hand toward the window, "see the road over the hill from the river? Many 's the time I 've tramped it to school with my dinner-pail on my arm and mighty precious little in the pail." He kept his eyes on the yellow road winding up hill in the distance till the fugitive interest passed from his face and was replaced by the old settled melancholy. "But somehow, Henderson, when I indulge in sympathy for myself, 't is n't that hungry youngster I 'm sorry for, — it 's this one-armed lumpkin" — his voice choked with the thought of the significance of his disaster, and he stopped. Henderson moved up a little nearer silently, and the bitter, tense words began again. "That hungry boy had everything ahead of him, Henderson, and the gnawing sting in his stomach was to him, with his kind of strength, nothing worse than another urge onward. He had everything to do and every reason to do, and he was fully equipped for the doing. I suppose, Henderson, I 'd get along better now if there was n't so much behind me, if there was anything left ahead of me that needed doing." That battle strength within him, that impulse toward activity, roused and growled and beat against the bars of his invalidism, but Henderson, welcoming any change from inappetency, let him continue. "I could fight with one hand, Henderson, if there was anything to fight for — anything left" —

"Hard! Hardin Shore! There 's a big thing left!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, Henderson, but I don't have to fight for that, do I? She 's mine already, is n't she? I want something to fight for. I don't have to fight for her, I have her, if ever a man had anything on this earth. What do you expect then? Can a fellow like I am rock back on his wife's love and his love of her, and end his days watching himself go to pieces? You expect that of *me?* You need n't. I have to do things. I don't know how to stand things any better than a baby. You don't know what you are talking about when you ask it, Henderson. When did you ever endure? You could n't any better than I can, — and I can't at all!" He got up from his chair and flung about the room. "God! I 'm a crying failure at it. If I had n't been a strong man, Henderson, — but I 've lived the life of the strong. Why, with that old arm that 's gone I 've lifted and carried what two men could n't budge," — his

face lit with a little momentary gleam of satisfaction. "Why, Henderson, in the old days, in log-rolling time, I used to make big Jim Bard's eyes stick out an inch by what I could do, and before me Jim was the strong man in these parts. Why, I could roll all day. And I was the stoutest man at a handspike you ever saw. Why, just feel that muscle even yet, huh? — is n't that a lump!" There was something infinitely pathetic in this tremulous braggadocio about his past that was stopping for a moment the thought of his future. "Muscle-wrapped giant that I was, — and now maimed, not all here. No, I shan't stop, Henderson. Question with me has come to be whether you have had the right ever to stop me; a doctor may take too much upon himself, — patching a patient together when he would better be allowed to go to pieces, — a strong man does n't want to live beyond the day of his strength. What 's life to mean to me now, — going leg by leg, arm by arm, — aw, don't talk, — you 've missed your prognosis before. I know that 's the way I 'll go. What have you done this thing for anyway? I 'm not so essential to you, am I, that you should have held on to me and fought death away from me all these years? I 'd have been finished and good riddance, long ago, if it had n't been for you!"

Face to face with the physician's tragedy of a patient's reproach, Henderson was conscious only of a grand sense of vindication. It was that which made his voice rock and sing as he answered: "It was for her, Hardin, for her. She wanted you saved — maimed or halt, or blind — she wanted you saved."

The words came on to the sick man like an arrow to the mark. He bowed his head against the window, and his fearful rage lulled. "Whatever I 've done for you, I 've done for her," insisted Henderson, and then, seeing that Shore's wife stood questioningly at the door, her face, with its sharp lines of suffering and strain, turned toward him, he beckoned her to his place, and stole from the room.

She came up to Shore and laid her hand upon his arm. "Ah, yes, you!" he murmured, putting his arm about her. "You promised to stay away and exercise and rest for a full half hour." He tried hard to maintain his control of the harsh discord within him, holding her a little way from him and looking down upon her yearningly and lovingly, for all the strife on his face.

"Yes, but you see, I get restless away from you."

"Awful baby about me, are n't you, are n't you now, for a woman who has been married to me for years?" The old egoistic raillery slipped from his lips, as she drew him to a chair, where she knelt beside him, her young arms about him. He laughed, a little pleased growl, as she held him to her.

"Well, I like it better with you than out in the storm," she said. "It was wild out there. This is safer."

"You had Henderson with you. Did n't Henderson take good care of you?"

"Yes, I had him. Yes, he took good care." He could feel the soft acquiescent motion of her cheek against his face.

"Guess you are safe enough with Henderson."

"Yes." She rocked back on the firm support his big, muscle-corded arm gave her. "I 'm glad we have this arm," she said, nesting her head against it comfortably. "Yes, I 'm safe enough with Henderson." She smiled into his eyes as she added, "Henderson can hold the storm in hand, of course," and he missed her deeper meaning, but met her banter with a chuckle that had in it something of his natural spontaneity.

"We think Henderson can do a plenty, don't we?" he assented.

"He has done so much." She pressed more closely to him, and the answering clasp of the arm about her made the bandages across his chest strain for a

moment. "He has saved you for me over and over. He has done so much, — say it."

"Yes, yes, — if just being alive is much." His tone was flat and dull again, and his eyes slanted remorselessly from the head on his breast to his armless shoulder. "But, Lynn, what I am having to meet and down now is whether or no being alive is anything at all. You know I 've been a man for effort on the outside. What am I to do for the rest of my days besides fight disease? Develop my character? I 'm a sweet creature to start in to calcimine my inside life with ethical enameline, ain't I? I can't live inside. You know that. What am I to *do*, honey?" All his nerve-racked, black defeat, his pride in his old life, his blank inability to get hold of another life, beat into the question and tolled up to her like a knell.

"But I have to have you, Hardin! That 's something. It might easily be a purpose" —

"Ah, but do you?" he cried, on a sudden vehement impulse to get at the bare truth of everything. "You are young, sound, whole. Do you really want me? — There! there! I know, I know!" — He veered swiftly because of the fright, the appeal on her face. "You could n't go on without me. I guess there would n't be anything ahead for you. There would n't be anything ahead for me without you, no matter how many arms were left me. I could n't live without you. And you can't live without me. That 's it, is it?"

"Yes, that 's it," she cried chokingly. "I could n't face the future. I should feel that somehow it was all my fault, that if I had been everything I might have been, you would not have gone. Anybody who is left must feel like that, I think. Ah, Hardin, stay with me, — want to stay!" She threw her arms about him and clung to him. Her abandon, her forgetfulness of his crippled shoulder made him wince with a pain that was, all the while, a stinging joy. She had triumphed over him again; she had brought life on to him again; her presence had softened and enlivened his thought again, and, conquered, he let his head rest upon hers, while he peered out timidly upon the new life.

Henderson came back presently and found them like that, and Shore greeted him with a note of the old boyish pleasantness of temper; a forced note, but welcome, for all that, to the two who had been for so long trying to make him put out that kind of effort.

"Well, Henderson, here goes for a fresh start." Shore let his arm slip from his wife, and got to his feet as though he would grasp his standard anew with that uncompanioned hand. "You two keep at a fellow so eternally, there 's nothing to do but do as you say. Live, you say. All right, I 'll live. I 'll fight to live. I don't want to, but I 'll do it, I 'll work for it, just for you two." He began a nervous pacing to and fro, the strength that was in him urging him into some kind of activity, however unsatisfying.

"Sit down, old man, sit down!"

"Oh, my God, Henderson, I can't sit down. I 'm reconstructing myself. I need some room. Look at the power of that wind in the trees, — it 's the kind of thing that 's shaking me. Here, I 'm going out on the porch a minute to watch that wind, to feel it. It helps. Yes, I am. You 've both been. Did n't hurt you. Now, I 'm going."

In rousing him at all they had taken the risk of over-keying him, and, at high tension, a paroxysm of unbearable nervousness upon him, he passed out on the porch, the other two behind him, powerless to oppose the half-frenzied strength of his mood. "Ah, this is better, better!" he cried, sending his senses out into the sweep and roar of the storm. The wind had increased in violence, and tore over the hills now with the howl of wolves. The air was

shot with electricity, and streaks of gold and blue played out of the slate-black sky.

At the barn door the farm hands clustered anxiously. "Look at that! Look at that!" shouted one suddenly, and stretched out a long hairy forearm, whose crooked forefinger pointed down the yard.

"The sick man! Gord, he 's gone crazy!"

Hardin Shore, that unbearable nervousness still upon him, had gone down into the yard, overcoming warning and remonstrance, after the ruthless manner of convalescence. Uncloaked, bareheaded, he forged into the storm, his eyes eager with the stimulus of the air, a fine free mood triumphing over his despondency. "Oh, I 'm all right now," he insisted to the two who followed him, and he threw off Henderson's hold impatiently. "I 'm no sick man, Henderson. Don't hold me back. I 'm well again. No, I won't go in. No, I won't take care! I won't do one damn weak thing for at least five minutes. Whew, that wind! No Missourian ever forgets the thrash of it!" The up-welling, exultant strength within him communicated its inspiration to the two beside him, and they stopped trying to restrain him, smiling at him, letting him have his way. "This is the right sort of thing," he cried; "this is living. You want to put life into me? This does it. Give me something on the outside to stand up against."

He pushed up a high knoll, crowned by one giant-trunked, lean walnut, storm-tossed but invincible, and they came on after him. At the feet of the beetling bluff the Missouri, swollen and blackly tumultuous, tore through her bar-locked channels. The distant upturned fields, the timber patches, the feeble young corn were being raked and flattened by the teeth of the wind, that now swooped low and bit and crunched at the ground, now rose, screaming, and sent the very clouds driving before it. On the top of the knoll, Shore stopped triumphantly, and the other two stopped with him.

As they stood watching the gray wild weather, — Shore jubilant, his temporary exhilaration over-riding the memory of his affliction, the whole man again by the might of his renewed physical joy in living, — a blue-gold gleam shot out of the sky, spiking the air with blinding needles. Henderson, benumbed, helpless, tingling, heard somewhere above them the popping and straining of tough fibres, and knew that the big walnut was falling toward them, but could move neither hand nor foot in the voltaic shock upon him. With his wide-open, staring eyes he could see, however. See the woman standing as he stood, dazed, helpless; see Hardin Shore's one mighty arm upheld, the corded muscles standing out like cables under the velvet sleeve, his face lit with a proud, gleaming confidence; see the tree deflected and go crashing to the ground beyond them; see Shore's foot slip, and Shore go down under the trunk, while they two stood on in that magic, electric sphere of helplessness, and the farm hands came running from the barn.

The wind went higher yet by night, but the sun set red and glorious. In a bedroom in the foreland farmhouse a strong man lay dying, and his passing was no small thing, but translucent and glorious like the setting of the sun.

"How much better, how much better," he murmured to two who knelt beside him, "to lay down this maimed body for you both, — to pay you back supremely for your fight for my life." A shining consciousness of their salvation through him lay on his face; he looked as though he were breathing light. "It was a grand chance," — he turned to the woman beside him pleadingly, as though he must reconcile her to his choice, "I would have tried to live just because you wanted it so; I had made up my mind to it," he said; "but

it would have been hard to live as I must have lived, — and I can't help being glad that the matter got beyond us, — and you must try to see that this sort of dying is grandly better — than any sort of living." He held to her hand, the warm strength of his love surging toward her mightily, as the strength of his body ebbed; then his eyes closed softly for a moment. When they opened again they fell upon the man beside him.

"Henderson?"

"I am here, Hard. But, oh, God! if I were not here! If I could have died for you!"

"Ah, you show that this is a great fate, — by envying me, old man, — but don't begrudge me my destiny," — his voice weakened and stopped, his eyes roaming beyond the window, where the yellow road rose out of his childhood to the top of the hill and lost itself on the other side.

In the swales the tough grass dipped and rose; on the hills the trees went like flails; overhead was the roar of an unseen surf. The sun went down trailing glory as Hardin Shore turned his illumined face toward it.

"How much better" — they heard him say again, a final Praise-God in his tone — "that a man lay down his life for his friends, — it 's the way of the strong."

R. E. Young.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

II.

I HAVE said that we were not without intellectual interests at Cambridge. In truth, when one looks back from a distance of forty years, it seems that all but the very dullest of men must have been profoundly interested in the questions then coming to the front. We were in one of the periods at which a crust of conventional dogma has formed, like the palæocrystic ice of the polar sea, upon the surface of opinion. The accepted formulas are being complacently repeated in all good faith by the respectable authorities. And yet new currents are everywhere moving beneath, and the superincumbent layer of official dogma is no longer conformable to the substratum of genuine belief. Then a sudden cataclysm begins to break up the crust and to sweep away the temporary bridging of the abyss which superficial observers had mistaken for solid earth. The alarm caused by the collapse of the ancient dogmas may perhaps be exaggerated. In time we come to see that the change is mainly in the open manifestations of the old, rather than in the intrusion of the really new modes of thought; and somehow or other as the new doctrines lose their strangeness we are sagacious enough to discover that we always believed them in substance. However that may be, old-fashioned people had to bear some severe shocks. In 1857 Buckle appeared as a devil's advocate of extraordinary abilities and knowledge. A certain percentage of us, he was supposed to argue, had got to be murderers whether we liked it or not. Two years later Darwin's Origin of Species showed that we were a kind of monkey, though innocent lookers-on flattered themselves that he could be triumphantly confuted by the versatile Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Herbert Spencer had already propounded his essential theories; and in 1860 announced that he was elaborating the system of philosophy upon which he was to labor so heroically for a generation to come. "Evolution," in short, was revealing itself as a demon horned and hoofed.

Religious dogmas were melting in new currents of thought. In 1860 the clerical world of England was alarmed by Essays and Reviews. Anglican divines, it appeared, had admitted that the Bible should be criticised "like any other book;" and had serious qualms about Noah's ark. Two years later the good Bishop Colenso explained with a touching simplicity how an intelligent Zulu had refused to believe that Noah ever built an ark, and how he had come to agree with the Zulu. The story is familiar, and requires no comment; only when I remember the thrill of indignation which then ran through the respectable world, the clerical manifestoes which I was adjured to sign, the masses of polemical literature, the prosecutions for heresy, and the vehement assertions that the very foundations of religion and morality were being assailed, and then remind myself that we are all now evolutionists, and that orthodox divines accept the most startling doctrines of Essays and Reviews, I feel as though I must have lived through more than one generation. I recall the facts because it has become difficult to realize the greatness of the shock to the equanimity of the orthodox and respectable; but, for the present, my only purpose is to note the effect upon our little world at Cambridge.

Not long after leaving the university I wrote certain articles descriptive of Cambridge life, and if any one should say that they were a bit of flippant journalism, I shall not dispute his opinion. I fancied, however, that they had long been forgotten when I heard that they had been denounced by a distinguished professor in a university sermon. What excited his wrath was my statement (substantially) that at Cambridge we were careless Gallios. I had said that though we could lose our temper over political discussions, we became calm when conversation was turned to the controversies which divided the religious world. My critic took me to insinuate that we were covert unbelievers, and confuted me by mentioning the eminent orthodox authorities who were then lights of the university. I shall not argue the point. Of one thing I am certain: the Cambridge of those days was not an arena for struggles between church-parties. Individuals might belong to what were then called the "high," "low," or "broad" parties; but their differences did not form the ground for any division in university politics. We left such matters to Oxford. There, too, a comparative calm had followed the catastrophe of Newman's conversion. But at Oxford Jowett and Stanley were becoming known as leaders of the broad church. The orthodox were showing their bitterness by refusing to grant Jowett the emoluments of his Greek professorship, and a band of disciples was taking him and his friends as spiritual guides. Six of the "seven against Christ," as the authors of Essays and Reviews were pleasantly called, were distinguished Oxford men. Jowett and Pattison were, I suppose, the most distinguished teachers in the place. Younger Oxford men, especially T. H. Green, were beginning to read Hegel, and preparing to introduce the next philosophical fashion. Others were revolting from all theology. Dr. Congreve was planting the positivist church in England, and finding his chief proselytes at Oxford. Cambridge looked on with a comparative indifference and congratulated itself upon the intellectual calm. Our interest in such matters took a characteristic form. Colenso was a man of noble character as well as a good Cambridge mathematician. The mathematician appeared in his argument that the authors of the Pentateuch were disgracefully ignorant of his text-book on arithmetic. Otherwise they would not have made statements from which it followed that every priest had to eat over eighty-eight pigeons daily. That no doubt brought the question to a good tangible definite issue; but it was a

trifle narrow, and could be plausibly described as a cavil. A similar proclivity to stick to matter of fact was characteristic, I fancy, of our orthodox divines. The ablest, I suppose, was Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, who in my time became a professor of divinity and at a later period, with his friends Westcott and Hort, did admirable work in criticism of the early Christian writings. The method, however, suggests wider questions. Lightfoot, as his friend Hort tells us, was personally shy, and, though enthusiastically appreciated by a few congenial pupils, "shrank from what seemed to him abstract speculation." Hort's remark is suggested by his reply to the author of Supernatural Religion. I turned, I remember, with great interest to his articles to see what reply so learned and able an apologist would make to a criticism of the evidences. I learnt from them that he had a very poor opinion of his antagonist's scholarship, and could apparently point out many errors of detail. But I was disappointed to find that he expressly declined to argue the general question. What are the essential canons of historical criticism? Can you be at once historical and accept the supernatural? What proofs, if any, will establish the truth of a miraculous narrative? Lightfoot might be fully justified in not discussing that question; but till it was decided in his favor he could not convert one of the opposite way of thinking. One man accepts as sufficient evidence a statement which to his opponent is intrinsically incredible. There is no common ground for argument. You may fix the dates or authorship of documents, but you cannot say what weight is to be attached to them. Our Cambridge authorities, in short, put aside the discussion of general principles, or assumed the truth of principles which to me seemed erroneous. They liked to keep their feet on solid ground of fact, and had no love of "abstract speculation." That meant that they had still a strong admixture of the old Paley leaven, which implied the reduction of the problem to a mere question of historical evidence. Their hatred for the abstract in the "Serbonian bog" of metaphysics inclined them to shrink from discussing questions which are, after all, strictly relevant and essential. Our teachers had of course a philosophy of religion, but they did not often expound or defend their views on the vital question. They were generally content to assume them. This shrinking from the "abstract" implies no indifference to the great issues; but it certainly was congenial to those who were indifferent. We know pretty well what is the "religion of all sensible men," careful as sensible men may be not to reveal it. Any man whose religion was of that type was safe at Cambridge from impertinent curiosity — nobody would ask what he thought. His creed was certainly not without adherents. According to a very comfortable "Erastian" doctrine, the Church of England is simply a department of the state. The articles lay down the formulas which its members are forbidden to contradict. If in performing the services they have to affirm, as well as to refrain from denying certain doctrines, their personal convictions do not matter: they are merely acting in their official capacity, performing a ceremony considered by the authorities to be edifying, not stating what they believe to be true. That is not a theory which I hold myself; and I agree that it is open to some objections from the ethical point of view. Still I have known respectable persons who have accepted and acted upon it with apparently comfortable consciences. I do not believe nor mean to insinuate that such men were otherwise than exceptional. If I were to describe what was the average state of belief among my acquaintances, — and any such description must, of course, be highly conjectural, — I should be inclined to guess, in the first place, that

the great majority might fairly call themselves sincere believers. They held that some religious belief was not only supremely useful, but must somehow or other be true. They held also that the beliefs demanded from members of the Church of England were the least dogmatic, the easiest of acceptance, and capable of the widest interpretation. They might be aware that critics and scientific people had raised difficulties; and did not know very clearly what was the proper answer. They assumed that there was an answer somewhere or other, and meanwhile left the question to experts, avoided raising awkward questions, and went on the old lines comfortably and quietly. That was not a solution to satisfy everybody, and it did not satisfy me.

We had, I have said, no spiritual guides among the Cambridge residents. We had, of course, our favorite teachers in the world of speculative thought. The greatest of English writers who could assume such a position was Carlyle. Carlylism had its zealots, and Froude has told us how he and others oscillated between the opposite poles of Carlyle and Newman. To most of us, however, Carlyle passed for an eccentric Diogenes or, as he called himself, a St. John the Baptist, denouncing not only the wearers of purple and fine linen, but everybody who had a decent coat to his back. Sartor Resartus called upon us to throw aside the old clothes of orthodoxy — "to come out of Houndsditch," as he put it. The prophet was fulminating outrageous denunciations against things in general, and yet offering no tangible alternative. His Latter-Day Pamphlets had shocked not only the good British Tory, but the sound Liberal, who was scandalized by any apology for slavery. His theology, whatever that might precisely be, was too vague for practical purposes. Young men who were not prepared to "swallow all formulas" and, like Herr Teufelsdröckh, strip themselves stark naked, read Coleridge, and found the most attractive contemporary leader in the admirable F. D. Maurice. He, they thought, might be taken as a guide to the promised land where orthodox dogma in alliance with philosophy could also be reconciled with science and criticism. Maurice undeniably was one of the most attractive and saint-like of men. He was clearly sincere even to an excess of scrupulosity. His very weaknesses and excess of sensibility gave to his friends the sense that they were the bodyguard of an unworldly teacher, whom they could relieve from practical difficulties, and screen from the harsh censures of the ordinary controversialist and the religious newspaper. I always remember a photograph in which he appeared taking the arm of Tom Hughes. Hughes was turning a reverential glance to his master and at the same time looking from the corner of his eye with an obvious wish that some caviler would try to punch the prophet's head and require a lesson from a practical expert in the art of fisticuffs. The loyalty of the disciples was most natural and intelligible. Maurice in the pulpit was the very incarnation of earnestness, reverence, and deep human feeling. But he did not strike me as an incarnation of clear-headedness. No one could denounce more impressively the coarse theology which dealt in threats of hell-fire and hopes that a wrathful deity might be appeased by transferring the penalty to perfect innocence. The true gospel revealed a loving father, not an arbitrary tyrant. But then came a difficulty. The coarse version, he held, had been somehow read into the dogmatic system; it was not properly there. The plain meaning of the gospels more or less embodied in the Thirty-Nine Articles was the very reverse, and, moreover, was as clear as daylight to the unsophisticated reader. Formulas repulsive to the human heart and conscience, if interpreted in the vulgar plan, became infinitely beautiful and edifying in the natural

meaning. So far, therefore, from rejecting, you were to accept them as unconditionally true. To the ordinary mind this feat seemed to require considerable ingenuity and a kind of spiritualization uncongenial to common sense. It was easier to say that hell was a figment than to make hell a manifestation of mercy; and the statement that all who denied certain metaphysical dogmas should without doubt perish everlastingly was somehow an awkward way of asserting the universality of divine love. "Eternal," said Maurice, "has nothing to do with time;" which was a more satisfactory than intelligible conclusion. I once ventured in an article some years later to express my difficulty in understanding how the Thirty-Nine Articles came to express a man's "deepest convictions in the most unequivocal language." Maurice accepted the phrase, though adding an explanation. A "more spiritual theology" was required than would have satisfied our ancestors; but "the groundwork" of such a theology was "laid bare" in the Thirty-Nine Articles. We should retain the groundwork instead of frittering it away with the broad church rationalists. Somehow or other the groundwork appeared to me to be made of crumbling materials.

I never doubted his sincerity or felt "contempt" for him personally; but I could not believe in his perspicacity. Perhaps that was because I was not a born Platonist, and could not breathe in the semi-mythical region where Maurice was at home, and where this transfiguration of dogmas may be perfectly natural. I found it easier simply to admit that the dogmas simply meant what the dogmatist supposed them to mean and to reject them "in a lump." I could admire the loyal enthusiasm of Kingsley and Hughes, but found the teaching of their prophet to be no help for my difficulties. It only seemed to lead into beautiful rose-colored mists of illusions, where anything might turn out to bear the reverse of its plain, every-day sense. I had taken orders, rashly, though not, I trust, with conscious insincerity, on a sort of tacit understanding that Maurice or his like would act as an interpreter of the true facts. The difficulty which finally upset me was commonplace and prosaic enough. I had to take part in services where the story of the flood or of Joshua's staying the sun to massacre the Amorites were solemnly read as if they were authentic and edifying narratives — as true as the stories of the Lisbon earthquake or of the battle of Waterloo, besides being creditable to the morality of Jehovah. It may be easy to read any meaning into a dogma, but since allegorizing has gone out of fashion historical narratives are not so malleable. They were, it seemed to me, true or false, and could not be both at once. Divines, since that day, have discovered that it is possible to give up the history without dropping a belief in revelation. I could not then, as I cannot now, take that view. I had to give up my profession. I once heard an anecdote of Maurice which proves, I think, that he was not without humor. He was lecturing a class of young men upon the Old Testament, and came to the story of Jacob's questionable behavior to Esau. After noticing the usual apologies, he added: "After all, my brethren, this story illustrates the tendency of the spiritual man in all ages to be a liar and a sneak." Nobody, it is superfluous to add, was less of a liar or a sneak than Maurice. But the "tendency" may lead the spiritual man to do quite innocently what in other men can only be done by deliberate self-mystification. I, not being a spiritual man, must have deserved one or both of these epithets had I continued to set forth as solemn truths narratives which I could not spiritualize, and which seemed to me to be exploded legends implying a crude and revolting morality — I gave up the attempt to reconcile the task to my conscience.

By degrees I gave up a good deal more; and here I must make a further confession. Many admirable people have spoken of the agony caused by the abandonment of their old creed. Truth has forced them to admit that the very pillars upon which their whole superstructures of faith rested were unsound. The shock has caused them exquisite pain, and even if they have gained a fresh basis for a theory of life, they still look back fondly at their previous state of untroubled belief. I have no such story to tell. In truth, I did not feel that the solid ground was giving way beneath my feet, but rather that I was being relieved of a cumbrous burden. I was not discovering that my creed was false, but that I had never really believed it. I had unconsciously imbibed the current phraseology; but the formulas belonged to the superficial stratum of my thought instead of to the fundamental convictions. I will not inquire what is the inference as to my intellectual development. I fear that it would be rather humiliating, or at least imply that the working of "what I pleased to call my mind" had been of a very easy-going and perfunctory character. But the ease of the change was probably due to another part of my intellectual "environment." In fact, the ordinary state of opinion among my Cambridge friends, as elsewhere, was permeated by an influence of which I have not yet spoken. We cared little for Carlyle and less for Newman; but we were thoroughly attracted by one man whom they both denounced. John Stuart Mill was then at the height of his influence. His books on Logic and on Political Economy had given him an established position. His Liberty, published in 1859, was accepted as a noble utterance of the truth, even by many men (Kingsley, for example) who belonged to a hostile school of thought. Mill was living in seclusion at that period; he had few personal relations with members of the political or social world; and we used to listen with reverential curiosity to the few anecdotes which might percolate through the two or three intimates admitted to the presence. No personal attraction, therefore, stimulated our loyalty; we read the books as we might treatises of physical or of mathematical science, and judged them as we might judge Newton's Principia without reference to the personality of the author. In later days I had a few glimpses of Mill himself, and was startled by the contrast between the reality and my preconceived image. I heard him speak in the House of Commons. Instead of an impassive philosopher, I saw a slight, frail figure, trembling with nervous irritability. He poured out a series of perfectly formed sentences with an extraordinary rapidity suggestive of learning by heart; and, when he lost the thread of his discourse, closed his eyes for two or three minutes, till, after regaining his composure, he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling, and was exceedingly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolid country gentlemen who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher, and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper. Neither his philosophy nor his official experience had taught him to wear a mask of insensibility, especially when his friendships were touched. I once met him at a small gathering where some doubts were hinted as to the merits of a youthful disciple. Mill took the reflections as though they had been a personal attack upon himself. We were taken aback by the indignant zeal with which he proclaimed that the youth — a singularly fine specimen of the offensive prig in general estimation — possessed one of the clearest and most cul-

tivated intellects of the day. On such occasions he showed glimpses of the excessive sensibility which was so marked in his devotion to his wife. The Mill of the treatises, as we read them, was the very reverse — the embodiment of pure passionless reason. They possessed the merits which we most admired, — good, downright, hard logic, with a minimum of sentimentalism. Mill was, in short, utilitarianism, and classical Political Economy incarnate.

It is common to speak now as if the supremacy of the school of which he was the mouthpiece was then universally admitted. Ruskin, according to the legend which has grown up, was the first man to challenge this wicked monster generally called *laissez faire*. In one sense, this is absurd. Ruskin, as he always himself declared, was only applying the teaching of his master Carlyle, and aiming new darts at the "pig-philosophy." The orthodox utilitarians had always been a small and an essentially unpopular sect. The "Christian Socialist" movement of Maurice and his friends was only one symptom of a discontent with the adequacy of their teaching which had been uttered by many others. Kingsley had run his head against Political Economy most emphatically in Yeast and Alton Locke. But it is no doubt quite true that Mill's disciples claimed with complete confidence to be in possession of a definite and scientific system of economical, political, and ethical truth. They were calmly convinced that all objectors, from Carlyle downwards, were opposed to him as dreamers to logicians: and the recent triumph of free trade had given special plausibility to their claims. The claims exactly suited our Cambridge notions. The study of mathematical sciences predisposes, no doubt, to a sympathy with good hard reasoning, and our favorite antipathy was the "impostor," that is, the man given, in another favorite phrase of ours, to "gushing," and to allowing his feelings to override his common sense. My most intimate friend of those days was Henry Fawcett, afterwards the blind Postmaster General, and then a fellow of my college. No more generous or warm-hearted man has ever been known to me; not the less conspicuously because intellectually he belonged to that shrewd, hard-headed, north country type, which was so conspicuous at Cambridge; and which, it must be confessed, was apt to be as narrow as it was vigorous intellectually. Fawcett knew Mill's Political Economy as a Puritan knew the Bible. His own brief treatise was virtually a short summary of Mill with shrewd practical applications. In our little circle the summary answer to all hesitating proselytes was "read Mill." In those argumentations of which I have spoken, hour after hour was given to discussing points raised by Mill as keenly as mediæval commentators used to discuss the doctrines of Aristotle. The application of Mill's logic to religious orthodoxy is of course obvious. A thorough-going disciple must be an Agnostic. Indeed, he would probably come to regard the master himself as showing a questionable tenderness for the old creed. Mill, however, like the rest of his school, had preserved a rather singular reticence upon that side of his teaching. When his political opponents wished to prove his infidelity, the one sentence they could discover in his works was the assertion that he would rather go to hell than worship an immoral deity. His religious (or anti-religious) influence was therefore, one may say, latent. The inference was obvious if you chose to draw inferences. But that was needless for the Gallios who cared nothing for such inquiries; or who imitated Mill's own reticence. Undoubtedly many of us drifted in this direction, and my own admiration for Mill, though it was never quite unqualified, helped to alienate me from orthodoxy. But this meant an undercurrent of opinion which affected individuals, but did not rouse attention. Political questions were

more generally exciting. Our little world was, as I have said, agitated by the first step of university reform. The Fellows, as governing bodies of the various colleges, had to arrange schemes in combination with the parliamentary commission. The topics over which we argued are too obsolete to be worth exposition. I need only say that the chief aim of reformers showed no very revolutionary principles. The driving wheel of the university machinery was still to be competition for prize fellowships; and though some people were beginning to talk about "endowment of research," and Pattison wrote a very able book upon academical reorganization, such speculations had little affected our projects. One point may be worth a word. One of the chief changes which strikes an old student on returning to the scenes of his youth is the presence of woman. In my day we were a society of bachelors. I do not remember during my career to have spoken to a single woman at Cambridge except my bedmaker and the wives of one or two heads of houses. Those exalted ladies belonged to the upper sphere of severe dignity which formed a separate section of society. We were beginning to propose some modification of the absurd system of celibacy which meant in practice that every official teacher of youth should speedily become discontented with his position. Yet proposals to alter it excited horror. Fathers of families, it was known, were capable of everything; and married fellows, it was thought, would use the college endowments as patronage for their sons. I remember a pathetic sermon preached upon that subject by a gentleman, who, as soon as the law was altered, took advantage of the change by marrying himself and becoming, I may add, a most useful official, and the more useful for his charming wife. But to admit women to lectures was regarded as outside all practical possibilities. An American gentleman, Mr. Moncure Conway, I think, who came to Cambridge about 1863, told Fawcett in my hearing that we should admit female students within a generation. Fawcett, a most ardent advocate of woman's rights, replied that such a revolution might happen in a century. Within ten years Girton and Newnham were beginning their successful careers. Fawcett would have been startled could he have foreseen that his daughter was to be the first female senior wrangler. In that and in other directions we have moved fast. Meanwhile, university reform was merely a corollary from more general principles. Fawcett was my leader in the little warfare which introduced reform into our college. From very early days he had been stirred by political ambition; and I need not dwell upon the splendid audacity which enabled him not only to persevere when he was struck with blindness, but to make the accident a stepping-stone to success. Fawcett had a double share, I might say, of the true Cambridge spirit; where his hearty, downright ways made him universally popular, and where he found plenty of most congenial comrades. He got into some trouble a little later with his constituents for forming a "republican club," which counted among other members that most charming genius W. K. Clifford. Men should be no more ashamed of having been republicans in their youth, said Southey, than of having had the measles. Rather, one could say, a man should be ashamed of not having felt in his youth the generous impulses which make him sympathize with whatever appears to be the cause of progress. Enthusiasm, it is true, is apt to generate arrogance. The epithet "cocksure" has been applied to the Liberals of those days, and we probably deserved it. We held ourselves to be in the very van of the army of the faithful: and were comfortably convinced of the extreme stupidity of all our opponents. Looking back with the experience of later years, I feel some

bewilderment. It is often said that the radicalism of those days, with its faith in laissez faire and "Individualism," is hopelessly effete. Yet the modern Liberal still claims to represent the old reformers, and to inherit their happy peculiarity of being on the right side of every question. The old simple issues, in truth, have been perplexed by later development. The Radical takes credit for having transferred political power to the democracy, though the democracy sets at defiance the old Radical's hatred of government interference and of all socialistic legislation. The Tory boasts that the prejudice against state interference has vanished, though the rulers of the state have now to interfere as the servants and not as the masters of the democracy. Both sides have modified their creeds in course of their flirtation with Socialism, till it is difficult to assign the true principle of either, or trace the affiliation of ideas. In those days tendencies which have produced divergence of different wings of the Liberal party were still so far latent as to be comportable with apparent unity. The immediate issue was that which led to what Carlyle called the "shooting of Niagara." The question was whether the democracy was to be content with the position assigned to it by the reform bill of 1832. The Tory and the good old Whig of the Macaulay type were contented with the existing order. The extraordinary popularity of Palmerston during his last six years (1859–65) meant the good old British patriotism stimulated by the Crimean war or the Indian Mutiny and indifference or decided dislike to further political changes. On his death, the discontent which had been accumulating became manifest and patent. Cobden and Bright had won the battle of free trade against the squires, and had been the objects of the bitterest aversion among the ruling classes for their supposed want of patriotic feeling. People were now beginning to suspect that the Crimean war had been a stupendous blunder; and the success of the free trade gave credit to the champions who had forced it upon the old aristocratic class. Mill was the interpreter of the economic and political doctrine of which free trade had been a practical application. That doctrine is now condemned as "individualistic" and as sanctioning the selfishness of wicked capitalists. But to Mill and his disciples it showed a different face. In the first place, it meant for them justice to the poor, abolition of the tax on food, and full liberty to combine and coöperate. There could be no more energetic advocate than Mill of every measure which could strengthen the independence and improve the outlook of the laboring classes. The political economists indeed held, and, as I believe, held most truly, that no reform could be permanent which did not stimulate the sense of individual responsibility. The laborer must recognize his duties as well as his rights. If in asserting that side of the question too unconditionally they approved of "Individualism" in a bad sense, they were also assuring a fundamental truth which is now too often ignored or treated with contempt. I say so much to exclude the assumption that even implicit belief in the old economic doctrine meant cynicism or hard-hearted indifference to the interests of the poor. We held, it is true, that Ruskin when he attacked Mill was a sentimentalist, who could neither look facts in the face nor reason coherently. We could not believe in extemporizing Utopia or in hysterical denunciations of the whole industrial structure. Real improvement must condescend to be guided by scientific method. Mill and his closest followers were as keenly desirous as men could be of promoting the welfare of all classes, and as sensitive to the existing evils, however rashly they might have accepted certain nostrums as all-sufficient. Mill's generous aims appealed to Fawcett, and must be realized by accepting his principles. Though the

prophet was still in seclusion, one or two of his lieutenants reached us at Cambridge: especially W. T. Thornton, who was to convert Mill himself on an important point, and Hare, whose scheme of voting was to solve the great difficulty and make democracy supreme without being tyrannical. Fawcett himself was becoming known at that (I must confess) dreariest of all bodies, the Social Science Association, and as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. I was a humble satellite to my friend in that capacity, and for a period held myself to be a keen politician. I wrote a campaign newspaper started to support Fawcett's candidature on one occasion: I remember with a shudder addressing a mob from the windows of an inn at election time, and being cruelly chaffed for my well-meant eloquence; and I sat through a social science meeting, where I remember chiefly the painfully pathetic spectacle of Brougham, in his stage of senile decay, delivering a perfectly inaudible address to a pitying audience which tried to maintain a dumb show of respectful attention.

Fawcett's Radical friends at Cambridge were a small minority, but were numerous enough to give abundant animation to our discussions. One of the topics which then evoked the keenest interest was the civil war in the United States. It had incidentally a special interest for me. Mr. C. F. Adams has lately discussed in a very interesting paper the change which has come over English opinion upon American affairs. One remark which must, I think, be suggested to every reader of such discussions is the utter worthlessness from any logical point of view of any judgment passed by one nation upon another. I have lived many years in England, and still feel myself totally incompetent to form any trustworthy estimate of the moral value even of my own countrymen. I know intimately only a small section, and in regard to it I am prejudiced and in many ways ignorant. I am justified at most in rough conjectures about the great majority, whom I know only from second-hand sources. What right have I to speak with any confidence about the millions of another nation of which I am far more ignorant? The conventional picture made by one nation of another is a mere random putting together of hasty guesses and rash assumptions. International prejudices must be explained as irrational instincts, not as results of any intelligent observation. Fifty years ago the view taken of Americans by the English upper classes was the product of blind antipathies. Our national pride had suffered from the separation, and we naturally liked to believe that the separation had led to political deterioration on the other side. Meanwhile the unpatriotic Radical had never been tired of holding up the United States as the ideal of true democracy. There, said those wicked people, you have a standing proof that a great people can dispense with a monarchy, a House of Lords, and an established church. They represented the good old frugal republican simplicity and freedom from corruption. Such panegyrics only strengthened the Tory prejudice against republicans by the prejudices which made Cobden and Bright hateful to the right-minded believer in British institutions. For that, and many other reasons, the supposed collapse of the Union was, I fear, a sweet morsel to the average well-to-do Englishman. Spite of his pride in our own abolition of slavery, he was glad to see the democratic bubble burst, and persuaded himself by a smart article or two that slavery had nothing to do with the question. The ignorance displayed was gigantic, but not more gigantic than is usual. Meanwhile, to us young Radicals the sentiment seemed to be altogether mean and bigoted. We sympathized cordially with the Union, and the sense that we were in a minority in our own class gave special zest to our advocacy. Many a college feast was resolved

into a vehement debating society, and passions ran high.

At that time I had given up Noah's ark and my old calling. It struck me that I should gain new power to my elbow if I could say, "I have been on the spot." In 1863, accordingly, I crossed the Atlantic, and on reaching Boston heard of the battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. I returned rich with three months' experience, and could lay down the law in Cambridge circles with unanswerable authority. I am afraid, indeed, that certain anecdotes, especially of some of Lincoln's humorous sayings, had more success than my political observations. To that journey I owe an advantage for which I am now most grateful. At the American Cambridge I had the good fortune to make friendships which have been invaluable. I can never forget the hours which I passed in Lowell's study at Elmwood. It was the beginning of cordial relations which lasted till his death, and only grew warmer with years — but of that I have spoken elsewhere. I remember telling him as a joke that I had thought of making a book of my travels when I got home. I was startled when he took me to be in earnest. I was too conscious of my ignorance to contemplate such a performance seriously, and I still looked upon bookmaking with the awful reverence of Gibbon contemplating his great work. My highest ambition was to qualify myself to write a newspaper article or two. I was aspiring, indeed, to a character for which I came to recognize my incompetence. I was, for once, traveling like the British member of Parliament who visits India in his endeavors to become a fountain of political information. Fawcett had obtained for me a letter of introduction to Seward from the great John Bright. Seward received me with the courtesy due to a friend of the chief English sympathizer, told me with a frankness which amazed my notions of official reticence that if England did not stop the "rams" then building the United States would go to war with us, and gave me the opportunity, for which I have always been grateful, of shaking hands with Abraham Lincoln. I felt myself to be a terrible impostor. I had, I fear, to exaggerate slightly as to the degree of my acquaintance with Bright, — whom I had never seen, — and felt painfully my incapacity to be even a political journalist. I had, indeed, sufficient zeal. Certain letters of the time enable me to recall my state of mind. They show how innocently I had accepted the Liberal platform of the day. I have not abandoned the opinions then expressed; I still think that I was substantially right; though I could not now be so much impressed by the truisms and commonplaces which I then took to be the best results of political wisdom. No doubt one's state is in some respects the more gracious when such moral platitudes as strike a popular audience and appeal to the gallery arouse one's own enthusiasm, and are announced with the fervor of a proselyte as new and startling truths. To be disposed to take them for granted, and to think rather of the limitations than of the positive significance of sounding moral generalities, is, it may be, a proof of sophistication if not of downright cynicism. I was then in my virtuous stage, I could heartily join in the applause which welcomes an oration denouncing slavery or cruelty to woman, as if nobody had ever denounced them before. Now, perhaps, I should be inclined to mutter with Brougham listening to a popular preacher, "the court is with you," and wish that he would expose the fallacies rather than assert the general truths embodied in edifying philanthropy. I had, so to speak, swallowed the orthodox political dogma whole, and had not yet begun to chew and digest. It was a virtuous and certainly an agreeable state of mind. I could follow my Mill or Bright unhesitatingly, and share the zeal with which Fawcett was enlisting in behalf of advanced reformers without a doubt that

we were in the van of progress, and that we were advancing not only the truth, but the whole truth. Before many years were over, I am afraid that my friends regarded me not, indeed, as a backslider, but as one whose zeal had grown rather tepid. A friend of mine used to tell a story of me upon which I vainly sought to cast a doubt. It was that I called upon him during the Franco-Prussian war, when I happened to have heard the news, of which he was still ignorant, of the catastrophe of Sedan. After a couple of hours' talk, about books, I imparted this startling intelligence incidentally as I was taking leave. My friend declares that he told this anecdote as creditable to me. He only meant to show that I was absorbed in literary interests, and so far resembled the immortal Goethe when he held the French Revolution of 1830 to be of insignificance compared with a declaration of Cuvier about the homologies of the skull. I must admit that my political zeal cooled down pretty rapidly. The refrigeration was due partly to a justifiable modesty. I most sincerely admired and envied the vigor with which Fawcett and others could throw themselves heart and soul into the thick of the struggle. Political warfare is a most fascinating and absorbing pursuit which gives full play to the highest intellectual faculties. But success in it, even in the capacity of journalist, — the only one open to me, — requires the shrewd eye for affairs which makes the practical man of business. I have always felt myself to be a child in such matters. I have my political opinions; but when it is a question of interpreting them into the dialect of the day, of appreciating the merits of a particular platform, or choosing the best method of giving effect to a policy, I am as helpless as a country parson on the Stock Exchange. Though I can't write verses, I am for such purposes as bad as the merest poet, and, therefore, I must confess that the society of active politicians is often uncongenial to me. They strike me as painfully self-righteous. They hold fidelity to a party to be among the highest of human virtues; and to me it generally seems to mean that a man attaches an absurd sanctity to some formula which he only half understands and is just as likely to apply in the wrong place as in the right. Consistency — a doubtful virtue at the best — comes to mean that you follow your leader in a confused struggle till you have lost your general bearings and may be heading in the wrong direction. As friends of mine came to be altogether absorbed in the vortex, I fully agreed that it was because they possessed faculties to which I could make no claim. But I felt also that it was at a certain cost. A friend who had succeeded in a political career was early good enough to administer consolation to me. It was not true, he said, that men who had made a mark as statesmen were necessarily superior to men of letters. That, of course, was the presumption, but cases might be mentioned of ministers of state not intrinsically superior to the best writers of the day. I tried to look as if the remark was as novel as, of course, it was gratifying. Still I had occasionally thought so myself; and I might have referred him to the famous passage in which Plato points out that Thales, though he fell into a well while looking at the stars, had really chosen a lot higher in some respects than that of the men who ridiculed his sheepish awkwardness. I do not profess to be a Thales or a Plato, but I speedily came to admit that I was less incapable of diverting myself in the world to which they belong than of playing a part in the rough and tumble of political warfare.

Leslie Stephen.

(*To be continued.*)

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From 1855 to the time of Mr. Beecher's death in 1887, except for the five years which included the civil war, I was in constant fellowship with him. In this paper I propose to give some personal estimates, the result of that fellowship, and illustrated by some reminiscent incidents.

During most of his life Mr. Beecher was engaged in warfare of one sort or another. He was constantly attacking what he regarded as abuses, — social, political, religious; and he was constantly under attack for what others regarded as social, political, and religious errors in his teaching. The natural consequence was that in his lifetime many false estimates of his character and few correct ones were made. His enemies exaggerated his faults and depreciated, if they did not absolutely deny, his virtues. As an almost necessary consequence, his friends were inclined to exaggerate his excellences and to ignore, if not to deny, his defects. In battle no loyal soldier criticises his general; loyalty prevented Mr. Beecher's friends and supporters from criticising their leader. In such a case the errors on the one side are not corrected by the errors on the other. On the contrary, the estimates of both friends and foes are apt to agree in statement although antagonistic in their animus and spirit.

Thus it had been said by both critics and admirers, though with a very different meaning, that Mr. Beecher would have made a great actor, a great lawyer, a great politician, a great author. What education might have made of him no man can tell; but take him for what he was, he would not have made a great actor because he could not deliberately assume a part, nor a great lawyer, because he could not advocate any convictions not independently his own, nor a great politician, because he did not read character correctly, being too much possessed by the spirit which "thinketh no evil," nor a great author, because he was not interested in art for art's sake.

It is true that Mr. Beecher's interests were extraordinarily varied and his knowledge multiform. He was an expert in horticulture, arboriculture, precious stones, Turkish and Persian rugs, — and in how many other things I know not. He was a judge of horses, and was very fond of a good one. When I was starting out in search of a parish he gave me this advice: "Look at the horses in every town you go to. If the men drive good horses, you may expect that there is progress or at least life in the town; if they drive poor ones, the people are probably inert and lazy." The remark indicates the nature of his interest. Whatever the subject, it invariably led him somehow to men, their character, their life, and the best way of reaching them with the offer of the higher life. This fact was not always recognized by undiscriminating admirers, who, from the variety of his interests, drew the conclusion that he would have excelled in all departments. But though interest is necessary to excellence, excellence is not created alone by interest. I found Mr. Beecher once, shortly after the close of the civil war, deep in Sherman's March to the Sea. To my expression of surprise — for he was not merely reading, he was studying it in detail with war maps — he replied, "Do you know, if I were not a preacher I would choose to be a general above anything else." But I did not take the expression seriously, and I do not think he did — except for the moment. I am certain he would have made a poor general. The jeweler who, apropos of Mr. Beecher's love for precious stones, said that he would have made a splendid

salesman was mistaken. True, he loved and understood precious stones, but he would never have cared to sell them. His interest in farming did not make him a successful farmer. When some critic attempted to arouse prejudice against him as a wealthy preacher who owned and carried on a farm of ten acres on the Hudson, he replied that if an enemy should give him ten more acres he would be bankrupted.

Varied as were his talents, kaleidoscopic as was his mind, universal as were his interests, he gave himself to one work with a singleness of aim which I have never seen paralleled in any man of my acquaintance except Phillips Brooks. Their aims were different; Mr. Beecher's broader and more comprehensive, Phillips Brooks's more exclusively individual and spiritual. Phillips Brooks was purely a preacher. His one aim in life was to impart life. He believed correctly that he could do this best by the free use of his own personality in the pulpit. When he spoke on the platform or after a public dinner he made the platform or the table a pulpit; his address was a sermon; his audience a congregation. For a little time in Philadelphia he took an active part in public questions, but after he went to Boston he was not active as a public teacher on social or political problems. This was not because he had lost his interest in them, or his acquaintance with them, but because he believed he could render his best service to the age by preaching; to preaching accordingly he gave himself with entire singleness of purpose. That he could write true poetry was proved by O Little Town of Bethlehem. That he had a large knowledge of architecture and a remarkably creative as well as appreciative taste is proved by Trinity Church, into which he put himself as truly as he put himself into his sermons. That he would have made valuable contributions to periodical literature if he could have been persuaded to accept the numerous and urgent invitations which poured in upon him, that as a lecturer he would have been in great demand had he consented to go upon the Lyceum platform, no one who knew him doubts. He refused because he was resolved to devote himself wholly to preaching. Even as bishop his great work was as an itinerant preacher.

Mr. Beecher's estimate of his own function was a broader one, but it was not less clearly conceived, nor followed with less single-heartedness. That function was to impart spiritual life, but it was also to instruct in the application of the principles of spiritual life to all the various problems both of personal experience and of social order. His greatness consisted in his instinctive perception of moral principles, in his practical common sense in the application of those principles to current questions of human experience, and in his varied literary and oratorical ability in so presenting those principles as not only to win for them the assent of all sorts of men, but also to inspire in all sorts of men a genuine loyalty to those principles. He understood himself better than some of his friends and his eulogists understood him. To this one work of so inspiring, guiding, and dominating the lives of men as to direct them in the way of righteousness he gave himself with absolute singleness of aim, and, after he had fairly got an understanding of himself and his work, with undeviating purpose. He preached, he lectured, he spoke on political platforms; he wrote, and on all subjects, social and individual, grave and gay, secular and religious. But always back of his work, inspiring it, controlling it, determining his choice between different phases of it, was the ambition, if anything so unegoistic can be called an ambition, the purpose, if anything so unconscious can be called a purpose, to help men to a happier, a better, a diviner life. And in his estimate divineness of spirit was of transcendently greater importance than conformity to ethical standards, and both were superior

to mere happiness. His intuitive nature would have made it impossible for him to accept the utilitarian philosophy. Preaching, therefore, in the narrower sense of that term, as a heralding of Jesus Christ, Son of God and Saviour of man, always took the first place, though not the sole place, in his relative estimate of opportunities. I can best illustrate his comparative estimate of lecturing and preaching by quoting one of half a dozen similar letters sent by him to Major J. B. Pond: —

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 124 Columbia Heights,
February 22, 1883.

MY DEAR POND, — I am sorry that Suffield should suffer, — but it can't be helped. All the cities on the Continent are not to me of as much value as my church and its work, and when a deepening religious feeling is evident, to go off lecturing and leave it would be too outrageous to be thought of. No — No. Never — now or hereafter — will I let lecturing infringe on home work! The next week is already arranged. Several neighboring clergymen are engaged to aid, and from Sunday to Saturday every night is allotted. I take two — Monday and Tuesday — and cannot be altered. I do not know how it will be in March. If things in the church should prosper, I will not go out, at least till May, but I cannot tell.

Yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is difficult and perhaps hazardous to speculate on the motives which inspire men, and yet such a character-study as this would be inadequate without a consideration of the motives which dominated Mr. Beecher. He was almost absolutely indifferent to money. He did not care for it himself; he did not reverence it in others. When in a widely misquoted address he said, apropos of certain phases of the labor problem, that he could live on bread and water, he spoke the simple truth. This was not because he was an ascetic. He enjoyed the comforts and even the luxuries of life. We had an editorial dinner at Delmonico's one spring day in 1879; Mr. Lawson Valentine, then one of the largest stockholders in the Christian Union, telegraphed the office: "I like your Delmonico. Keep at work on this line all summer," and got from Mr. Beecher a reply equally laconic: "You are not the only fellow that likes Delmonico. We are willing to patronize him all summer if you will pay the bill." He enjoyed good living, though rather for the social pleasure such occasions afforded than for any mere epicurean enjoyment. Much more than sensuous luxuries he enjoyed beauty in form and color. But he was not dependent upon either. And for money apart from what it could buy he cared not a jot. My first acquaintance with him illustrates his singular carelessness in money matters. I was a boy of nineteen in my brother's law office; I had been an attendant on Plymouth Church for but a few months; he knew me only as a younger brother of one of the members of his church when he asked me one Sunday after service to call at his house the next morning. When I called he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a package of bills, gave them to me, and asked me to go to an address in the upper part of New York city to pay off a mortgage and get a satisfaction piece. My recollection is that the amount was $10,000. I know that until I got the money out of my pocket and the satisfaction piece in its place, I was in a dread lest my pocket should be picked and his money and my reputation should go together. He rarely came out on the right side of a bargain when the bargaining was left to him. His sermons any one was welcome to publish who wished to do so. In his later life he earned thousands of dollars by his lecturing; but this was because he had the wisdom to put himself in Major J. B. Pond's hands, and to refer all ap-

plications for lectures to him. He was generous to a fault with his money; many were the unworthy beggars, large and small, who made off with contributions from him; not till late in life did he learn any financial wisdom, and then not too much.

He was as indifferent to fame as he was to money. He counseled young ministers to beware of falling into the weakness of considering how they could conserve their reputation, and satirized those who were habitually considering what would be the effect of their words or actions upon their "influence." He resented counsel to himself based on the idea that his influence would be injured by some proposed action. Partly owing to this indifference to his reputation, partly to the orator's instinct to use at the time not only that form of expression, but also that phase of truth which will produce the effect he wishes to produce, Mr. Beecher was careless of consistency, which, with Emerson, he regarded as the vice of small minds. Once called to account for the inconsistency of something he had just said with a previous utterance of his on the same subject, he replied, "Oh yes; well! that was last week." Yet these inconsistencies were more apparent than real. Thus he preached one Sunday a sermon on the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and began by saying, "This is not God's policy of insurance on children, this is the statement of a natural law." About a year later he took the same text and began his sermon by saying, "This is God's policy of insurance on children," and proceeded to treat it as a divine promise. Yet the two utterances are really consistent, since God's promises are fulfilled through natural law.

But if he cared very little what the great public thought about him, he cared a great deal about how those who knew him felt toward him. The expression uttered by him on his seventieth birthday represents his habitual mood: "I love men so much, that I like above all other things in the world to be loved. And yet I can do without it, when it is necessary. I love love, but I love truth more, and God more yet." For great as was his love for his fellow men and his desire for their love, the dominating motives of his life were his love for God or his love for Christ — and in his experience the two phrases were synonymous — and his desire for God's love. No one who knew him intimately could doubt the simplicity and sincerity of his piety. Christ was a very real and a very present Person to him. His disbelief in theology never involved in doubt his experience of vital fellowship with the living God. I do not mean that this experience was not more real at some times than at others; nor that he did not have at times the experience which in Jesus Christ found utterance in the bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" But if so, these experiences were rare. His prevailing mood was one of the conscious presence of Christ, to whom he would at times refer as simply and as naturally as to any other friend and companion. Yet he never, if I may so speak, traded on this experience. He never assumed it as an authority. He never said that Christ had told him to do this or that. His experience accorded with and interprets practically the philosophy of Professor William James, that mystical states are authority to the persons to whom they come, but are not to be quoted as an authority to those to whom they do not come.

I make no attempt here to analyze Mr. Beecher's power as an orator, to indicate the various elements which entered into it, or to explain its secret, further than to say, that far more important than were his voice, and face, and gesture, his skillful though inartificial rhetoric, his opalescent imagination, his illuminating humor, his unconscious art of dramatization, his perfervid and contagious emotion, far more important than all of these were the sane

judgment, the dominating conscience, and the spiritual faith which used these gifts as instruments, never in the service of self, always in the service of a great cause, or, to speak more accurately, in the service of his fellow men and his God. Here I make no attempt to compare Mr. Beecher with the famous orators of history. I attempt merely to record the impression which his oratory produced on me and on others as I had occasion to observe its impression on them. In so doing I instinctively compare him with other contemporary orators whom I have heard, — Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, John B. Gough, William E. Gladstone, Charles G. Finney, R. S. Storrs, and Phillips Brooks. In particular qualities each of these men may have excelled him, some of them certainly did ; in combination of qualities to my thinking no one of them equaled him. As I do not analyze Mr. Beecher, so I do not analyze these his contemporaries. In respect to them all I speak only of impressions produced upon myself.

Daniel Webster impressed me by the weight of his words, Wendell Phillips by the edge of his small sword and the dexterity of his thrust, Charles Sumner by his skillful marshaling of facts, George William Curtis by the perfect finish of his art in language, tone, and gesture, John B. Gough by the combination of abandon and good sense, of dramatic impersonation and real apprehension of the actualities of life, William E. Gladstone by the persuasiveness which captivated first your inclination and afterward your judgment, Charles G. Finney by the flawless logic which compelled your sometimes reluctant assent to his conclusion, R. S. Storrs by the more than Oriental glory of his embroidered fabric, Phillips Brooks by the sense of a divine presence and power possessing him and speaking through him, as through a prophet of the olden time. Mr. Beecher was less weighty than Daniel Webster; one was a glacier, the other an avalanche ; one was a battery of artillery, the other was a regiment of horse charging with the impetuosity of a Ney. Mr. Beecher could be as clear cut and crystalline at times as Wendell Phillips was at all times, but he was never malignant as Wendell Phillips sometimes was, and never took the delight, which Wendell Phillips often took, in the skill with which he could transfix an opponent. Mr. Beecher could, and sometimes did, marshal facts with a military skill scarcely inferior to that of Charles Sumner, as witness some passages in his English speeches, but he was never overloaded and overborne by them. He summoned facts as witnesses to confirm a truth, and when their testimony was given dismissed them, while he, with dramatic imagination and emotional power, pressed home upon his audience the truth to which they bore witness. He had not the grace either of diction or of address which characterized George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis never violated the canons of a perfect taste, Mr. Beecher often did. But Mr. Curtis spoke only to the cultivated, Mr. Beecher to all sorts and conditions of men ; Mr. Curtis spoke from manuscript ; his oration combined all the perfection of the written with some of the vigor of the spoken address. Mr. Beecher never spoke from manuscript. He sometimes read manuscript ; he sometimes spoke without manuscript ; he sometimes alternated the two methods in the one address ; but he could not, or at least he did not, maintain at one and the same time an unbroken connection with the page upon the desk and with auditors in the seat. But if he lacked the grace and perfect art of George William Curtis, he possessed an inflaming, convincing, coercing power which Mr. Curtis did not even remotely approach. It is difficult to compare Mr. Beecher's dramatic power with that of John B. Gough. Considered simply as dramatic artists, Mr. Beecher was far more impassioned and moving, Mr. Gough more versatile.

Mr. Gough was always dramatic. His lectures were continuous impersonations. He was the best story-teller I ever heard. He once told me that he was thinking of preparing a lecture to be entitled That Reminds Me, which should consist of a succession of dramatic stories so contrived that each one should suggest its successor. He never did prepare such a lecture, but he could readily have done it. Mr. Beecher could hardly have conceived, and certainly could not have accomplished, such a lecture. Mr. Gough was a skillful ventriloquist. Once, when I was driving with him in a closed carriage in the country, he greatly excited a little girl, who was our companion, by the mewing of a cat, for which she searched everywhere in vain. Mr. Gough would have made a brilliant success as an actor in either farce or light comedy; Mr. Beecher would not. I never heard him tell a story on the platform, unless the narrative of personal incidents in his own experience might be so regarded, and rarely in the social circle. I do not think he used his dramatic art for purposes of amusement. I doubt whether he was ever conscious in his imitations; he certainly was not so ordinarily. A purpose to be achieved in the life of his audience always dominated him, and he was dramatic only incidentally and unconsciously, because in describing any incident, whether real or imaginary, his face, and tone, and gesture came naturally into play. He stopped at the office of the Christian Union once on his way from the dog show, and he described the dogs to me. "There was the bulldog," he said, "with his retreating forehead, and his big neck, and his protruding jaw, like the highwayman who might meet you with his demand for your money or your life;" and his forehead seemed to retreat, and his jaw protruded, and he looked the character he portrayed, so that I should have instinctively crossed the street had I met after dark a man looking as he looked. "And there was the English mastiff," he continued, "with a face and brow like Daniel Webster's;" and his whole face and even the very form and structure of his head seemed to change in an unconscious impersonation of the noble brute he was describing. For Mr. Beecher was as dramatic off the platform as on it; imitation was not with him a studied art, it was an unconscious identification of himself with the character he was for the moment portraying. I heard Mr. Gladstone but once; it was in the English House of Commons; his object was to commend and carry his motion for the use of the closure, before unknown in Parliament. It would be absurd to attempt an estimate of Mr. Gladstone's oratory from this one address. But comparing that one address with the many I have heard from Mr. Beecher, it was more persuasive, but less eloquent. As he spoke, it seemed as though his conclusions needed no argument to sustain them; I found myself saying in response to all he said, "Of course." But of the dramatic portrayal, the pictorial imagination, the warm feeling, the brilliant color, the iridescent humor, the varied play of life, catching now one hearer by one method, now another hearer by another method, converting hostility into enthusiasm and indifference into interest, which characterized Mr. Beecher's greatest addresses, there was in this one speech of Mr. Gladstone scarcely a trace. Charles G. Finney corralled his audience; he drove them before him, penned them in, coerced them by his logic, — though it was a logic aflame, — convinced their reason, convicted their conscience, compelled them to accept his conclusions despite their resistance. His sermons are essentially syllogistic. Syllogisms are as rare in the sermons of Mr. Beecher as in the sermons of Phillips Brooks. He was not logical, but analogical. He did not coerce men; he either enticed them, or he swept them before him by the impetuosity of his nature. He sought to convince men of sin chiefly by putting before them an ideal,

and leaving them to compare themselves with it. He spoke to conscience through ideality.

There were frequent opportunities for comparing Dr. Storrs and Mr. Beecher since they often spoke on the same platform, and for forty years they ministered side by side in the same city. Dr. Storrs drew his illustrations from books, Mr. Beecher from life; Dr. Storrs was more rhetorical, Mr. Beecher more colloquial; Dr. Storrs more artistic but sometimes artificial, Mr. Beecher more spontaneous but also more uneven; after hearing Dr. Storrs, the people went away admiring the address; after hearing Mr. Beecher, they went away discussing the theme. Comparing Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks, I should describe Phillips Brooks as the greater preacher, but Mr. Beecher as the greater orator. The distinctive function of the preacher is to bring home to the consciousness of men the eternal and the invisible. He may teach ethics, or philosophy; he may move men by argument, by imagination, by emotion, to some form of action, or some phase of thinking, or some emotional life: this he does in common with the orator. But the unveiling of the invisible world, looking himself and enabling others also to look upon the things which are unseen and are eternal — this is the preacher's distinctive and exclusive function. It is this which makes him, what the Old Testament calls him, a prophet; a forth-teller, speaking by a spirit within, of a world seen only from within. This Mr. Beecher did to a remarkable degree; but he did much more and other than this — though nothing higher, for there is nothing higher that any man can do for his fellow men. This is to open the eyes of the blind and enable them to see. This was the exclusive mission of Phillips Brooks. He might have said of himself, without irreverence, "I have come that they might have life and might have it more abundantly." Mr. Beecher was also a life-giver; but he was besides a guide, a counselor, a teacher. He moved men by his immediate spiritual power, awaking in them a power to perceive and receive spiritual life; but he also moved them indirectly and mediately through argument, humor, imagination, imitation, human sympathy, the contagious power of a passionate enthusiasm. It was his spiritual life which made Phillips Brooks the orator; Mr. Beecher would have been a great orator though he had lacked spiritual life.

To sum up in a sentence the impression on my own mind of Mr. Beecher's oratory as compared with that of other contemporary orators: in particular elements of charm or power he was surpassed by some of them; in combination of charm and power by none; but his power was greater than his charm, and his charm was subsidiary to power and its instrument. If the test of the oration is its perfection, whether of structure or of expression, other orators have surpassed Mr. Beecher; if the test of oratory is the power of the speaker to impart to his audience his life, to impress on them his conviction, animate them with his purpose, and direct their action to the accomplishment of his end, then Mr. Beecher was the greatest orator I have ever heard; and in my judgment, whether measured by the immediate or by the permanent effects of his addresses, takes his place in the rank of the great orators of the world. I doubt whether in history greater immediate or more enduring effects have ever been produced by any orations than were produced on English sentiment and English national life by his speeches in England.

A remarkable illustration of charm and power combined was furnished by his speech delivered at the testimonial dinner given in New York city to Herbert Spencer, on the eve of the latter's return to England. The dinner was a long and elaborate one. The diners were with few exceptions scientific men of eminence. There were very few who

were known as active in the Christian Church or in the religious world. Mr. William M. Evarts presided, and lightened an otherwise heavy series of speeches with occasional sallies of wit. But there had been no humor, and no emotion, and little of literary charm in the speeches. The two last speakers were John Fiske and Mr. Beecher; their theme Science and Religion. Mr. Fiske read an essay, clear, crystalline, coldly intellectual; he dealt with theology, not with religion. It was nearing midnight when Mr. Beecher rose to make the last address. The room was filled with tobacco smoke. The auditors were weary and ready to go home. Not a vibrating note had been struck throughout the evening. It seemed to me as Mr. Beecher rose that all he could do was to apologize for not speaking at that late hour and dismiss his audience. By some jest he won a laugh; caught the momentary attention of his audience; seemed about to lose it; caught it again; again saw it escaping, and again captured it. In five minutes the more distant auditors had moved their chairs forward, the French waiters, who had paid no attention to any one else, straightened themselves up against the walls to listen; Herbert Spencer on one side of him and Mr. Evarts on the other were looking up into his face to catch the utterance of his speaking countenance as of his words. And then he preached as evangelical a sermon as I have ever heard from any minister's lips. He claimed Paul as an evolutionist; he read or quoted from the seventh chapter of Romans in support of the claim; he declared that man is an animal, and has ascended from an animal, but is more than animal, has in him a conscience, a reason, a faith, a hope, a love, which are divine in nature and in origin; he appealed to the experience of his auditors to confirm his analysis; he evoked cries of "That 's so, That 's so," like Methodist amens from all over the room; and when he ended, in what was in all but its form, a prayer that God would convey Herbert Spencer across that broader and deeper sea which flows between these shores and the unknown world beyond, and that there the two might meet to understand better the life which is so truly a mystery and the God who is so much to us the Unknown here, the whole audience rose by a common impulse to their feet, as if to make the prayer their own, cheering, clapping their hands, and waving their handkerchiefs. I can see the critic smiling with amused contempt at this paragraph, if he deigns to read it. None the less, he is shallow in his perceptions, as well as wrong in his judgments, if he is not able to recognize both the charm and the power of the orator who can win such a response, at such a time, from such an audience. This was the occasion on which Surgeon-General Hammond went up, and reaching out both hands to congratulate Mr. Beecher said, possibly somewhat patronizingly, "You 're the greatest man in the world, Mr. Beecher," and received the quick response, "You forget yourself, Dr. Hammond."

Thus far I have spoken chiefly of the impressions which Mr. Beecher's public character and conduct made upon me. What impression was left by his private life? It is somewhat difficult to answer that question, because he was a man of various moods as well as of versatile talents, and produced different impressions at different times. Every man is a bundle of contradictions; in general the greater the man the greater the contradictions. They were certainly great in Mr. Beecher.

He was most intense in his activity; the story of his life shows that. One who saw him only in his work would imagine that he was never at rest. On the contrary, in his hours of rest he was absolutely relaxed in mind and body. He was fond of horses, as I have said, and both rode and drove well; he talked eloquently of fishing and hunting; he advocated athletic sports — for others; he be-

lieved in the healthfulness of billiards and bowling; yet except croquet, he had no favorite recreation. But he loved to lie under the trees and follow his own counsel by "considering" the flowers, the clouds, the trees; in the city he would go to the house of a familiar friend, throw himself upon the sofa, and listen to the conversation of others, perhaps joining in it, perhaps not; or he would rest both mind and body by joining in a frolic with children, of whom he was very fond. His work was strenuous, but his rest was absolute.

Of his combination of courage and caution, courage in determining what to do, caution in determining how to do it, I have already spoken. The fact that the front seats of the gallery in a theatre at Richmond are occupied by men prepared with eggs to throw at him does not daunt him in the least; he faces the hostile audience without a tremor. But he disarms them by a compliment to their state pride before he begins to give them some economic lessons sorely needed at that time, especially in the Southern states.

He was at once outspoken and reserved. Those who knew him only by his public speech thought he wore his heart upon his sleeve, because he used his own most sacred experiences without hesitation, if he thought they would serve his fellow men. What father, and mother, and home, and children, and Bible, and prayer, and Christ, and God were to him he told again and again in public discourses, and he urged others to make equally free use of their experiences. Yet in private he rarely talked of himself except as he thought the self-revelation would help some struggling and perplexed soul into light and freedom. Nothing in his experience was too sacred to be used for that purpose. He was not otherwise given to indulgence in reminiscence, and never to narrating his achievements. It was with difficulty I induced him to tell a group of friends the story of his English experiences, that I might get the autobiographical narrative for a sketch of his life which I was then preparing with his approval. He could be as reticent and Sphinx-like as General Grant, and could preserve a silence as impenetrable, as he proved by being unmoved by all the misconstruction to which his silence subjected him, when speech would have disclosed the secret of the household whose unity and good name he was determined if possible to preserve, at whatever cost to himself. He had a way at times of abstracting himself from all around him, and becoming in appearance, and I rather think in reality, deaf and blind to everything external. When he was about to deliver his address in Burton's Theatre, by which time he knew me well, and I had done that financial errand for him of which I have already spoken, finding it difficult to get tolerable accommodation at the front, I went to the stage door, and waited, hoping that I might get in when he entered. He brushed against me as he passed, but with that far-away look in his eyes, which seemed to say, "whether in the body or out of the body I know not;" so my device failed. He often walked as abstracted and unobservant on the street, oblivious of all about him. Yet at other times he would pass immediately into the pulpit from what serious-minded folk would regard as unseemly frivolity. The last Sunday morning of his ministry, as he entered the church, he greeted the usher at the door, an old familiar friend, with a request for a seat. The usher caught his mood, and replied, "If you will wait here till the pewholders are seated, I will try to accommodate you." "Could I get a seat in the gallery?" said Mr. Beecher. "You might try in the upper gallery." "But I am a little hard of hearing," said Mr. Beecher, putting his hand to his ear, "and want a seat near the pulpit." All this was done without a suggestion of a smile; the next moment he was in his pulpit chair turning over the leaves of his hymn-book for his

hymns. Men to whom reverence and merriment are incongruous can be pardoned for not comprehending the apparent inconsistency in such a change of moods.

Quite as marked a characteristic, and to many as inexplicable, was his singular combination of self-confidence and self-depreciation. No doubt he was conscious of his power; otherwise he could not have used it. A great meeting, my recollection is on behalf of the Freedmen, was gathered in the Brooklyn Academy of Music one evening during Andrew Johnson's presidency. The feeling in the Republican party against the President was already growing into bitterness. Mr. Beecher still defended him. The Academy was crowded. "They say," he whispered to me as I joined him on the platform, "that —— is going to attack the President to-night; if he does there will be music here before we get through." The attack was not made, and I did not hear the music — shall I confess it? — to my regret. Yet despite his self-confidence before speaking, he was never self-satisfied after speaking. On one occasion, when he had preached a sermon which involved a vigorous attack on Calvinism, and we were about to publish it in the Christian Union, I went with him to his house after prayer-meeting on Friday evening, determined that he should revise the sermon. "There are expressions here," said I to him, "which were well enough when interpreted by your intonation, but they will have a very different meaning in cold print. You must revise this proof." He began; cut out here; interpolated there; again and again threw down the proof in impatience; again and again I took it up and insisted on his continuing the task. At last, sticking the pencil through the proof with a vicious stab, and throwing both upon the table before him, he said, "Abbott, the thing I wanted to say I did n't say, and the thing I did n't want to say I did say, and I don't know how to preach anyhow." Nor do I doubt he expressed the mood of the moment. He never wanted to read his own writings; he rarely had enough patience with them to revise them. It was not that he shirked the labor; it was because the product so dissatisfied him.

But with all these contradictions he possessed certain qualities which were always present and potent, and which never changed with changing moods. Among these were the spontaneity of his humor, his love of beauty, the strength of his conscience, his chivalry toward women and children, and his transparent sincerity.

He was humorous in the pulpit because he instinctively saw things in their incongruous relations, and described them as he saw them. He did not crack a joke for the sake of making a laugh, either in public or in private. But he could scarcely write a letter, or carry on a conversation, without that play of imagination, often breaking into humor, which characterized his work in the press and on the platform. He was at Peekskill; I was carrying through the press an edition of his sermons; this is the letter he wrote me to tell me that he was going to Brooklyn, and that I should thereafter address him at that city: —

PEEKSKILL, *October* 24, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOTT, — Norwood is done — summer is done — autumn is most done. The birds are flown, leaves are flying, and I fly too — so hereafter send to Brooklyn.

Truly yours,
H. W. BEECHER.

He sent a check to a jeweler to pay for two rings, and this is the letter which went with the check: —

BROOKLYN, *February* 8, 1884.

JNO. A. REMICK:

DEAR SIR, — Please find check for amount of the opal ring and the moon-

stone ring. They suited the respective parties exactly.

The opal goes to my son's mother-in-law, who puts to shame the world-wide slander on mothers-in-law.

I think old maids and mothers-in-law are, in general, the very saints of the earth.

I looked to see you after the lecture, and to have a shake of the hand with Mrs. Remick. But you neither of you regarded the ceremony as "any great shakes," and decamped hastily.

Yours in the bonds of rainbows, opals, etc.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Brooklyn Postmaster sent him formal notice that a letter had been returned to him from the Dead Letter Office, and got this in reply: —

October 28, 1880.

COLONEL MCLEER:

DEAR SIR, — Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

We must all die! And though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion? Did it have any effects?

Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick — dangerously sick? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me until after the funeral.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

On April 1 he found in his morning mail a letter containing only the words "April Fool." "Well! well!" he said, "I have received many a letter where a man forgot to sign his name; this is the first time I ever knew of a writer signing his name and forgetting to write a letter." After I took the editorship of the Christian Union I urged him to give his views on public questions through its columns. "As it is now," I said, "any interviewer who comes to you gets a column from you; and the public is as apt to get your views in any other paper as in your own." "Yes," he said, "I am like the town pump; any one who will come and work the handle can carry off a pail full of water." On one occasion I argued for Calvinism that it had produced splendid characters in Scotland and in New England. "Yes," he replied, "Calvinism makes a few good men and destroys many mediocre men. It is like a churn; it makes good butter, but it throws away a lot of buttermilk." Charles Sumner in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House were pressing forward the Reconstruction measures based on forcing universal suffrage in the South. In conversation with me Mr. Beecher thus diagnosed the situation. "The radicals are trying to drive the wedge into the log butt-end foremost; they will only split their beetle." They did; they solidified the South and divided the Republican party. If he had been preaching on Reconstruction, the figure would have flashed on him then, and he would have given it to his congregation from the pulpit as he did a like humorous figure in the following instance. He was denouncing the inconsistency of church members; stopped; imagined an interlocutor calling him to account for exposing the sins of church members before the world, and thus replied to him: "Do you not suppose the world knows them better than I do? The world sees this church member in Wall Street, as greedy, as rapacious, as eager, as unscrupulous as his companions. He says to himself, 'Is that Christianity? I will go to church next Sunday and see what the minister says about this.' He goes; and what is the

minister saying?" Then, instantly, Mr. Beecher folded one arm across his breast, held an imaginary cat purring comfortably there, as he stroked it with the other hand, and continued: "The minister is saying, 'Poor pussy, poor pussy, poor pussy.'" Mr. Beecher made his congregation laugh not of set purpose and never for the sake of the laugh, but because he saw himself, and made them see, those incongruities which are the essence of humor and often the most powerful of arguments. And they flashed in his conversation as frequently and as brilliantly as in his public addresses.

Æsthetically Mr. Beecher was self-made. When he came to Brooklyn from life in the West, in what was essentially a border community, he brought with him both the unconventionality and the lack of cultivation which such life tends to develop. He never possessed that kind of taste which only inheritance and early training can impart. But he trained himself. His love of form and color, in flowers, in precious stones, in rugs, in household decorations, and in painting, was such as to make him no mean critic respecting them all. He built his house in Peekskill, as he once said to me, because he wanted to express himself in a home; he selected all the woods, the papers, the rugs, the various decorations; to that extent he was his own architect. While in church life I rather think that music always seemed to him the best which was the most effective vehicle for the expression of the emotional life of the congregation, he became a lover of the best music, and a habitual and thoroughly appreciative attendant on the Philharmonic Concerts in Brooklyn.

But doubtless righteousness, and not beauty, was his standard; ethics, not æsthetics, afforded the law of his life. He would have taken the Latin *virtus*, not the Greek τὸ καλόν, — valor, not beauty, — to express his ideal of character. The Puritan is distinguished by two characteristics: the strength of his conscience, and the will to impose it as a standard upon others. Mr. Beecher had the Puritan conscience, but he had no inclination to impose it on others. He loved righteousness; but he also loved liberty; and he believed that righteousness could never be imposed from without, but must be wrought from within. Nevertheless, though advocating liberty of choice for others, the Puritan habits remained with him to the end. He was a purist as regards all relations between the sexes. He did not play cards, he did not smoke, and he was an habitual though not strictly a total abstainer. In his later life he occasionally took a glass of beer to induce sleep. He went on rare occasions to the theatre, but, I judge, rather seriously. In one of his letters he speaks of studying Hamlet as a preparation for seeing Irving. The theatre did not appeal to him, for the same reason that it did not appeal to his friend John H. Raymond, — because he had too much imagination. The crude interpretation of character and the cruder scenery offended and obstructed his understanding of the play.

This Puritan conscience was mated to a spirit of chivalry, and both were aroused and inflamed by the treatment to which slavery subjected a poor and ignorant race. He always sympathized with the unfortunate. And this was not the professional sympathy of the reformer. Traveling one day he came to a station where the passengers were to change cars. All his fellow passengers were hastening to get good seats in the adjoining train. A woman with three children, and packages to correspond, was helplessly waiting for her chance. Mr. Beecher, standing on the station platform, took hold of both railings of the car, braced himself against the crowd, and said, "Is no gentleman going to help this poor woman to a seat?" The word was enough; the crowd responded; and the woman found half a dozen willing hands to help her. Mr. Beecher's

old-fashioned courtesy to his wife, and his chivalric attitude toward women in general, was not less noteworthy, though it has been less noted, than his love for little children.

No one, I think, who knew Mr. Beecher at all intimately ever doubted his sincerity. He never pretended; I do not think he had the capacity to carry a pretense out to a successful issue. He practiced what he preached; and he was powerful as a preacher primarily because his preaching was the sincere and simple expression of himself. His literal interpretation of Christ's teaching concerning the forgiveness of enemies has been often ridiculed as impossible. To many men I doubt not that it is impossible; to him it was natural. Some year or two after his public trial, Mr. Moulton, whose treachery had first deceived him as to the facts, and then betrayed him into writing those letters which were the only ground on which any suspicion against him was based, became involved in financial difficulties. With moistened eyes, Mr. Beecher said to me, "I wish I could help him; I would gladly loan him the money to extricate himself, but I suppose I could not. He would not understand it, — no one would understand it." And he was right. No one would have understood it. The humor, the imagination, the righteous indignation, the pleading, forgiving love of Mr. Beecher were none of them assumed or excited for a purpose; none of them belonged to the platform or the pulpit. They were his very self.

I lean back in my chair. I close my eyes. The years that have elapsed are erased. I am sitting in the gallery pew. It is 1858. A Southern slaveholder is at my side. The preacher has declared, as he often did, that he has no will to interfere with slavery in the states; no wish to stir up insurrection and discontent in the slave. Thereupon he pictures the discontented slave escaping; portrays him stealthily creeping out from his log cabin at night; seeking a shelter in the swamp; feeding on its roots and berries; pursued by baying bloodhounds; making his way toward liberty, the North Star his only guide; reaching the banks of the Ohio River; crossing it to find the Fugitive Slave Law spread like a net to catch him. And I see the fugitive, and hear the hounds, and my own heart beats with his hopes and fears; and then the preacher cries, "Has he a right to flee? If he were my son and did not seek liberty I would write across his name, Disowned," and he writes it with his finger as he speaks, and I see the letters of flaming fire; and the slaveholder at my side catches his breath while he nods an involuntary assent; and as we walk out together, he says, "I could not agree with all he said, but it was great, and he is a good man."

Yes. He was a good man and a great one. Not infallible. Not faultless. But in his love for God and his love for his fellow men a good man; in his interpretation of the nature of God and the duty of man to God and to his fellow man great, with a clearness of vision and a courage in application which not many of us attain.

Lyman Abbott.

STRANGE RHYMES.

On a day of prisoning pain
Came the Muse to me again.
What a poet-prince is Time,
Making Muse and pain to rhyme!

In my hour of loss supreme
Came — what men would call a dream;
Yet that dream, by day and night,
Still has been my pillared light.

In my sharpest agony
Came a healing balm to me
So divine that it sufficed:
Came the vision of the Christ.

Marion Pelton Guild.

PIUS X. AND HIS TASK.

On the 4th of August the piazza in front of St. Peter's basilica was filled with people, restlessly waiting. A cardinal stepped forth on the balcony over the middle door of the church, and said, "I bring you a great joy; we have a pope."

As the memory, prompted by some handbook on papal history, wanders over a list of two or three hundred popes, some disposition to a cynical elevation of the brows comes over the indifferent hearer of this news, and he accepts the cardinal's words as an old form, borrowed from the speech of the angel at Christ's Nativity, and he calls to mind, as the cynically indifferent do, the doctrines of Christ, and speculates upon their connection with the Holy Catholic Church Apostolic and Roman, which has endured, some say, ever since that preaching. If he continues to ruminate or to read his handbook, he can hardly escape the conclusion, either that the Church was created by a special act of creation, or that she exists because she has adapted herself to the needs of men. If he balk at this conclusion, then he must re-read his papal biographies, with a profound sense of the tyrannical ability which that long line of men must have possessed, in order to foist on Europe and her dependencies an ecclesiastical system not suited to their needs, and to maintain it in the face of bitter opposition.

Probably there is less prejudice at present against the Roman Catholic Church than at any time since the Reformation, for the general waning of interest in dogmatic Christianity has softened the hearts of Protestants, and Leo XIII., by his blameless life, by his endeavor after the blessedness of the peacemakers, and by the serene dignity of his old age, persuaded the Protestant world that if his life were the fruit of popery, then popery could not be altogether bad. To the Catholic Church, however, Protestant opinion is of no great consequence; to her it is immaterial whether there be Protestant preju-

dice or not, unless that prejudice take an active form inimical to the Church. She has her own commandments to keep. She believes that she was founded by God the Son, and was charged by Him to keep the truth, which He had divinely revealed, and to teach it to all men throughout the world. She believes that He watches over her, as the means that shall bring all men unto Him. Therefore we outsiders, in our own eyes serenely unprejudiced, ought to remember that Catholic action must be judged primarily from its effect on the Catholic Church and not from its effect upon Protestant opinion. More especially ought we to remember this, because to Protestants the Catholic Church is essentially a political body, whereas to Catholics it is essentially a religious body.

The new pontiff is the head of a spiritual body which is charged with an immense spiritual responsibility toward its members, therefore the problems that await him are chiefly spiritual. Nevertheless, outsiders are somewhat justified in giving greater attention to his opinions on politics than to his opinions on religion, because history has made the Church a political body, and, at least from a worldly point of view, the political situation of the papacy requires immediate action, whereas spiritual matters may be by the Church, as by us all, indefinitely postponed. Certainly Pius X. will be obliged to express political opinions very soon; even the strict maintenance of his predecessor's policy will be such an expression. Those opinions may be more or less conservative; they cannot be liberal, as we use the word. A pope is so bound by the nature of his office that he cannot be aught but conservative. His service is to conserve. In theory, he is an autocrat; in fact, he is fenced in and padlocked by a hundred restraints. The nature of the Church prevents any turning to right or left from the great road that has been marked out by long laborious centuries. The Church that succeeded to the Roman Empire cannot leave its course at the bidding of one man, its intricate machinery can act only in certain definite ways; the confessional, the celibacy of the clergy, the concentration of power in Rome, the Religious Orders, keep the mighty wheels in their grooves. Age has given a propulsion and momentum which are of necessity tyrannical; no one pontiff can devise a brake; for instance, no pope could abolish the confessional or the veneration of images. The Church also is Latin. Her foundations rest on ancient Rome, — the character of Cato, the genius of Cæsar helped set those foundation stones in place, — and she is in the main, humanly speaking, the handiwork of the Italian race. She is Latin in the definiteness of her creed, in her dislike of uncertainty, in her acceptance of the tenet that power should descend from the *imperator*, not rise from the people. The Pope could not change this Latin inheritance, even if he should wish; he could not remove his seat from Rome, he could not establish a representative government. Universal respect and reverence for tradition and habit, for antique custom and hoary ideas, would override the papal mandate, or rather would stifle it before issue.

The Church also is well-nigh universal. She embraces Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Ireland, nearly half Germany, Austria and Hungary, many millions in the United States and Russia, in South and Central America, Mexico, the Province of Quebec, the West Indies, Australia, and in parts of Africa and Asia. She counts her children to the number of two hundred and fifty millions, and almost all are of European race. In her constituent parts is a motley company: old families of England, Irish cotters, Spanish bigots, American artisans, Sicilian peasants, the Faubourg St. Germain, Poles, Copts, and Filipinos. It needs no more to make us understand not only the impotence of one man to budge such an empire from its predeter-

mined course, but also how impossible it would be for the Church to discard politics entirely, and devote herself solely to the spiritual life. The Church and the state are the soul and the body. For reasons of history, of ethnology, of expediency, papal action must be slow, considerate, circumspect; Roman Catholics make one body ecclesiastical, but politically they are divided into dozens of separate governments, suspicious, jealous, inimical, and therefore the diplomacy of the Church is most difficult, requiring the utmost skill, patience, and tact. No wonder that Cardinal Sarto felt an immense reluctance to accept this imperial burden.

The pole star of papal policy must always be to prevent schism. In a body so large and so constituted there is always a latent tendency to disunion. Ecclesiastical unity is the fundamental article of the Catholic political creed that all who believe in the divine revelation of Christ should belong to one church "holding the unity of the faith in the bond of truth;" but the good of unity like every other great good can be bought only at a great price. The price of ecclesiastical unity is that wariness and circumspection, that slowness and temporizing, which Protestants are wont to cast as a reproach against the Catholic Church. For example, the Church cannot disregard national differences. A French pope could not be chosen without danger of defection if not of schism in Germany; in fact, the election of any one not an Italian would herald storms and revolutionary dangers. Schism is no phantom danger. It was not impossible that Bismarck should have effected a separation of the German church from the Holy See by means of the *Kulturkampf;* it was not impossible for the Irish church to have seceded, had Leo XIII. been brought into more violent collision with the home-rulers. Even now there is the *Los von Rom* movement in Austria. Pius X., like his predecessors, is not free to withdraw to his closet and to contemplation, nor to confine his attention to ecclesiastical administration and things spiritual; he must be a statesman; he must keep constant watch on the political purposes of every government in Europe, and be on the alert to oppose, to obstruct, to check, to hinder, to delay, all those which are hostile to the Church.

It is obvious, therefore, that the new Pope is confined, by the nature of the Church and of his office, a prisoner in an ideal Vatican; but as we should not exaggerate, also we should not underestimate, his real freedom of action. He is free in certain matters. For instance, he has complete freedom to deal with that most familiar but by no means most important of papal political questions, the temporal power. Here he is free because his temporal power is a matter which does not really affect the Church. It is but an affair of secular dignity, a trapping, which touches neither the life nor the health of a religious body. Whether Pius X. adhere to the claim upon the ancient papal domain, or altogether renounce that claim, there will be no schism, no revolution, no defection, no commotion; the Church will not heed; she moves on majestic, indifferent to the changing titles to principalities or kingdoms, whether they be her own or another's. Catholics who desire the restoration of the temporal power are not three in a hundred; they are certain members of the papal Curia, some enthusiastic Irishmen, a few score youthful priests and students in seminaries, a scattered noblesse, old and new, whose conservative tastes prefer that the tiara be in fact a temporal crown. To be sure, many Catholic prelates have followed the Vatican in expressing their belief in the benefit to the Church to be derived from a restoration; they have full confidence in the wisdom of the Vatican; it would be neither loyal nor deferential in them to dissent; but should the Vatican change its policy under Pius X., there is no reason to suppose that those

prelates would fail to be impressed by the new arguments put forward, or scant their loyalty to the new policy.

Why has the Vatican been so strongly set in favor of this temporal restoration? One reason undoubtedly is the immense conservatism of the Church. She knows that her strength lies in her conservatism, in her fixedness, in her clinging to the past, in her refusal "with the remover to remove." She has her dominion in deep unreasoning feelings of the human heart; she aspires to be the symbol and likeness of that which abideth and doth not change. She cannot lightly forego any great tradition; all her great traditions affect one another, and if one breaks, the others, in appearance at least, are weaker. The temporal power was older than the time of Charlemagne, and Catholics received it as an article of belief that this immunity from the jurisdiction of a secular power was the means which Providence had chosen for the maintenance of its Divine Church. Seven centuries, — the period of triumphant Christianity, of the Church fathers, of the œcumenical councils before the eastern schisms, the period of the exaltation of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops, the golden ages of the faith, — all passed before the establishing of temporal power. Thirty-three years have passed since that temporal power was taken away. Both Church and papacy are stronger now than they were at the fall of Rome, and it is become plain that if that power has been in the past a divine means for the preservation of the Church, it is not now an indispensable means. Nevertheless the argument that Rome, the abode of the pontiff, the meeting-place of the great committees which control ecclesiastical affairs, ought to be upon neutral ground does not lack plausibility. The Church deals with most momentous affairs in every land, and each Catholic nation has a just claim to security that no other nation shall bring improper pressure to bear on the Church government. There should be no possible color for German, French, or Spanish suspicion that the Italian government exercises any influence whatever over the Church. Ought not the Church, therefore, as Archbishop Ireland has suggested, to have a district, like the District of Columbia, free from any jurisdiction but its own? This moral right to security of papal impartiality is a perfectly satisfactory answer to the Italian claim that the Pope should accept the pecuniary indemnity offered by the Italian government after it had seized Rome; for some men might have believed that a pensioner would not be absolutely indifferent toward the hand that fed and had power to withhold.

The papal argument, however, has a weak point. It assumes that the papacy might suffer itself to become the tool of the Italian government, or at least that men might think so. If such papal weakness is possible, if the character of the Pope does not guarantee to Christendom the integrity of papal action, then there is not merely danger from the Italian government, but from every government within whose jurisdiction the Church exists. What is to prevent France or Germany from exerting political pressure on the Church? Has not Germany done so? Does not France do so now? This danger differs in degree, as in one case the secular wrong is aimed at the head of the Church, in the other at her members, but it does not differ in kind. If the Italian government shall seek simoniacally to influence the Pope, as its subject, either he will submit, just as, humanly speaking, he might accept a bribe from Russia, or he will cry out and resist, just as Leo XIII. resisted the May laws in Germany and the anti-clerical legislation in France. If there be danger of such monstrous simony there will be opportunity in abundance without the need of geographical proximity. Moreover one cannot be insensible to the fact that the fears which may exist in Christendom lest Italy should exert un-

due pressure on the Vatican find far louder expression in the Vatican than elsewhere in the world. And why is there not an outcry against the Right of Exclusion which Austria, France, and Spain may exercise in the conclave of cardinals against the candidate who but for that secular bar would become the Vicar of Christ on earth? Is not this lay interference in the choice of the head of the Church as serious as any that can readily be imagined?

It was natural enough that Pius IX., who was not a statesman, should have been terribly bewildered by the revolutions in Italy, and angry at the robbery, as he deemed, of his God-given domain; it was likewise natural that Leo XIII., in part out of respect for the memory of Pius IX., in part from the still fresh indignation of the Curia, in part because his own life at Perugia had been spent in the strife between secular and ecclesiastical powers, should have continued the policy of protest. But now that a new generation has grown up, it would be perfectly open to Pius X. to adapt himself to the political reconstruction of Italy. Leo XIII. set a most significant precedent in his letter urging the French people to be loyal to the Republic. The civil constitution of states may change from year to year, and an enduring Church must not bind itself to any one form of political institution. But the boldness of a complete renunciation of all claim to temporal power is not to be expected. His Holiness has already given sundry intimations that he will follow his predecessor's policy; he did not bless the Roman people from the balcony of St. Peter's, he did not announce his election to the Italian government, and he is reported to have said that the Vatican and its gardens have become his world. Nevertheless official non-intercourse may be maintained, and yet by little acts of friendliness a kindly relation between the Vatican and the Quirinal may be established; and this there is reason to expect because Pius X. has been on friendly terms with the House of Savoy, and has lived his life away from the susceptible and irritable Roman Curia, among the quiet canals and ancient traditions of Venice, and not the least important of Venetian traditions is that of stiff-necked independence toward the Vatican. It is said that the Pope is bound by his oath of office not to relinquish any claims of the Church, but the renouncement of the claim to the old Papal States is hardly more than an extension of the principle embodied in the thirteenth article of the Concordat made between Pius VII. and Napoleon, by which the Pope agreed not to disturb the purchasers of ecclesiastical property which had been seized and sold by the French government during the French Revolution.

The papal claim to Rome vexes the Italian government, for it keeps alive the fear that foreign nations may interfere to restore the Pope, but it does not trouble Italian Catholics as much as is supposed; it may be doubted whether the consciences torn by a divided duty between the papacy and patriotism number many hundreds. The great majority of Italian Catholics belong to two classes, those who are really devoted children of the Church, and those who profess themselves to be such; but both are resolute against restoring the temporal power to the Church, and never waver in their opinion that Rome must belong to the kingdom and not to the papacy. Those lovers of Italy, however, who are most in sympathy with the national sentiment which effected the unity of Italy must remember that to the world the Roman Catholic Church is far more important than the Italian kingdom, and that if there were a doubt whether the Church or the kingdom would derive the greater advantage from the possession of Rome, that doubt should be resolved in favor of the Church.

A far more intricate question before the Vatican is the course to pursue in

France. Matters there show how impossible it is for the Church to abstain wholly from politics. The theory of the complete separation of church and state, wholly modern, receives its strongest support from the practical difficulties of administration; in a Catholic country these difficulties are increased because the head of the church is not the head of the state, and members of the church may find their duties, as such members, clash with their duties as citizens. France has no official religion, but the overwhelming majority of her citizens are Roman Catholic, and in the budget of public worship the appropriation of 40,000,000 francs goes almost entirely to the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore the connection between church and state is very close.

The present troubles are somewhat complicated. After the attempt to abolish religious worship in France during the Revolution, Napoleon, then First Consul, made the Concordat of 1801 with Pius VII., under which, with sundry interruptions and modifications, France and the papacy have lived ever since. The first article provided that the Roman Catholic religion should be freely exercised in France, but of the Religious Orders which have been the objects of anti-clerical attack no mention was made. The beginnings of the present clerical oppression began with Gambetta, and his example was followed in 1880 and 1881 by M. de Freycinet and M. Jules Ferry, who took drastic measures against the teaching Orders. The schools and colleges of these Orders were closed, many establishments of the Jesuits, Carmelites, and Barnabites were broken up, and many of the brethren left the country. The motives of the government were various. Its supporters thought that the Church as a body aided and abetted the enemies of the Republic, — Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, — and they believed that a body which received its orders from a foreign head could not be and was not patriotic. They also thought that it was unjust for the Religious Orders to receive the privileges of citizenship without sharing its burdens; for instance, the brethren were exempt from military service, and in certain districts pious judges had adjudged them exempt from the general income tax on the grounds that where there were no dividends there could be no income, and where there were vows of poverty there could be no taxable estate. The government was sustained in the general elections, but the agitation subsided, and the Religious Orders were suffered in a measure to return to their old ways until M. Waldeck-Rousseau came back to the attack in 1900. The premier and his cabinet depended on the support of Radicals and Socialists, who entertained very hostile feelings against the Church and especially against the Religious Orders, and he himself no doubt believed these Orders were not patriotic. He said of them that they "under the specious veil of a religious institution tend to introduce into the state a political corporation, the object of which is first to arrive at complete independence, and then to usurp all authority." He denounced the great accumulation of ecclesiastical property; it was an economic harm to the country, he said in exaggerated figures, that a billion of francs should be taken out of free circulation, and held tight in the dead hand of the Church. His government took the position that France could not tolerate two wholly different kinds of education, one based on science and the principles of the French Revolution, the other on scholastic and mediæval notions and on the unpatriotic teaching that the first duty of a citizen is not to France but to a foreign power. The Chamber of Deputies supported the government, the anti-clerical legislation of 1901 was passed, and the Religious Orders were expelled from France. It is true that the law allows the Orders to ask for charters from the government, but the effect of receiving such a charter is to subject the Order to

secular inspection, and in substance to the authority of the state instead of to the authority of the Church. The Church refused its sanction to a course of submission.

The immediate cause of these attacks was political, but underneath there appears to be justification for the accusation of the Catholics that the government wishes to make France a non-Christian country, in the sense that it wishes to stop all religious teaching and to destroy the bonds that bind the Catholic to his Church. The present *president du conseil*, M. Combes, is likewise strongly anti-clerical. He takes the position that when the French government nominates candidates for the episcopate, the Pope must invest them as a matter of course, and, irritated by clerical opposition, he goes so far as to hint at breaking the Concordat. The government represents the Chamber of Deputies, but it is said that the Chamber does not represent the nation, for the peasants, who are pious Catholics, do not understand the suffrage, and stay away from the polls. In some parts of France, as in Brittany, when the schools of the Religious Orders were closed, great feeling was shown, and in one or two cases military officers refused to obey orders. Certainly the anti-clerical measures are very severe. Practically all private schools are closed, parents are not allowed to send their sons to schools in which they think morals will be better tended, where religion and such subjects as they may wish will be taught; all men alike must submit their sons to the secular instruction of the public schools. The Religious Orders, too, are associated with all the works of charity, — care of the old and infirm, tending of orphans, healing the sick, — and are bound by ties of intimacy, friendship, and love with thousands of families.

What can Pius X. do to better the Catholic cause in France? Shall he protest, following Leo's example, or shall he advise submission to the demands of the state? Shall he attempt to organize a Catholic party, or rely on gentle suasion? Perhaps it might be better for the Church to let the French government abolish the Concordat. The bishops and clergy would then depend solely on the offerings of their flocks, and the Church would be free from secular coercion. On one occasion M. Waldeck-Rousseau deprived an archbishop and several bishops of a year's salary, as punishment for a letter which criticised the government. It is not likely that the Pope will submit to what he believes an endeavor to eradicate Christianity from France. It would not be fair to desert the Religious Orders, whose main object is to promote the interests of the Church, since he believes that those interests and the spiritual interests of men are one and inseparable. One cannot glance over the history of the papacy for the last hundred years without thinking it likely that the Church will find means to retrieve her position in France. Her opportunity may come there, as it well may in the rest of Europe, out of the general need for an antidote to the materialism of successful socialism; then perhaps she may persuade leaders of men that religion even mingled with superstition, if that qualification please them, is more necessary to the laboring classes than municipal ownership of the means of production or the equal division of the fruits of labor. All things may come to the church that waits.

The political task before the papacy in Spain is somewhat similar to that in France, except that there the Church has successfully defended herself. The government attempted to imitate the anti-clerical legislation of France, and threatened to enforce a decree requiring all Religious Congregations to apply to the state for charters under pain of dispersion; but not only is Catholicism stronger there than in France, and the Spanish government weaker than the French govern-

ment, but also Leo XIII., who had great influence because he was always a friend and strong support to the Queen Regent and the young King, took a firm stand. He offered to discuss the question of authorization, but only on condition that every demand from a Religious Congregation for a charter should be granted. The government, facing Socialists, Carlists, and a threatened political Catholic Union, and well aware of the insecurity of the throne, had not the courage to press the anti-clerical measures, and they have been suffered to rest uninforced. The success of Catholic opposition in Spain, in contrast with its failure in France, serves to illustrate the need of diverse diplomatic methods, — here to yield, there to resist, — and also shows the extreme difficulties in the way of papal diplomacy.

In Germany different problems exist. The growth of the Socialist party is certainly a movement toward the rejection of any political interference from the Church, and though the clerical party, the Centre, which numbers 102 out of 397 members, is the largest party in the Reichstag, and of great parliamentary importance, nevertheless the writing on the wall indicates that the political future of Germany will be in the hands of the Socialists, and therefore it behooves the Church to consider what attitude she shall take when that time comes. Leo XIII., faithful to the conservatism of the Church, was strongly in favor of private property, and denounced both state and municipal socialism, yet he set a course which would justify Pius X. in permitting and even in encouraging Catholics to become Socialists, so long as that party refrained from attacking the Church. It is not likely that the three million voters of the Socialists are all agreed on an exact socialist platform ; some insist on the doctrines of Marx, but probably all unite solely in their opposition to the military system, to a protective tariff, and to certain ideas of the imperial government, and there may well be many who would prefer Christian Democracy, divorced from politics, to a material socialism. Leo's words in his encyclical of January 18, 1901, on Christian Democracy represent a widespread feeling : " It is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas, in point of fact, it is above all a moral and religious matter, and for that reason must be settled by the principles of morality and according to the dictates of religion. For even though wages are doubled, and the hours of labor are shortened, and food is cheapened, yet if the workingman hearkens to the doctrines that are taught on this subject, as he is prone to do, and is prompted by the examples set before him to throw off respect for God and to enter upon a life of immorality, his labors and his gain will avail him naught."

In spite of Leo's categorical denunciation of public ownership of the means of production, his immense sympathy with the laboring classes directed Catholic policy toward the general goal of socialism, — to secure for those classes a larger share and a sweeter enjoyment of earth's abundance, — and leaves Catholics free to treat the goal as of more importance than the particular means by which it may be attained. In his encyclical on the condition of the working classes, Leo said : " If we turn now to things external and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of greedy speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making. It is neither just nor human so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. . . . Daily labor, therefore, should be so regulated as not to be protracted over longer hours than strength admits. How many and how long the intervals of rest should be must depend on the nature of the work, on circumstances of time and place,

and on the health and strength of the workman. Those who work in mines and quarries and extract coal, stone and metals from the bowels of the earth should have shorter hours in proportion as their labor is more severe and trying to health. Then, again, the season of the year should be taken into account. . . . Finally, work which is quite suitable for a strong man cannot reasonably be required from a woman or a child. And, in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently developed. For just as very rough weather destroys the bud of spring, so does too early an experience of life's hard toil blight the young promise of a child's faculties and render any true education impossible. Women, again, are not suited for certain occupations; a woman is by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family. As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest proportionate to the wear and tear of his strength; for waste of strength must be repaired by cessation from hard work."

The German policy of Pius X. must aim to prevent socialism from becoming a rival and an enemy to the Church, and the way is indicated by the encyclical just quoted. On the one hand, there is no fundamental reason why socialists should not be Catholics, and on the other hand, there is the fundamental teaching of the New Testament that Christians should incline toward socialism. The difficulty lies in getting the stiff joints of the conservative Church to bend with the changing attitude of public opinion. The present pontiff, always interested in good works, will, of his nature, help the laboring classes all he can, but a triumphant Social Democracy, once in possession of the empire, may be hard to manage.

In Austria Pius X. has to face the *Los von Rom* movement, which is a secession from the Holy See by a part of the German population, more especially in Bohemia, undertaken apparently for the sake of recommending the seceders to the sympathies of the German Empire, and of preparing their way to political incorporation with that empire on the anticipated downfall of Austria. In Hungary, too, there is a strong sentiment against the Vatican on account of its hostility to the Triple Alliance and of its opposition to certain liberal legislation, of which one of the provisions was to make civil marriage compulsory.

These matters, not to mention many others, are most intricate and difficult, and require great tact and diplomacy on the part of a power which cannot resort to force. Leo was a great political leader, and, though men from different points of view pass different judgments on his career, he was on the whole very successful; it remains to be seen whether Pius X., who bears the reputation of a Christian priest, and has received little or no political training, will be able to hold the tiller with equal skill and success. Certainly it is easy to sympathize with the new pontiff under the load of his great responsibility. Uneasy lies the head that wears the triple crown.

Interesting as papal politics are, they are but the action of the Church on national bodies corporate, which have no souls. The life and vigor of the Church does not consist in them, but in her relations with her individual members, with the countless multitudes who lead laborious lives, recklessly or heedfully plodding on among the rough temptations that beset their way. Here is the domain of faith and morals, here is the true empire of the Church, the source of her power, and the justification of her existence. In the matter of faith her central idea is fixedness. The Church by her most essential personality is steadfast; she will hand on the faith such as she has

received it, not in the spirit only, but in the letter also, unabated by the loss of one jot or tittle. Such she conceives her duty as the depositary of truth. Leo XIII. authorized a consideration and study of biblical criticism, yet he lays down the basic laws for scholars that "nothing can be proved either by physical science or archæology which can really contradict the Scriptures," and that they must hold the truth of Holy Scripture to be irrefutable. The Church's first law is to remain literally faithful to the end. How literal is that fidelity with respect to what she believes is the word of God is shown by the famous case of St. George Mivart. He, a distinguished man of science, in two leading English reviews, The Fortnightly and The Nineteenth Century, published his opinions on certain passages of the Old Testament, and stated that educated Catholics no longer believe that the Bible is literally inspired throughout. This declaration was a blunt challenge to the Church to state her position. Cardinal Vaughan attempted to persuade Mivart to retract, and meeting refusal, wrote him a letter in which he demanded subscription to this article of faith: —

"In accordance with the holy Councils of Trent and of the Vatican, I receive all the books of the Old and New Testament with all their parts as set forth in the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent and contained in the ancient Latin edition of the Vulgate, as sacred and canonical, and I firmly believe and profess that the said scriptures are sacred and canonical, — not because, having been carefully composed by mere human industry, they were afterward approved by the Church's authority, nor merely because they contain revelation with no admixture of error; but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author, and have been delivered as such to the Church herself. Wherefore, in all matters of faith or morals appertaining to the building up of Christian doctrine, I believe that to be the true sense of Holy Scripture which our Holy Mother the Church has held and now holds, to whom the judgment of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scripture belongs.

"I firmly believe and profess that the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed like a philosophical invention to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a Divine deposit to the Spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared, and that, therefore, that meaning of the sacred dogmas is to be perpetually retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, and that that meaning can never be departed from, under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them. I reject as false and heretical the assertion that it is possible at some time, according to the progress of science, to give to doctrines propounded by the Church a sense different from that which the Church has understood and understands, and consequently that the sense and meaning of her doctrines can ever be in the course of time practically explained away or reversed."

Mivart replied: "It is now evident that a vast and impassable abyss yawns between Catholic dogma and science, and no man with ordinary knowledge can henceforth join the communion of the Roman Catholic Church if he correctly understands what its principles and its teaching really are." He refused to subscribe, and the cardinal excommunicated him. The declaration of faith demanded was not new; it followed the doctrine laid down by Leo XIII. in his encyclical known as Providentissimus Deus, issued in 1893. The Pope said: "It is absolutely wrong and forbidden, either to narrow inspiration to certain parts only of Holy Scripture, or to admit that the sacred writer has erred. For the system of those who, in order to rid themselves of these difficulties, do not hesitate to concede that Divine in-

spiration regards the things of faith and morals, and nothing beyond, because (as they wrongly think) in a question of the truth or falsehood of a passage, we should consider not so much what God has said as the reason and purpose which He had in mind in saying it — this system cannot be tolerated. For all the books which the Church receives as sacred and canonical are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost; and so far is it from being possible that any error can coexist with inspiration, that inspiration not only is essentially incompatible with error, but excludes and rejects it as absolutely and necessarily as it is impossible that God himself, the supreme truth, can utter that which is not true.

"This is the ancient and unchanging faith of the Church, solemnly defined in the Councils of Florence and of Trent, and finally confirmed and more expressly formulated by the Council of the Vatican. . . . Hence because the Holy Ghost employed men as His instruments, we cannot therefore say that it was these inspired instruments who, perchance, had fallen into error, and not the primary Author. For, by supernatural power, He so moved and impelled them to write — He was so present to them — that the things which He ordered, and those only, they, first, rightly understood, then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in apt words and with infallible truth. Otherwise it could not be said that He was the author of the entire Scripture. . . . It follows that those who maintain that an error is possible in any genuine passage of the sacred writings either pervert the Catholic notion of inspiration, or make God the author of such error."

This pronouncement was delivered by Leo XIII. *ex cathedra*. It concerns the Roman Catholic faith, and as such, in consequence of the dogma of infallibility, even if it had not been taken from decrees of the Councils of Trent and of the Vatican, would be an authoritative and final statement. As such, of course, it is binding on Pius X. Nevertheless it is one thing to have a dogma on the statute book, another to enforce it. In France opinions similar to those entertained by Mivart are expressed without fear. M. Léon Chaine[1] says: "The great error has been to find in the Bible that which could not be in it and is not in it. The Bible, inspired as it is, is not a treatise upon astronomy or the natural sciences. . . . Some have triumphed a little noisily over certain recent discoveries, because these discoveries have done away with certain contradictions that seemed to exist between the Bible and science. This does not prevent it from being highly unwise to consider all the contents of the Holy Scripture inspired. A school, at the head of which in France is Mgr. d'Hulst, and of which at present Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle, is one of the most learned representatives, puts a distinct limitation upon the inspiration of the Bible. . . . One may remain attached to orthodoxy without believing that the world was created exactly 4004 years before Jesus Christ, without believing in the story of the apple in the garden of Eden, or in that of the devil tempting in the disguise of a serpent, . . . in the tumbling of the walls of Jericho at the sound of trumpets, the sun stopping at the voice of Joshua, Balaam's ass speaking, or yet in Jonah's traveling in the belly of a whale."

M. Chaine is writing in defense of the oppressed Catholics, and uses arguments likely to affect the French public in favor of the Church. In England, on the contrary, St. George Mivart challenged the Church; he forced the issue; she did not flinch, and no doubt in a similar case she would again deny her rites to a contumacious heretic. But those who are willing to give up the Church for the sake of disbelieving in the tower of Babel, in Jonah

[1] Les Catholiques Français et leurs Difficultés actuelles, pp. 161–175. 1903.

and the whale, in Joshua's stopping the sun, are exceedingly few. Those who trouble themselves about what they style a monstrous demand on credulity are the outsiders.

It cannot be too firmly insisted that the alleged conflict of science with the dogmas of the Church is not a matter of consequence to members of the Church; some of the educated deny the conflict, some have separate departments in their minds for experience and for divinity, some shrug their shoulders, the great mass of Catholics pass on ignorant and indifferent. The attitude of the Church is a logical consequence of the dogmas, that she has received the truth, that she is its interpreter. Neither Pius X. nor any other pope can alter the Church's position.

During the last fifty years knowledge has increased more than in any half century of recorded time. Astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology have developed beyond all hope, and in consequence of these discoveries many educated men in every country in Europe, as well as here, became materialists and atheists. The Roman Catholic Church during those fifty years has declared the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary a dogma of faith, she has asserted the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals, she has reaffirmed the doctrines of the Council of Trent, and repeated the theories of Thomas Aquinas, and to-day she stands higher in the estimation of mankind, of the educated as well as of the ignorant, than she did before the great illumination of science. Her dogmas have not hindered her, perhaps they have helped her. This steadfastness is the great distinction of the Catholic Church. Protestant churches become rationalistic, following in their own halting fashion, and at a very respectful distance, what they deem the conclusions of science, but the Roman Catholic Church, endowed with a vital principle of her own, develops in her own theology, unswerving under alien influence, embodying in fresh form some truth which she believes was revealed to the Apostles.

At the present time, however, no question of dogma needs to be settled; there is no dispute in the Church over any tenet, and it is wholly beyond probability that Pius X. should think of holding an Œcumenical Council, or of declaring a new dogma. A priest who has passed his life in the dead little city of Venice, doing good to the poor, will be far more likely to fix his mind on the virtues of conduct, and on obedience to the commandment made to the Apostle, and through that Apostle, as he believes, directly to him, "Simon, son of Jonas lovest thou me, . . . feed my sheep."

Certainly, the duty of the Church to assist men in their spiritual struggles is now and always has been her first duty, for the duty to preserve the faith is but a means to that end. Dogma has no significance except as a rod and staff to the spiritual pilgrim. The new pontiff must ask himself, "Does the Church help her children in all reasonable ways, in all possible ways, to be better men, to forsake lower pleasures and emotions for higher and nobler feelings?" Here is the real task before him. In the practical business of reigning, of administering the Church, he is free to act according to his will, so far as the nature of a gigantic task can leave a man free; here is his great opportunity. The question of temporal power is but a speck of dust compared to the immense importance of able and upright administration. Yet, what can one man do with a thousand bishops and a hundred thousand priests?

In the first place the Pope has the power to appoint cardinals. At present the Sacred College is nearly full, but the cardinals are old men, and it is likely that Pius X. will have frequent opportunity of appointment. That body, respectable enough, cannot be said to be composed of very eminent men. It is unworthy of the Church to have forty

cardinals from little places in Italy, and but one to represent the United States and one to represent England. The Pope certainly would not run the risk of leaving the Italian cardinals without a working majority, but that body should be composed of the most virtuous, dignified, able, and intellectual priests in the whole Church. The appointments to the cardinalate of Lavigerie in France, of Manning in England, of Gibbons in the United States, were equal to great victories for the Church. A resolute pontiff could make the politics of the Vatican of consequence to every government in the world by the appointment of the proper cardinals.

The Pope has the right to invest bishops, and though he appoints, by agreement or by custom, candidates nominated to him, nevertheless directly or indirectly he has immense power over the hierarchy, and can make the Church a career for virtue and talents. That the standard of the bishops should be raised, at least in certain portions of the world, can hardly be doubted; for if the bishops were what they might be, the priests would be on the average of somewhat higher type. One may well regard with admiration the general faithfulness to their trust displayed by an immense multitude of priests, and feel sure that a Father Damien is no rare exception, and yet one may also think that the standard of intelligence among the priesthood in various corners of the world might be raised, and that more priests might have a deep sense of the tremendous responsibility that accompanies their power. It may be added that a little knowledge of hygiene would not diminish any priest's influence for good. The parish priest is the material out of which the Roman Church is made; by him, and not by pope and cardinals, is the Church to be judged. He need not be much better or wiser than his flock in order to be qualified to lead them and help them, but he must be a little better, a little wiser. His life is hard, his opportunities are great; in his hands lies the future of the Church of Rome. One cannot hope that educated men will be ready to sacrifice their lives and live among peasants, but a little broader education, an education that would bring them into contact with the earth beneath as well as with the heaven above, might be required. It surely would be possible to diminish ignorance in the priesthood, and to check an extreme readiness to call upon the special interposition of Providence to the exclusion of those instruments of grace specially sanctioned by Providence, — intelligence and knowledge. Priests might be better instructed than, when a fire breaks out in a village and threatens every house, to walk up and down in front of the conflagration with litanies and censers and get in the way of the water-buckets.

The pontiff has a great opportunity for immense service in raising the character and the education of the priesthood. The priests, however, are the Church's hands to succor and uplift, to encourage and strengthen, to carry spiritual life to the people, and the best instruction they can receive must remain the Christian doctrines. The gospel of Christ was to bring peace on earth, to turn men away from the individual struggle for existence, and persuade them to union, that side by side they should subdue nature and struggle against the brutal inheritances which bar the way to the Kingdom of God. The Church has not always preached peace, but under Leo XIII. she walked in the true way. He strove to the best of his power to prevent war between nations, and also to prevent as well as to soften that civil struggle between masters and laborers, which resembles war in brutality, knavery, lies, and hypocrisy. Here the Church has declared herself for reason and conciliation. Used to old ways, accustomed to the old order, she was naturally inclined to take the side of the masters, but under the generous-hearted Leo she has pronounced her compassion for

the downtrodden and oppressed, and proclaimed herself the protector of the poor and unfortunate.

In the world's weary endeavor after peace, between nation and nation, between master and laborer, between man and man, the Church may do very much; as a cosmopolitan society, she can sympathize with American and Spaniard, with Englishman and Russian, with German and Frenchman; having children in every rank and condition of society, she can be indifferent between rich and poor; with her great age, her far-away beliefs, her unworldly standards, she can be just between man and man. She can be the great peacemaker, and if Pius X. and his successors shall be able to increase her influence for peace and the brotherhood of men, as no doubt they will endeavor to do, they may be sure that after the empires of Austria, England, Germany, and Russia shall have passed away, the papacy will still remain, because she will have again proved that she serves mankind.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AIR AND EARTH.

"In London the first man one meets will put any high dream out of one's head, for he will talk to one of something at once vapid and exciting, some one of those many subjects of thought that build up our social unity." It is significant of Mr. Yeats's power that when we come upon this sentence in his recent volume of essays,[1] we straightway begin to wonder what it all amounts to, this civil habit of life toward which we have been given to understand that the whole creation has thus far moved. It suddenly seems ridiculous that vapid subjects of thought should be allowed to excite us simply because they concern the practical comfort of the majority. We cannot help admitting, in mere candor, that our common interests are both tame and absorbing, and that we are lucky to escape them for the moment, now and then, by contact with some individual interest.

I.

Mr. Yeats himself is well able to afford us such an interest. He really possesses, what the world is always looking for among the younger generation of writers, individuality and distinction. There is, perhaps, no individuality in current literature which imposes itself so directly and ungrudgingly upon the reader. "Reader" seems hardly the word to use, so strong is the sense of personal contact; in his later work, especially, there is a vocal quality which a mere writer could not compass. We find ourselves listening for the next sentence, not looking for it; and when here and there the eloquence or the point of view of the speaker is beyond us, we feel, maybe, a little embarrassment: we are afraid he will notice our dullness or remoteness and be disconcerted by it, and so we shall lose the rest of the music. This is only one of the evidences that Mr. Yeats may yet recapture an audience almost lost to men of letters; an audience which can only be attracted by some writer with the heart and fancy of a child and the subtle skill of an artist. To be childlike and accomplished, to keep perfect balance, not to be either childish or sophisticated, this is the great

[1] *Ideas of Good and Evil.* By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

thing in lyrical writing; we note with some anxiety that Mr. Yeats possesses theories, and we pray that he may never be possessed by them.

These theories are two: that the middle classes have been the death of good literature, and that symbolism is to be its new birth. His exposition of the former theory is extremely interesting: —

"What we call popular poetry never came from the people at all. Longfellow, and Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, and Macaulay in his Lays, and Scott in his longer poems, are the poets of the middle class, of people who have unlearned the unwritten tradition which binds the unlettered, so long as they are masters of themselves, to the beginning of time and to the foundation of the world, and who have not learned the written tradition which has been established upon the unwritten. I became certain that Burns, whose greatness has been used to justify the littleness of others, was in part a poet of the middle class, because though the farmers he sprang from and lived among had been able to create a little tradition of their own, less a tradition of ideas than of speech, they had been divided by religious and political changes from the images and emotions which had once carried their memories backward thousands of years. Despite his expressive speech, which sets him above all other popular poets, he has the triviality of emotion, the poverty of ideas, the imperfect sense of beauty, of a poetry whose most typical expression is in Longfellow." . . .

"There is only one kind of good poetry, for the poetry of the coteries, which presupposes the written tradition, does not differ in kind from the true poetry of the people, which presupposes the unwritten tradition. Both are alike strange and obscure, and unreal to all who have not understanding, and both . . . glimmer with thoughts and images whose 'ancestors were stout and wise,' 'anigh to Paradise,' 'ere yet men knew the gift of corn.'" . . .

"If men did not remember or half remember impossible things, and, it may be, if the worship of sun and moon had not left a faint reverence behind it, what Aran fisher-girl would sing: —

"'It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

"'You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked. I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you; and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb. . . .

"'My mother said to me not to be talking with you, to-day or to-morrow or on Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shutting the door after the house was robbed. . . .

"'You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great you have taken God from me.'" . . .

"Before the counting-house had created a new class and a new art without breeding and without ancestry, and set this art and this class between the hut and the castle, and between the hut and the cloister, the art of the people was as closely mingled with the art of the coteries as was the speech of the people, that delighted in rhythmical animation, in idiom, in images, in words full of far-off suggestion, with the unchanging speech of the poets."

Here we have suggested the basis of Mr. Yeats's own best achievement. As a boy he became absorbed in the songs and legends which he found still budding upon Irish country-sides. Many of them he recorded in prose and verse, in prose with especial ingenuousness and grace.[1]

[1] *The Celtic Twilight.* By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Then came a season of London life, of experiences "vapid and exciting," which, as he presently found, diverted him from his true field and vein. He had, thereupon, the extraordinary good fortune to realize his mistake, to return to his Irish folk, and to renew and deepen his acquaintance with the Irish atmosphere and lore. The first-fruits of this renewal are several essays of exceptional power, and a play written for an Irish theatre which the author and others of his acknowledged coterie have proposed to establish in Dublin. He tells us plainly what he expects of this theatre and of the plays that are to be produced in it: —

"Why should we thrust our works, which we have written with imaginative sincerity and filled with spiritual desire, before those quite excellent people who think that Rossetti's women are 'guys,' that Rodin's women are 'ugly,' and that Ibsen is 'immoral,' and who only want to be left at peace to enjoy the works so many clever men have made especially to suit them? We must make a theatre for ourselves and our friends, and for a few simple people who understand from sheer simplicity what we understand from scholarship and thought. We have planned the Irish Literary Theatre with this hospitable emotion, and, that the right people may find out about us, we hope to act a play or two in the spring of every year; and that the right people may escape the stupefying memory of the theatre of commerce which clings even to them, our plays will be for the most part remote, spiritual, and ideal."

It is probably fortunate that this experiment is being made in Ireland, where there is still a response to the remote and the ideal, even apparently as they are interpreted by the forms of symbolism: "All folk literature, and all literature that keeps the folk tradition, delights in unbounded and immortal things. . . . Cuchullan in the Irish folk tale had the passion of victory, and he overcame all men, and died warring upon the waves, because they alone had strength to overcome him. . . . Oisin, new come from his three hundred years of faeryland, and of the love that is in faeryland, bids St. Patrick cease his prayers awhile and listen to the blackbird, because it is the blackbird of Derrycarn that Finn brought from Norway, three hundred years before, and set its nest upon the oak tree with his own hands. Surely if one goes far enough into the woods, one will find there all that he is seeking? Who knows how many centuries the birds of the woods have been singing?"

II.

Mr. Yeats does not hesitate to range himself frankly with those whom we commonly call the superstitious: "I often entangle myself in arguments more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions, but at other times I say, as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about the nymph of the Ilissus, 'The common opinion is enough for me.' I believe when I am in the mood that all nature is full of people whom we cannot see, and that some of these are ugly and grotesque, and some wicked or foolish, but very many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that these are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places. Even when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor coppice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me."

It is evidently impossible to consider the work of so credulous, fanciful, and ingenuous a spirit as we consider the work of an ordinary man of letters, or even an ordinary poet. And we can see why symbolism should be the natural resource for the higher expression of an intelligence

to which figures of speech are hardly more than literal statements of truth. Mr. Yeats has, however, not only an instinct for symbolism, but a theory of it; he is a scholar as well as a child and a seer. He has a good deal to say of the emotional symbol and the intellectual symbol. He chooses to call what is commonly termed "the decadence" by the much more poetic title, "the autumn of the body;" and considers that it really represents a first step upward toward a lost estate: "We are, it may be, at a crowning crisis of the world, at the moment when man is about to ascend, with the wealth he has been so long gathering upon his shoulders, the stairway he has been descending from the first days. The first poets, if we may find their images in the Kalevala, had not Homer's preoccupation with things, and he was not so full of their excitement as Virgil. Dante added to poetry a dialectic which, although he made it serve his laborious ecstasy, was the invention of minds trained by the labor of life, by a traffic among many things, and not a spontaneous expression of an interior life; while Shakespeare shattered the symmetry of verse and of drama that he might file them with things and their accidental relations to one another."

Follows upon this double belief in folk poetry and coterie poetry that Mr. Yeats's early prose mainly consisted in a simple and unmoralized record of certain legends and superstitions which he had from the mouths of Irish peasants, and his early verse and drama contained unmistakable reminders of Mallarmé and Maeterlinck. His new prose play,[1] a first experiment in writing plays for the proposed Irish Theatre, is in many respects unlike his former work. There is no faëry-lore or magic in it, and its simple, almost bald style precludes lavishness in the use of verbal symbols. It has no distinctly drawn human characters, but probably the author did not mean to make any. "Maeterlinck," he says in the paper called The Autumn of the Body, "has set before us faint souls, naked and pathetic shadows already half vapor and sighing to one another upon the borders of the last abyss." The central figure in Where There is Nothing is less filmy and unhuman than all that, but it is not quite a person. It is a symbol, perhaps, an embodied situation, a Hamlet, let us say, without personality and without bowels. As for the play, as a whole, he may as well confess that he has not been able to get farther than the suspicion that the play means something. He is sure it is not an allegory, for Mr. Yeats has taken pains to explain that symbolism and allegory are very different things, and that allegory is a comparatively trivial thing. He is sure it is not a study of life, for, considered from that point of view, Paul Ruttledge must be owned a mere lunatic with a desire "to have great iron claws, and to put them about the pillars, and to pull and pull till everything fell to pieces." He does in the end get pulled to pieces himself, and that reasonable fact, perhaps, has something to do with the meaning of the play. Even then the flightiness of the victim precludes the possibility of our considering his death a tragedy; it is a mere pathos; but probably Mr. Yeats would not care about that either. Before he had determined to set himself against the middle classes, with their middling intelligence excited by vapid subjects of thought, he had doubtless conceived a distaste for anything so coarse and obvious as tragedy; and it is much that we should have an interpreter in English even of the naked and pathetic futilities, the pale and disembodied shadows of emotion, which haunt the background of human consciousness.

But this is not quite all we wish to expect from so indubitable a genius as that of Mr. Yeats. He has, he says, learned from the people themselves "that they cannot separate the idea of an art

[1] *Where There is Nothing.* By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

or a craft from the idea of a cult with ancient technicalities and mysteries." Every art is in some sense a cult, as every true artist is a seer. We may be ready to agree with Mr. Yeats that most nineteenth-century poetry, even the poetry of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, suffered under the burden of journalistic and philosophical and scientific material with which it was saddled. The pure art, the pure cult of poetry, was compromised. In Mr. Yeats's own line of descent, in Blake and Shelley and Rossetti and Morris, it was not. The "ancient technicalities and mysteries" were preserved, to become, in due order, the property of the initiate in this generation. From these sources, to mention only those which are English, Mr. Yeats has derived his knowledge of the "written tradition." By direct contact with the Irish peasantry he has gained knowledge also of the "unwritten tradition." The danger is that insensibly he will get to following his theory of symbolism, rather than his instinct for it, and that, instead of making toward a free use of symbols, he may be really constructing a code at once arbitrary and rigid. One is struck by nothing more, in reading the symbolists, than by their narrow range of motive. They prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of a wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to the human voice, fancies that glimmer and loom upon the dim borders of the mind to sound and fruitful imaginations. There seems to be something fresh and sane and independent about Mr. Yeats which makes one reluctant to believe that he will be able to give himself entire to his visions and his symbols. He has a power of vigorous imaginative prose which the world needs even more, perhaps, than his power of suggesting preter-human emotion by code.

III.

The middle class, or as we may say, to bring the matter closer to our bosoms, the "average person" in Anglo-Saxon society, has been getting rough treatment of late at other hands than those of Mr. Yeats. In A Fight for the City,[1] Mr. Alfred Hodder delivers himself of some uncomfortable truths; fortunately the average person is by nature an Artful Dodger, and is likely to come quite unscathed from a nominal encounter, whether with Mr. Hodder's frank bludgeon or with Mr. Yeats's courteously proffered point. The method of attack is of course quite different. Mr. Hodder finds in the spectacle of municipal politics a subject highly exciting and not in the least vapid. He speaks not as an artist, but as a "fellow citizen," and the vigor of his presentation is (as may happen in journalism) made rather more effective by its intemperance. The substance of his argument it would be hard to gainsay. The rottenness of our municipal governments, the continually losing fight between theory and practice, he attributes to our fondness for "the administrative lie:"—

"The belief of the puritan that the administrative lie redounds to the advantage of the public is best to be defended on the ground of the hypnotic force of the administrative lie. . . . 'This day England expects every man to do his duty,' was Nelson's message to his navy at the battle of Copenhagen. England was old and wise with the wisdom of ages, and expected nothing of the kind; but still the lie was a good, thrilling, historic lie. . . . People of English blood have a robust talent for administration, and a sturdy faith in the administrative lie. They believe in the power of good words; they have an innate gift for words, and are subject to their charm. They are a fighting race and a commercial race, yet they cannot go to battle on an openly avowed ground of public or commercial expediency; they must first have for battle-cry a decorative

[1] *A Fight for the City.* By Alfred Hodder. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

or thrilling phrase, not meant to bear the light of sober scrutiny. 'Taxation without representation is tyranny;' 'all men are born free and equal;' 'a house divided against itself cannot stand;' 'this nation cannot exist half slave and half free;' such decorative and thrilling phrases lift their lives in their own mind into the realm of the ideal, dignify the conflict, let their deepest passions loose in the service of their will. It may well seem a tenable hypothesis, that by sheer reiteration of audacious but inspiring falsities concerning what men are or may be, they may be transmuted into some sort of likeness to the nature asserted to be theirs. But the hypothesis has in the case in question been tested by experience: for generation after generation there have been maintained upon the statute book the formulas of the hypnotic lie. And some twenty thousand gamblers, young and old, according to the report made by Mr. Nixon, nightly crowd the gambling houses of the city, and the saloons stand open Sunday, with at most closed shutters and a change of entrance, and prostitutes by scores of thousands ply their trade where he may know who will."

This is only a portion of one of the many suggestive passages with which Mr. Hodder illuminates his narrative of the Jerome campaign. We have not space here to enlarge upon the details of his treatment. Enough has been quoted to suggest that it is the product of a strong and uncompromising, rather than delicately balanced intelligence: the voice of one crying in the metropolis and not an expression of artistic instinct or theory. Mr. Hodder's book must be taken as a record or an opinion rather than as an interpretation. But "human documents" have their importance, and to this order Mr. Hodder's book belongs, in a very worthy sense.

Of The Autobiography of a Thief[1] it is not so easy to be sure; yet it seems, so far as an "edited" narrative can, to be a true document; and it has certain qualities which differentiate it from such books as Mr. Riis's How the Other Half Lives, or Messrs. Flynt and Hapgood's The Powers that Prey. The authorship of the book appears to be pretty clearly what it claims to be, vicarious only as Mr. Hapgood's help was needed in getting the narrative into intelligible form. "The method employed," says the editor or "recorder," "was that, practically, of the interview. From the middle of March to the first of July we met nearly every afternoon, and many evenings, at a little German café on the East Side. There I took voluminous notes, often asking questions, but taking down as literally as possible his story in his own words; to such a degree is this true that the following narrative is an authentic account of his life, with occasional descriptions and character-sketches of his friends of the Under World."

Mr. Hapgood is right in asserting that "the autobiography bears sufficient internal evidence of the fact that, essentially, it is a thief's own story." The fact is borne out with especial clearness by the thief's habit, now and then, when it occurs to him that he is bearing a part in the production of a book, of attempting to be literary. At such moments his conventional moralizing, his cheap "literary" graces, his sentiment of the vaudeville order, are somewhat repellent to one who wishes to take the narrative as a "human document." As a whole, however, it is human enough in all conscience, so grimly human that one has to go back to Defoe to get an analogue in English prose. Mr. Hodder tells us that the women of the upper classes are largely responsible for the maintenance of the administrative lie: "For her victory in words she obtains a prize in words — in laws newly inscribed or else retained upon the statute book; and sometimes even in a show or a reality of zeal for the

[1] *The Autobiography of a Thief.* Recorded by Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1903.

enforcement of those laws. The presence of those laws upon the statute book, and even their rigorous enforcement for a season, is precisely what the grafter most desires; she is one of 'those good souls whose credulous morality is so invaluable a treasure to crafty politicians;' where her aid has been invoked in politics, it has invariably been invoked upon the side of the administrative lie." Mr. Hodder speaks here of the political "grafter," but the administrative lie works also to the advantage of professional thieves, as the narrative of Mr. Hapgood's thief sufficiently shows.

"I was a good pickpocket and a fairly successful burglar," is his modest preliminary boast, "and I have known many of the best crooks in the country." The author is now thirty-five years old; he has spent many years at Sing-Sing and Mount Auburn, and several years in asylums for the criminally insane. He realizes that "graft" does not pay. He retains, nevertheless, throughout his narrative, the tone and point of view of the professional criminal; and it is curious and moving to see him continually reverting from what he is given to understand is the proper (and profitable) moral attitude toward life, to the thieves' religion in which he was reared: —

"These three girls certainly were a crack-a-jack trio. You can't find their likes nowadays. Even in my time most of the girls I knew did not amount to anything. They generally married, or did worse. There were few legitimate grafters among them. Since I have been back this time I have seen a great many of the old picks and night-workers I used to know. They tell the same story. There are no Molls [women] now who can compare with Big Lena, Blonde Mamie, and Sheenie Annie. Times are bad anyway." One can see the reformed thief looking back quite innocently, with the eye of a connoisseur, to the day when there were women in New York who really knew something about shoplifting. Otherwise they were not quite paragons. His own relations to one of them do not appear to have been of the most formal; but they were all that the code of his own guild required. Apparently there are no administrative lies employed in the internal working of the world of graft.

Elsewhere, at points of contact with the society which makes the laws, that lie is reckoned among the assets of the criminal. The present autobiographer states the case with appalling frankness. "If a thief wants to keep out of the 'pen' or 'stir' (penitentiary), capital is a necessity. The capital of a grafter is called 'spring-money,' for he may have to use it at any time in paying the lawyer who gets him off in case of an arrest [this apparently means by "influence," not by defending the case in court], or in bribing the policeman or some other official. . . . If a thief has not enough money to hire a mouthpiece (criminal lawyer) he is in a bad way. He is greatly handicapped, and cannot 'jump out' (steal) with any boldness."

This may be taken as a sufficient illustration of the ingenuousness with which the ex-convict relates his experience. There is nothing picturesque about it, nothing ironical; and this is what stamps it as a document and distinguishes it from a work of art. Fielding's Jonathan Wild, Thackeray's Barry Lyndon, Dr. Mitchell's Adventures of François — all are extraneous literary interpretations of criminal life. All are more picturesque, more engaging, and, on the whole, less illuminating than this true narrative, which only Defoe, of all English writers, could have conceivably hit upon as an invention.

There is always doubt whether we should class such books as literature. "A book," said Ruskin, "is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence." Very well, then, let us call Mr. Hodder's vol-

ume a piece of bound journalism, and Mr. Hapgood's a collection of depositions. The fact remains that they are both immensely interesting; as interesting in their way as Mr. Yeats's work is in its way; the expression of immediate practical issues which not even our responsiveness to the remote ideal issues of mysticism can lead us to regard as merely vapid.

H. W. Boynton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Wanted: A New "Mark."

It is an allusion mark that I want. I am sure every one — at least every member of the Guild of the Pen — will know directly what I mean. A conventional sign wherewith to make one's acknowledgments when one is adapting, not quoting, another man's phrase: what a boon that would be!

In many instances, to be sure, such a sign would be banal enough; no one desires to point the allusion when he elects to write, for example, "The bitter bye-and-bye," or "Oft in the chilly night," or "Lest we remember," or "He awoke one morning and found himself infamous," or "Persistency thou art a jewel," any more than he wants quotation marks for the corresponding Familiar Quotations. Nevertheless, the need I speak of is frequently so conspicuous that I really cannot conceive why nothing has ever been done about it. Suppose I want to make use of a borrowed bit, not *literatim*, but trimmed, twisted, or touched up to suit a special case. Perhaps it is only a matter of altering a tense or a person, or turning "direct discourse" into "indirect;" perhaps it is a more radical modification keeping at the same time the shape and cadence or other distinguishing feature of the original. Suppose I cannot count on my prospective readers to recognize the adaptation as such, or at any rate to understand that I meant it to be recognized. Suppose, as so often befalls, an explanatory reference, however lightly thrown in, would disfigure my text. Behold a three-horned dilemma: I must become a "thunder-thief," or at least risk being taken for a thunder-thief, or I must wink at clumsy technique, or I must give up my allusion altogether, and so, it may be, knock out a telling point that cannot otherwise be made. (I don't take into account the illiterate and immoral expedient of putting quotation marks to a phrasing that is not accurate quotation.) What am I to do?

The pertinence of an allusion mark, of course, would largely depend, as the pertinence of the quotation mark largely depends, on the quality of the contingent one might be trying to please. If one were writing with an eye to, say, the readers of the Atlantic, one would naturally dispense with such a device in many cases that would call for it were one considering a company presumably less bookish. An unliterary — *not* illiterate — scientist friend once showed me an article in a leading scientific magazine, whose thesis, as nearly as I who am an ignoramus about biology know how to put it, was that certain processes thitherto supposed to take place only within the several cells of a particular organism really went on from cell to cell throughout the structure. The essay concluded with the words, "In this respect, cell walls do not a prison make." "Look at that!" exclaimed my friend in disgust. "Did you ever see such a sentence? She" — the author in question chanced to be a woman — "has read Ger-

man till she 's forgotten English." Now the allusion to Lovelace's classic line was absurdly out of tone with the article and the magazine, anyway, but if the writer had had and employed a "mark" to indicate that it *was* an allusion, she would have been spared aspersion, at least for anything worse than bad taste, even from readers who did n't happen to be acquainted with the stanzas to Althea.

But, be your market what it may, the allusion mark is still a desideratum. Short of a cumbersome or otherwise inappropriate parenthesis, the little problem confronting you is often quite insoluble. There are the times when your reference is to some out-of-the-way scrap with which no one could be expected to be familiar, — so that the use of it sans acknowledgment would indeed be thunder-theft. There are the times when, though precise quotation is n't important to your purpose, you would like to quote precisely, but your memory of the given passage is imperfect, and you can't get at the original. There are the times — but I need n't go on.

Now why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should things be as they are in this particular? Does not the absence of such a device as I have been pleading for constitute a real, a lamentable, little *lacuna* in Language as she is wrote? An allusion mark: why not?

The Transmigrations of My Soul.

"Well, Philip, have you learned to read yet?"

My father's question interrupted the companionless and rather unexciting game of mumble t' peg by which I was assisting the tooth of Time to demolish the back steps.

"Oh yes," I answered confidently, "I can read tip-top." I had hoped that so satisfactory a response — which was hardly borne out by the facts — would prevent further discourse on a subject which interested me not at all. But I reckoned without my host.

"Very good," said my father; "then it is time that you began to read the Bible. At your age I had finished the Pentateuch and commenced the book of Joshua. You may come in and begin now."

Thus without ceremony was I ushered into a new world, — the world of Literature. I entered reluctantly, — it would have been rebelliously had I dared. Looking back now over the days of my years hitherto, I perceive that after I entered that world I never had any proper Ego. I lived the life and thought the thoughts of the people I read about. My body was just a convenient dwelling-place for one or another ψυχή which had outworn its material framework or perhaps had never possessed one of its own. So that, strictly speaking, all I know anything about is the transmigration of other people's souls. Sometimes several of these immaterial infusions contended for the occupancy of my frail tenement. The outward and visible result of this inward strife was variously — and often unpleasantly — characterized by my elders, who failed to perceive the cause of my vagaries. A woman or a child has a strong preference for the personal and concrete. So as I painfully read aloud the book of Genesis, by little and little in daily "stents," just as my sister sewed her patch-work, I was Noah or Abraham or Joseph by turns. But oftenest I was Adam in the Garden, because I was a dreamy lad and the life suited me, and because, also, my mental image of that "garden planted to the eastward" was taken from my playground, — a charming bit of country, lake and river bound, filled with trees and with kindly beasts for company. So, finding my Eden ready, I entered into its joys. To be sure, the old-time characters were not precisely new acquaintances. But in church or at family prayers these things wear a different aspect. Moreover, it sometimes happens, when a boy appears most edifyingly attentive, that his astral body is playing ball, or fishing, or climbing trees for young squirrels. I never hesitated to

insist that the immanent Adam should adapt himself to my environment, though one or two thrilling suggestions from the printed page were gladly welcomed. I eagerly watched the little lakes for some sign of the "great sea-monsters," but there was no Eve in my Paradise, and I always knew better than to parley with serpents. The woodchuck, also, I regarded as an enemy. Doubtless the woodchuck returned my feeling in kind.

Among my father's books which I was not yet permitted to read, I one day came upon one called Rasselas. Knowing nothing of its contents, I assumed that Rasselas was a boy, and forthwith invited him to come out and play with me. He came readily enough, and when I gave him first choice of a game, he apparently declared for duck-stone. We set off at full speed for the pond where stones were best in size and most abundant. But before we were halfway there, Rasselas tripped me up, and a sharp edge of rock cut my forehead. The cut bled so that I had to go home for repairs — not that I would have played with Rasselas any longer anyway. My grandaunt bathed and plastered my head very gently, scolding all the time as was her custom.

"How did you get such a cut, anyhow?" she exclaimed, in a tone which implied that a cut on the forehead was positive proof of total depravity.

"Rasselas tripped me up," I sobbed.

"'Rastus? 'Rastus who?" she ejaculated. "I don't know any 'Rastuses."

"Oh, I think he does n't live on this side of the pond, grandaunt," interposed cousin Jane, partly suspecting the identity of Rasselas, and wishing to keep me from further entanglement. Playing with strange — and evidently vicious — boys from across the lake was a fault my grandaunt could understand and deal with. But playing with a boy invited down from the library shelves would have been one of those mysterious misdemeanors which puzzled her New England conscience.

The volume relating to the Persecutions of the Early Christians was responsible for one other escapade wherein I got rather an overdose of realism. Personating an Early Christian, I fled wildly through the woods from imaginary pursuers, hiding now and then in dens and caves. At last I thought of a plan which would require less strain of imagination, and would enable me to enter thoroughly into the spirit of my part. A railroad ran through the district, and at each grade crossing was a sort of excavation under the rails which I now understand the farmers call a culvert, but which I then knew as a "culprit." Being designed to keep stray cows from untimely death, — a railroad having much the same fascination for a cow as for a boy, — the "culprit" was uncovered. I, being still an Early Christian, filled one of the dry channels with green weeds and small bushes, beneath which I crawled, hiding from my pursuing foes, represented by the locomotive with its line of cars. Not knowing much about railway schedules, I crept into my hiding-place and waited. I waited so long that my enthusiasm grew cool and my body stiff and cramped. I remembered that sometimes at the Junction steam came from the locomotive's waste-pipe and made little reeking puddles on the ground. I wondered if I ran any risk of being scalded. I began to feel afraid, which, to be sure, was just what I was there for, but I found the real thing worse than I had expected. The repressed energy of my muscles seemed to find outlet through my imagination; until by the time the train actually came on, I was no longer a seeker after experimental knowledge of Early Christian sufferings, but a much terrified boy of seven, who scarcely hoped to survive the passing of the coming monster over the "culprit" and his own trembling little body. Curiously enough, it did not once occur to me that I could crawl out of my hiding-place and go home whenever I pleased. I was there for a purpose, and

I stayed until that purpose was accomplished. After the train had gone by, and I had got my breath once more, I went home a wiser but by no means a sadder boy. Indeed, after the stiffness had passed a little from my limbs, I walked braggartly as one who had performed great feats. But the noise of my deed had preceded me, — by what means I never knew. It put the cap upon the climax by which my iniquities had been steadily mounting. I was removed from the gentle tutelage of cousin Jane, and sent to school.

"A Little Learning..."

At the present day, when the accurate study of our own language is so greatly extolled, it is amusing to see the blunders into which some would-be purists fall, not from ignorance exactly, but from that little learning which we have known for two hundred years to be so dangerous. The trouble generally arises from people's eagerness to be schoolmasters in English when they should content themselves with being scholars. The result is that the amateur schoolmaster is abroad, — very much abroad, — and is most dogmatic when farthest from real knowledge. Some of these half-learned blunderers deserve to have their achievements specially noted.

What, for instance, induces a large number of popular writers not only in newspapers and magazines, but in books, to make all their men, when talking to a woman, call her "madame"? None of the parties are French, nor is the scene laid in France. Why not "madam"? That word has the sanction of the very first writers for three hundred years. There is no more reason for writing "madame" in English prose, nor in poetry when the word has its ordinary accent, than for "ruine" or "charme."

Why do "society" magazines and newspaper advertisements always print "crêpe"? The word has been thoroughly English for years upon years. Pope told us nearly two centuries ago

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

Dickens in Martin Chuzzlewit makes most effective use of black crape in the delirious ravings of poor Lewsome. But there is no need to quote such authorities. The adopting of the French form instead of the English is entirely a fancy of milliners, and of society writers who take their inspiration from milliners, of the last few years.

Why have Americans such a passion for the form "around," almost wholly rejecting "round" as an adverb or preposition, and when they introduce it in writing — usually as a bit of dialect or a vulgarism — printing it "'round"? "Round" and "around" are in all respects equal in the very best writers. The first book of Paradise Lost shows this sufficiently. There is no reason for avoiding the shorter form; and most certainly no reason, if it is used, for prefixing an apostrophe in print.

All such fads come from imperfect knowledge of the best literature, an imperfection which is pretty certain to peep out elsewhere in the writings of those who follow them. One magazine which regularly treats its readers to "madame" and "crêpe" exhibits, in the pages of a really eminent literary man, an Englishman with an estate in "Norfolkshire." Why not "New Yorktown" or "Chicagoville"? Norfolk is not one of the "shires," as any Englishman will tell you. Oh that men — and women — would read more before they wrote! Perhaps then they would not write so much.

The More Self-Conscious Sex.

A RECENT criticism by a cynical friend of mine upon the Contributors' Club, to the effect that its tone is becoming entirely feminized, has driven me to the sources, and I beg to present herewith the results of my investigation.

I have just read one hundred and thirty contributions to the Club, covering the past two years or more in the honorable life of the Atlantic Monthly, and here is what I have found: Of these one hundred and thirty essays, fourteen are avowedly by women, and seven avowedly by

men; which leaves an overwhelming majority of one hundred and nine cases where it is impossible to be sure. However, one may always guess, and I would hazard the opinion that of the remaining one hundred and nine, seven were probably written by women.

These figures would seem to disprove the belief of my cynical friend effectively enough, but his comment appears to me to have some bearing after all. For it is evident from my statistics that women are just twice as willing to proclaim their sex as men are. And more than this, I find from a study of the character of these revelations, that women do it with far less provocation. Of the seven men who have unmistakably disclosed themselves, only one did so without its having a direct bearing upon his subject. That one merely made a cheerful but irrelevant allusion to his enjoyment of a "quiet pipe;" but as I cannot believe that any lady-contributor to the Atlantic smokes a pipe, I have set him down for an unusually confidential male.

But out of the fourteen women who take the trouble to declare themselves as such, only three had any good reason for telling. The rest go out of their way to avow, one that her eyes and nose become red after weeping, a second that she wears a wrap and not a coat, another that her conscience addresses her as "Madam." One admits that she is a "weak sister," and one arrogant soul evidently holds in derision the old rule of the grammars that where the gender is unstated "he" may be regarded as of common gender; for in her generalizations the indefinite "one" is always followed by "she" or "her"! One says she is a "woman," another that she is a "conscientious woman," and a third daring spirit owns to being a "middle-aged woman"!

Verily, times are changed since the days when women adventured, trembling, on the high seas of literature, flying the protecting pennant of a masculine nom de plume. The modern woman is so afraid she *may* be taken for a man, that when denied the privilege of signing the convincing "Mary Ann" at the bottom of the page, she will put her instincts in her pocket and make the most damaging admissions rather than leave room for any delusions on this score.

What, then, shall be the conclusions? For one thing, certainly, that women are not really so anxious to be men as they are always giving us to believe. For, like Rosalind in her doublet and hose, when given an admirable chance for masquerade, they are forever playing with their secret, and are bound to disclose it sooner or later.

But perhaps these confidences are the result of the realistic taste of the hour, which declares that whatever chances to be true is also pertinent. Or perhaps it is a new aspect of feminine vanity. Or does it mean merely that women are bound to be personal anyway (the inevitable masculine conclusion)? Or (and this would be an excellent joke on me, one which no one but the discreet editor can perpetrate) may it be that that large remnant of one hundred and two non-committal contributors whom I have guessed to be men merely because they do not sound conspicuously like women, are women after all, who by virtue of their numbers and their reticence at once overturn my theory and establish the theory of my friend the cynic who inspired my researches?

Anyway, in order to put one more bolt in my argument, and swell the list of self-revealed women to fifteen, I will make a damaging admission myself; for I do not mind saying, under the friendly cover of anonymity which the Club extends to every comer, that I have been hitting myself with every word I have herein set down.

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THE SCHOOL.

There is no universal type of "The School" in the United States. Indeed, such a thing as The School no more exists in reality than The Child or The Teacher; and consequently there are hardly any educational precepts which are universally applicable without exception or qualification. The country school is very different from the city school, and the parochial school from the school supported by taxation; the boarding-school and the day school exhibit different methods and results; and the private school is of many sorts, — sometimes merely the personal venture of one man or of one woman, sometimes slightly endowed by an individual, a family, or a denomination with a piece of ground and a wooden building, and sometimes largely endowed with ample and beautiful grounds, permanent buildings, and funds for maintenance. Even the unendowed private-venture schools manifest great variety, some of them matching the public schools in paucity of teachers and meagreness of equipment, while others supply a teacher to every five or six pupils, and provide all possible means of illustration and manual training. American schools also differ widely in regard to their religious tone or atmosphere. The public schools are frequently conducted in theory without direct religious teaching of any sort; and this theory is pretty well carried into practice in those communities which contain a considerable proportion of Roman Catholics or Jews, but is not strictly observed in those large portions of the United States where the Catholics or the Jews are but few. Among the private schools, too, there is great diversity in regard to religious instruction and the direct effort made to bring about the admission of the pupils to church membership, with or without the consent of their parents. In some of the private and endowed schools the preparation of the pupils for the first communion, confirmation, or joining the church is one of the prime objects of the school, and the religious motive is kept constantly before the minds of pupils from an early age. In other private and endowed schools, no attention is paid to the bringing of the children into any church; and the religious motive is but rarely appealed to, these things being intentionally left to the family and the church. Again, with regard to physical training and the care of the body, there is great variety of practice in American schools. Some of the endowed boarding-schools give more time to athletic sports than to Latin, English, science, mathematics, or history; while many of the public and private day schools pay only the scantiest attention to bodily exercise.

The chief characteristic of the American development of schools within the last thirty years is the decided improvement of the schools as machines. The national aptitude for mechanical invention has here been impressively exhibited. Both public and private schools have been better organized, and have been provided with better buildings, apparatus, and

books; and the children in them have been more accurately graded with respect to mental size, capacity, and attainment, — just as the chickens which come through the incubator and the brooder on large hen farms are more accurately sorted and grouped according to size than any single hen's brood can be, so that the stronger may not hurt or starve the weaker. Great improvement in rural schools has resulted from bringing the children daily from the farms by wagons into the central village, in order that one large graded school can be carried on at the centre, instead of many widely scattered small schools in which accurate grading is impossible. This improved machinery would be a doubtful blessing, if its smooth working did not require and encourage the employment of a superior class of teachers; but the evils of the machine — the lack of attention to the individual child, the waste of time for the bright children, and the tendency to work for a fair average product instead of one highly diversified — are done away with so soon as a large proportion of teachers to pupils is employed — such as one teacher for from sixteen to twenty-five pupils — while the many advantages of the good machine remain.

The American idea that every child should go to school is not carried into effect in a single state. The National Educational Association has lately called attention to the fact that in the so-called Indian Territory, which is under the control of Congress, three fourths of the population are reported to be without schools for their children. As regards school administration, there is great diversity of practice in the American cities. New methods have been tried within the last ten years in many important cities; but there is no agreement as yet even on such fundamental matters as the best number for a school committee, and the best mode of selecting the committee. In some cities the school administration has been completely separated from other municipal business; but in others the board of aldermen or the common council controls the school committee in its expenditures, and even in its appointments. So numerous are the experiments now going on in school administration, and so successful have been some of the most radical experiments, that it is altogether likely that the next few years will see great changes in the methods and forms of school administration. At any rate, the last ten years have been a period of active and instructive experimentation.

There are now a considerable number of schools in the United States which undertake to supply all the influences of home, church, and school, at the most impressionable period of life. Such are the endowed schools for the children of rich people, the cheap country academies in or near which the great majority of pupils must board, their homes being at a distance, the preparatory departments maintained by many Western and Southern colleges, and the private schools, situated in the country, which rely on boarding pupils. These numerous schools have prospered during the last twenty years, because of the increasing number of families that can afford to send their children to school away from home, and because of the great increase of the urban population at the expense of the rural. The contrast is strong between the public day school in a city, which spends on each pupil only from $30 to $40 a year, and the endowed school in the country, where each child costs its parents from $800 to $1000 a year, vacations not included.

American school conditions are, then, so very different, that one would hardly expect to find any general principles of equal application under such diversified conditions. Nevertheless, there seem to be a few unconnected considerations which apply in some measure to all schools, although they must be applied in different ways by parents or teachers

who have chiefly in mind a particular child or a particular school. These considerations, however, though unconnected, naturally fall into two groups,—those which concern education in general, and apply equally well to school training and to home training, and those which are chiefly, though by no means exclusively, applicable to schools. In the first group four distinct topics will be discussed, and then in a second group six mental habits will be considered which schools of every grade, large or small, in city or country, should endeavor to form in their pupils, with or without assistance from the pupils' homes.

(1) For centuries there has been a discussion going on between the advocates of the useful or utilitarian in schools and the advocates of the ideal or humanistic. This discussion is still rife, but in American practice the advocates of the useful have certainly gained much ground within the last twenty years, partly because it has been perceived of late that the utilitarian and the humane are often identical, or, if not identical, consistent and harmonious. That a given piece of work, or a given occupation, may contribute to earning a livelihood does not prove that it is not good training in the humanistic sense. The training involved in making or doing certain things is not impaired if the things made are things which other people desire, or the things done are things which other people want to have done. Thus, to do chores about a barn or a house, if the chores are well done, is excellent training for any boy, the usefulness of the chores being no injury to them as means of training. Reading, writing, and ciphering contribute to the earning of a better livelihood than an illiterate person is likely to earn. They contribute, to be sure, to much else; but it is no injury to the training which the acquisition of these arts supplies that the arts themselves are useful. On the other hand, that a given occupation is pursued for sport, and no longer as a means of livelihood, does not necessarily withdraw it from the category of things useful for training. The natural boy's pursuit of frogs, birds, and woodchucks is an informing survival of a habit indispensable to primitive man. Hunting and fishing were the most necessary means of livelihood for savages. They are pursued now as sports as well as for livelihood, and there is good training in them when practiced merely as sports. They teach civilized man alertness, accuracy of observation, quickness of action, endurance, and patience, just as they developed these valuable qualities in generations of savages who never knew what humanism, altruism, and idealism were. The justification of unproductive athletic sports, like ball games, races of all sorts, and dancing, lies in the facts that they develop in civilized man some of the invaluable qualities which hunting and fishing developed in savages, and that they recreate and revive in people who lead the unnatural life of civilization the power for useful work. They also defend young people against laziness and vice by affording pleasurable activities and innocent gladness. The coöperative motive comes into play in certain sports which demand a measure of self-denying action on the part of each player to secure the success of the side or group to which he belongs. Whenever the success of the group calls for sacrifice of personal pleasure or distinction on the part of individual members, there is altruistic training in the sport. In regard to the cultivation of unselfishness, however, mere sports are inferior to productive labor, not only in childhood, but throughout life; because they do not, as a rule, involve planning to supply the wants of others. Whether a given occupation or pursuit affords good training or not depends, then, not on the usefulness or uselessness of the thing done, but on the value of the powers or qualities which the occupation develops.

The contempt in which cultivated persons have habitually held the useful or utilitarian in education has probably been due to the association of the useful with the selfish or mercenary. Now, the nineteenth century gradually developed a new conception of the useful as the serviceable, to one's self through others, and to others through one's self. This new conception of the useful ought to modify profoundly the whole course of education, in its materials, methods, and results. Humanism and idealism eternally contend against animalism and selfishness, and seek perfection. On the way to idealism, altruism needs to be cultivated in children to offset their natural egotism, and to enlarge their conception of usefulness, so that it shall be no longer conterminous with selfishness. In this view, the more productive the labor of children can be made, whether at school or at home, the better for the children. Any employment for children which enables them to produce something wanted by others affords training in altruism, and is therefore idealistic or humanistic, if the motive be made plain, and be enforced, and if the operation itself afford either mental or bodily training. The child, from the first years that it can do anything serviceable to others, ought to get training in useful work both at home and at school; and the part of the school in this training should be planned with the utmost care, from the earliest school days. The main reason why the natural bringing up of children on a farm is better than any artificial substitute which city schools can supply is that the children on a farm get, in a natural way, this training in altruism and coöperative productiveness, while they help father and mother in their daily labors. The money motive of productive labor is not always useful to children; but the coöperative, unselfish motive in production invariably has great moral value, no matter what the nature of the work may be, whether washing dishes, shelling peas, bringing wood for the stove, tending horses, driving the cows to pasture, or weeding the strawberry bed. Producing something useful by its own labor gives keen satisfaction to a child, just as it does to a man. What Washington wanted to do, when he finally retired to Mt. Vernon, was "to make and sell a little flour annually." Many a bereaved woman has found more consolation in tending a garden, and in making good use of the flowers, than in all Milton, Watts, and Tennyson. This wholesome human quality all schools ought to develop systematically from the beginning. There lies the solid foundation of the kindergarten methods. That is one merit of forging, carpentering, sewing, cooking, basketry, and gardening as school work. One of the advantages for children of reciting poetry, telling stories, and writing letters is that in such exercises they not only absorb but give out. Enabling the children to make something or do something which is acceptable to other people ought to be a leading object at every school.

It is no longer necessary, then, to confound the utilitarian with the selfish, or to imagine that whatever in early training is useful must be materialistic, or contributory to the animal or to other lower needs of man rather than to his spiritual needs. There should, of course, be careful limitation in the use of productive labor for children as training for their bodies and souls. This labor by children should seldom be pushed to the point of fatigue, and should never be carried on till it becomes automatic activity, — such automatic action of eye and hand as makes piecework in a factory pecuniarily profitable to both employer and employed. The training motive of the serviceable labor should always be kept in mind; and the labor should not be enforced by the mere earning motive, or by fear of punishment.

(2) Consideration of this sort of discipline in real service for others leads naturally to the suggestion of another

amendment in home and school training, which runs counter to cherished practice in education. It has long been believed that the minds of children should be opened and interested through products of the imagination and not through things real, — through fairy stories, myths, nonsense verses, and tales of rogues, monsters, mermaids, phantoms, ghosts, witches, demons, and torments. Much of this nursery and school material is immoral, ugly, and horrible; but it is passed down from generation to generation as something sacred and improving. A great deal of the reading material supplied to young children is of this quality; so that the mind of the bookish child gets filled with this unreal rubbish, instead of being charged with natural and real wonders. The school should provide real things for the observation and study of children; for the real can be made just as fascinating and wonderful as the unreal, and it has the advantage of being true. Contact with the real tends always to make the child's mind less introverted, and less absorbed in imagined scenes or situations which excite emotion but call for no action, and the child itself more competent to do something for others, less liable to the selfishness of passive reception, and more disposed to active outflowing toward others.

(3) A great object in school life, no matter what the grade or kind of school, is the bringing of a child into intimate contact with other children, and with other adults than its parents. It was at school that most of us, whose family life was reasonably private, learned the difference between the bully and the protector, the selfish and the self-forgetting, the deep and the shallow, the loud and the quiet, the truthful and the false, the clean and the foul, the pioneer and the conserver, the leader and the follower. It is astonishing how early in life we begin to make these distinctions. Little children soon learn to discriminate between adults in these respects, as well as between their contemporaries. When a little child has had several teachers, his observations on their mental and moral qualities are very instructive to him, though the instruction is all unconsciously received. What a series of moral lessons is involved in the child's process of becoming convinced that this teacher is fair or unfair, or that teacher truthful or untruthful! It is at school that all these elementary lessons in human nature are ordinarily learned, particularly in the country, where each family is more or less isolated. The alleys and tenements of a crowded city give their children many other opportunities of learning the moral and immoral qualities of associates and neighbors; but the country child, or the protected child in the city, must get these important lessons at school. The social teaching of the school is so important that its quality in this respect sometimes dwarfs all others in the minds of parents; and this is true of the poorest classes in American society as well as of the richest. It is often said that well-to-do parents choose the school for their children by the social standing of its pupils. It is equally true that tenement-house parents, whenever choice is permitted to them, endeavor to keep their children out of schools where they would meet undesirable children of the same walk in life or of a higher walk. Thus, parents of American birth will keep their children out of the public kindergarten and primary school, rather than bring them into association with a large proportion of children of foreign parentage. The insuperable objection of Southern whites to schools which receive negro children as well as white is an instance in point. In the Northern states a few negro children may be sent to a school mostly white without injury to the white children; but in the rural districts of the South it would be quite another thing to send a few white children to a school mostly negro. In New York

City, which is said to contain 600,000 Jews, if any school, public or private, comes to include a majority of Jews, Christian parents will avoid it for their children if possible. These difficulties merely illustrate the very great importance which attaches to the social training of school life.

(4) The reaction of the school upon the home is something not sufficiently considered, even among people who are accustomed to the theory of what is called "universal" education. Yet this reaction ought to be one of the chief elevating influences of every school, particularly for those families which lack the elements of the intellectual life. Even the mechanical effects of the school on family life are of the utmost importance. The withdrawal of the children from the care of the mother for five or six hours a day makes possible for many a woman the proper discharge of her duties as wife and mother. The child-bearing mother, in particular, needs to be relieved for several hours a day of the care of her children who are above three years of age, and to feel during this relief that the children are safe and under good influences. This view of the school is a just and proper one; for the immense majority of the mothers of the nation not only bear the children, but do all the household work, and the greater part of the making and mending of the children's clothes. The public school in city or country thus helps that family life on which the well-being of the state absolutely depends. One reason that mothers in the crowded quarters of American cities are apt to prefer the first grade of the primary school to the kindergarten is that the kindergarten has but one morning session of three hours, whereas the primary school has two sessions covering five or sometimes six hours. To relieve well-to-do families of all care of their children between half-past eight in the morning and five in the afternoon, some private day schools now offer to provide luncheon, sports, and some afternoon study under supervision. For rich families who live in cities, the endowed or the private school in the country affords a means of rescuing the children, and particularly the boys, from the unwholesome effects of luxurious city life. The country school, or the private tutor in the country, is the inevitable adjunct of a rich family's city life, unless indeed the family is content to forego for its children the out-of-door sports and other wholesome interests which the country affords.

Since the opening of the nineteenth century, school methods have changed from generation to generation greatly for the better; so that each adult generation has been able to learn something from the schools of its children. And inasmuch as good literature of all the ages is constantly made more accessible, it may be hoped that through a good school's use of good literature, old and new, each successive generation may profit by the schools of its children. The children returning from school ought to bring into their homes some fresh daily interest in what the children have been doing at school, or in what they are expected to do at home. Whenever the children's manners and customs are improved through the good influence of the school, this improvement ought also to be manifested in the homes. The kindergartners in the public school system are now expected to visit the homes of their pupils and hold mothers' meetings in the afternoons, when the kindergarten is closed; and it is hard to say in which part of the day these well-trained women make themselves more useful to society, in the morning with the children, or in the afternoon with the parents. It is one of the most delightful things about the good school or the good college, that its influence on the intellectual life thus goes back to the homes from which its pupils or students come. Many a well-to-do family is much enlivened mentally

by the weekly or quarterly return of the son or daughter from boarding-school or college. The fathers and mothers go to school and college again in the fresh experience of their children. This influence takes effect at both ends of the social scale. It contends with the poverty of the poor and the luxury of the rich.

The second group of considerations, applicable directly to schools of all kinds, deals with the cultivation of certain mental habits indispensable to that continuous growth of the soul throughout life which characterizes the finest human beings, and is the ultimate test of the success of the education given in youth.

(1) The first of these habits is the habit of strenuous, undivided attention. The length of time through which this attention can be maintained — which causes fundamental differences between adults — is not at first important; but the faculty itself needs to be developed from the earliest years. A little child can attend strenuously only for a very brief interval of time, like ten seconds or thirty seconds; an adult may perhaps after long training be able to give undivided attention for several minutes, but not for hours, or even one hour. The kind of attention which it is important to cultivate is that undivided attention which inhibits all other sounds, sights, or objects, except the particular object of the instant's attention. It gives good promise of mental power in a child, if it is hard to call his attention away from the book or the game to which, for the moment, he is giving his mind. The capacity of complete mental absorption in the immediate object of contemplation is the precise thing to be aimed at. School discipline sometimes aims at a habit of prompt obedience to signals which interferes with the practice of intense attention. When, for instance, all the children in the room are expected to spring to their feet at the ringing of a bell or at the teacher's word of command, it is a question whether the boy or girl who lingers a little, or starts only when he sees the others start, was not better employed at the moment than the majority who rise promptly at the signal. The chances are that the mother who becomes impatient when her boy, who is reading, does not attend to her call, is really wishing to interfere with the development of the most valuable mental power a human being can acquire. The wool-gathering, inactive, sluggish child is wholly incapable of this strenuous attention; but it must be a dull teacher or a dull mother who cannot tell the difference between the child whose mind is never intent on the occupation of the moment, and the child whose mind is so intent that it neither sees nor hears anything from outside itself.

(2) Next in value come two habits which are so opposed to each other that care must always be taken not to destroy one in developing the other, namely, the habits of observation and of reading. By observation in this sense is meant the direct acquiring of facts through intelligent use of one's own senses, and not through descriptions given by other people, either orally or in print. Children used to books will memorize what they read about birds, insects, kittens, or puppies, and seem to know something about these creatures, although they have never examined for themselves bird, insect, cat, or dog. Training in observing should be supplied by every school, quite independently of the training in reading; but how few schools, whether primary or secondary, supply such training in any just proportion! A greatly preponderating amount of bookwork is adverse to the development of the power of observation; so that it is easy for a book-loving child to grow up to the college age without really cultivating at all the accurate use of his own senses, particularly if he lives in a large town or city, — an evil condition which applies to a larger and larger proportion of American children. In schools

fortunately situated in the country, the excessive development of highly competitive sports may interfere to a serious extent with the cultivation of the powers of observation. To be sure, quick observation is required in skillful players of baseball or football; but the observation needed in those games soon becomes automatic, and loses its training or developing power. College teachers observe that, since the secondary schools began to cultivate the ball games in an exaggerated way, the number of students who come to college with developed habits of natural history observation, and love of natural history exploration on foot, is diminishing.

(3) The habit of reading is much easier to implant than the habit of observation, because of the immense variety of attractive books, and their accessibility. The good school should guide the child's reading from its earliest years, protecting it from rubbish, and leading it into real literature; for as means of lifelong intellectual growth, and of defense or refuge from the inevitable ills of life, there is nothing better than good books, even though one's daily occupation leaves but a few minutes a day for reading. School and college can do nothing better for the rising generation than to implant this habit; and that public education which does not implant it on a great scale has in good measure failed.

(4) The training of the reasoning faculty is the next function of the school. In reasoning, the selection of the premises is the all-important part of the process. Now, the premises are arrived at by observation, or reading, or both. Given correct premises, most fairly intelligent people will draw the right conclusions. The main reason for the painfully slow progress of the human race is to be found in the inability of the great mass of people to establish correctly the premises of an argument. In the first place, an unreasoning confidence in the rightfulness of a conclusion makes adults, as well as children, careless as to the certainty of the premises. In the next place, the great majority of people are wholly uninstructed in some of the commonest fallacies; they have no notion of the difference between an antecedent event and a true cause; and they have no conception of the difficulty of really ascertaining or demonstrating a fact. Nobody has ever told them how very hard it is to prove a negative; nobody has ever put them on their guard against the common deceptions through the senses; nobody has ever explained to them that it is impossible for most persons to repeat a sentence just as it was uttered, and that in consequence a given statement, transmitted through two or three mouths, is sure to be changed, and may be perverted, or reversed, without any serious moral defect in the transmitters. Every school ought to give direct instruction in fact-determining and truth-seeking; and the difficulties of these processes ought to be plainly and incessantly pointed out. It is a common belief that the newspapers intentionally exaggerate and lie; but the fact is that the young people who collect news for the daily papers have had little instruction in ascertaining facts, sifting evidence, or scientifically seeking the truth. Many of them, consequently, hardly know the difference between fiction and fact, between romance and truth; and the editors are often in the same condition of mind. Hence a good part of the training which the public gets from the newspapers is training in incredulity, or in sifting the probable or credible out from the mass of things that are "not so," or in reserving judgment until the facts are established.

(5) In all education of the young, and indeed in the whole training of life, it is a fundamental object to train the will-force of the individual and his power to originate thoughts and actions. After all, the will is the individual; and it is the ultimate end of living to make that will work justly and effectively. The weak-willed boy or man is the one most

liable to go astray; he has not force enough to be alert and industrious; he cannot say no; he cannot resist the seduction of the moment; he is at the mercy of casual companions. Both home and school training should therefore be directed to the cultivation of the individual child's will-power. This cultivation can come only through choosing and doing; it cannot come through submission, unreasoning obedience, inaction, or any sort of passiveness. In this respect, a child's training closely resembles a whole people's training. Democracy makes choices or decisions, and acts for itself. It does many things much worse than they might be done, or indeed are done, under a despotism; but it wills and acts for itself, and thereby gets an education in the self-control and self-created law and order, which form a virile and effective national character. For the child, as for the nation, there is virtue in deciding and doing, even though the things done are not done well. It sometimes seems to be the policy of elaborate school systems that the children are not to do things that they do ill, or at least that they are to repeat everything they attempt until they can do it well. This is a very unfortunate limitation of choosing and doing by children. They ought to attempt hundreds of things that they cannot perform with any approach to adult skill. They ought to use tools which they may injure in the using; and the teacher ought to be content to have them try a little more difficult new thing, rather than repeat the identical thing in which they have not succeeded. There is more training in a new kindred attempt than in a repetition, if fresh observations and judgments are involved. False starts and unsuccessful experiments should only stimulate them to new and better directed attempts. It is the object of education to develop, not automatic action through long practice, but will-force, and the power and inclination to find or make one's own way.

(6) Finally, there are certain sentiments which every school, public, private, or endowed, ought to help to strengthen and foster in the minds and hearts of its pupils. The world is still governed by sentiments, and not by observation, acquisition, and reasoning; and national greatness and righteousness depend more on the cultivation of right sentiments in the children than on anything else. The United States now contains such a variety of races, with such different histories, that the inculcation of the sentiments on which republican government depends is vastly more difficult than it was a hundred years ago. Such very different races as the Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Jews, Bohemians, Armenians, and Sicilians have of course inherited diverse national stocks of sentiment and tradition. Thus the Jewish race has a stronger family feeling than any other in the civilized world. The Sicilians, who have had on the whole a miserable experience of government and its doings, are naturally destitute of the sentiments which lie at the foundation of successful free government. It is inevitable that a people on whom the Protestant Reformation has taken no effect whatever should feel differently toward the rights of free inquiry and personal liberty, from a people that has been trained by the experience of centuries to respect the rights of the individual soul, as Protestantism has expounded them. Now, the sentiments which American schools ought to cherish and inculcate are family love, respect for law and public order, love of freedom, and reverence for truth and righteousness. Incidentally, but incessantly, they ought also to teach the doctrine that we are all members one of another. Fortunately this last doctrine can be amply and forcibly illustrated by the experience of every household. The immediate dependence of one household on many others, and of one community on many others, has really become formidable during the last century; since every individual has be-

come dependent on other people for the necessaries of life. It is high time that a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country. There is not a religion, or a religious denomination, in the world which does not recognize these sentiments, or which objects to any of them; and minor religious differences should not be allowed to prevent the teaching of these primary principles to all the children in the land.

Charles W. Eliot.

THE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE young Queen lay dying in her palace. All the city held its breath in the night. One fancied that every wind blowing up from the Shore of Shadow might bear upon it the last sigh of this young mother of her people, this young mother of a son born to reign one day in her stead. And that day might be to-morrow. And if the child died, too, then either a ruler as foreign as that of the great power now reaching out its mailed hand to grasp the small kingdom; or else revolution, anarchy, one knew not what.

But it was not of this that the people thought. Their feeling was for the young creature who, if she symbolized to them all there was of power and majesty, symbolized also the fullness of romance, and, in an abstract way, the ideal of their country.

Couriers from other courts went and came with dispatches concerning the Queen's condition; far out on lonely farms in dark fields, the dwellers waked and waited; and in the capital city men gathered in groups, and women wandered up and down the streets unregarded, reading the bulletins. The last had said that Her Majesty appeared to be sinking. And all went about silently, and met one another as if looking in the face of dread calamity.

Down on the Shore of Shadow, at the foot of the great lake, the long, low palace, with its marble porticoes, wrapped in the blue bloom of the night, gleamed white here and there in the moon that silvered a swale of the dark waters, and threw a dewy glory over the hills, whose billowing greenery embowered it not as if they contrasted the vastness of Nature with the most that art and beauty could do, but as if Nature gave the place her shelter and protection.

The moon, grown low and golden, moved slowly down behind the hills and left the world in dusky mystery. The lights had shone steadily in the palace all night. In the extinguishing of a greater light perhaps they had been forgotten; their pale flames would still be shining white against the dawn, and till the sun came kindling the green heights and bringing with it the wind that would toss leaf and bough and twinkling dews, and make the morning riot of life and light and fragrance and song a mockery of the hush in the ante-room where the chamberlains waited, and of the stillness in the great chamber where, in an occasional long, gasping sigh, physicians and nurses saw the only token of life in the form that lay sunken and sinking lower among the pillows.

It was a far cry from this palace, which once had seemed to her a place of all delight, which seemed so yet to many of those who saw it like the mirage of

some floating dream of beauty at the foot of the inland sea, a far cry to the old castle in the hill-country where the young Queen had spent her earlier years. She was the Princess Adria in those happy days, — so remote a cousin of the King, with so many lives between her and the throne, that she was half forgotten, and her title, although long descended, was almost a travesty. The castle itself was the remnant of an old structure of the dark ages, a ruin in its larger portion. But in the south towers, on their crag overhanging the villages below, there was space and to spare for a certain pleasant life, not without some state and ceremonial in her father's time, — small state, for the revenue was small. And after his death there was little other appanage than the Directress and the governesses, and the companion of her studies and her pleasures, — the Baroness Dalma, who was her other self.

Here the two children wondered and frolicked, lived and learned, and from their balcony saw the sun spring over the edge of the earth as if only to bring them day, saw the clouds gather about the Moon and lead her up the sky, like a bride with her floating veil about her. Here they tamed the birds and hares, and wandered in the pleasaunces where for a thousand years the ladies of the castle had wandered before them. Here they overlooked the movement of the villages beneath, and now and then questioned of the life down there; and impatient of their own eventless day, made their escapades by the path winding between the rocks and beside the waterfalls, and went about the streets full of not half-concealed joy, and talked with wayfarer and householder, and back to their postern, neither village nor castle folk the wiser.

It was in one of these escapades that they found old Nana. She was staggering on her way under a huge bundle of fagots, her wind-blown rags, her face as wrinkled as a fungus, making her seem like the creation of a wizard fancy. It happened, as they reached her, that the withes fell apart and the fagots scattered on the ground.

For a second they looked about for some one to help her, — they who hardly picked up their own book if it fell. And then they sprang to her assistance and gathered the sticks and bound them in two bundles, which, with much merriment, they put on their own shoulders.

"Goodness of Heaven!" cried Dalma, after a few steps. "And she carries them all!"

"And would they were more!" croaked the old woman in her but half-distinguishable dialect.

"You have been robbing the woods of the castle!" cried Dalma gayly, suddenly turning on her.

"The castle," said the old woman, "has robbed me and mine since time began for us!"

"The castle — has robbed" — began Adria, reddening with the start that such words gave her, and halting between the instantaneous sensations of surprise and anger, of possible shame, of unintended insolence. For nothing like such accusation had ever before met the ears of the little princess.

"You mean" — she began.

"Come and see what I mean!" exclaimed the old woman, looking them over with a quick, sharp glance. And she shouldered the fagots that Dalma had thrown down, while the pretty baroness ran and put her shoulder also under the one that the princess had not yet cast off. And so they followed the old woman into the wood, and after a little stayed their steps at a hut no better than the huts of the charcoal-burners deeper in the forest, and that at first glance was only an ill-built mound of thatch. The old woman threw down her load, bidding them drop their own, and pushing the door open, motioned them to enter. Coming out of the light, the interior was at first mere darkness. Then they discerned a peasant, unshorn, un-

kempt, glowering in a corner of the hearth. "Mad," said the old woman, "mad with trouble."

A child, plainly an idiot, lay in the other corner, on the earthen floor; a young woman, plaiting straw, rolled him to and fro with her foot. A little boy, half-clothed in a rag of some sort, sat near them, biting at a hunch of black bread. "The mother is dead of the fever, now it is a year," said the old woman. And then she turned and pointed at a truss of straw under the narrow slit that was the only window, where lay a girl of their own age. "And she never set foot on the ground," said old Nana. "She was born in the year of the famine. Poverty poisoned her blood. Well, — do you see? In the spot of earth outside, — the mother-earth, in which the King himself has no more right than I, he made of its dust as I, — I sow, I reap, — I, with my old hands. I pay the tithe, the tax, the rent. And then what is left? This!" And she pointed to the black bread the child nibbled. "Look you!" she cried. "Look, where the castle has robbed me of food, of clothes, of the very wits of my little ones. It towers up there with all the winds blowing about it, because its rocks are fast with our blood, its foundations are our graves!"

Frightened at their adventure, the girls had edged toward the window; it was near the door. The girl lying underneath it awoke, and looked at them and smiled, blue-eyed.

"She can smile — in this place!" thought Adria. As she gazed, the longing came, like some new sensation, to help her, to do something, even if it were less than nothing. She tore off her blue neck-ribbon and the chain of crystal beads she wore that, taking the color of her scarf, glanced like pale sapphires, that, taking the color of Dalma's, glanced like pink topazes, and put it all into the hands of the wondering girl who looked as if a piece of the sky had fallen. "Perhaps, — perhaps," Adria faltered, — "I don't know what may be, — but perhaps — the castle — will rob you no more." And the two slipped through the door and ran with all their speed till out of breath; and then Adria threw herself face down on the grass. "I never knew there were such things!" she sobbed.

"You must n't know it now," said Dalma.

It chanced that night, in the evening service, that the Chaplain read, "Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth," and it struck Adria like a lash. "Behold, we count them happy that endure," he further read. And she wondered if old Nana and her kin were happy in enduring.

Not many days afterward old Nana found outside her door a small bag of silver pieces, — it was all the money the two girls had, and they did not dare sell a jewel in the town. The old woman took it up and shook it before her eyes. "I know you, whence you are!" she cried. And with the flash of her sunken eyes you could not tell were she laughing or crying. She poured out the money on her leathern palm and counted it laboriously. Then she replaced it in the bag and once more shook it in the light. "It is so much restored to me!" she cried.

"She has not even gratitude," whispered Dalma, behind her tree. "With her spirit I would have tossed it into the stream."

"She cannot. There are the others," said Adria gloomily. "And for the rest, she has no reason for gratitude. It is but a part of her own."

For a time after this her books, her music, her botanizing, her rides with Dalma and governess and groom in the Long Chase, — none of her tasks interested, none of her amusements amused the Princess Adria. One day she said

to the Directress, "Madame, is it true that kings have power because in the beginning they were the stronger?"

"Highness," was the reply, "kings have power by the will of God."

"I suppose all things are by the will of God," said Adria. "But is it true that kings have robbed the people?"

"Kings," said the Directress, "are the protectors of the people."

"Does the King, my cousin, protect old Nana down in the forest?"

Whether this conversation were reported to her cousin, or whether because the death of the old Prince Rhod had advanced the young princess a step in the succession, presently appeared at the castle masters of a different quality from previous teachers, and in addition to her languages, her mathematics, her belles-lettres, there were studies concerning the science of government, the art of war, the rights of kings, the philosophy of history, the story of the heroes of her house and race, — Dalma laboring behind. "How much better," said Dalma, "would one live hero be than a brigade of these old fighting men at arms! Why should we concern ourselves with them and their dust and the rust on their swords? They are very dull, these ancestors of yours."

"Yet the Directress says they were each anointed of the Lord. Can you think the touch of some blessed oil should make me of better dust than old Nana's?"

"Of what use now, that anointing? Not one of those ancient gentlemen would know how to handle small arms if he were here to-day. What would any of them say to a voice coming out of the wall from five hundred miles away? They would cry witchcraft; and some one must be burned. Give me a different order. A good seat in the saddle, a good hand on the bridle, a good step in the dance" —

"And his hair shall be of what color it please God," said the princess, who was well up in her English.

"By no means. Of what color it pleases me! He shall be noble, he shall be modern" —

"And no more?"

"The rest," said Dalma, laughing, "the rest is silence."

So the young things began to dream of their heroes, as bourgeois or peasant girls might do; if with a difference. But to Adria, either her ideals were too sacred for discussion, or they were not yet freed from the clay. Only once down a glade in the Long Chase, where the sunlight fell, she saw a group of hunters pass, one following who might have been Apollo, — tall, erect, and bright as any figure of her dream, and lingering in her dream.

The day came when the princess, with the Directress, was called to Court. Some one else had died. It was thought best to see of what the little possibility, as it was phrased, was made. In the meantime the little possibility was seeing of what the Court was made. And while she received sufficient deference, she was yet more or less at liberty, — not to go about with Dalma, as of old, — but for drives with the ladies appointed her, and for strolling through galleries and churches, her soul delighted with the beauty she found, which, however, seemed to be nothing new, but as if it had always been a part of her life, — paintings, sculptures, cathedrals, palaces, — as if the blood in her veins told what it had felt when in the veins of the kings, her forefathers. While walking in the palace down on the edge of the Shore of Shadow, she seemed to be in a dream she had dreamed before; it had upon her the effect of some familiar poem read again in a voice of silver. "It is because my mothers, my grandmothers before me, have trod these places that they are so pleasant to me," she thought. But through all the bewilderment of new beauty, recollection of old Nana and of the folk in the forest kept returning, — at first a blotch of gloom throwing the rest into high

value, but at last darkening it all, so that the princess was not sorry when the time came for her to return to the old castle.

She was walking, one morning before her return, in the park of the Shore of Shadow, when a gentleman leaning on his cane stepped from one of the alleys and went along beside her, while her companions fell behind. She had, of course, been presented; but in her extreme youth another ceremonial audience was hardly worth while. If one had anything to say to her, one could meet her walking in the park.

"My child," he said, "Providence may order that at some day you shall stand in the place of your ancestors" —

"I, sire? I?"

"You. Have you never thought of it, of a possible succession to the crown?"

"Oh no, no, not once!"

"That is well. To-day it seems impossible. Yet things as unlikely, — I will not say have happened, but have been determined. You are very remote. But should the improbable arrive, I would have you prepared. One's hands should be made strong for such responsibility. I would wish one to whom the crown came to understand that it is sent from heaven. One does not rule by the will of the people, but by the will of God. It is the Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, who will have made you Queen" —

"Make me Queen!" she exclaimed. "Oh no, no," she murmured then, with a bowed head and a quick warding motion of her hands.

"You do right to feel the awe of majesty." The old King smiled. "So the mother of the Lord received the command from heaven," he thought, but did not say. "For kingship," he continued aloud, "is a perpetual sacrament. It is an act into which the King enters alone with God."

"Is it permitted to me to speak?" asked the princess, after a moment in which the King seemed lost in thought.

"Freely," said the King, looking at the young girl, well pleased.

"The people," she said then. "What of them?"

The King's brow clouded slightly. "It is as I have heard," he said. "The new heresies have reached even into the fastnesses of the hills." "The people," added the old monarch after a brief pause, "were given to the King with the kingdom. They are his. They are his as his children are his. Except for times of madness, always have the King and the people been one. The army is to-day the King's right hand. The nobles — the feudatories, the *arrière-ban* — are his enemy. Always, except in times of madness, when things rushed to ruin and they fled to the King's shelter, his enemy, — demanding newer privilege, encroaching beyond old right, conspiring to dethrone and enthrone, laying sacrilegious hands upon the altar of the living God. And for you, remember, that even if a thousand years of royal blood had not made you not as others are, — if, indeed, it was not a different clay went to your making in the beginning, — yet the oil of your anointing, of your consecration, renders you sacred and apart; as our cousins of another faith hold that the act of blessing makes of the bread and wine the body of God. You are young," the King continued, looking down the length of green shadow through which the shafts of sunshine fell upon them as they walked, "but youth of the royal breed should have perception and understanding beyond the count of years. My child," he said, turning toward her, "under one of the jewels of this ring there is hidden a particle of the sword of that ancestor who won my crown. Wear it. And if, upon occasion, your faith in yourself and in your divine heirship falter, look at it, touch it, and feel the iron in your blood!" And passing round a leafy screen, His Majesty disappeared as he had come, and left her with the ring upon her finger.

Never did the castle on its crag above the villages seem so secure and so serene a place as to Adria coming home. Never was the pleasaunce so sweet of a twilight, the Long Chase so green and rich of a sunlit morning, with mossy covert and sparkling stream; never was the solitude so enriching; never was Dalma so dear; never was it so delightful to be alive. Far off were King and capital and all improbable chances. Never, moreover, was it so heart-rending to explore among the dwellers of the forest, and never had she been so joyous as when her somewhat enlarged revenues allowed her to give them help. Sometimes they met a hunter in the forest, sometimes old Nana and her kind; and for a time life was full of the happiness that belongs to youth and freedom.

But when next the princess was called to Court, she saw by the differing fashion of her reception, and by the manner of those who had become aware of her, that the steps between her and uncoveted greatness were fewer than before. And it was after her return the second time that the responsibility that might some day be hers began to occupy her thoughts in a manner that Dalma found exceedingly tiresome. The condition of the poor of the forest, of the industrial of the cities, of all the internal affairs of the kingdom, became more interesting to her than the action of any drama had ever been. It presently seemed to her that the life of the little kingdom was only an epitome of the wide tragedy of history; and how to make its people happier and better was a quest greater than that of the Crusaders for the Holy Sepulchre.

She was still in the shadow of these reflections, when it was thought best the Princess Adria should travel and see the world; — not in much state, if any, but with a sufficient retinue, and a good purse. And so she saw Rome, and its old splendor, and lived a while under the charm of Florence, and bought lovely things in Paris, and came at last to England.

The Princess Adria was now a very beautiful young woman. The great masses of her *ondulé* black hair folded her head as if carved out of ebony; the seashell pink blushed on her oval cheek; her features had the fine chiseling of the antique, her eyes were like blue jewels; and although slight and not too tall, she held her head with the carriage of a young antlered stag. To the man who was walking beside her now she was not alone a beautiful woman, but she was the only woman in the world. Was it but yesterday when first they met? It seemed as if he had known her from the eternities.

That yesterday morning she had outstripped her attendants, one or other of whom seldom left her, and climbing rapidly an ascending path between trees twisted by a thousand storms, had found herself on a cliff high in air, a wide field of sea battling in big billows and tossing clouds of foam at its base far below, and the glory of it smote her in the face. A cool wind from the far sea-hollows blew about her; its salt taste touched her lips; the great gray shield, with here its silver shining, and there its purpling bloom, and everywhere its all-embracing sound, belonged to the world of mighty forces, and she was in the presence of illimitable largeness.

It was while she stood on the edge of the cliff, drinking draughts of the fresh air and equal draughts of the wild splendor, in the exhilaration of the sudden delight of it, that there came a noise above her head like the flapping of sails, followed by high discordant shrieks, and a pair of eagles were sweeping about her in fierce attack and defense of their nest in a jut of the rock beneath.

She had an intrepid spirit, not easily daunted. But it was idle to flourish her parasol at them; its very scarlet was something hostile. Yet it was her only weapon, and shaking it defiantly she slipped on the thin lichen, and might

have been driven backward over the brink had not at the instant a stout alpenstock lifted in air sent one of the assailants falling with a broken wing and the other swooping after it; and she looked up to see, with a strange throb of memory, a young man, tall and fair, his eye as angry as the eagle's, his stick still singing in the air. "Oh," she gasped, in her own tongue, "I believe they would have picked out my eyes!"

"Small blame to them!" thought the young man, looking into those wells of blue lustre under their black shadow. But bowing, he said in the same language, "I am glad I was at hand."

"I don't know how to thank you," she exclaimed in English, her accent piquant and musical, his own accent having assured her English would be right.

"I am thanked sufficiently now," he said. And he offered his hand to help her rise.

"I fear," she faltered, "I — my foot — it fails me! How am I to walk?"

"Lean on me," he said. "If you will point the way, I think we can follow it." And in such fashion they wound their way down the gradual slope of the cliff, now and then pausing for a moment, once his arm having to pass about her at a difficult turn. And what thrill then was this that at the touch trembled through his veins? In the same breath perhaps she felt — who knows what? But after one penetrating glance she turned her head away, till he saw the curve of her white neck reddening with the slow flush.

Love is an electric spark. Its heavenly lightning struck Fairfax in that heart-beat. The breath of roses and their blush, the velvet of their petals, the sound of murmuring music, the rippling of waters, all life and light and beauty seemed impersonated in the sweetness of this woman beside him.

And for her? Except a chance exclamation, there had been hazarded once and again only the merest commonplaces rendered necessary by the path. Yet she had gathered that he was from the Priory, the neighboring estate of a friend of the house where she was staying, and aware of the English pride of caste, no question of inequality had occurred to her. Indeed, her simple life in the hills had not yet forced upon her intelligence any strong sense of superiority. She saw that he was a gentleman. And for the rest, one cannot call the answer of soul to soul a miracle, since it is a common process of nature, but it has the sweet suddenness, the swiftness, the astonishment of one. The difference in the moment was that he knew what had befallen and she did not.

"There are my friends," she said, as they reached at last the glade below in whose distant sun and shadow a group of ladies walked. "It would be ungracious to say that they will relieve you of this trouble, after your kindness. I am staying with the duchess. May I not hope to see you at the Weald?"

Might she not hope? As if any power on earth could keep him away!

"I dine there Thursday night," he replied. "A function, I believe, to welcome an expected dignitary, — some one of the countless foreign princelings that infest Europe."

"Ah!" she said. "These English lords, they regard the least of their own order as the superior of everything less than the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire! But for me, I often think that the infesting princelings would be glad to lay down their little power and join the proletariat, without care, without responsibility, — would be glad to play a little while." And although she smiled, and although sunbeams always lurked in that smile of hers, there was a something melancholy in her tone.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose that is what the Princess Adria is doing now."

Her foot was better, and she withdrew from his support. But he still kept along beside her. It was the first time in her life that she had been alone with any man other than her old cousin,

the King. If this was play, why not more of it? It was sufficiently amusing. "And you do not find yourself interested in her work or her play?" she said.

"Oh, in a way. As a student of men and manners and forces of government, — occupied with sociological conditions."

"And so even an old — what is this you call it? — an old frump of a princess might have an interest?"

He laughed. "I don't know if this one is a frump or a fairy" —

"Oh, she is not exactly either!"

"You know her then?"

"As well, perhaps, as any one. She does not mean ill, poor thing." And by this they had come where her ladies stood, and she turned and extended her hand with a gesture of dismissal, a trace of archness in her smile.

To the amazement of her ladies he took the hand, and held it for the fraction of a moment. Perhaps she herself had expected him to lift it to his lips, with his own hand beneath it. But as he bent his all but colossal height, she said to herself it was the head of a Greek god; and if not the face of a god it was nevertheless, in its heroic beauty, that striking one of the aquiline cast, with an impress, in its wholesome fairness, of health and masterful strength, the face of a man who might conquer continents and found a race of kings.

It was the magic moment when twilight is still informed with sunset that Fairfax the next evening met the princess, a lady and gentleman following her. He paused a moment uncertainly, but she looked up brightly and with recognition, and he approached.

"If we had lost our way," she said, "I would think you had a habit of arriving at the fortunate moment."

"Most fortunate in any event for me," he responded.

She wore a long scarf of thin scarlet silk about her head and shoulders, which gave her a gypsy-like air. But whether she were fine lady or romany did not occur to him; as he had felt the day before, she was simply the one woman, as Eve was the one in her garden. The readjustment of atoms had taken place, and to neither of them with their unsealed eyes would the world ever be the same.

"We have been looking at the ruin of the ruins," she said. "I have a thread of association with them, since one of my people once ruled here."

"Possibly, in the increase of population, in most of us the blood of the king is mingled with the blood of his serf. Yet if one knew just which vein held the king's" —

"One would let it escape? For all that, I fancy one would rather it were the blood of Richard than of Garth the churl?"

"I don't know. If it were the blood of Richard, one would be under an unspeakable debt to the churl. One could never make things equal with him. All one's generations in the light built on his years in the dark, all one's strength and lustihood built of his decrepitude and decay."

"So you occupy yourself with the problem of the poor?"

"There is no other," he said, looking down. "It comprises all the rest, even the goodness of God."

"I also," she murmured. "I also think more concerning it than is good for one's peace."

"You!" he said, turning to look at her squarely. "But you have no reason. You are too young, you are too" — He did not finish the sentence. "As for me," he said presently, "Fate has served me so that I have nothing to do but serve others."

"I did not know that English noblemen burdened their consciences with the wrongs of the submerged portion."

"I am not very familiar with the English conscience. I am an American. But possibly" —

She did not hear what he was saying. An American. It was a blow. In her innocent unconsciousness she could not

have told herself why. But far in the obscure of unformulated thought there may have been the intuitive perception that a great English nobleman — was not impossible; but American, — that was out of the question. For what? A sudden stinging blush burned her face. Before the blush mounted she had seen the cherubim with the flaming sword; but they had not abashed her; she had touched and tasted the fruit of the tree of life.

His voice sang in her ears like the wind in the bough as, loitering a little, he swung his stick over the ant-hill at a tree's root. "If all peoples, all governments, were like these," that was what he was saying, she found. "One common point, the production, the preservation, the perpetuation of the race! With not a thought of self. Yet who of us can sacrifice self without betrayal of trust? With the ant, with the bee, it is the race. With us the individual, — if we are to attain to the stature of the gods. And so it becomes difficult. For 'things are in the saddle, and ride mankind,'" he added, with a smile of confidence in her comprehension.

The blush swept up her cheek again with that smile; this time a branding blush of shame. She had not known the man two days; she had seen him twice; she could not even tell his name; she was speaking with him now in violation of usage and propriety, as well as of the etiquette of courts.

"How beautiful she is when she blushes," he was thinking then. "How beautiful she is when she does n't blush. What is she blushing about?"

"What of it? What of it?" she was thinking; the daring, the defiance, of her line returning to her. "Is it to be ashamed of? I may love a rose. I do not expect the rose to know. And if — and if — Oh, what do I care for crowns and kingdoms and possibilities! What do I want with them! Let who will take my place near the throne, if there should be any place to take. I will have home, happiness, love, if — if" — And by that the blush had faded, and as he gazed into them her eyes were like the twilight that holds the evening star.

And then the Baroness Dalma tripped up, a little brown-and-gold-butterfly creature, and the princess bowed a farewell in whose stateliness there was yet a hint of the morrow.

The Princess Adria knew now that she should at once bring to a close her stay at the Weald. But various festivities had been planned in her honor, and she hesitated to commit a rudeness, an unkindness. Moreover, her movements were arranged for her by those of authority at home. And then she was very young; perhaps also not altogether mistress of herself in this new phase of being. When Fairfax rode over with Lord Chetwynd the next morning, calling on the duchess, and, catching sight of Adria, joined her in the Long Gallery of the Portraits, while Chetwynd went on, she felt every nerve in her body tingling in tumult, and it was a moment before she could command peace.

They walked together down the long lane of masterpieces, and all the time they talked of the portraits, but they looked at each other.

"There are so many legends concerning them," she said pensively. "The duchess was telling them this morning. There seems to be a story of sin or sorrow about every one of them."

"Lives splendidly worth living," he said. "And lived only to make romance."

"Were they splendidly worth living?" she asked. "For my part, it sometimes seems that an unknown life in the wilderness were better."

A light kindled his face. But just then the duchess came into the gallery; he turned to make his compliments, and Adria slipped away.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HERO.

I saw the river going,
  All silver to the brim,
Along the southern meadows
  That were a home to him.

I sang, "O River, bear him
  My dream, a silver swan.
'T is only he, all day, all day,
  That I do think upon."

And oh, my foolish heart forgot —
  So rapt in heart's desire,
The years he has been sleeping
  Beneath a far-off spire.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE BATTLE OF GRAY'S PASTURE.

A REMINISCENCE OF OLD-FASHIONED FOOTBALL.

Stout Saxon game, long may you live!
  Rough root of a sturdy tree;
Rude nurse of men who love you still
  As the sailor loves the sea.

The old days of football in Gray's pasture, the plain, simple, boyish game we knew, are gone. They play no football on the old field now. You will see no belated boys now running down the old road after school, listening to the shouts of the players, and rushing on eager for the coming fray. The very game is gone, with all its old rules and simple cunning.

The old school flourishes as it has never flourished. If you come here they will point you out the new building, quite big and imposing, with tower and belfry, and the name, Wisconsin Normal School, carved in the solid stone across the front. The homely old brick building we studied in stands humbly in the rear.

The "Academic Department" we were so proud of when first our names were blazoned on its roll is not what it was then. Its course of study has been cut down; its glory shorn. There are no "big fellows" now, as there were in our day, to walk as lords and heroes among the smaller boys. It has become a grammar school merely.

And our great "match game," — the one Great Game we played before the brief glory of "the old Academic" had departed, — who ever hears of that now? What an event it was then! What a big, slow-swinging shadow it flung over our boyish world, looming up there, weeks ahead, watched by our eager eyes! But who hears of it now?

And its heroes, where are they? Where now is Rob Mackenzie? our hero-in-chief, and Academic King, whom we youngsters loved and admired and followed so unswervingly; and game

"Limpy" Goodnow, who would not quit, but with a sprained ankle still fought on, and bore the nickname ever after as an honor; and big Nic, the mighty-shouldered and the mighty-voiced, with shout like the trumpets of Jericho; and Whitty, the swift and cunning to "creep;" and gallant Dickie O'Hara; and Jim Greening and "Chickie" Brooks, and the rest; where now is the name and the fame of them, who made so large a figure in the old football days? They are gone. You hear of them no more. Down in Gray's pasture the very wind in the oak leaves would sing their glory.

And the big, green "Normals" we used to laugh at. How they stared when at kickoff they saw the ball, driven by Rob Mackenzie's mighty foot, go sailing meteoric down the field! And how surprised they were when in the pride of rustic strength *they* tried to set it sailing, innocent of all the art of it, and only sent it rolling instead, a few foolish feet along the ground; or, as sometimes happened, missed it altogether, the great boot they had let fly at it sailing up instead, taking them along up too, until it dropped them, astonished exceedingly, upon the ground!

We could n't help laughing at them, they were so big, and good-natured, and *green;* so smiling with verdure as it were; right off the farm, with all its dew and freshness still upon them. Such great stalwart fellows, too; like big winter-russets that have just attained their size, full-grown and full of sap and vigor, but still quite green. How the poor devils used to look the first morning of the term, herded for companionship of misery in a corner of the "Assembly Room," their big, free limbs and bodies pent up in stiff, new shoes and Sunday-go-to-meetin's of black diagonal, their sunburned necks thrust into the unaccustomed yoke of a collar, and looking fearfully uncomfortable therein, and their big hands ill at ease, at home nowhere, and looking as if they would be right glad of the friendly grip of a pitchfork or a plough handle.

You will find no such "Normalites" nowadays. The old breed is gone. The greenest I see look quite correct and starched and tailor-made. No originality of costume now. No "high-water pants," such as refreshed the eye in the old days. No pitifully insufficient coat, stretching its seams across some great fellow's back, button struggling with buttonhole to hold in his expanding chest, showing by its very insufficiency what a Hercules he was. You will see none of these things now. They have disappeared; the old sap and individuality quite, quite gone.

We used to laugh at them, but I don't think I should laugh now. If I should see one now, I think I should just walk up to him, and smile, and hold out my hand, and say, "Brother, I 'm right glad to see you; it does my eyes good just to look at you; and are none of the other old fellows coming back? And how are Laury Thompson, and John Hicks?" And then he would smile back at me, and we should grow friendly, and I would tell him about the old days.

They had grit and spunk, too, — those big, green fellows. How they did wake up after the scrub match, when we Academics had beaten them so badly and laughed at them so, and challenge us right there to try it again! That was how we came to play our Great Game. And how they did jump into the practice for it! and what a roaring old meeting they held on "Football Night" in the old "Lincolnian Literary Society" room, when Laury Thompson made his famous speech!

There is no such spirit in the school to-day. They have a football eleven, it is true, and it holds its head well up among its mates; a little above 'em, too, most of the time; — the old school 's the old school yet, I tell 'em; — but, after all, it is n't the old game,

nor the old spirit. I go out sometimes to watch them, and think: "Well, it 's a queer game they play now, and call football!" They trot out in such astonishing toggery; padded and "guarded" from shin to crown, — welted, belted, strapped, and buckled beyond recognition. And there 's no independence in the play; every move has to be told 'em. It 's as if they were n't big enough to run alone; and so they hire a big stepmother of a university "coach," who stands round in a red sweater, and yells, and berates them. Not a man answers back; he does n't dare to. They don't dare eat plain Christian food, but have a "training table" and diet like invalids. I 've seen 'em at a game not dare take a plain drink of water; when they got thirsty they sucked at a wet sponge, like babes at the bottle!

It was not so in our day. No apron strings of a university coach were tied to us. We were free-born men. When we wanted to play we got together and went down to the old pasture, to the big oak tree that stood near the middle of it; and there we would "choose up," and take off our coats and vests and neckgear, and pile them round the oak, and walk out on the field and go at it, — *everybody*, — not a pitiful dozen or so, while the rest stood with their hands in their pockets and looked on, — but *everybody!* And it was *foot*ball: no playing half an hour without seeing the ball in the air once; we kicked it all the time; — except when we missed it, and then we kicked the other fellow's shins! And when we got thirsty we went down to the spring and took an honest drink out of an honest tin cup.

And what a fine, free, open game it was, — the old game! What art you could put into its punting, and running, and dodging, and creeping, and drop-kicking! And what a glorious tumult in the old-fashioned scrimmage; especially the scrimmages in the old ditch! It was a rather broad and shallow ditch, and into it the ball would often roll, a dozen excited fellows dashing after it; and there in the ditch bottom, in mad mêlée, frantic foot to foot, naked shin against sole leather, we would fight to drive the ball through the opposing mob. There might the rustic Normalite, with implacable cowhides, the bigger now the better, sweeten his humiliation with revenge, and well I remember the fearful devastation he sometimes wrought among our Academic shins!

But we were used to that. Indeed, we youngsters gloried in it. It was a spot upon your honor not to have a spot upon your shin! We compared them as soldiers brag of their wounds in battle, and he who could exhibit the largest and most lurid specimen was the best man. Those discolored patches were our "V. C.'s" and "Crosses of the Legion of Honor;" seals attesting our spirit, stamped with a stamp of good stiff sole leather, painfully enough, it was true, but who cared for that? We were only sorry we could not exhibit them in public. To be obliged to carry such decorations under your trouser leg was hard.

But I am a long time getting to the thing I aimed at, — I mean our Great Game. They smile at me here for a slow coach and old fogy enthusiast, and I fear I give them some occasion. I get started, and one thing leads to another, and I am never done, but go meandering on not unlike the slow-winding creeks of our southern Wisconsin country here, that take such an interminable time getting across our meadows. Yet, even so, they flow the slower the smoother, and the more truly mirror their willows and green crumbling banks, and I hope it may be something so with these wandering recollections of mine.

Football Night at the "Lincolnian Literary," and Laury Thompson's speech there I must tell about. If any of the old boys ever read this, — and it is for them I am writing it, — they

will wonder if I leave that out. For it marked an epoch in the Normal preparation for the game. And coming from Laury Thompson it was so unexpected. He always looked so cheerful in his high-water pants. His clothes were such a harmonious misfit. And he got off his absurdities with such a grave, humorous-innocent face; only the veiled twinkling in the eyes to show that it was not the most solemn matter in the world.

He "wore his pants high-water a-purpose," he told us; "had 'em made so for hot weather; coolin', ye know; refreshin'; lets the air in; breeze o' heaven playin' up an' down your pant-leg." And when one of the boys cracked some joke on his big shoes, he gravely remonstrated, assuring us that he "had had those shoes made sort of *in memoriam;* hide of a heifer calf of his'n that got killed by the cars; a rosebud of a little critter; he kind o' wanted something to remember her by; tarnation good leather, too." He had "writ a poem" on that calf, he said, but refused to recite it; "felt delikit about exposin' his feelin's."

The old Lincolnian Literary Society is dead now, and its room has been turned into a shop for the Manual Training Department. It is a long, narrow room on the third floor, and was crowded that night to the very door. The meeting, called "to rouse public spirit in the matter of the coming game," grew spirited and hilarious as the speaking proceeded, and when Thompson was called on, and his tall, odd figure rose up in the midst, there was a great thundering of boots along the floor.

"Boys," he began, "our Academic friends, raised, most of 'em, in this *proud metropolis*, seem to 'a' got the notion that because we have n't just stepped out of a fashion plate we can't play football. They tell us to 'thrash the hayseed out of our hair,' and to 'slack off on our galluses, and see if we can't get some o' that high-water out of our pants;' they 've been 'tryin' to figure out our combined acreage o' boot leather,' they say, 'and had to give it up; Arabic notation wa'n't equal to it.'

"Well, let 'em laugh. I reckon we 're duck-backed enough to shed whole showers o' that kind o' stuff; and when the game comes off they 'll find that what wins a game o' football ain't pants, nor hair, nor shoe-leather, but what 's in and under 'em. They 'll find *men's* feet in those shoes, and *men's* legs in those trousers, and the brains o' men under that hair!

"For I tell you, we 're goin' to win that game; and we 're goin' to win it just because o' what gave us the hayseed an' the high-water and the boot-leather; because we 've got on our side the men with muscle hardened on the old farm; men who 've swung an axe from mornin' till night in the woodlot, and cradled two acres of oats a day, and who 'll go through 'em in a scrimmage like steers through standin' corn!

"Yes, boys, it 's true; we 're 'hayseeds' and 'country jakes.' All the better for that. Grass don't grow down, and go where you will, you 'll find the hayseed at the top. Why, what was he?" — he turned and extended a long arm and forefinger toward a picture of Daniel Webster that hung behind him on the wall of the room, — "What was he? A hayseed, and son of a hayseed!"

Yes, there 's hayseed in our hair;
Proud it 's there!
And our boots are big an' square;
So they *air!*
And when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, beware!

Hooray then for hayseed hair!
It gits there!
And for cowhides big an' square;
Every pair!
And when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, take care!

And then, while a roar went up to the roof and rolled out of the windows that must have reached and frighted the realm of Chaos and Old Night, John Hicks got upon his feet, his sturdy red countenance, lit by a near-by lamp, beaming out across a crowd of rustic heads and tanned faces.

"I tell you what, Mr. President," he began, "that speech o' Mr. Thompson's goes right to the spot. I hope I ain't one o' these little-pot-soon-hot fellows that get het and boil over about nothin', but I 'm bound to say that Mr. Thompson 's had my lid a-liftin' for the last five minutes. I tell you, we want Mr. Thompson to keep this rhyme o' his a-rollin'. I 've heard before what a big thing it is to be born a hayseed, and run up agin a lot o' hard sleddin', but the idee never got drove in till Mr. Thompson here hit it. That 's the kind o' talk we want. Puts the pepper into you so 's you 're all up an' a-comin'; want to jump right through the collar! break the traces! pull six ton! I tell you, we want Mr. Thompson to keep on singin'. If he 'll sing like that for us the day o' the game, there won't be enough left of the Academic team for decent buryin'. I move, Mr. President, that Mr. Thompson be appointed Leader o' the Hayseed Choir; Poet-Lauryate; Boss o' the Rhymin' Department, or whatever else you want to call it, to this Hayseed Football Team of ours."

The poem made Thompson famous. It went everywhere. They found music to fit it, and then they sung it. You heard it roared through the night after you had gone to bed, and you heard it in the morning before you got up, sung by some sturdy-voiced Normalite "workin' for his board," who cheered his solitude with Thompson's ditty as he milked the neighbor's cow. They powdered their hair with hayseed, and wore bunches of dried clover-heads for buttonhole bouquets.

As the autumn season deepened, and the day of battle drew on, our excitement deepened too. There were rumors that the Normals had invented a new play. Every night after school, during the last week, Tom Powell, their leader, gathered them into the secrecy of Normal Hall behind guarded doors. We could hear voices, indistinguishable commands, the heavy tramp of boots along the floor. But what it meant no Academic knew.

And a little before the time set for the game there came on a November storm. I remember well how I sat at my desk in the darkening schoolroom, my eyes on the old Allen and Greenough grammar, and my dreams on the coming game, listening while the wind whistled at the roof and the rain-showers lashed the window-panes, and the big oaks outside rocked and roared, and wondered as I listened, would it never cease, and would the Great Game not come to-morrow after all?

But the morning came with a broad, red sun rolling and tumbling in mist, which blew away with rising wind and let the sun in to dry the field.

The opposing hosts assembled. A multitude surged and shouted along the side-line. There were *carriages* even, — the President and his lady, and wealthy Main Street people. And John Hicks's folks were there in a new two-seater, and Laury Thompson's in a farm wagon, — the same they had brought a load of oats to town in that morning. The Editor had come, too; he would report the game in next week's Clarion, — Fame! right on the field there, her trumpet at her lips, ready to blow!

And *we* were the heroes; the great observed of all observers. We trode the earth with a large, heroic tread. I, the smallest, last, and youngest of the company, walked with the lordliest stride of all. The season long I had fought for a "place on the team," and I had won, and Annie was there to see. Never mind who Annie was. I am telling now about a football game.

"Look at Banty, here," I heard a Normalite say; "captain o' the team, ain't he? Hull thing, an' dog under the wagon."

Even Annie smiled, and just then my cousin Teddy came up.

"What are you lookin' so red an' savage about?" says Teddy.

"Achin' to jump into that Normal team," says I.

Under the big oak Rob Mackenzie and Tom Powell, with the big fellows around them, were settling the last preliminaries. The referee pitched the coin.

"Heads it is," called Tom quietly. "We 'll take the north goal." The wind by this time was stiff out of the north, and the Normals had won the toss.

The two teams scattered out over the field. Rob Mackenzie walked to the centre, the ball in his hand. He turned to us to see that all was ready, and stood there a moment, so tall and good to see, with his strong, confident look, and eyes so full of quiet fire, that we broke into a little involuntary shout of applause, which the Academics on the side-line caught and sent back in a great pealing echo. Rob smiled and flushed a little, and stooped to adjust the ball for the kickoff. Then laughter and tumult broke out along the side-line where the Normals had massed their shouting strength, and Laury Thompson came pushing his tall shoulders through the crowd, his face on a broad grin, and waving a pitchfork over his head. A great pair of cowhide boots swung from the tines of it, and a long, broomlike tuft of timothy hay, tied to the middle tine, shook in the wind triumphant over all.

Advancing to the front-centre, he planted this queer standard firmly in the ground, while the Normals gathered round it and roared their battle-song: —

Yes, there 's hayseed in our hair;
Proud it 's there!
And our boots are big and square;
So they *air!*
But when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, beware!

As the chorus ended Rob rose, stepped back, and turned for a final look. He was laughing. I wondered how he could take it so. My heart was galloping like a fire engine.

"All ready, boys!" he called out; then took three quick steps forward, and swung his foot on the ball. I saw it sail far down the field, while the side-line shouted. The Great Game was on.

What happened during the next few minutes I can give no orderly account of. I was an excited and wild-eyed boy, plunging about in the middle of chaos, and I can only remember fragments; — Rob Mackenzie leaping suddenly out of the mêlée and darting down the field, his yellow hair blown back by the wind, the ball fleeing before him; the smash of great John Hicks into a scrimmage, and the thunder of his boot upon the ball; the roar of the crowd along the side-line; the cannonade and counter-cannonade of punts; the maelstrom of the scrimmage, heaving and hurling around the vortex of the ball, and rolling ominously on toward our goal; the mighty voice of Nic, booming over the tumult like a signal gun at sea, — "Avast there, my hearties! Lay 'em aboard, you lubbers, lay 'em aboard!" and then his huge shoulders, butting through the opposing play as the bluff bows of a Gloucester fisherman butt the tumbling fog, till, meeting the mightier rush of John Hicks, he, too, goes down, and the ominous tide rolls on.

Then, after a while, as I became accustomed to it, the whirl cleared, and I could see how the game was going. Plainly enough no comedy now, like the scrub match of the early season, when we had beaten and laughed at them so. Their practice had told. The big, new fellows were no longer green. Their "hayseed spirit" was awake, and they fought with an energy and determina-

tion which in the scrimmage bore us back like fate.

Now, too, we saw the meaning of the mysterious practice in Normal Hall. Along the lower edge of the pasture, and forming the eastern side-line, there ran a "tight board" fence, and next it, the entire length of the pasture, the shallow ditch I have already spoken of. In that ditch we used to fight half our scrimmages, and in that ditch the Normals concentrated their strategy and strength. In massive formation, the ball in the midst, protected by the fence on one side and by a moving stockade of stout legs and sturdy shoulders on the other, down the ditch they would drive, sweeping away our lighter fellows like leaves as they went, on and on, to what seemed an inevitable goal.

But right there the weakness of the play developed. The goal posts stood, as in the modern game, midway the ends of the field. No "touch-downs" counted; only goals; and to make a goal they must leave their ditch and protecting fence and come out into the open. And there Rob Mackenzie gathered his heavy men for the defense. With Whitty, and Nic, and Jim Greening, and the others, he would ram the Normal formation until it broke; then, unless some one had done it before him, he would go in himself, capture the ball, and with Whitty, his team-mate, rush away with it toward the Normal goal.

But on guard there stood always McNary, and big Van Lone, and Tom Powell himself, with two or three others who could drop back from mid-field when need came, — a guard too strong for even Whitty and Rob.

Twice only did John Hicks, breaking out of the mêlée after the Normal formation had gone in pieces, carry the ball on to the goal; and twice to match him did Rob Mackenzie, with the long range accuracy that always astonished the green Normals so, send the ball sailing between the goal posts almost from the centre of the field.

And so the first half drew to an end, and the score stood even. The intermission hummed with talk. Excited partisans crowded about their favorites. The Academics looked serious. The fierce effectiveness of the new Normal play scared them, and they huddled round Rob Mackenzie, who was radiating courage like a sun. I never saw him in higher spirits. On the outside of the crowd, where we youngsters were gathered anxiously waiting the signal for play to begin again, I caught now and then a bit of his talk: "Say, but this is *great*, is n't it! — This is what I call a *game!* — Who wants to win in a walk? — No fun licking a fellow unless he 's your size. — Lots of time to thrash 'em yet; whole second half."

Around the Normal standard there was jubilation. They had held us down; then put us to defense; their play was sweeping on in a rising tide; who should stop it? The talk flew: "Harder work 'n hayin', ain't it, John?" — "Not a bit of it; those Academics are easy; stack 'em up like oats next half." — "Show 'em some o' yer Irish, Mac!" — "Oh, did you hear that thunderin' on the Academic shin?" — "Back them cowhide boots to win! Academs, beware!"

The second half began, and the Normal pace grew faster. Those enduring muscles, "hardened on the old farm," that "had cradled two acres of oats a day, day in, day out, under the July sun," were beginning to tell. Like a sledge-hammer at a shaking door the Normal formation pounded at our defense. When the door should fall seemed but a matter of time. The Normalite roar along the side-line grew louder. Again and again, while the scrimmage thickened, with John Hicks and Scott and Simpson hurling into it, would burst out their thundering refrain: —

> Hooray for our hayseed hair;
> It *gits there!*
> An' our boots so big an' square;
> Every pair!

An' when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, beware!

And only for Rob Mackenzie we should again and again have gone down. How through our darkening fortunes shone the unconquerable spirit and energy of his play! Like that kin of ancient Bedouins who, "when Evil bared before them his hindmost teeth, flew gayly to meet him, in company or alone!" Again and again the Normal formation rolled along the ditch sweeping our out-fighters before it, and again and again, as it reached the critical point and swung out into the field to make the goal, would Rob hurl against it his heavy attack, — Whitty, and Rhodes, and Limpy, and Jim Greening, and big Nic, and finally, himself, — till the Normal mass went into chaos; out of which, through some unguarded gap, the ball would come tumbling, Rob and Whitty behind it; then down the field together they would dart, the ball before them, we youngsters yelling madly in the rear, the battle-fire in us, which had flagged with fear, bursting up again in yells of exultation like a flame.

Yet not to score; neither side again could score. The second half approached its end, and it seemed as if the game must remain a tie. As the two sides suddenly realized this, there came, as if by common consent, a pause. The Babel-roar along the side-line dropped into a hum. Then a voice called out, — it was Tom Powell; you could hear him all over the field: —

"How much more time?"

And the answer came clear and clean-cut through dead silence: —

"One minute and a half!"

The Academics yelled with joy; no hope now of winning; but in so short a time the Normals cannot score; we escape defeat; it will be a drawn battle. Then they stilled again, not so sure.

For the Normal "sledge-hammer" was uplifting for a last blow. One chance remained, and Tom Powell staked all on a final cast. He left only Van Lone to guard his goal. Every other man of his team he would build into the breaks of his formation in a last determined attack. Wave after wave he had hurled against us; now this last, "a ninth one, gathering all the deep," he would hurl.

The attack came on, and our out-fighters as usual went down before it. In practically perfect order, with Simpson and John Hicks in flank, and Tom Powell himself at the centre, it turned out of the ditch for the goal. Whitty and Jim Greening went down; then big Nic. The Normal uproar gathered and swelled and burst, and swelled and burst again as they swept on. In front, Rob Mackenzie, with a last handful, stood yet. He spoke a few low, sharp words, and they went forward, not in mass, but in *line*.

The cooler heads looked and wondered. What did that mean? What could a thin line do against that massive-moving squad of men? but just wrap round it like a shred of twine and, like twine again, break, while the mass swept on.

So the line moved forward; but just as it was on point to strike, it stumbled apparently, the whole line together, and went down. The Normal yell rose again. But it rose too soon; the line was not down, but crouching there, a barricade across the Normal path. The stroke of strategy was too sudden to be met. Driven on by its very mass and the blind momentum of the men in the rear, the Normal formation struck our crouching line, toppled momentarily, as a wave topples over a wall of rock; then, self-destroying, its van tumbling over the Academic line, its rear plunging on over its broken front, it crumbled, broke, and stopped.

Then, while the Academics along the side-line went mad with exultation, the fallen chaos struggled to its feet, a wilder chaos than ever, a score of boots

slamming for the ball at once, which bounded back and forth like a big leathern shuttlecock in the midst.

So, for a long-drawn moment; then it leaped out clear and free, and a player after it like a cannon-flash, down the field toward the Normal goal. Well may the Academics yell! It is Rob Mackenzie, — fastest man on the ground, and away now with a free field! Hard after him John Hicks, with every sinew at the stretch, and teeth grim-set, and the whole Normal team streaming in a wild tail of pursuit behind. The side-line, which, until now, had held the surge of spectators, burst like a dam in flood, and poured a yelling torrent toward the Normal goal.

There stood big Van Lone, sole guardian bulldog at that gate; an honest bulldog, but terribly bewildered, all pandemonium storming in on him at once. He started forward, but what could he do against Rob Mackenzie? The ball rises over his head, hovers an instant at top flight, or seems to; then shoots forward between the goal posts. The game was won!

And who that was there will ever forget the celebration that followed? Rob Mackenzie tossed skyward on a hundred shoulders, with mighty shouts, till the old pasture rocked and swam; the great ruddy face of John Hicks, shining through the press, undimmed by defeat, as he came to greet his victorious foe; the meeting and hand-grasp of the two heroes, amid tremendous tumult, all lesser yells upborne on the oceanic roar of Nic; the wild processional through the town, tramping tumultuous to the roar of John Brown's Body, with Rob in triumphal chariot, rolling on down Main Street toward the west, where the clouds of sunset flamed into bonfires and the fiery sun itself seemed a huge cannon's mouth hurling a thunder salute in honor of the event.

Well, all that happened years ago. Those old days can never come back. Even the old pasture I cannot see as I saw it then. It was only the other day, drawn by old thoughts revived, that I walked out to see it, through the still summer afternoon, down the old familiar road, so well known but so strangely quiet now, with its few scattered old white oaks and maples, that seemed to nod sleepily in a kind of old friendliness, till you come to the turn by the burr oak grove where the pasture opens.

There they lay, — the long tranquil slope, the green level that had been one field, the ditch along the fence, — under the quiet sunshine, in sleep and silence. Great, peaceful-looking white clouds, like great white cattle asleep, lay along the blue heaven overhead. The old oak where we were used to choose up stood motionless, as if it dreamed over the old days. Could this be indeed the old pasture, scene of our stormy uproar, this field asleep? I turned away with a half lonely feeling.

The old boys are gone too, most of them, scattered I don't know where. Do they ever, I wonder, after the day's work is done, sit in the evening by the warm firelight, while the soft pipe-smoke wraps them in its tranquil cloud, and dream foolishly, as I do, over those old days? I like to think they do.

George L. Teeple.

TRASIMENE.

I.

THE Grammarian's Funeral is as the shadow of a rock in a weary land, as the

> "shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water."

Not that it is alone in this grateful distinction, in Browning's work, or in a generation's results, but that it has happened to occur to me more than once in pessimistic moments, and to justify the function of verse. The legal pleadings of your Sidneys and Shelleys are nothing to the purpose. "Poesie" needs no defense in the spirit, but it needs bones in the body. It is better as a vertebrate than as a mollusk. In those pessimistic moments I had fancied it fallen in the "dim dreaming life" of chambered nautili, monotonously musical, hazily emotional, intellectually edgeless, either solemnly futile or cleverly trivial. I desired something to "break the shins of mine apprehension" upon; some acid and tang; something to say, "One who was like no other did pleasurably conceive in a knot and socket of his brain, and in travail gave me birth, that I might assert two things, namely, He was, and I am."

It is the thirst for this distinction which drives one back to older and older poets. I am much for Herbert and Donne and Crashaw and Andrew Marvell. They had their conventions, but at least their conventions are not mine. I can draw a longer line from them to me, construct a wider angle, and measure more distant stars. But the Grammarian's Funeral is an individual and a vertebrate. With all lyrical pulses and pauses testifying organic life, it never leaves inspection of a chosen vista. It means intensely and means itself. A work of art never means any interpretation of it, or means anything but itself.

I was thinking, in coming down the mountain side of Perugia, that the Grammarian's Funeral was more realistic than I had supposed. Digging Greek roots never seemed to me a spiritual enterprise, but it was such to the Revivers of Learning in the fifteenth century. Did they not have their visions like other visionaries? It was a search after lost treasures of infinite value. They dug for the jasper and topaz wherewith to rebuild fallen gates and walls, the celestial city of an old culture. The man who "gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De" set his jewel in the walls. So that it was no more than the truth that he was of those who dwell in high places,

> "Where meteors shoot, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go,"

and had a right to

> "sepulture
> On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture."

It was the latter passage that occurred to me, in coming down the mountain from Perugia, as unexpectedly accurate.

For one comes southward and "slopes to Italy by green degrees," finds mountains whose steep sides are crowded with orchards, gardens, and villages, whose summits are ringed with city walls. Yet the Umbrians so built cities above their great plain not out of aspiration, but out of extreme combativeness. Perugia was distinguished among them for an unpleasant neighbor. Not even did she keep peace with herself, but shed blood more familiarly than others in her own streets, and splashed it on the steps of her gaunt unfinished cathedral, that stands on one side of the little square, with the Municipio on the other and the triple-basined fountain in the middle. Her family of tyrants was of the most savage and given to throat-cutting.

The painter who is known by her name painted most of his delicate-lipped Madonnas and light-footed angels for Florence, where life was more thoughtful and on the whole less bad-tempered than in this wild cat of a Perugia. The Tiber flows past her feet, a cheerful little river, and useful for mill wheels, larger, muddier, and less cheerful when it comes to Rome. Between the Tiber and the mountain the ashes of the Volumnii lie, since the Punic Wars, in their family tomb some yards underground, in sculptured stone boxes and cinerary urns, and the Perugians thought it as indifferent a spot as any for the common uses of fighting Assisans or raising olive trees. Its use now is the collection of francs from passing tourists. They furnish the custodian a better living than the spoils of a few olive trees or Assisans would do. The Volumnii chose a decent sepulture on the plain, well underground in "the level and the night," as if they thought such morning heights, as the Grammarian's pallbearers sought for him, belonged rather to those who were still alive, ambitious, and combative. They have their reward in being useful to the custodian, and to the tourists, according to the tourists' belief.

We took a vettura for Cortona from Magione, ten miles beyond Perugia, not because of the combativeness of Perugia, — the vetturino of Magione turned out to be combative, — but because the ten miles lay through the level monotony of the Umbrian plain, and because something nearer the country's normal scale of wages for man and horse may be met with by stepping out of the beaten paths and halting-places. The pursuit of economy is as exciting a game in Italy as the pursuit of wealth in gold-mining states. It has the same strange successes and failures. Its methods are complicated, its possibilities limitless, its issue not to be calculated. It involves eloquence, feeling, sophisms, casuistries, and leads to the conclusion that the Italian is on the whole very likable; in whose mind it is probably a secret feeling that the Northern invader is still as of old a barbarian, a brute force, not to be directly resisted, but persuaded, outwitted, and undermined by the supple intelligence of civilization.

The barbarian appears to him to have been invading under different excuses since the fifth century. The Goth came blundering, the Hun galloped after, the Vandal was destructive; the Frank came in state, and tickled his simple Frankish vanity with the title of Roman Emperor; the Scandinavian came in ships; then the pilgrims, and lately the tourists; and all these have been, as a rule, marked by large bodies, by simplicity and curiosity, by a certain density of intelligence and absence of breeding, in general the characteristics of barbarism. The barbarian fell into the habit and tradition of coming, the Italian into the habit and tradition of expecting him, like the seasons and changes of weather.

I overheard an Englishwoman at a *pension* in Florence, discarding the butter fork for a knife, remark bitterly, that in civilized countries a butter knife was a knife. It is true that in Italy it is usually a fork, but it seemed to me that the test was imperfect. One classifies advancing stages of civilization according as bronze is substituted for stone and iron for bronze, but between butter knives and butter forks the difference seems something accidental, something debatable.

There is much to say for the Italian's test, if he really feels in this way, of intellectual suppleness and a pervasive code of manners. He has some claim to the distinction. His manners are apparent to a barbarian. The vetturino seems to differ about the fare more in sorrow than in anger, with a deprecatory regret that he is obliged to differ. To bargain and dispute with these forms of charity, of humane tolerance, is an achievement in culture like the civiliz-

ing of mountain tops. The one may have sprung from experienced acquiescence to the barbarian, the other from combativeness. The reasons do not prevent one's liking the Italian's test, and regretting the Umbrian plain and its cities set about upon mountains.

II.

The road rose slowly from Magione to the summit of a ridge overlooking Lake Trasimene. The lake overlies the borders of Umbria and Tuscany, and is large and round. The sunlight was very bright, the water very blue, and green islands floated calmly about in it.

There is no passage in St. Francis' Canticle which reaches me so well as that in which he offered choice and perfect terms of praise for the element of water, "utile et humile et pretiosa et casta." He mentioned and gave praise by name for his elemental kindred, — for the brother sun; the sisters the moon and stars set clear and lovely in heaven, the wind, air, and cloud, calms and all weathers; the sister water which is serviceable and humble and precious and clean; the brother fire which is bright and pleasant and mighty and strong; and the mother earth which brings forth fruits and colored flowers and grass; for those too who pardon one another for love's sake and peaceably endure; and for our brother the death of the body, which no one escapes, yet all may be blest therein.

St. Francis once passed Lent on Trasimene, on the larger of the two neighboring islands, fasting forty days and nights, except that he ate a half loaf of bread in delicate scruple not to be presumptuous. And Trasimene is thought to be indebted to the old battle-ground and this forest-domed Isola Maggiore for points of interest. The suave abstracted lake does not look aware of obligations. It helped St. Francis to understand water, and Hannibal to defeat the Romans, in the process of being itself, in fulfilling normally its functions of coolness and cleansing, of shedding mists, rippling under the wind, shining in the sunlight, reflecting clouds, sleeping in the darkness, making fertile its round shores. It does not accept gratitude nor offer it. It gives its help to any wayfarer, such help as it has to give and the wayfarer is able to receive, or will injure him, without noticing him at all. The mist that was good for Hannibal was bad for the Romans and natural for Trasimene, one of a thousand indifferent dim risings, white-shrouded mornings, confusing to Roman armies or fishermen seeking the shore, beneficial to dry olive leaves, results of no interest to Trasimene, communing apart with its kindred elements, the sun and wind, incoming and outgoing streams.

One of the streams came in thick and red on the day of the battle; men ran splashing and gasping into the lake, and others on horses rode after them; so it is remembered, but not by Trasimene. The Roman historian remarked that the "place was formed by nature for an ambuscade," a pure assumption. One knows little enough of causes and less of purposes. Hannibal supposed himself to have won by luck and foresight, the Roman historian laid it to the Consul's impiety, in neglecting the auspices. We are inclined at this day to suppose Hannibal correct, but to add that the habit of mind which the Roman historian showed, his stiff faith in moral causes and divine purposes, was the same habit of mind that caused his people to win in the end.

One would interpret Trasimene then, at first, as a successful pagan, a mirror of immortal health and unscrupulousness, to whom the consequences of its acts are of no consequence. We have discovered more sins ourselves than it is possible to avoid. We have searched anxiously after anxiety. We have been very busy to be sorrowful. Trasimene knows nothing that ought to be done

unless it is done inevitably, no duty that is not a function.

Yet I suppose Trasimene helped St. Francis not only to understand water and other elements, and to understand that the death of the body was elemental with them, but almost to see that love and sorrow and pardon and endurance, the scruples and the regrets, somehow were elemental too, as functional and natural as that the stars should appear or the clouds shed their rain; that all things somehow were of one family, children, possibly he fancied, of our mother Earth and our father Heaven, brothers and sisters at any rate of himself; that one might see all this without understanding how it could be or how he was able to see it. This would be a peculiarity of Trasimene's instruction. We suppose Hannibal's opinion of the causes of victory and defeat correct so far as it went, if only so far as his own purposes; and we admit it was well for the Romans to have had that habit of mind which made them mistaken about the causes of victory and defeat, and the purposes for which mountains and valleys were arranged. And these things seem to be contradictory.

Trasimene gives rise to singular dim questions, like the mist which puzzled the honest Romans, while the swift Carthaginian came down and slew them in the mist. It looks as if it might — if one studied it long enough — smile contradictory things into one placid truth, and show how it could be done — if one were to spend nights and days with it — a wooded island for instance — a little bread and water.

The road ran close to the lake. The vettura rattled into a little fishing village where we stopped for lunch, and then rattled on, turned the corner of a bluff, and came out on the battle plain, an amphitheatre, three sides of it hills and the fourth the lake.

It is recorded, then, that Flaminius came marching south from Cortona in the early morning, very angry to see where Hannibal had passed and left desolation, and so here along the shore in the mist; and Hannibal reached out with his army over the hilltops above the mist and closed the pass behind, and so fell to work; and the Roman historian called him a perfidious and untrustworthy person. He won the battles by foresight and supervision, but the Romans won the wars by virtue of a certain irritating obtuseness, an imagination not able to conceive defeat, a Cromwellian recipe in trouble, — to pray to the gods and raise another legion.

I used to read the Punic Wars with a painfully wavering partisanship. The speed and isolated daring of Hannibal, the matching of his brain against the mass of Rome and her looming destiny, the success almost achieved, and the failure, were enough to break one's heart with hero-worship. On the other hand, the Roman persistence mesmerized one's admiration. It was hot-hearted reading.

After all, the victory seems to lie elsewhere than with either party, rather with the mortality and vegetation. The "Sanguinetto" — the Small and Bloody Stream — is not bloody now. The battle-ground is torpid with excessive peace. That rhetorical question asked by the fervid Apostle, "O Grave, where is thy sting?" expected the answer, Nowhere. Yet it seems to be nearly everywhere, conservative, concealed, superficially disputed by new growths. A hymn writer once allowed the exigencies of his metre to turn the Apostle's rhetoric into an impertinence, "Where thy victory, boasting grave?" "Boasting grave" is a foolish phrase. Whether victorious or defeated, it is at least silent. It has the Roman qualities and Fabian policy, imperturbable, patient, waiting, persistent. Life is the Hannibal of the two combatants, brilliant, strategic, an energy against a mass. The aboriginal war goes on forever.

It is not clear that war is obsolete or obsolescent. "It 's no use balloting, for it won't stay," said Farmer Minot to Emerson in an ante-bellum conversation. "What you do with a gun will stay." The ideal is not so satisfactory after all of a race grown so malleable and reasonable as never to come to the issue of a gun. If your substance is iron there will be need of the passion of red heat, a hammer and anvil and uncompromising blows. A conviction in iron is more of a result than a conviction in wax. Whenever it comes to the point that convictions in iron must be changed, it seems no more than ever likely that charity and persuasion will take the place of the old smithy and forge and anvil.

Was it not of Scott and Wordsworth that this difference was remarked? that the one cared for places where notable events had been, and for scenery so far as it decorated the events; that the other cared for places with such features and harmonies in them as stirred his meditation, and for events so far as they decorated the scenery. The Wordsworthian view is more direct. There is more significance in it. He saw more significant things in the Duddon than Scott saw in the Tweed. It seems more important that the Tweed flows softly and well than that the borderers used to split one another's heads over it. The ghost of a moss-trooper is not so worth seeing as the spirit "whose dwelling is in the light of setting suns," nor the ghosts of the doomed Romans as the drift of the light on Trasimene, its liquid meditation. The Roman ghosts are not there; they walk in better outline in Titus Livius; but the face of Trasimene looks up at the sky, and appears to teach a remarkable dialectic, a Platonism that I do not understand. It is a large, successfully pagan lake, and does not seem to remember St. Francis, or care a dry marsh reed whether Hannibal defeated the Romans or not.

III.

The plain of the Chiana, that borders Lake Trasimene, was as torpid as the battlefield. Oxen plodded along the road to Cortona at a pace carefully approximated to a standstill. The vetturino's horse fell into reflection. The pursuits of the few grass birds were intermittent, unessential; the industry of the air and sand insects seemed pretentious.

I do not know why the sluggard should be sent to the ant to consider her ways and her wisdom. He will only observe industry and folly going hand in hand. He will see an industry nine tenths of which is fussiness, and only one tenth efficient. How shall he learn from her that industry is wisdom? The bee is more efficient. I am exquisitely persuaded of her polity by M. Maeterlinck, but not persuaded by proverbs into indiscriminating labor, to forego "instructive hours of truantry." Your grass bird is your model of judicious uses. He labors with interested attention, but intermittently. He observes much, meditates much. He has poetized and made love in his springtime. Each spring he does it again. He raises a family. It is an interesting thing to do. He lays up nothing in particular for the morrow, and when winter is at hand, and provident ill-natured creatures make ready to jeer, he emigrates, he goes off cheerfully after tropical possibilities, to some generous indefinite region, African, trans-Mediterranean. It is virtuous to get one's self such happiness as is packed in the rotund waistcoat of a grass bird. He is so far a good citizen who feeds himself well. Cheerfulness is a communistic property, and a better purse than Fortunatus'. It has been preached of late as a duty. Yet I cannot somehow fancy it prospering as a duty. We have learned remarkably to know our "R. L. S." who set himself the "task of happiness," and kept to that business very

bravely. I think he followed his temperament for the most part. It is simpler to interpret the fulfilling of a function as the performance of a duty, than to train the performance of duty to act as a function. Virtue is happiest when it is temperamental. Let it radiate from a waistcoat if need be. And this happiness is something wherein, in the construction of civilization, among the ends and aims of culture, we have not prospered so well.

The United States Topographical Survey Maps use blue as the symbol of water, and blue lines are the watercourses and shores; brown lines mark and measure elevations above the sea's level; black signs of any shape, it is stated, indicate "culture," meaning whatever visible thing men have made on the earth, or adapted for their uses, — houses, fences, bridges, even faint trails in the forest, blazed, or established by passing feet. Culture is a word in much confusion. I heard the late Mr. Moody, in his inimitable way, illustrate what he thought the imperfect nature of education by the parable of a man who, having a field, ploughed it, and then ploughed it again, and yet again; and being asked if he meant to plant anything, said, No, he was satisfied with cultivating. As if planting were not as much cultivation as ploughing, indeed as if Mr. Moody's work, so far as he planted something of value in his hearers, were not educational and a labor for their culture, that they might receive and assimilate and produce something which did not seem to come to them or from them spontaneously, — else why Mr. Moody's efforts?

The usage of the Survey Maps is sound so far as it goes. Browning's tall mountain, crowded with culture, whose citied summit the pallbearers claimed for the proper sepulchre of their Grammarian, was a far-reaching symbol. *Kulturgeschichte* is commonly translated The History of Civilization, the history of the conquest of the wilderness, moral, intellectual, and material, from the first instrument or uttered word to the latest machinery or broadest generalization or highest aspiration, the slow-building house of humanity. And if the word culture may be used more narrowly and still without confusion, it must be by using it selectively, meaning by it the farthest, or, if you choose, the best results of civilization; and the sense in which it is so used implies the user's judgment as to what are these farthest or best results. The Englishwoman at the pension quoted the preference of butter knives for butter forks. The Italian was imagined as inclined to select intellectual suppleness and pervasive manners. Goethe remarked that "one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words." If another were to add that he thought it quite as essential in the course of the day to do a compassionate deed, and say an honest prayer, it would imply his opinion that the sage's selection of the farthest or best results of culture was deficient. And if another still were to add, with the same implication upon both, that he thought it quite as essential every day for a few moments at least to be immaculately happy, he need not be so far from reason. Again, in saying that "the ideal of asceticism represents the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live more completely in what survives of it, while the ideal of culture represents a harmonious development of all the parts of human nature," in this passage Pater implied that asceticism was not an aspiration and an effort in culture, but somehow outside of it, which seems to me quite impossible and to imply a deficient selection. One had best start again from the definition of the Survey Maps, which is sound so far as it goes.

So, too, this our late increase of sympathy with what we deficiently call "nature," meaning perhaps unhuman-

ized and outlying nature, seems but a promising extension of the foundation of this house of humanity, or, better, an extension of its garden, into the wilderness; whereby there are found to be tongues, sermons, books, in trees and stones and running brooks, and it becomes possible to gather from such spread waters as Trasimene, that our building and adapting are somehow as normal as the inflowing of streams and the outbreathing of mists, and so, by analogy, that we speak of "failures" and "mistakes" only as forms of speech, if they too are adapted and built in with the rest. And so this our new speculative attention to the subject of cheerfulness would seem to show a feeling, that our house and garden of humanity have not prospered so well in this matter as in other directions, but that if it had been one of the results of culture it would be one worth selecting. It is humiliating, in a way, to watch cheerfulness radiating from the waistcoat of a grass bird.

Cortona is a thousand feet or more up from the plain, and one goes there for that reason, and because it is small and very old, and possesses an Etruscan wall, and paintings in its cathedral by Luca Signorelli, who was born at Cortona. But I should think it best on the whole to go first to the little shed of a Baptistery, which looks as if built for some humble domestic use, not ecclesiastical. It contains an Annunciation by Fra Angelico, an angel and madonna in dim robes, with gray faces against their brilliant haloes. It may turn out to be, if not the reason for having come, then the reason, having come, for being contented, which is a better use of reason.

At least the meeting with it in the course of wayfaring, at the end of a long ascent and Hill of Difficulty, seemed to me a grateful incident, especially for the announcing angel, who comes so swiftly, so absorbed in his mission. And its keeping shelter in the poor bare shed called a Baptistery, in the old Etruscan town on its cultivated mountain, seemed to offer something farther, some obscure comment, on the question of those best results of culture, the question of selection. Fra Angelico was a monk, who worked apart from the work of his contemporaries, and thought himself working for another observation and approval than theirs. He would have thought the Cortona Annunciation more in its fit place, more at home in its shed, than the Annunciations in the Florentine galleries. So it *is* more in its place, more as they were in their places, the

> "bards who died content on pleasant sward,
> Leaving great verse unto a little clan,"—

and sang

> ". . . unheard,
> Save of the quiet primrose and the span
> Of heaven, and few ears."

And the understanding of greatness as an attribute of quality, consistent with its being obscure, instead of an attribute of extension and celebrity, as very well off without measure or price, instead of only measured by its price, this too would seem to be one of those far results to be selected for culture, something desirable in the house of humanity.

Cortona is small, but it has spacious centuries to remember. Toward evening the little shepherdesses drive the sheep up past the olive orchards and under the Etruscan wall. The Cortonese live closely together, but there is room for the eye. It can swing from the northern Apennines, and ride purple distances and broken skylines, over towns and railroads and rivers, to Trasimene on the south and to the range that guards the Umbrian plain.

Arthur Colton.

JOURNALISM.

[For the first two installments of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers, see the ATLANTIC for September and October. — THE EDITORS.]

III.

MY Cambridge life was cut short by my inability, unfortunate or otherwise, to come to terms with the Thirty-Nine Articles. I was not, indeed, cast out by the orthodox indignation of my colleagues. At Cambridge, I have said, there was no bigotry; I was treated with all possible kindness; and for a time continued to reside in college and to take part in the work. But I had to resign the tutorship which involved specifically clerical functions, and at that time a university career offered few prospects to a layman. A Fellow, who was also a clergyman, might soar upwards toward the episcopal bench; and I am often tempted to regret that I did not swallow my scruples and aim at some modest ecclesiastical preferment. Bishops indeed have fallen upon evil days: they no longer enjoy the charming repose of the comfortable dignitaries of the eighteenth century. But I should dearly like a deanery. To hold such a position as Milman or Stanley seems to me the very ideal aim for a man of any literary taste; and, what with the broad church and the "higher criticism" of later days, it does not seem that it need have been very hard to follow old Hobbes's advice and swallow your pill without chewing it. However it was not to be; and I had to accept the only practicable alternative, and exchange the pulpit for the press.

I therefore cannot boast that I took to the literary profession from an overpowering love of letters. I had to scribble for the sufficient but not elevated reason that no other honest profession was open to me. Possibly I do not think so highly of the calling as some men whom I envy and admire, because in adopting it they are obeying their spontaneous vocation. A friend, only too partial a friend, lately attributed to me the opinion, that, on the whole, books ought not to be written. I do not accept that rather sweeping theory as an accurate interpretation of my view. I should have been glad to write some books — a new Paradise Lost, for example, or, say a Wealth of Nations — if I had seen my way to such achievements; but I rather doubt whether the familiar condemnation of mediocre poetry should not be extended to mediocrity in every branch of literature. In other walks of life a man may be doing something useful even if his walk be of the humblest. The world is the better, no doubt, even for an honest crossing sweeper. But I often think that the value of second-rate literature is — not small, but — simply zero. I would not, said the promising young painter, Clive Newcome, give a straw to be a Caracci or Caravaggio. Original genius is invaluable; but echoes — and few can hope to be more than echoes — are worthless. Why swell the multitudinous chorus of "words, words, words" which rather tend to drown the few voices that have a right to be heard? If one does not profess to be a genius, is it not best to console one's self with the doctrine that silence is golden, and take, if possible, to the spade or the pickaxe, leaving the pen to one's betters? Such doubts, I confess, did not trouble me at the time; perhaps they only impress one at the age when illusions vanish.

I joined the great army of literature, because I was forced into the ranks, but also with no little pride in my being accepted as a recruit. I took up the trade at a time when the leaders of the profes-

sion were worthy of their position. There were giants in those days, as we have been recently told. Sir Edward Clarke hurt the susceptibilities of modern authors by proclaiming their inferiority to the men of forty or fifty years ago. He gave a long list of the masterpieces published in the decade 1850–1860; by Tennyson and Browning and Arnold, by Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Bulwer and Kingsley, by Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin and Froude and Buckle; and declared that they had left no worthy successors to-day. We have not, he declared, one great poet or novelist or historian. I should be afraid to express an opinion on so delicate a point: it might seem ungracious if I were to condemn my junior comrades; and it may be that fifty years hence the reputations of some of them will have developed, and our successors be marveling at our failure to recognize the great writers who are now with us. It is, however, undeniable that we could not now make out such a list of established and acknowledged reputations. That seems to those who can remember it to have been like a period when every morning brought a noble chance and every chance brought out a noble knight. In the following decade, most of those mentioned were still alive and active; though Macaulay and Thackeray had died before I came to London, and Carlyle had finished his life's work. The literary profession gained honor from its leaders. I could, of course, have no thought of treading in the footsteps of the poets or novelists. I have always had the difficulty which Jonathan Oldbuck tells us prevented him from being a poet: I could not write verses. I never, even in my boyhood, composed an epic upon King Arthur or a tragedy with Mary, Queen of Scots, for a heroine. If my schoolfellows had compelled me, as they apparently compel all sucking novelists, to act as Scheherezade, they would not have prolonged my existence in order to hear my stories finished. Preaching perhaps was more in my line, and I had my dreams of helping to set the world right upon various philosophical, political, and economic problems. A good many young men of those days were enthusiastically expecting the speedy advent of a democratic millennium. I was, as I have said, sitting like most of my friends at the feet of J. S. Mill, then beginning his brief parliamentary career.

But I saw more personally of the prophet who was at the opposite pole of thought. Carlyle was still to be seen tramping sturdily enough the Chelsea and Kensington region with an admirer or two — Froude or the charming Irish poet Allingham — forming a little bodyguard to the "grand old Diogenes," as Huxley called him. Certainly he looked the character. His love of portraits fortunately included a love of his own; and, though they were apt to remind him rather of a "flayed horsehead" than of the original features, they seemed to others to give a vivid enough impression. The grand brow overhanging the keen eyes and the worn features told sufficiently that his long pilgrimage had led through regions of gloom and sorrow and the many hard struggles by which he had won his way to fame. I was then, like most people, very slightly acquainted with his personal history; but for me he was the object of fascination tempered by no little alarm. I saw him occasionally in the little house in Cheyne Row, now consecrated to his memory, in the sad and solitary years which succeeded the loss of his wife. My alarm was due partly, let us hope, to the natural modesty of a young author in the presence of a great veteran; and partly to a lurking fear of probable disapproval. I might at some rash moment let out that I had leanings toward the pig-philosophy and even some belief in the "dismal science"! I felt something like the editor of some Sadducees' Gazette interviewing St. John the Baptist. I was not less impressed than

a true disciple by the personal dignity of the man. When indeed the old gentleman got on to his high horse of declamation and insisted upon the vitality and the ubiquity of the devil in modern times, one could only "lie low" and let the thunder pass over one's head. No man above seventy — as I now hold still more strongly — should ever be contradicted. It was pleasant, too, as many hearers have remarked, to hear the rare but hearty laugh — reminding one of Johnson's "rhinoceros" explosion — which showed that the humorist could be conscious of his own extravagances.

But he was more attractive in the vein represented by the inimitable Life of Sterling and the pathetic passages in the Reminiscences. The unequaled power of graphic portraiture and the profound tenderness for the old days were not marred — so far as I ever heard — by those petulant outbreaks which would have been excised from the posthumous book if his directions had been obeyed, and which gave to the respectable world an impression of sardonic misanthropy. One cannot, indeed, expect a John the Baptist to adopt the orthodox tone about the popular idols whom it was his special function to denounce. He did in all seriousness think many people fools, though when he asserted that Newman had the brains of a moderate-sized rabbit, he was not pronouncing a reasoned judgment. But one went to Carlyle to be roused, — not to get cool scientific formulas, and so rare a phenomenon as a prophet-humorist must be taken on his own ground. Of that, however, enough has been said, and I will only add that I never had to complain of roughness, even such as Johnson bestowed upon Boswell. Age, I suppose, had diminished the old overbearing manner, and I always found him thoroughly courteous. I may be excused if I correct an anecdote for which I am responsible. When I asked leave to introduce Stevenson to his famous countryman, the old man, it is said, refused to let another interviewer come to look upon his "wretched old carcass." That is true, but there is an appendix to the story. I had refused to introduce another admirer on the ground that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the great man. By a blunder, however, this person was presented to him as coming from me. Carlyle received him civilly, but found him to be a full-blown specimen of the bore, — not one of the many millions of that species whom he took to inhabit the United States. I happened to meet Carlyle a day or two later, when he intimated to me the nature of the infliction. Idiotically enough, instead of disavowing the responsibility, I thereupon proposed to introduce the then unknown young gentleman who has since become famous. It was, I suppose, the usual case of shyness blundering into impudence; and I feel that I deserved a rather testy reply. Anyhow it was the one bit of irritability which I ever had to notice; though I felt, as I have said, that I was a rather questionable intruder upon the inner circle.

I have diverged a little because Carlyle remains to me the most interesting of all the eminent men whom I have seen, and because his career points a moral. He once remarked to me — as one stating a plain matter of fact — that the newspaper articles of the day were so much "ditchwater," not, I suppose, springs of living thought, but stagnant canals of vapid platitudes. No one had a better right to condemn the weaknesses of journalists, for his early life had been a stern struggle against the temptations that most easily beset those who have to make a living by the trade. He had never condescended in his worst straits to scamp his work: he always wrote his very best; and instead of courting the taste of popular readers, gradually extorted recognition of his peculiar powers, — at the price, it is true, of exaggerated mannerism. He was, on this occasion, repeating the opinion which he had formed

from his early impressions of the literary circles of London. Those impressions were severe enough. When Jeffrey, the greatest light among journalists, complained of him for being so desperately in earnest, he was only saying what the average literary hack was pretty certain to feel. Mill has rather quaintly compared the Hebrew prophets to the newspaper press; but the comparison can hardly be inverted. There are not many modern journalists who impress one by their likeness to a Jeremiah or a John the Baptist. The man who comes to denounce the world is not likely to find favor with the class which lives by pleasing it; and except to one or two ingenuous young gentlemen, like Sterling and Mill, Carlyle appeared as an eccentric, mystical, and unintelligible fanatic. I can understand, on the other side, why Charles Lamb seemed to him the most futile of idols, making puns and drinking gin and water, and not prepared to listen to a Scottish sermon. The cockneys were lamentably given to chaff and levity: their earnestness, when they had any, was apt to take the form of savage personality; of smashing an unfortunate poet who belonged to the other side, or pouring out voluminous abuse like the stalwart but often foul-mouthed Cobbett. There were some able and honest writers in the newspapers; but too many were of the Bohemian free lance variety, ready to take service on either side, and to recommend their services by reckless abuse. The profession, in fact, had not yet shaken off the vices generated in the old Grub Street days, when a writer had often to choose between selling himself and starving.

A great change had followed the Reform Bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessors; and in the fifties the influence of the paper had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sebastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, idle clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy; while the public so delicately flattered wondered at its own wisdom. That, no doubt, is a very telling method. There is an instructive comment in Coleridge's Aids to Reflection upon a passage of Leighton. He begins by saying that Leighton speaks so well that he could believe him to be divinely inspired, and he ends by remarking that he agrees with the passage so fully that he could think that he had written it himself. The two observations are exactly identical in meaning. Other journals, I fancy, act on the same principle. The difference was that they generally represent a party, whereas the Times seemed to utter the voice of the nation at large. By my time, however, it had no longer the old authority. Cheap newspapers had sprung into existence upon the abolition of the stamp duty and interpreted the sentiments of the classes which were gaining political power.

Another less noticeable change was taking place. The profession of journalism was becoming respectable. Thackeray gives in Pendennis a portrait of the newspaper world, with which nobody was better acquainted in the years which succeeded the Reform Bill. Captain Shandon is supposed to represent the brilliant and reckless Maginn, one of the most typical figures of the class. No doubt there were other originals for the minor contributors to the fictitious Pall Mall Gazette. The scholar and gentleman Warrington associates with them, but as it were under protest. He is supposed to

write in the best paper of his day, but he only admits the fact to Pendennis in confidence, and confesses that he is half ashamed of writing for money. Periodical literature is hardly considered to give fitting employment for a gentleman. Then, and previously of course, it was a feather in a man's cap to have contributed to one of the great quarterlies. At first, indeed, Jeffrey had been afraid to let it be known that he was editing the Edinburgh lest it should injure his professional prospects. But in the days of Macaulay, there could be no thought of derogation. Yet even Macaulay when collecting his essays (in 1843) apologizes for apparently claiming a permanent place in literature for mere review articles which presumably belonged to the ephemeral class. He protests that he was forced to take the step by American reprints. Sydney Smith, I think, was the only Edinburgh reviewer who had anticipated him in collecting his articles. There was still, I take it, a lingering impression that periodicals were the proper sphere for the inferior caste, and that a serious author was rather condescending if he cooperated with the regular literary hack. At the present day we seem to be reversing the order, and the presumption is coming to be that an author publishes in book shape because he cannot get admission to a magazine.

One symptom of the change was the success of the Saturday Review, started in 1855. Like the Edinburgh Review, or, indeed, like Addison's Spectator, it meant that as the reading class multiplied, there was a growing movement of literary talent toward the periodical press. In each case, the cultivated critics found that there was a new audience prepared to accept their authority. The Saturday Reviewers, like Jeffrey and his friends, laid on the lash with a will: they showed themselves to be superior persons by exposing the pretenders of the day. When their victims shrieked like the victims of the Dunciad, and called them cynical, superfine, and so forth, they felt that they were doing a service to mankind. They accepted complacently the name of Saturday "Revilers." The outcry proved that they were smiting the Philistines under the fifth rib; and they specially rejoiced in trampling upon the idols of the less cultivated classes, who wept over Dickens's sentimentalism, or believed in the old-fashioned Puritanism which Dickens detested.

Few journals, as Mr. Bryce has lately remarked, have ever had so brilliant a staff as the Saturday Review in its early period. When I was accepted a little later, I felt like a schoolboy promoted to the Sixth Form, which he has been regarding with awful reverence. Many of them were men, young enough to be still surrounded with the halo of brilliant achievements at the University, — and, therefore, as we confidently believed, about to astonish the universe at large. While waiting to blaze out in the political or legal world, they could turn an honest penny, and raise the general standard of enlightenment, though shining as under a bushel in the anonymous state. They formed, indeed, a very miscellaneous body. The proprietor of the paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, was, I believe, a very amiable and cultivated man. He professed an Anglicanism of the type which suits the refined country gentleman. He converted the remains of an old monastery into a missionary college. He built churches supposed to represent the highwater mark of the ecclesiastical revival of the time, and he was a fitting representative in Parliament of the University of Cambridge, where the country clergy were then the dominant constituents. Its editor, John Douglas Cook, was an amusing contrast. The details of his career, as narrated by himself, were supposed to owe something to his creative imagination. He had been in India, and stated, I think, that he had returned on foot. Afterwards he had made himself useful to great men in the world

of journalism and politics; and had edited the Morning Chronicle, then the organ of the party which adhered to Peel after the abolition of the corn laws. He had never acquired the university polish, and, indeed, seemed to know little of any literature outside of newspapers. His manners rather suggested that he was a survivor of the old Shandon or Maginn creed. I know nothing of his religious opinions, but I can hardly imagine that he was for Mr. Beresford Hope's creed, or ambitious of suffering martyrdom, or even injuring the paper for that or any other creed. But he was a most successful and meritorious editor. He had a keen scent for promising talent, even when he had little knowledge of the subject matter. He could give good-natured encouragement, and let one know gently when one was straying from the right path. Anyhow he managed to collect most of the promising young men, some of whom, as for example the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Morley, have become famous, while others devoted to the paper talents which might have made them famous.

Of those who chose to remain obscure, the most remarkable, I suppose, was G. S. Venables. Few people, it is probable, know his name, though some have heard it as that of the schoolfellow who broke Thackeray's nose at the Charterhouse. His own nose happily escaped: for he was a man of very noble presence, and the hostile encounter was succeeded by an enduring friendship with his opponent. They were contemporaries at Cambridge, where Venables became a friend of Tennyson and of the Tennysonian circle. He claimed to have been one of the first who recognized Tennyson's genius, and long afterwards was again among the first to hail Mr. Swinburne, the next worthy successor, as he held, to the poetic throne. He had qualities other than literary culture which endeared him to a small circle of friends. One of them, the least given to gushing, declared that Venables had been to him a second father; and he was, I have every reason to believe, a man of most chivalrous and affectionate nature. Venables obtained a leading practice at the parliamentary bar, a position which does not lead to popular fame or professional advancement. He was reserved in manner, and, like other shy men, taken by outsiders to be supercilious and sarcastic. Perhaps it was natural to one of that temperament to be content with anonymous work. He was, for many years, the chief political writer in the Saturday Review, and did, I fancy, more than any one to strike the keynote of the general style. His friends used to tell stories of the singular felicity with which he could extemporize highly polished and dignified articles. One of his fancies was a prejudice against the editorial "we;" and his remarks would take the form of a series of political aphorisms, not so much expressing personal sentiment, as emanating from Wisdom in the abstract. They seemed to be judicial utterances from the loftiest regions of culture; balanced, dignified, and authoritative, though, of course, edged by a sufficient infusion of scorn for the charlatan or the demagogue. I do not mean to suggest that he was often or generally on the right side; that is an irrelevant question in journalism, nor do I suppose that it would be worth while to search the files of the Saturday Review in the hope of finding, as in Burke's writings, maxims of deep philosophical value, even when enlisted in the service of error. What Venables's articles really did, I take it, was to embody, in finished and scholarlike style, the opinions prevalent among the most intelligent circles of the London society of which Holland House had been the centre in the preceding generation. The aristocratic patron was now less conspicuous, but the class represented the fine flower of the universities, the leaders of the great professions and in the civil service, the men who are familiar with cabinet ministers

on the one side, and with the great literary and scientific lights on the other. The popular view personified them vaguely as "the Clubs," — institutions in which cynics sneer at all enthusiasm and are dead to the great impulses which "stir the great heart of the people." To me, I confess, they appear to be a valuable social stratum, though more likely to supply negative criticism than to give an impulse to reform. Zealots should perhaps be more grateful than they are to those whose function it should be to purify zeal from the alloy of demagogue humbug. In fact, they irritated rather than influenced.

The Saturday Review doctrine was embodied in Parliament at this time by the brilliant speeches in which Robert Lowe denounced the extension of the suffrage, carried by Disraeli. The result attributed to his agitation was that the measure actually carried was more decisively democratic. It may be held that such opponents only acted like the picador who worries the bull into a more savage and blindfolded charge. Yet on the whole I think that they contributed a useful element to the contemporary discussions. In another sphere, I take it, the Saturday Review did a less questionable service. It enlisted the great Freeman, who brought down his sledge-hammer upon poor Froude and upon all whom he took to be historical charlatans. That Freeman was a bit of a pedant, and had a rough and uncouth surface, is, I suppose, undeniable. I came in contact with him only once, and at a later period. He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an A. That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent; but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was!) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs, and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise.

In the Saturday Review Freeman's pet crotchets became rather tiresome. One did not want to be reminded every week that Charlemagne was not a Frenchman, and that there was no such thing as an "Anglo-Saxon" nation. I felt a certain malicious pleasure when Freeman tripped for once in correcting Froude, and declared it impossible that a ship should have been named the Ark Raleigh. As it happened, it was. Freeman's insistence upon such punctilios was, however, a symptom of most commendable thirst for thorough workmanship. Freeman tried to raise the English standard of historical research to a level with the German. Whether that has been done, I cannot say; but the conscience of the British student has certainly been screwed up to a much higher pitch, and Freeman's articles — as well as his voluminous books — must be counted as one of the most effective stimulants in the cause. Pretenders became afraid of being exposed on so conspicuous a pillory. If Freeman's wrath against Froude burnt a little too fiercely and frequently, he was making an example of a leading offender; and he showed fully equal warmth in "blowing the trumpet" of good workers. He was delighted to come across young men of promise such as J. R. Green, and did his best to spread their reputation. His biography shows sufficiently that, besides his stupendous industry, he had a warm heart and real tenderness under the rough outside. His politics, right or wrong, were those of a generous lover of justice, and he left the Saturday Review, giving up an important source of income, when it supported the Beaconsfield government in what he thought an immoral policy.

There were other contributors who did a similar service. Mark Pattison, for example, as the Life of Casaubon suggests, had the veneration for the giants of learning which religious zealots keep for the saints. Scholarship, one almost fancied, was his religion: a fastidious and, in some respects, morbid temperament prevented him doing justice to a singularly fine intellect, and perhaps with an infusion of Freeman's robustness he might have done more work, and assailed successfully defects in the academic system which he pointed out with a rather pessimistic despair. He certainly would not have given up a favorite literary task because he had been anticipated by a learned German. His friends, I think, regretted that his want of self-confidence led him to waste talent upon anonymous journalism. I do not know how much he actually wrote; but he was one of the accomplished writers who could make the Saturday Review a really effective literary tribunal. When he had, among others, such collaborators as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Goldwin Smith, there could be no lack of scholarship or grace of style.

One other element in the paper was the so-called "middle" or lay sermon upon things in general. The most frequent occupants of the pulpit at the early period were T. C. Sandars and my brother FitzJames. Sandars, like Venables, remained in obscurity and turned his talents to business. He was a burly, broad-shouldered man, full of witty and genial talk, and obviously running over with good nature. He could, however, lay on the lash with singular dexterity. I happened to hear one day how one of his victims, author of a highly popular and sentimental work, had written to the editor complaining that his prospects in life had been ruined by one of Sandars's critiques. I happened to meet the author about the same time, who told me what a hearty laugh he had enjoyed over the treatment of his work. He was, I thought, stretching excusable hypocrisy a little too far; but of course, far from being ruined, he succeeded well enough to regain, I fancy, a comfortable self-complacency. My brother, if less incisive, could be at least equally vigorous. Some of his articles were republished in a volume called Essays by a Barrister, a test to which few newspaper articles are worth exposing. They could not have been popular, for they were directly deficient in the sentimental optimism which attracts a virtuous public.

Strong realistic common sense of the Johnson variety implies contempt for the unctuous phrases by which a popular preacher passes over ugly facts, and suspicion of the ostentatious philanthropy in which he indulges. The devil, it holds, is not yet dead, and we will not be subdued by sprinkling of rosewater. The epithet cynical applied to the Saturday Review is entirely inappropriate to that attitude of mind. Most readers, I fancy, will be more inclined to condemn it, as Jeffrey condemned Carlyle, for an excess of earnestness. It savored of the pulpit. In the case of other articles there was levity enough to give rise to the charge of cynicism. The paper had its established butts: unlucky victims kept like the bag fox of huntsmen, such as Tupper the poet, or that Dr. Cumming who was daily expecting the battle of Armageddon, who could be turned out for a day's sport whenever game was scarce. The fun was perhaps occasionally cruel and apt to be one-sided. You might ridicule the evangelicism which was gone out of fashion, but in the organ of a sound Anglican you could not attack the foibles (I suppose they had foibles) of the high church party. It was, indeed, only necessary to read between the lines to see that much of the polemic might receive a wider application. Most of the contributors, I suspect, had little enough orthodoxy, though they could not be avowedly skeptical. But the public does not read between the lines.

The journalist who is anxious about his soul ought, I suppose, to have an enthusiastic belief in the causes which he advocates. There are, of course, many such men. At this time, for example, the admirable R. H. Hutton, who had in 1861 taken command of the Spectator and impressed upon it his own personality. If his enthusiasms a little outran his discretion, he atoned for such weakness by thorough candor to his antagonists. The late Mr. Godkin devoted a sturdier intellect to his self-imposed duty as censor of the morals of American politicians. Such men, expressing strong personal convictions, deserve the highest respect, and may justify Mill's theory about the prophetic office. But that singular entity, called a newspaper, when not dominated by an individual mind, always presents some problems in casuistry to a conscientious contributor. It may be the organ of the party to which you belong, but you must be very fortunate if you can really believe that your party represents the whole truth or does not demand uncomfortable sacrifices of fair play. I certainly did not believe in the creed, so far as it had any, of the Saturday Review.

I disapproved of its political tendencies; and many of its best contributors, keener politicians and certainly not less honest men than I, must have quite agreed with me. I do not know whether we took the trouble to frame any theory in self-justification. We might have urged that the opinions were such as had a good right to be uttered, and possibly have added the Machiavelian suggestion that the utterance was not likely to propagate them. It was Heine, I think, who said that he believed in atheism till he came to know atheists: and I have generally found that nothing alienates one from a creed so much as the writings of its apologists. That, however, is a refinement. It would be a better argument that the Review represented a real attempt to raise the intellectual level of journalism and claimed to be an organ of what is now called culture. Anyhow, I am impenitent as regards my share in it. I was never, so far as I can remember, dishonest in the sense of ever defending what I took to be the wrong side. I am afraid that I may have been guilty of some over-confidence in my own infallibility. I wrote with a certain happy audacity; I gave my view of things in general. I had nothing to do with politics or theology, but it seems to me that I ranged over most branches of human knowledge, from popular metaphysics to the history of the last university boat-race. I reviewed countless books, poems, novels, travels, economic treatises, and literary history. I fancy that I was pretty harmless. I have some reason to think that I saved one gentleman from adding an indefinite series of cantos to a poem; and I may have indulged in a flout or two at well-meaning people, which I should now be hardly prepared to justify. My chief impression, however, is different. I had not long ago to turn over the files of the paper for another purpose. Incidentally I looked for my own contributions, and was startled to find that I could rarely distinguish them by internal evidence. I had unconsciously adopted the tone of my colleagues, and, like some inferior organisms, taken the coloring of my "environment." That, I suppose, is the common experience. The contributor occasionally assimilates; he sinks his own individuality, and is a small wheel in a big machine. If he believes in an honest wheel, neither lying nor scamping, he may be satisfied. The newspaper press is anyhow a necessity even if the "public opinion" which it utters has not that transcendental wisdom and infallibility which enthusiasts claim for it; and a man who helps to maintain a wholesome tone is doing good service. Perhaps he may give thanks that his anonymity saves him from some of the temptations which have weakened the moral fibre and injured the work of

so many men of letters who do not wear the mask.

The Saturday Review, meanwhile, was not the only medium through which I endeavored to illuminate the world. The Pall Mall Gazette was started just as I was becoming a journalist, and it was in some ways a more congenial organ. The first editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who had suggested the scheme to its proprietor, Mr. George Smith, was a man under whom it was a pleasure to serve. He encouraged me with a cordiality for which I shall always be grateful, and had a cheering confidence in his contributors and a belief in the goodness of their work. The paper was supposed to represent in the daily press the same social stratum which had the Saturday for its weekly organ. It did not, however, meet with the same success for some time; and, rather oddly, gained its first start by a famous article in which a gentleman described his experiences in the "casual ward" of a workhouse. That, however, called attention to the writing of a more ambitious kind. My brother threw himself into the work with amazing energy. He could express his view upon ecclesiastical matters without the reticence enforced in the Saturday: and I venture to think that he had few equals in good downright sledge-hammer controversy. He was less interested in the purely political questions of that time, but he wrote with a sturdy common sense which gave a characteristic flavor to the paper. He had able coöperators, specially the gigantic Higgins, or "Jacob Omnium," who was unrivaled for his skill in composing "occasional notes," — then a novelty,— the miniature articles which condense into a sentence or two the pith of a couple of columns. That, to say the truth, must often be easy enough. A long list of other eminent contributors is given in the Life of George Smith prefixed to the supplementary volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography. Following in the wake of such leaders, I felt that I was under less restraint than in the Saturday. But I had certain ambitions to make a few remarks in my own person, and felt that the kind of superficial omniscience demanded from the journalist becomes in the long run rather distracting. A newspaper article, too, can be written in a very short time, but it seems to exhaust a disproportionate amount of energy, and excellence in the craft requires that a man should be more inclined to act the part of Kinglake's shrewd clergyman — absorbing the various manifestations of public opinion.

My work in the Pall Mall Gazette had made me acquainted with George Smith, and the acquaintance soon ripened into one of the most valuable friendships of my life. He had in the highest degree some of the qualities which one desires in a friend. He was the stanchest, most straightforward, and heartiest of men; pugnacious enough to be a "good hater," but the best of backers to those whom he really loved. Plunged into business at the age of fourteen, he had little chance for literary education, and he was ever afterwards engaged in a variety of commercial enterprises which might well have absorbed his energies. But he had from the first a keen interest in literature, and became the publisher and friend of a remarkable number of eminent writers. His earliest connections of the kind were with Leigh Hunt and "Orion" Horne, and one of the last, with Mrs. Humphry Ward. Few of his authors failed to become his personal friends. Miss Brontë (who, I need hardly say, was discovered by Smith and his reader Mr. Williams) drew his portrait in the Dr. John of Villette. It has not the minute fidelity of some of her sketches, but gives a characteristic sketch of the impression made upon her by the masterful and chivalrous young man. He is so genuine that the poor governess, herself in the shade, is cheered instead of depressed by the sunlight of success which seems appropriate to him. In later years, Smith won the warmest

regards of such men as Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Tom Hughes, and on more than one occasion justified their affection by solid proofs of good will.

With no one had he more cordial relations than with Thackeray during the last ten years of the novelist's life; and Thackeray's children then and afterwards felt Smith's friendship to be a most valuable possession. The foundation of the Cornhill Magazine, with Thackeray as editor and chief contributor, was one of the literary landmarks of the period. Thackeray's reputation gave it a special stamp, and he was able to secure the coöperation of many of the ablest writers. It had the advantage of a remarkable set of illustrations by such men as Millais, Leighton, Frederick Walker, and Du Maurier. It was an unprecedented shillings-worth, and achieved a brilliant success. Macmillan's Magazine, of less dazzling pretensions, had been launched a month earlier; and their example was soon followed by the earlier of the great swarm of more or less smaller periodicals which now flourish so luxuriantly. The Cornhill was strictly limited to the inoffensive, — it was to contain nothing which could be unsuitable reading for the daughters of country parsons whom Trollope was describing in its pages. Thackeray was forced, with many twinges, to decline a poem of Mrs. Browning because it referred to facts supposed to be unknown to that interesting class of the population. Ruskin's fierce assault upon the economists of the day had to be rejected, not because Thackeray or Smith themselves objected, but as calculated to make the hair of their public stand on end.

The rejection of Ruskin by Fraser's Magazine, then edited by Froude, was more remarkable. They were friends besides being fellow disciples of Carlyle, and Froude could certainly not condemn Ruskin's teaching on his own score. The case was significant of the two most famous of the older magazines of those days. Blackwood was, of course, of the Tory faith; and Fraser, in spite of its distinguished editor, was beginning to lose its position. Froude, one would have thought, should be a model editor. Nobody could write more charming periodical essays, as he showed in his Short Studies; no one could be more charming personally, or have a finer literary taste. He had, I think, one weakness as editor. He had not discovered, what I take to be true, that in judging our article, first thoughts are quite as likely to be right as second or third. It is best to decide at once and put your contributors out of pain, — whereas Froude would oscillate long between yes and no, from conscientiousness or, perhaps, from a certain timidity. In any case he was hardly the man to attract eager young Liberal writers. Carlylism appeared to them to be simply reactionary and cynical, as indeed Carlyle was never tired of expressing contempt for modern progress and its favorite shibboleths. His disciples agreed with him in that; but while Ruskin was stung to the passionate and stinging outbursts which gave him an influence comparable to Rousseau's, Froude had rather the intellectual temperament which we associate with Hamlet. The world was out of joint; and he did not feel competent to set it right. In any case, not much could have been made of his organ. It is an uphill task to infuse new life into a decaying periodical. Fraser's had become thoroughly respectable since the days of Maginn; and in public would, no doubt, have resented the Ruskinian vein.

Froude, indeed, allowed some of us (I felt honored in being one) to attack certain common enemies. When Kingsley, for example, got into his unlucky controversy with Newman, Froude and my brother tried to bring out what Kingsley ought to have said. I was permitted to preach a sermon or two upon a text from Carlyle, who had said that Arthur Stanley was going about boring holes in the

bottom of the Church of England; and to argue that that process would not succeed in keeping the ship afloat. I remember, too, undertaking to give a judicial account of Comte's philosophy, — a daring undertaking, for, according to the believers in that creed, no outsider can ever speak of it without grievous misunderstanding. I do not know how far I succeeded. I had been greatly impressed by Comte's books, and have always thought that they were inadequately appreciated by men of science as well as by theologians. I have valued friends among the members of his church, and fancy that if I had been at Oxford, I might have become a convert. Still I fear that they had too much reason for thinking that I sat in the seat of the scorner. A new religion always has a comic side to the wicked. The expectations of the founder have not as yet been verified, but I am convinced that they did some good work and enforced important truths. I see from the Life of Bishop Westcott that he was much of the same opinion.

One positive doctrine, I believe, forbids anonymous writing. The Fortnightly Review, started in 1865, was the first English periodical in which the principle was adopted. After a rather unsuccessful start it took a high position when Mr. Morley became editor. It illustrates the change of which I have spoken. The impression that there was any condescension in contributing to a periodical had finally disappeared. The best writers of the day were not only willing to write, but anxious to let the fact be known. The man who writes under his own name takes the main responsibility. He is not hampered by the platform of the party to whose organ he is contributing. His editor only vouches for the readability of the article, not for the correctness of the opinions expressed. The Fortnightly writers were chiefly Liberals; but the Contemporary which followed was itself colorless. It was understood to be more or less the representative of that curious body, the Metaphysical Society, in which Catholics, Anglicans, Unitarians, Positivists, and Agnostics met for unreserved discussion of fundamental questions. Such discussions had, as I have said, become the order of the day when men's minds were agitated by Darwinism and biblical criticism, and by the advent of great political and social questions. Undoubtedly, the change has been in many ways beneficial. When you encounter an individual human being, you have to be decently civil. I do not know whether we agree any better, but we certainly do not damn each other so savagely; we distinguish between the man and the abstract principle which he defends, and have to admit that our enemy is after all made of flesh and blood. Periodicals, too, have had the advantage of receiving contributions into which the best writers have put their best work. Perhaps we may regret that some men of ability have been tempted to such utterances when they ought to have been composing solid masterpieces in several octavo volumes. I will not argue the point. Hawthorne, I think, argues somewhere that civilized men should live in tents instead of in houses, to be free from the bondage to the ancestral conditions. So, one may conjecture, the author of the future will give up bothering himself about posterity and be content with writing for his contemporaries and the immediate present. Perhaps his work will not in the result be the less lasting. At any rate, there came to be a good deal more journalism, which was better than "ditchwater;" which contained serious and powerful dealing with important problems. I do not apply these epithets to my own contributions, but, at least, I had sufficient opportunity of taking some part in the work. I had, however, before long to take up other functions.

Leslie Stephen.

(*To be continued.*)

A WOMAN'S FANCY.

I.

THE warmest admirer and friend of Mary Arden could not have denied that as a connection she had some serious drawbacks, nor that Brandon Messenger was the very last of men to take them lightly or to overlook them. He was a shy, cool-eyed, stern-jawed young man, with a face whose clean-cut stubbornness gave the index to his character. As to that, it was at least genuine. This much may be said for him. Essentially of the New South, whatever of older grace, charm, and tenderness had been lost was here creditably replaced by inflexible uprightness, by prudence, and by industry. Though not unreasonably ambitious, he had yet fully resolved to make a success of his life, and his idea of a good beginning for that end did not include a marriage with any penniless girl, but least of all with Mary Arden's father's daughter.

Now concerning Mary Arden herself, concerning her exquisite native refinement, her instinctive honor and goodness, there could be no two opinions. All the traditional traits of hereditary gentryhood seemed to be concentrated in her, outside as well as in. Her face, her manner, her voice, were all eloquent of this, as also the turn of her slim neck upon its shoulders, and the shape of her long, slender hands. The face was of the sort oftenest called lovely; being very young, girlish, and sweet. A singularly sensitive countenance, — both guileless and acute, transparent and yet at times inscrutably reserved. There were then depths in the large hazel-gray eyes as in deepest and darkest water-pools; depths into which the startled spirit shrank like some amphibious down-diving creature. And Brandon Messenger could but stand on the brink at such times, baffled, though no less attracted. Was it not, indeed, in this same remoteness that the chief attraction lay?

The acquaintance between them had begun when they were children. Though the father and brothers to whom he justly objected had sunk below even a somewhat lax Southern standard in more ways than one, there was still good descent to back them. They were on the outer fringes of the old "good family" set. Besides a visit to the house now and then Brandon Messenger found many occasions of meeting Mary Arden. In the intervals of his school and college life it had been kept up. That it never passed the bounds of mere outward friendliness is saying a good deal for his prudence. He was really as much in love with her as he could be with any one. Though the heart never got the better of that cool head, it was a tough pull sometimes. It was rather a relief at last when the day came for him to seek his fortune elsewhere.

He was, as I have hinted, a matter-of-fact young man. He had talked the matter over with his mother, — or had, rather, for once let her talk. They were on confidential terms, those two. They resembled each other. They had agreed that Mary Arden was "impossible." There was but one more indulgence that he claimed for himself, and that was a farewell interview.

He carried out his intention by seeing her home from church the next evening. It was the place where they had oftenest met. The long walk across the fields was one full of associations for them both. It was a typical Virginia walk, around them the sedgy waste, in front, drawing ever nearer like a dreary Fate, the dilapidated old home of her girlhood. It was a little after sunset. The time of the year was autumn. There was a sunburnt smell in the air, yet mingled with the

frost, suggesting fire. Had she been by herself Mary would have been apt to pick up a few dry sticks that they passed. She had one comfort at home, in the shape of big fireplaces. As it was now, she walked unheedful of them. It was in vain for these two that the landscape displayed its purplish reaches, gold-and-crimson dotted. They were thinking of other things. In spite of himself Brandon Messenger's heart was beating high. The hot blood leaped to his cheek. It was the last time, — and he had resolved not to speak the one thing that he most wanted to say.

Still one cannot walk in silence for almost two miles. Is not silence, too, more dangerous than speech sometimes? After the ice was broken they talked, or he did, and he let himself go. In strange, pale quiet she listened. He ran on with still stranger eagerness. He told her all his plans; of the route he was going to take, of the little middle-Western town to which he was going to practice law. It is a sort of talk most natural and sweet between a man and the woman he loves enough to marry. But there was something wanting here. There was a sort of intoxication about going so close to his limit, without once overstepping it; but as he went on to speak gayly of his plans for the future, he seemed skirting the edge of something hard and cold.

It is not possible, however, to cheat one's self entirely. He was quite aware, after all, of the preciousness of what he was missing. It was filling him more and more with a sort of anger to think of the might-be even now possible. If he were only not quite himself, — just a little different! He was not an imaginative man, but somehow just here there came to him with curious lifelike distinctness a vision of the sort of man he ought for her sake to have been. It was as if some elder brother stood aloof from and reproached him; an old-fashioned, before-the-war sort of somebody, chivalrous and absurdly high-minded. In the eyes of this person good blood covered all social sins; the wedding of first love all social or professional failures. It seemed just now a very hard fact that he should belong essentially to a later generation.

All things come to an end at last. When they reached the steps of the high rickety porch of the old mansion, where seven generations of Ardens had come down from affluence to poverty, — when they reached these steps there came a pause. He could not go in. For the first time he looked at her. He had not dared before. She looked tired and pale, puzzled and wistful. He was poignantly aware of the unconscious appeal of those hazel eyes. Even to the last of such a crucial interview as this there is apt to be an element of uncertainty. As he took her hand to say good-by she looked up at him quite simply, with a wave of crimson rushing over her cheeks. Her small mouth was quivering slightly. He felt that he might have kissed it without any active resistance on her part. In a young man of his standard one such step beyond the line would have bound him to her in honor, past recall. He was just at the point where a touch would turn the scale. What was it, he asked himself afterward, that kept him just then, more than all extraneous obstacles, safe and free? Was it what those eyes did *not* reveal? All at once he became aware of that strange sudden withdrawal of her nature. She was gone beyond his touch and ken. It was baffling, but just now relieving. At least she was not without her reserves to fall back on!

Next moment he had shaken hands and turned away.

The early autumn twilight was falling as he went. His way at first lay down a road into which their path had merged. Though his head was still unsteady, his steps were firm enough. He was aware that he had behaved well at the last. He had been both cool and dignified, and, though friendly, had not once overstepped the bounds of friendliness. Why

should a man under such circumstances feel like a hound? And yet if she had looked even a little more desolate! As he thought of that upturned face he paused, and half turned. Should he even now go back or not? And once again the question was answered.

It was, as I have said, early twilight. Through the haze in front came a sound of voices and the tramp of horses' feet. Down the road came three horsemen, no other than Mary Arden's father and two brothers. They were wending their late way home from some Sunday rendezvous that was not church. The sorry horses that they rode had evidently eaten but little that day, and their riders had drunk too much. The elder man, sitting unsteadily in an old army saddle, was apparently lecturing on the ills of dissipation. His voice was thick and foolish, but he was still not past knowing an acquaintance. Brandon Messenger paused, frowning in response to the boisterous and over-familiar greeting. If he had not cared for Mary Arden he would simply have disliked and avoided her relatives. As it was, he hated them from the bottom of his heart.

The hand which he now held out perforce to Captain Sam Arden was most affectionately squeezed. "Come back, Branny, my boy," hiccoughed that worthy amiably. "Mary be glad to shee — we 'll all be glad to shee you. Any friend of muh darter — welcome to us all." Brandon Messenger repressed a shudder as best he could. When he finally with some difficulty got away, it was to strike into the field path with a step most resolute and a long breath as of danger escaped.

II.

About ten years after the parting just described Brandon Messenger awoke one day to a realization that the main obstacles between himself and Mary Arden had been unexpectedly removed. His preference for her remained unchanged. She was still single and, as far as he knew, disengaged. Last, but not least, his success in his profession would admit of his marrying without considering the question of money.

Captain Arden and his eldest son, though of a sort whose days are too often long in the land, had been gathered to the fathers they had helped to disgrace. They had died, one in a fit of apoplexy, the other of a fever brought on by irregular living. Equally surprising and gratifying to Brandon Messenger, though in a different way, had been the other brother's turning out. He had gone to the far West, prospered, and after a visit home some months before, announced his intention of never coming back again. Altogether it seemed to Mary Arden's former lover that Fate had most kindly worked out for him the problem abandoned that autumn night. She was now absolutely alone and untrammeled. They were still young; in life's very noon and prime. After all, there was no reason why they should not be happy together.

He had made, since leaving it, several visits to his old neighborhood, but they had been brief and hurried. Mary Arden was one of the people whom he had never seen. He had never dared to trust himself to call; and no accidental meeting, such as he had secretly half longed for, half dreaded, had ever come to pass. Between himself and his mother her name was rarely mentioned, but he had still heard enough, both from her and from others, to know the general outlines of Mary's life. In a letter from Mrs. Messenger, which finally led him to a certain important decision, occurred these words: —

"Mary Arden is still living on alone — of course I mean with a servant. She still has old Aunt Sally, — as fat and black as ever, — but is otherwise all by herself. I suppose she is attached to that dreary old place, though why she should

be I cannot imagine. What she lives on nobody knows. Her father left nothing but debts. She not only keeps the place, but is paying them off, nobody knows how. Do you know, I think her a remarkable woman? She grows more and more interesting to me. Now that Sam Arden is dead I am thankful to say that one can go with pleasure to see her. I called the other day, and must repeat what I have said, — she is a very interesting person. Even in a less dull place than this I think one might be struck with her. You know, my dear, that even when I most approved of your — well never mind that now! but I was always fond of her, and what change there is has been for the better. By this you will see that there has been a change. I cannot define or describe it. It seems to suggest a sort of mystery, — something kept back, hidden, though of course I don't mean anything discreditable. It is here, I think, where the fascination lies. She is clever too. You know she was always clever, in a soft, sweet way. Now there is less sweetness perhaps, but (though I may not be a judge) I think her cleverer than ever. Besides looking and talking that way she somehow gives one the impression of her own reserves to fall back on. I think people are rather afraid of her. Don't think by this that she is conceited or sarcastic. Not at all. But she is certainly very different from anybody else about here. There 's a sort of distinction about her in fact, both as to appearance and manner. It may be the effect of living so much alone. People who do that are bound to be either superior to others or else vastly inferior. Even before her father died she was practically alone. My dear Brand, what a father-in-law you escaped there! Thank Heaven, she is free from him at last — and from that horror, Crawford. How nice to think they are both dead! As for Tom, she seems fond of him, but his late visit could hardly have been much pleasure to her. To be sure he is a great improvement on those others, but bad enough, slangy and bragging. He went off in high dudgeon with her for refusing to go with him. I don't think she is grieving, though, — for him or them or any one. Maybe she did once, but there 's no trace of it now. She looks perfectly comfortable now — and somewhat amused. I am sure I don't know why she should be. What on earth has she had to be amused at! But to come to the point, dear boy, I have this much more to say: I can't believe it natural or even possible that such a young woman, and such a pretty woman, should be content to go on living as she does unless she is holding herself consecrated to the memory of some particular person. There! laugh at your romantic old Mamma if you choose, but that is my conviction. In spite of all disadvantages she has had admirers. I know of two offers she has refused. Though she seems to hold men off, they are still attracted by her. But I must hurry this to a close. I don't think you will need telling that I have not written without a definite aim in view. What I want to say is this: If your feeling for Mary Arden is still what it used to be, I know of no girl who would now make you a more creditable wife, — or one who, for my part, I would more gladly welcome as a daughter-in-law. I think you will understand why I feel it my duty to say this much if no more."

Late in the afternoon of the next day but one, after reading this letter, Brandon Messenger found himself in his native county, — walking rapidly across the fields which lay between Mary Arden's home and the nearest railway station.

He had not written to or seen his mother. To go tamely to her first, to discuss or arrange this matter, would have been to his present mood impossible. It was curious, indeed, how much

of a barrier their agreement long ago had always been. He could not quite reach over it yet. After to-day it might be different. He did not know. He dared not guess. An intense feverish impatience was shaking and scorching him. One of those rare fever-fits that come two or three times in a life to men of his cool temperament had come to him. It would not be reasoned down. He had noticed people glancing at him curiously on the train, and was conscious of the dull red flush on his face, the smouldering fire of his eyes. His hands were unsteady, his feet felt unnaturally light and mechanical. Old thoughts and memories were busy within him, but in a new light. Despite the knowledge that so tried again he would do as he had done, a fierce self-contempt had laid hold of him. It was crying out against the tame submission, the cold prudence of the last ten years! How incredible it now seemed that he should have so shaken hands with adverse Fate! Was he indeed that plodder, that poor, painstaking fool, who had given her up to settle down, grubbing his way through years of sordid disappointment to a still more sordid success? It was the sort of moment that comes to us all in our more exalted moods. As one of the great novelists has said, we know all the time where our usual self awaits us; but for the little time when we "rave on the heights" how far away the dusty levels seem!

It was just such an evening as that last one when they had walked together across these very fields. The reddish golden haze of an early autumn sunset seemed to float tangibly in the air; the pungent, sunburnt odor of September woods and fields came on every breeze to his nostrils. An almost summer-like warmth was taking on enough of evening chill to be pleasantly suggestive of fire, — of that first country fire, built of blazing brush and chips in a great open fireplace. Meanwhile "the fire that frost engenders" burned redly amid the sumac bushes and the brambles, flashed flamelike from the golden-rod through purpling misty grasses. Small wild things of the waste rustled and scurried and whirred alongside his path or across it, — and Mary Arden's feet seemed to keep time with his as they had done ten years before. Her flower-like girl-face seemed to flit again beside him. Little curves of her cheek and throat, little motions of her figure, came back and thrilled his very heartstrings. For once, at least, the want of her took utter possession of him. Suppose that he had lost her forever! The terror of danger almost escaped, the burden of a weight almost, not quite, lifted, was in the thought. He could not bear it. At any rate he was going now like a man to ask her to be his wife.

The old house at whose threshold they had parted long ago was still standing, to the distant eye unchanged. There was still about it, there under its scraggy trees, the old impression of waste-encircled dreariness. His eyes were bent upon it, when he came suddenly on the person he had come to see.

In a shallow depression of the slightly undulating field stood an ancient gnarled cherry tree. At the foot of this tree which had thus far screened her from him, and close to the path, Mary Arden was sitting.

He remembered in after days with curious distinctness the lie of that little hollow, — the half-decayed tree overhead, the somewhat barren minuteness of the growths underfoot. It seemed to him not only the scene of this present crisis, but of one in some long-past existence. On the side next the house was a thicket of wild plum bushes. Against its dull red-brown leaves, above the carpet of gray moss, scarlet-sprinkled as with elfin blood, the whiteness of her face and dress stood out in vivid contrast. The only touch of color about her was a crimson scarf which had slipped unheeded from her shoulders. Her bare head was

bent over a book in her lap. Her profile was toward him, still beautiful, though sharper than of old, and with a certain clear-cut inflexibility about it. Her rounded cheek looked singularly firm, smooth, and clearly pale. All this he noted in that first instant. As he stopped short and indeed recoiled in startled uncertainty, she turned her head, perceived him, and as their eyes met, smiled. It came over him then, with sudden hopeless clearness, that any other greeting would have meant better for him.

III.

"I wonder if I may tell you all about it?"

Her brow was slightly knitted as she spoke. A strange look had come into her eyes. It was more of pain than pleasure, though partaking of both, but on her lips that smile still lingered. He was sitting not far off, his back against the tree, his hands clasped about his knees. His heavy eyes were bent upon her. His face looked hard and old. Though the last ten years had dealt kindly with her, they had been hard on him at best. There were deep lines on his forehead, around his mouth; his hair was touched with gray. Her brow and her cheeks were waxen smooth, the clear-cut firmness of maturity. This and her healthy pallor were the most striking physical changes which he saw in her. When it came to the look in the eyes that now met his, ah! here was a different matter. There was no resistance there, no resentment, — nothing could have been more simply straightforward. But from the very first he had read therein his fate. Even while speaking the words that he had come to speak he wondered at himself for doing so. What was the use of it? — what possible use? She had answered as he had expected. But even before that No was spoken his disappointment seemed old. He looked at her dully as she spoke. Even her words, her tone, roused no particular curiosity; but —

"Tell me all you choose," he said.

She drew a long soft breath and pulled her crimson scarf over her shoulders. The air had waxed more chilly.

"I never meant to tell any one, — and least of all you," she said, "but then you know I never thought of your coming this way."

There was perfect truth in her eyes, her voice. He winced a little, but said nothing. She went on: —

"Now I think I should like to tell it just once, just to see how it sounds in words. I suppose, after all, you are the right one to tell it to, — and it seems a pity to miss the chance."

The coolness of her point of view struck him as somehow professional. To tell the story, and to its most fitting listener, seemed with her the important thing.

"I appreciate the importance of my position," he said. "You will find me an attentive listener."

She looked around her, then back at him with that same little air of artistic satisfaction.

"It seems such a suitable place to tell it — here," she said. "This is where I used to come to think it over. This is where my leading idea," she smiled again, "first came to me. Is n't it queer that things should happen so?"

Brandon Messenger moistened his lips. "Very queer," he said.

She went on: "Don't think I want to hurt you," said she. "If I do, it will be because I can't help it. It may hurt you a little, — and yet I think you will find the story interesting."

"Never mind hurting me," said the man.

She gave another look around. "It was the only place, — the only *quiet* place within my reach. You know how it was then indoors, — at least when *they* were home! I get a little tired of it now, I mean of the quiet, — but I think I

should have gone crazy without it then. I was very unhappy that first year. Now, I 'm coming to the part that may hurt. If it does I am very sorry. It is no use pretending that I did not care for you, or suffer when you went away. I knew that you knew I cared. I knew you cared for me, too, — in your way. How the knowledge came to me I can't explain, but I knew, — and it did not make things easier. I think I was dazed at first. You see I did n't quite know — understand why you had left me that way."

She looked at him, as one who apologizes for long-past stupidity. He said never a word.

"I was very humble in those days," she said, "and I really loved you very, very much. I would n't have minded a long engagement, — ten, twenty, thirty years. It would have made no difference. If you had told me you cared for me even without saying a word about any engagement at all I would have been satisfied. If you had kissed me good-by I should not have minded. It would have been better than nothing. Think of such trusting innocence!" She laughed ripplingly. "And how I thank you now for not taking advantage of it! Don't look so sorry, please; it is all over now. And even at the first, when I did n't understand, I somehow thought you were right."

She paused again as if expecting him to speak. He still said nothing. She went on: —

"It might have done me some good to get angry with you, — but I could n't. I felt that you were right. If you had been different of course it would have been — like a miracle, I suppose. But miracles are things that do not happen. If we ever think they may have done so once, we have to come back to this, — they don't now. I did not blame you. It did not seem your fault that Fate was so against us. There was nothing even then to turn my heartache into any other feeling. I don't like to think now of the long, long days and nights. But don't look so, please, for I can't go on if you do. If I dwell on this at all, it is only because it is necessary to round out the story."

She was frowning now as if irritated. She had half risen from the mossy stone which was her seat. He made a downward gesture of his hand. As she seated herself again, and settled her skirts, it was with that little professional air. Then she drew another long breath.

"I am now sorry for that girl," she said, "as if she had been somebody who died or went away. You must listen to me now just as if she had done so. I am not going to dwell upon her misery. We don't tell things that way now. It is not the best art. But one must be allowed a brief touch here and there to illustrate one's main point. As my main point is to show how she escaped, you must know somehow what she escaped from. It was only natural, you know, that I should want to ease myself. After all self-preservation *is* the first law. I wanted to get over that, — I wanted to be happy in some of a woman's little ways. It seemed so unreasonably cruel that you should spoil everything. Of course I wanted to forget you, — but I knew it was no use. We never forget what we try to forget. But it came to me one day, in this very place, that there was a way of thinking that would set you apart from me forever."

He was staring at her dully. She nodded and went on: —

"To make you dead would not do at all. You seemed to belong to me forever then, — and I wanted to be free from you. It did no good to play you had forgotten me. Somehow I felt sure you would *never* do that. But to have you go on so, alone and still caring, was simply more than I could bear. There was no way for me but to think of you as belonging to somebody else."

He saw again that he was expected to make a comment. "I am much obliged

on her account," he said. It was with a little note of pride that she continued:

"I was always clever at making believe. I could always see plainly what I thought or read about. I suppose there are few who have such a gift for it. It was a side of me that I never showed to you. I suppose I felt you could not share it. If I had married you I would have wanted to share your life. As it was, there was only my own to fall back on. I used to sit here and call her up, — I mean the girl you would marry some day. She did not come exactly out of my dream-world, but out of the world of future probabilities. Well, at first it was hard, but after a while I saw her plainly, as plainly as I see you now. To be sure the face was at first a little misty, but even that cleared after a while. From the first I knew what she would be. She was in all respects the sort of girl you would like for a wife, after your success should be won and the fancy for my unsuitable self faded somewhat away. You see I did not know — how should I? — that you would come back. It was simple probability that I built on. After all, I think I was right generous to you. She was young, a good deal younger than I. Even now she would be just a nice age for you. She was pretty, too, delicate, and graceful. She was accomplished and stylish. She was fastidious, as became one used all her life to the refinements that go along with wealth. She knew nothing of poverty with its humiliations, — nothing of any sort of misery. She was an excellent connection, her people all that is desirable. She was altogether the sort of girl that you, or any successful man, would be proud of."

He winced again as he heard this. But she was not looking at him. Her gaze was bent beyond, across the now twilight waste. She seemed to see things that he could not see. A faint flush had crept into her cheeks. The pleasure of telling the story was evidently warming her, thrilling through her veins.

"I was with her when you first met her. I was with her afterwards, — all through the courtship. Even when you asked her to be your wife, I was there and heard. You were not an ardent lover. You did not care for her as you had cared for me. But you liked and admired her. You tried to think yourself in love. It was so desirable that you should be. On the whole you succeeded. She thought it was all right and gave you her whole heart in return. Good fortune had not spoiled her. She was warm-hearted and true. I — I went on making friends with her. It was not always easy. Sometimes it was very hard. You see she was so happy, so triumphant. It made my lot seem hard, — but I said we *must* be friends. I *must* get used to seeing you two together. I kept on — I got used to it. By the time you were married I found that I could stand by and watch it almost cheerfully."

A curious smile had been creeping over her listener's face. As she paused he said, "I am glad to have afforded you at least that much pleasure in life. Did you leave us at the steps of the altar?"

She flashed a quick glance at him. "Oh no!" she cried. "Do you suppose I could do that? Why, I *had* to keep on. It was the only chance for me. And the pain it had been at first (I won't pretend it did not hurt) — the pain at last was nearly gone. There was hardly one little bit of jealousy left. You see I don't pretend I was not jealous! But as she grew more and more real to me I found that I cared less and less for you. We can get used to anything, you know. I had simply got used to thinking of you that way. You were hers. It was not you I wanted any more. It was she I wanted to care for me. And she did. When you were harsh with her (as you were sometimes) it was to me she turned for help and comfort. When you were kind to her I stood by and saw your kindness — your caresses without a pang. Then I felt that I was cured. Do you

know that the best thing for a burn is to hold it to the fire? It is a harsh remedy. It hurts, — but it heals. I had been hurt, — but I was healed. For ten years I have been her friend; for ten years she has stood between me and the thought of you."

The peculiar humor of the situation was beginning to dawn on him. He gave a strangled laugh. A ghost of hope had come back to him.

"And do you think," he said, speaking, however, with a stoutness he was far from feeling, — "do you think that I — or any sane man — will give you up for such a fancy freak as this? It is too absurd to be combated. A good laugh is the best argument against such stuff. Whatever in the past may have stood between us, there is nothing now. In my way I have been true to you. So long as you care for no other man" —

She rose suddenly to her feet, interrupting him as she did so with a quick, half-angry gesture.

"You do not understand," she said. "That has nothing to do with it. There can never be, in the sense you mean, another man for me. But that makes no difference in my feeling for her or what she has been to me."

She began, as she spoke, to pace slowly to and fro, drawing the red scarf around her. Though no longer in such marked contrast to her cheeks, it showed against her dress like blood on snow. Her voice took on a new quality.

"She was the *first*," she said, "but she was not the last. There were others. They came after a while, and seemed to stand around me. They too seemed to live and move and have a being. There were things for me to think of, — stories for me to tell. Have you ever read any of them, I wonder? They have never had my name to them, but I have thought sometimes you might chance to read what I have written. You would not, I think, care much for it, — but there are some who do." Her flush deepened here and she smiled archly. "There are readers and editors, and publishers and cheques. I have found my vocation, Brandon Messenger. And I think it was your wife who first taught me that it was not to be your wife."

Brandon Messenger rose too, with another would-be laugh. "Does n't it strike you," he asked with affected lightness, "that this is a little bit hard on me? Am I to be forever cut off from the substance by this shadow that you have raised? If I never find this person and marry some one else would I be guilty of bigamy? I surely have a right to know."

"If you ever marry," she replied, "it will be such a woman as I have described."

A feeling that her words were true came over him. But he made another effort at lightness.

"Suppose," he said, with a shrug, "I never marry at all! What then?"

She turned on him passionately.

"And do you think," she cried, "that *that* would make any difference in the way I think of Her? Would you belong any less to her? Do you think that after all I owe to her, I should let you come between us now? It was she, not you, who saved me from worse than death, who taught me my one gift and power. It is she, not you, who has been for years my best and dearest friend. We have walked and sat together in these very fields. She has kept me company indoors. I have taught her many things that only women know. She has helped me with my own poor make-believes. I can see her when I will, — see her now over yonder, ready to come nearer when you are gone. You belong to her, not to me. If I take you now I must give her up, and with her the rest of my world must go, — my own world in which you have no share. I was left out of yours, remember, years ago. You must do the best you can without me now."

She was catching up her skirts as for

the walk back. He was looking fixedly at her; before his eyes, however, not so much her face as a vision of the world they might have shared. Noting her motions, he asked, "Shall I go with you?" She shook her head.

"Not unless you choose. It is not necessary."

"I suppose you have better company."

She smiled. "Seriously, I am not afraid," she said. "Neither am I ever lonely, *now*."

The last word had its sting. "You know," said he, "I think you are crazy!"

She laughed outright.

"There are some other people who do, I believe. But it makes very little difference. I believe the most suspicious fact is that I live alone, but you know I have Aunt Sally."

"Yes, she at least is flesh and blood. Well, if you should ever need the help of another living creature, let me know!"

She held out her hand quite frankly. "Thank you," she said, "but I think we shall get along. I am self-supporting now, you know. Let me know if you ever need *my* help. People often wonder, I think, what I live upon. *She* has taught me a way to live."

The underlying comedy of it all was beginning to overpower him. He could have shouted with wild laughter. As he let go her hand he asked one more question.

"Will you make it into a story?"

She shook her head.

"Never again."

Then he turned away. The last yellow streak had faded from the horizon. The twilight haze was thick all around. Overhead the first stars were peeping out, — far, far away, and cold. A killdeer was sounding its wild note in the distance. Some frogs were croaking in a bit of marsh near the path. Brandon Messenger straightened himself with a good long breath. He bethought himself of his mother. She would be glad to see him, and she at least was not a fanciful woman. He walked swiftly on, only pausing once to look back. Halfway between their meeting-place and the house he saw a gleam of white. It seemed to flit rapidly on, away toward a single lighted window dimly visible. He was glad of that one ray for her sake. As his glance in withdrawing came back to the solitary tree, it seemed to him that there lingered beneath it, gray and wraithlike, another shape. Was it only the effect of starlight on a lichened tree-trunk, or was it the form of that other woman who so strangely stood between them?

I have said more than once that he was not imaginative, but for the moment he could have sworn that a light, soft laugh rang out, that a hand was waved. It was as one who leaves the land of dreams that he turned for the last time on his heel.

Alice M. Ewell.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS FOR FUTURE DEFENSE.

From the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish. This struggle is maintained with every weapon and by every artifice, and success is attained not only by endurance and sagacity, but by cunning and ferocity. Chief, however, among the faculties which have given superiority, must rank the martial quality, for history teaches us that nothing can compensate a community for defeat in battle. War is competition in its fiercest form.

To illustrate this truth no phenomenon of our own time is so striking as the social revolution which has been in progress in Great Britain for about a generation, and which tends to culminate in an effort to consolidate the empire by a renunciation of free-trade.

Last June Mr. Chamberlain expressed his conviction that the empire could only "be held together" by a system of preferential tariffs with the Colonies; for though the facts upon which he based his conclusion have long been patent to foreigners, they have but lately penetrated the minds of Englishmen. All know that Mr. Balfour has since adhered to Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine, that his cabinet and his party are split, and that a contest is raging which promises not only to overthrow the accepted economic convictions of nearly a century, but to modify radically the commercial relations of the world.

Whatever opinion may be held of Mr. Chamberlain as a statesman, no one is likely to question either his intellectual power or his sincerity in this controversy. In breaking with the national policy of free-trade Mr. Chamberlain has little to gain and much to lose, for he is now old, and he has attained, against bitter resistance, both political advancement and social position. Also the weight of his opinion in such a matter is undeniable. Beside him his colleagues rank as amateurs. He has had a long and successful business life, as well as experience in public office, and he knows America and the Colonies. His mind, therefore, is comparatively free from that insularity which has been a disadvantage to British statesmen.

A man must have intellectual force to emancipate himself when over sixty from the preventions of his youth, and Mr. Chamberlain was probably educated among the strictest sect of Adam Smith and Cobden; his conversion, therefore, marks an epoch, and, perhaps, no study to which Americans could address themselves would aid them more to comprehend the emergencies which may await them, than an examination of the events which have shaped the fortunes of England. Indeed, in these events we have played the chief part, for the unity of the British economic system hung upon the war of the Revolution and of 1812. The dogmas of free-trade are not pure delusions; like other a priori theories, moulded by circumstances, they are suited to certain social conditions; but that they are not universally applicable to nations considered as units struggling for survival, and not as fractions of humanity to be sacrificed to some abstract general good, could have been demonstrated by history at the outset, had men been minded to arrive at truth, and not at an expedient by which they thought to profit.

Free-trade means the survival of the fittest in a peaceful environment, or, in other words, the elimination of the martial qualities as a factor in competition. Rome exemplified the process. Under the Roman Emperors free-trade flourished, more or less perfectly, for several centuries, over a large area in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Apparently the circumstances were favorable, but the result was that the Western provinces including Italy began to decay almost as soon as consolidation had taken place. The reason for this decay is obvious.

The Roman Empire was an administrative system resting on converging highways, running, generally, east and west. Like other such organisms it consisted of three sections, a base, a vent, and a central market, or capital. After Augustus crushed opposition at Actium the Roman base lay in Egypt and Asia, the vent, chiefly, in Gaul and Spain, and the market in Italy. As between the base and the vent, Egypt and Asia supplied most of the manufactures, the luxuries, and the food, all of which ranked as necessaries in the West toward the Christian era, while Europe produced

nothing which Orientals would take in exchange for their wares but the metals, preferably gold and silver. Accordingly gold and silver flowed from West to East, the extent of the movement having been gauged by Latin economists. These had no difficulty in predicting disaster, and they were justified by the event. After the hoards gathered by conquest had been exhausted, prosperity continued as long as existing mines yielded abundantly, or as long as expansion uncovered fresh deposits of ore. When these resources failed contraction set in, agriculture became unprofitable, insolvency followed, and at length depopulation supervened. All this is common knowledge. Even the precise point when serious contraction began may be fixed pretty certainly. It was the panic which occurred under Tiberius in the year 33 A. D. Augustus perceived the necessity of expansion, and undertook the reduction of Germany. In the year 12 B. C. he ordered Drusus to the Rhine, and Drusus, in a series of able campaigns, marched to the Elbe, and then began the regular fortification of strategic points, which always formed the foundation of Roman administration. In the year 9 B. C. Drusus died from an accident, and then came the turning point in Rome's destiny. Augustus made the capital error of his life in sending Varus to take command, for Varus was incompetent. Despising his enemy, Varus allowed himself to be drawn into the forests in the direction of Paderborn, and was there cut off with his whole army. The defeat fell in the year 9 A. D., and Augustus, who comprehended its significance, was prostrated by the shock. At first he thought the disaster might be repaired, and he appointed Tiberius. Subsequently Tiberius planned a comprehensive campaign, but it had to be abandoned. Roman vitality had already ebbed too low. The Rhine became the frontier, the German minerals remained undisturbed, exhaustion went on unchecked, and within a few years a large proportion of the Senate went into insolvency.

These facts relating to Rome illuminate the history of every succeeding economic system. In the sixteenth century, after the discovery of America and of the sea passage to India, the evolution of modern empires began. In the reign of Elizabeth four communities were struggling among themselves to become the seat of exchanges between the East and West; these communities were Spain, then at war with Holland, Holland itself, France, and England. Each nation early succeeded in obtaining a foothold both in Asia and in America, but the crisis of the conflict came in the Seven Years' War, when England won the advantage. For a period during the middle of the eighteenth century Pitt held a substantial dictatorship; and probably Pitt may deserve to rank with Cromwell as one of the two great administrators whom England has produced since the Middle Ages. Indeed, Pitt has had scant justice done him for his most remarkable qualities. Oratory and the like are plenty enough, but Pitt comprehended international exchanges, and built up the British Empire on what might have been a scientific basis, had the materials he left to his successors been handled with skill.

The conception of a self-sufficing organism which has of late possessed Mr. Chamberlain is not new. Not to recur to the Romans, those familiar with the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries know that the problems of commercial exchanges were then deeply studied, and it may happen that the old theories will ultimately be found to be nearer the truth than the doctrines which afterward displaced them. Joshua Gee, for example, reasoning precisely as Mr. Chamberlain reasons, arrived at similar conclusions. Gee explained that the object of statesmanship should be to make a kingdom self-sufficing, that is to say, "capable of raising within itself and its Colonies materials for employing all our

poor in those manufactures, which we now import from such of our neighbors who refuse admission to ours." To that end, following the example of Rome, Great Britain sought to establish a base, a central market, and a vent. Certainly Pitt did not direct the campaigns of Clive which led to the victory of Plassey in 1757, and decided the destiny of Hindustan, but he saw the relation which India bore to America; that infinite "double market," as he called it, "the market of consumption and the market of supply."

Like other nations, the United States is the creation of physical conditions. The central valley of the Mississippi, separated from the coast by the Alleghanies, is easily reached by the St. Lawrence; the tributaries of the Mississippi being only divided from the Great Lakes by an almost imperceptible watershed. By easy portages to the Wabash, the Illinois, and the Wisconsin, the French early penetrated into this region, and even fortified strategic points, but it was not until the spring of 1753 that the Marquis of Duquesne sent out an expedition to occupy the upper Ohio. Meanwhile the English, who had settled upon the coast, slowly spread out to the base of the mountains, and moving along the path of least resistance, ascended the Potomac to Cumberland, and thence crossed to the streams which meet above Pittsburg. There the highways followed by the French and English converged, and there the war for supremacy began.

When Dinwiddie, the acting governor of Virginia, heard of Duquesne's encroachment on what he considered his territory, he ordered Washington to visit the French commander and bid him to retire. For answer Duquesne fortified the fork where Pittsburg stands, and thereupon Washington made his advance to Great Meadows, which opened the Seven Years' War. That war began with a series of humiliations for England, one of which was Braddock's defeat. Therein Pitt saw his opportunity. "My Lord," said he to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." Judging by what happened after his downfall, his boast was justified.

The expulsion of the French from the interior opened the valley of the Mississippi to English emigration, and from that moment the centralization of the original Colonies became certain. Powers equivalent to those which were afterward vested in the Federal government by the Constitution had of necessity to be exercised somewhere; the doubt to be solved was whether the seat of energy should lie in Europe or in America.

A numerous population expanding across the mountains could not flourish without a central administration capable of regulating commerce, especially with foreign nations, of policing the roads and dispensing justice, to say nothing of providing for the common defense. Indeed, long before the capture of Quebec the old methods had proved inadequate. The waste of life and money in the French campaigns, induced by local jealousies, was infamous; the evil was grave enough to make men of sense like Washington and Franklin hot for consolidation. The abuses of the Colonial fiscal administration, which engendered the Stamp Act, and afterward led up to the Revolution, are less dramatic and, perhaps, less familiar. Nevertheless, a failure to regulate economic competition created the United States, afterward evolved the theories of free-trade, and has finally brought civilization to the point where Mr. Chamberlain is convinced that free-trade has miscarried.

In 1760 Great Britain, having conquered her base and her vent, addressed herself to organization. Trade is to society what the circulation of the blood is to the body; therefore for an economic system to operate efficiently the members must bear a certain relation to the heart.

Pitt explained the mechanism to Parliament, and stated the principles on

which an empire should rest. "Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail or winds can blow: it is a great and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and combine them into effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power. . . . As an American I would recognize to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation; as an Englishman . . . I recognize to the Americans their supreme inalienable right in their property."

Such was Pitt's theory, but in attempting to reduce theory to practice Parliament broke down. Cromwell and those who succeeded him sought to organize an economic system substantially like the Roman, excepting that being subject to strenuous competition they protected themselves. The base of the Cromwellian organism being in the East, and the vent in America, the Protector essayed to make "this kingdom a staple" by the Navigation Act of 1651. His great achievement was the occupation of Jamaica. The Navigation Laws were conceived on the theory that exchanges between East and West should be made to centre in England, by restricting the commerce of the East India Company and of the Colonies to ports in Great Britain. The statute was considerably elaborated under Charles, and in practice it was not rigorously enforced. Trade was always practically free between the American continent and the West Indies, and very nearly so between the Colonies and Spain and some other countries. On the whole, however, Americans bought almost exclusively in England, and Englishmen were content. Sir Josiah Child, for example, though he thought New Englanders dangerous competitors to the mother country, summed up the situation thus: "I must confess, that though we lose by their unlimited trade with our foreign plantations, yet we are very great gainers by their direct trade to and from Old England; our yearly exportations of English manufactures, . . . amounting, in my opinion, to ten times the value of what is imported from thence. . . . Therefore, whenever a reformation of our correspondency in trade with that people shall be thought on, it will, in my poor judgment, require great tenderness and very serious circumspection."

Child, who was one of the ablest financiers Europe ever produced, died in 1699, and shortly afterward the empire reached the stage of growth where the varied interests of the different Provinces began to struggle for favors. Perhaps the wealthiest, and probably the greediest, were the West India planters, and it was in the attempt to pacify these that trouble began. In 1731 and 1732 the West India planters not only succeeded in acquiring liberty to export their sugar to all parts of the world, but they also obtained protection against the French islands. By the 6 Geo. 2, c. 13, among other duties, 6d. a gallon was laid on all molasses of foreign manufacture imported into the Continental Colonies. For nearly a generation slight attention seems to have been paid to this enactment, save in so far as revenue officers used it to extort fees, but gradually the sugar growers of Jamaica and Barbadoes grew restive, and pressed upon the Lords of Trade in London their claim to have a statute, passed in their favor, enforced. The agitation was doubtless also aided by the illicit traffic with the enemy which was carried on from New England during the Seven Years' War. It was said that Governor Hopkins, and Governor Bernard also, took bribes to issue permits to trade with the French, and the abuse reached a pass where Pitt issued peremptory instructions, in 1760, to the Royal Governors in North America, "to put the most speedy and effectual Stop to such flagitious Practices, so utterly subversive of all law, and so highly repugnant to

the Honour and Well-being of this Kingdom.[1]

Just at this juncture Francis Bernard succeeded Pownall as Governor of Massachusetts, and what with the trade with the enemy and the pressure to enforce the Molasses Act, he found the Colony disturbed. Molasses entered into many of the Massachusetts industries such as distilling and the fisheries, and Jamaica could only furnish a fixed quantity. On the other hand 6d. a gallon was prohibitive, if enforced, as the price averaged about 1s. Probably Bernard took most of his ideas from Hutchinson, since he admitted "that trade is a science, which I have had little opportunity to study," and Hutchinson was, perhaps, the ablest man of business in the Province, but at all events Bernard wrote a series of very sensible letters to London, explaining the situation, and recommending changes in the tariff: —

"The publication of the orders for the strict execution of the Molasses Act has caused a greater alarm in this country than the taking of Fort William Henry did in 1757. . . . The merchants say, There is an end of the trade in this Province; that it is sacrificed to the West India Planters; that it is time for every prudent man to get out of debt with Great Britain as fast as he can, and betake himself to husbandry, and be content with such coarse manufactures as this country will produce. . . . It is certain, that whatever detriment the continuation and strict execution of the Molasses Act will bring to the trade of North America . . . it will soon come home to Great Britain. . . . For nothing is more plain, than that if the exports of North America are diminished . . . her imports from Great Britain must be lessened in the same proportion. To apply this to a fact; last year were imported into this Province 15,000 hogsheads of molasses, all of which, except less than 500, came from Ports which are now Foreign. The value of this, at 1s. 4d. a gallon (which is a middling price . . .) is 100,000 pounds sterling; to purchase which, fish and lumber of near the same value must be sent from hence. Now suppose this trade prohibited (for a duty of 50 per cent. amounts to a prohibition) the consequences must be, that this Province must import 100,000 pounds less of British goods. . . . If this valuable trade, which takes from us what no other markets will receive, and returns to us what ultimately centres in Great Britain, should, by making experiments, be destroyed; would it not be the case of the man whose curiosity (or expectation of extraordinary present gain) killed the goose who laid him golden eggs?"[2]

Massachusetts resisted a policy inimical to her interests, and the royal officials sympathized with her economic views, but the form which her resistance took struck at the vitals of the empire. No centralized administration can exist where an individual can nullify the edict of the whole as represented by the command of the sovereign. It matters not whether that sovereign be a king, an aristocracy, as in this case, or a republic, as occurred when South Carolina undertook to nullify acts of Congress. When, therefore, Massachusetts advanced the doctrine that British legislation did not bind her against her own consent, she dissolved the British economic system. The controversy thus engendered came to a head in 1761, in the case of the Writs of Assistance.

By the statutes of the 13 and 14 Car. 2, the English Court of Exchequer had been empowered to issue writs enabling custom house officers to apply to sheriffs and constables for aid in searching private buildings for contraband goods. A Massachusetts act of 1699 had conferred on

[1] On these questions the authorities will be found collected in the learned notes to the Writs of Assistance by the late Mr. Justice Gray in Quincy's Rep. Appendix 1.

[2] Select Letters on the Trade and Government of America, Governor Bernard, 9, 10, 11.

the Superior Court the jurisdiction of the Exchequer. Under this authority writs had been issued in Massachusetts, the first upon the prayer of Charles Paxton in 1755. Thereafter most of the chief revenue officials of the Province obtained them. Prior to 1760 no one seriously disputed their legality, but early in 1761 all Writs of Assistance expired because of the demise of George II., in October, 1760, and then the great contention began.

Thomas Lechmere, the Surveyor General, filed a memorial in February Term, 1761, praying the Court for writs to "be granted to him and his officers as usual." On the other side a number of Boston merchants asked for a hearing in opposition, since the issue of such writs made smuggling more difficult, and retained James Otis as counsel. Thus it appears that the litigation arose over the enforcement of a fiscal regulation in which the mother country had no interest, save as the arbitrator between two Colonies. It was substantially a contest between the continent and the West India Islands; yet the principle involved went to the heart of the British organism, for Otis resisted the issuance of the writs on the ground of the nullity of an act of Parliament which the Province of Massachusetts disliked. A decision for the government became, therefore, of moment, and the exigency brought Thomas Hutchinson to the bench, Stephen Sewall, the former Chief Justice, having died six weeks before King George. On Hutchinson, Bernard could rely.

Hutchinson had remarkable qualities. Born in 1711, and a descendant of Anne Hutchinson, the Antinomian, his family had been wealthy and distinguished. He himself had financial talent. Before coming of age, by his own speculations, he had made between four and five hundred pounds sterling, a sum at least equal to $20,000 now. He afterward led in restoring the Massachusetts currency to a specie basis. He had quickness and application, and, though not bred to the law, and only taking his seat on January 27, 1761, just in time to preside over the fiercest controversy ever waged in a Massachusetts court, he not only bore himself well in the face of counsel as powerful as James Otis, but succeeded in controlling his brethren, who were inclined to flinch. He secured a unanimous decision, which he failed not afterward to urge in London as a reason for compensation for his losses in the Stamp Act riots.

He wrote in 1765: "In the year 1761 application was made by the officers of customs to the Superior Court, of which I was then Chief Justice, for Writs of Assistance. Great opposition was made by some who professed themselves friends to liberty, and by others who favored illicit trade, and the court seemed inclined to refuse to grant them; but I prevailed with my brethren to continue the cause until the next term, . . . and the like writs have ever since been granted here."

In this cause Hutchinson did the British government a service, for, though the enforcement of the Molasses Act mattered little to England, the systematic smuggling throughout the Provinces amounted to a defiance of law bordering upon revolution. Otis, like enough, was not far wrong when he declared, that "if the King of Great Britain in person were encamped on Boston Common, at the head of twenty thousand men, with all his navy on our coast, he would not be able to execute these laws. They would be resisted or eluded."

Yet if Otis were right an empty decision would profit England little; and the Lords of Trade were accordingly confronted with the problem of how they were to enforce the decrees of their courts. Certainly the empire could not be administered on the basis proposed by Pitt, if a single province could set aside regulations devised for the benefit of the whole. General Jackson is said to have proposed to hang Mr. Calhoun upon very

similar provocation. England, however, had not the means at hand of which Jackson could dispose, for not only had she no sufficient army in America, but she had a disloyal Civil Service, because she did not pay her own servants. Her officials either received salaries from local assemblies, or drew a precarious living from seizures which they could seldom make. The more lucrative course was to extract an income from smuggling by compounding with felony.

Governor Bernard's salary was nominally £1000, but he was poor, had a large family, and needed money. He was vehemently suspected of complicity in smuggling. John Temple became Surveyor General, probably, in 1760, and in 1764 Temple visited Salem and removed Cockle from office for compounding for duties, and "above all for the insult offered me by you in the tender of a bribe." Cockle was Bernard's right-hand man, and the Governor eagerly defended him, asserting that the Surveyor was actuated by "a most extreme and haughty jealousy;" but in the end Bernard had to admit that "in truth, if conniving at foreign sugar and molasses, and Portugal wines and fruit is to be reckoned corruption, there was never, I believe, an uncorrupt Custom House Officer in America."

In Rhode Island conditions were worse. Bernard declared in 1761 that nothing could be done toward enforcing the laws till "Rhode Island is reduced to the subjection of the British Empire; of which at present it is no more a part than the Bahama Islands were, when they were inhabited by the Buccaneers." If a ship were seized "it signified nothing" for a rescue followed, and in one case the vessel was "known to belong to one of the Superior Court Judges."

Bernard further asseverated that the Governor of Rhode Island "said publickly that the Parliament of Great Britain had no more right to make laws for them than they had for the Mohawks."

Under such conditions it was clear that if trade regulations were to be enforced, the Civil Service must be paid by the sovereign; on this the royal governors were united, and on this Bernard and Hutchinson insisted to the last. Almost at the end Hutchinson wrote: "The officers of the Crown are very few, and are therefore the more easily provided for without burdening the people. . . . And such provision I look upon as necessary to the restoration and support of the King's authority."

To provide a certain fund for this purpose, and at the same time mollify the Province, Hutchinson suggested turning the Molasses Act from a prohibitive into a revenue statute, by lowering the duty to a penny or three half-pence a gallon, when smuggling would not pay; and Bernard wrote to London, "another argument" for reduction "is, that it will be a very popular measure." Accordingly the ministry did reduce the tax to threepence, of which, in practice, about half was collected; thereafter this grievance played no great figure.

The capital phenomenon in all this history is the inexorable sequence of cause and effect which led to war, as the only means of determining sovereignty, and thereby settling methods of commercial competition. Our ancestors descanted upon "natural justice," and upon the indissoluble relation between taxation and representation. In fact, they sought their own material advantage. On this point Franklin's testimony before Parliament is decisive. But, furthermore, few would now pretend that methods of levying taxes involve other considerations than convenience. Our forefathers taxed unmarried women, when they held property, without compunction, and the population of the District of Columbia to-day, which is about as large as was that of Massachusetts in 1765, is taxed arbitrarily, and would resist restitution of political privileges, because it can do

better under a commission appointed by the President. Lastly George Grenville had no objection to considering a proposition for Colonial representation in Parliament; but the colonists repudiated the idea. They would accept no compromise which would leave them in a probable minority. That, they considered, would be worse than "taxation, even without their consent, grievous as it is."

In 1764, therefore, matters had come to a deadlock. Most Americans, probably, would have preferred independence even from an earlier date. They felt certain that, as Dickinson explained, England would always favor herself at their cost, and that they, as Andrew Eliot wrote, would have to "maintain in luxury sycophants, court parasites, and hungry dependents, who will be sent over to watch and oppress those who support them." In other words, Americans would be excluded from the patronage of a service which they could not control. On this point the whole people were united. They would have no independent officials. Nothing exasperated Massachusetts more than the acceptance by Hutchinson of a salary from England; and they finally impeached Chief Justice Oliver for the same crime, after they had intimidated his associates into declining the provision offered them.

Approached thus, it becomes evident that the Stamp Act was no accident, but an inevitable effect of causes which had been in operation for generations. The Lords of Trade had long meditated such a scheme, and had proposed it to Pitt. Pitt declined to consider it because he thought it impracticable; but Pitt was an administrative genius, and even he would, at last, have been forced to the alternative of conceding the autonomy which has produced the conditions from which Mr. Chamberlain recoils, or of having recourse to such coercion as the North exerted in regard to the South when the South declined to recognize the national sovereignty.

The Stamp Act formed one branch of a scheme for the regulation of imperial exchanges, which, as a whole, was based on mutual concessions. Those concessions were unsatisfactory to Americans, but Grenville professed to be flexible. On sovereignty only was he fixed.

Grenville proposed abandoning the English whale fishery to America, by giving up the bounty then paid to English fishers, and relieving Americans from discrimination. The trade was valued at £300,000 annually. Furthermore he announced that if the colonists thought "any other mode of taxation more convenient" than the Stamp Act, he would consider their wishes. When the London merchants expressed alarm because they found the American debts came to £4,000,000, Grenville pacified them by saying that, if one bounty as an offset to the proposed taxation "will not do, I will add two; if two will not do, I will add three;" one thing only is essential to establish "the authority of the British legislature in all cases whatsoever." This could not be done without an army on the spot, so Grenville framed a budget to provide for ten thousand men. As Charles Townsend afterward put it, "An American army, and consequently an American revenue, are essential; but I am willing to have both in the manner most easy to the people."

Grenville's error lay not so much in his theory as in trying to put his policy in operation without a competent force. The colonists, being the stronger, ridiculed Grenville, nullified his law, and made an example of Hutchinson. Hutchinson's crime had not been complicity in planning the Stamp Act, but interference, in his judicial capacity, with smuggling. The mob, therefore, destroyed his house, and would, perhaps, have killed him, had they caught him. The government could make no arrests, as the police were disaffected; but the next day, a town meeting of Boston, held in the Old South, which was largely attended by "those who were

the immediate actors in, as well as . . . those who had been abettors of, those violent proceedings," unanimously resolved that the magistrates should suppress such disorders in the future.

The weak spot of English society has always been the tendency toward amateur politicians and amateur soldiers, and this failing has been conspicuous in regard to America. Englishmen have rarely seriously studied administration and war as professions. Not so Pitt, who understood his business. It was at this juncture that Pitt intervened. Stripped of its rhetoric Pitt's argument amounted to this: The American continent is the most valuable asset you own; it yields you an income of £2,000,000 a year, and it is this income which has raised the value of your real estate, and which carried you through the Seven Years' War. Here is a possession with which you cannot afford to trifle, more especially as you have not the power to coerce. You are convinced that an American army would be "a wild and lawless banditti," and that fifteen thousand Englishmen could march from end to end of the country, "without scarcely the appearance of interruption;" but you err. You cannot conquer America; the proof is that our armies in the last war did their utmost, and yet it cost Amherst a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from Canada. You have now to deal with one hundred and fifty thousand Americans, beside the whole power of "the House of Bourbon." The imbecility of the Foreign Office roused him to frenzy. As late as 1777 the King's Speech actually asserted that foreign powers were disposed "to be pacific and friendly." Two years earlier Pitt had told the Commons that "foreign war is hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread," and that France and Spain were on the watch, — possibly even before Franklin had hinted to him that the French minister was "extremely curious," and had suggested that France "would like very well . . . to blow up the coals between Britain and her Colonies." Pitt himself took no pains to disguise his contempt for the ability of his contemporaries. He told the huge parliamentary majority, as represented by the Treasury, that their conduct had been "one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence," and the "most notorious incapacity." Undeniably, as an administrative effort, the work of successive cabinets, for the five-and-twenty years subsequent to 1760, cannot rank high.

The root of the failure seems to have been that a succession of country gentlemen, or adventurers like Townsend, relied on a professional Civil Service and a military staff, both unfit for their places. The soldiers, especially, were grossly ignorant of the conditions they were called upon to face, from Braddock to Cornwallis.

Pitt, who knew his craft, had no delusions. In a debate, where he sought to obtain the repeal of the Stamp Act, he might say as a sop to wounded pride, "We may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except that of taking money out of their pockets without their consent," but in his heart Pitt knew well enough that trade could not be bound without coercion, and that to coerce implied money and, consequently, taxation. To do him justice, Grenville, dull as he was, did not seek a revenue from America to spend in England; what he aimed at was to secure administrative efficiency in the Colonies.

Pitt saw that this could not be done without a war, in which England, at that time, could not advantageously engage. He would, therefore, have temporized; possibly, in the end, he might have been driven to concede a decentralized empire such as has since existed, and developed a state of affairs which Mr. Chamberlain judges to be intolerable. Yet whatever he did, he certainly would not have

provoked a conflict with an inadequate army, with insufficient resources, and with a powerful foreign foe ready to spring. Perhaps no act of equal folly has been committed by any great nation of modern times, which had a choice fairly open to it.

The most impressive phenomenon was the obtuseness of Parliament. They could not see the danger, even in defeat. The Stamp Act had to be repealed since it could not be enforced. There was no reliable police in America, and even with troops the towns of the interior were beyond reach. The whole country was in insurrection, and yet, in the face of declared insubordination, Englishmen did not first accumulate a resistless army and then adopt a policy which would divide the Colonies by favoring one Province at the cost of another; they passed resolutions which, though inoperative, served to consolidate the adversary. In 1667 Charles Townsend, amidst general enthusiasm, brought in his famous bill for raising a revenue by taxing, among other things, tea. At the same time he provided for a Board of Commissioners who should enforce the law.

Like Grenville, instead of sending regiments, he tried petty bribery. The duty on tea in England stood at 1s. the pound. Townsend remitted this impost and substituted 3d. payable in America. Thus England lost in any event, for she could have collected cheaply and certainly in London before reëxport. The 3d. duty paid abroad raised the price slightly above the cost at which the Dutch could smuggle, and left the English dealer with tainted wares which were also undersold.

Before, however, any effort could be made to levy the tax on tea the preliminary question had to be determined as to whether the Commissioners would be permitted to exercise their functions at all. A question which was practically decided in the negative, within a few months, in the case of the sloop Liberty.

In March, 1764, Parliament had laid duties on Madeira wine, with heavy penalties for evasion. As the duties were not thought oppressive, and as the statute, so far as it went, was a relaxation of the Navigation Acts, since it sanctioned direct trade, the tax had sometimes been paid, and sometimes not, according to the feelings of the importer. What touched Massachusetts, however, was the substantial freedom of the port. The people cared little about the theory of an imperial policy. The Commissioners might take what was given them, but they could not be permitted to use force.

On November 5, 1767, the Board arrived at Boston, and for some months kept quiet, but in March, 1768, a cargo of Madeira was landed and carted through the streets under so strong a guard that no revenue officer cared to interfere. Thereupon the Commissioners decided to assert themselves. On May 9, John Hancock's sloop Liberty came into port with a cargo of one hundred and twenty-seven pipes of Madeira, worth £30 a pipe. The duty was £7 the ton. Hancock declared a few hogsheads, smuggled a hundred or more, and began reloading. On June 10, the Comptroller, Hallowell, obtained a force of marines from the Romney, man-of-war, in the harbor, and seized the vessel. There was resistance enough to make the guard threaten to fire, but finally the sailors cut the sloop loose and towed her under the guns of the ship. Then a riot broke out, the mob pursued the Comptroller and Inspector to their homes, broke their windows, and burned their boat. The Commissioners fled for protection to the Romney, and afterward moved to the Castle. The case of the Liberty came up the following January, and was defended by John Adams, largely on the ground of the nullity of parliamentary legislation passed without consent. Finally the government obtained judgment, and the sloop was sold and then commissioned as a revenue cutter. She afterward made some captures, which exasperated the people, and the

mob at Newport on July 19, 1769, scuttled and burned her. Bernard was completely intimidated. The next time he had to make a seizure he took care to leave the ship where she could be rescued, and then wrote to Hillsborough that "every seizure made or attempted to be made on land in Boston, for three years past, before these two instances, has been violently rescued or prevented."

The Commissioners explained their helplessness to the Treasury in London and asked for protection. Two regiments had already been ordered to Boston, numbering, possibly, a thousand men, and when the news of the seizure of the Liberty arrived, two more were added. The whole formed a contemptible force, but inadequate as it was, the 64th and 65th were sent to Halifax by the beginning of July, 1769, leaving a mere handful to overawe the hostile town. The result is well known. The citizens expelled them. On March 5, 1770, a sentry at the Custom House having been attacked, the guard, in self-defense, fired on the rioters. The facts were established at the subsequent trial. Nevertheless Hutchinson quailed before the threat of violence, and removed the garrison, which, indeed, was useless, and in danger of being massacred.

The defeat of the Commissioners and the feebleness of the administration checked much desire to enforce the clauses of the Townsend Act, under which the returns should have been large, for Americans drank tea freely. Hutchinson put the annual consumption in the Colonies at above 19,200 chests, and Burke estimated the trade to be worth £300,000 a year "at the least farthing." Hutchinson computed the loss of revenue at about £30,000 per annum, but assured the Treasury at the same time, that though "the Custom House officers on shore have strong inducements to do their duty," they are "really afraid of the rage of the people." This statement was doubtless true, since the Commissioners collected the first year only £295.

Under these circumstances Hutchinson could think of nothing better to advise than for Great Britain to accept the situation and undersell the Dutch; for it seemed to him certain that so long as Boston remained substantially a free port, the British East India Company could only hope to keep the market by inducements to buyers: —

"If the India Company had continued the sale of their teas at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d. . . . the Dutch trade would have been over by this time." But "I cannot help repeating to your Lordship that unless the East India Company bring the price of their teas so near to the price in Holland as to make the profit of importing teas from thence not equal to the risk, in a short time there will be scarce any teas imported from England."[1] "I am very sure not one in a hundred" smuggled chests "has been seized."

Meanwhile financiers in London saw that the congestion of trade must be relieved, or the India Company might go bankrupt. Townsend's Act, though nullified in the Colonies, had closed America as a vent to English exports of tea and much other Eastern merchandise, and had consequently dislocated exchanges. Upwards of 17,000,000 pounds of tea lay unsold in London, with the effect thus described by Franklin: —

"The [India] Company have accepted bills, which they find themselves unable to pay, though they have the value of two millions in tea and other India goods in their stores perishing under a want of demand; their credit thus suffering, and their stock falling one hundred and twenty per cent, whereby the government will lose the four hundred thousand pounds per annum, it having been stipulated that it should no longer be paid, if the dividend fell to that mark. And, although it is known that the American market is lost by continuing the duty on tea, and that we are supplied by the

[1] Letters of April and September, 1771, Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc. V, 19, pp. 134, 137.

Dutch, . . . yet the honour of government is supposed to forbid the repeal of the American tea duty; while the amount of all the duties goes on decreasing, so that the balance of this year does not . . . exceed eighty pounds, after paying the collection; not reckoning the immense expense of *guardacostas*, &c." [1]

In this predicament the East India directors adopted Hutchinson's recommendation, and proposed to Lord North to cut their price in the Colonies, if he would allow them to dispense with middle-men, and trade at first hand. By statute the corporation had been required to sell its teas at auction in London; the directors now asked for leave to suppress the auction, and forward cargoes to their own agents. Lastly the directors begged that the government would collect the duty in England before reëxport, and abolish the American tariff; under such conditions they assured Lord North that they could pay a larger impost than 3d. and still compete with the Dutch.

Here came the final parting of the ways, and once more the British Cabinet blundered. They undertook again to administer without the force to coerce. The Americans insisted that their ports should be free; North proposed to so consign what amounted to being government goods, that a duty would certainly be collected, and evasion would no longer be possible. No one had objected to his tax on tea so long as the payment remained optional, and the Dutch article could be purchased by those who preferred. Yet any capable minister would have recognized that a system under which the government itself should compete in the market, and collect its own revenue, would be trebly offensive; first, in indirectly aiming to suppress smuggling; second, in providing a revenue for the payment of officials; and third, in injuring native merchants, by official consignments.

[1] Franklin to Galloway, 2 Dec. 1772, Works, vol. viii. 24.

Oblivious of the fate of the Stamp Act, of the Commissioners, and of the soldiers, North accomplished his destiny. Every child knows the sequel. The India Company sent the tea to its own agents, among whom were Hutchinson's sons. On its arrival Samuel Adams organized what would now be called a Committee of Safety, and thrust the royal government aside. He demanded the immediate return to London of the tea. Hutchinson then made his capital error and refused the ships the permit to pass the fort, without unloading; whereupon Adams's men sacked the vessels.

Nothing further could be done, for the government could make no arrests. Hutchinson, therefore, gave notice to the Earl of Dartmouth that process could not be served, and that revolution had supervened: —

"There is no prospect of any notice of the late extravagances in the town of Boston, the Grand Jurors . . . being persons who were among the principal promoters of the meetings which occasioned the destruction of the tea, and were undoubtedly selected to prevent any prosecutions." He added that no one would support him in enforcing the law, unless "they could be sure of protection. . . . Matters, they say, are now carried to such a length, that either order will be restored to the government by the interposition of the authority in England, or we shall take it for granted they intend to yield to the demands of the leaders of the people here, and suffer the independency they lay claim to." [2]

For many years after the rupture of her empire England did not suffer, because she did not lose her vent. First, she was protected in her market by the imperfect cohesion of the United States which left them at her mercy; second, she long retained a considerable industrial advantage because of her compact territory and the advantageous position

[2] Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, vol. i. 114.

of her mines. By 1790, when the career of the United States as a consolidated power began, Great Britain had, substantially, finished her canal system, which enabled her to put her manufactures on the market at prices which defied competition.

Perhaps America reached her lowest point in the struggle for existence during the years immediately after the peace, before external pressure had overcome the repulsion among the parts. Then for a period England seemed likely to win by hostile tariffs a victory which she had lost in war. Even Washington, who was a good man of business, and no alarmist, thought us on the point of fulfilling the "predictions of our enemies," who said, "'Leave them to themselves, and their governments will soon dissolve.'"

As long as this method of attack promised success the English saw little merit in the doctrines of Adam Smith, although they were then, probably, in a position to dominate international exchanges as completely as at any subsequent epoch. On the contrary, the United Kingdom waged such an unrelenting war upon American commerce and industry that all men of practical good sense were convinced that the States must consolidate, so as to defend themselves, or perish. Washington lamented daily the binding power of tradition, which made us fear centralization; therefore "our brightest prospects, and that high expectation, which was entertained of us by the wondering world, are turned into astonishment; and, from the high ground on which we stood, we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness."

In 1789 the instinct of self-preservation induced the revolted Colonies to do what Franklin had despaired of. In 1760 he thought, "their jealousy of each other" was too great for union. And he intimated that as they hated each other more than they hated the mother country, it was unlikely they would unite against her. In a general way, Franklin was right. The cohesion of the United States has been the effect of the unsuccessful attack of England. The results of her policy can be traced from the outset. One of the first financial documents of importance issued under Washington was the celebrated Report on Manufactures by Hamilton, which began thus: —

"The expediency of encouraging manufactures in the United States, which was not long since deemed very questionable, appears at this time to be pretty generally admitted." "The restrictive regulations, which, in foreign markets, abridge the vent of the increasing surplus of our agricultural produce, serve to beget an earnest desire that a more extensive demand for that surplus may be created at home," and also a hope that by protection to manufactures there may be "an accession of resources, favorable to national independence and safety."

Yet infinite patience and self-denial are required of a people who would turn themselves voluntarily from an agricultural into an industrial community; and, not impossibly, America might still be the vent of the British economic system, buying manufactures and selling raw material to a dominant market, had not Great Britain, herself, stopped the possibility of importation. When trade restrictions failed of their effect, the United Kingdom once again tried war. Her policy toward Mr. Jefferson admits of no other interpretation. Jefferson had a passion for peace; to keep peace he would submit to any humiliation, undergo any insult or hardship; but he could not placate his adversary. The more he cringed, the more he disarmed, the more aggressive Great Britain grew. No outrage was ever more wanton than the capture of the Chesapeake by the Leopard, and though that outrage was in a manner disowned, it made war inevitable. Then the purpose for which the war was waged was avowedly for the dismemberment of the Union. Not only was this purpose

declared daily in the press, but the dismemberment of the Union was demanded as terms of peace at Ghent. Lord Castlereagh insisted on the cession of the larger part of the Mississippi Valley and the whole shore of the Lakes. Also there is reason to believe that in this, as in the Revolutionary war, Great Britain might have succeeded had the military staff been better educated.

As we contemplate Mr. Madison's administration we marvel how the United States survived; for the national life, at one moment, seemed flickering.

Franklin's premonition appeared to be verified; the States did hate one another more than they hated the common foe. Jefferson's embargo prostrated New England's commerce, therefore Massachusetts prepared for secession, and refusing to aid the government with militia or money, determined to renounce her allegiance. Madison was helpless; a population of 7,000,000 could not keep 30,000 men in the field, and the handful of national soldiers who defended the Northern frontier were abandoned in the face of a superior enemy. In 1814 Major General Brown of the regular army won the brilliant actions of Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. At the crisis of the campaign, four days after the repulse of Drummond's assault at Erie, this officer wrote to the Secretary of War: "I very much doubt if a parallel can be found for the state of things existing on this frontier. A gallant little army struggling with the enemies of their country, and devoting their lives for its honor and its safety, left by that country to struggle alone, and that within sight and within hearing."

When we seek the cause of America's safety we find it disclosed in Wellington's letter to Castlereagh of November 9, 1814. Therein he gave his opinion that the king could not demand a cession of territory because his Northern army had not forced the American lines, and because his navy had not established a "superiority on the Lakes."

That the British invasion failed was not due therefore to the energy or to the patriotism of the civil population, for no historical fact is better established than that, in this emergency, the civil population was either apathetic or disaffected. It was due altogether to the national army and navy which Mr. Jefferson had not succeeded in destroying. Hence it would seem to be demonstrated that, up to 1815, the organization of a national armament had been the most important achievement of the people, since, but for that, the national functions would have collapsed. With the peace of 1815 an era closed. Great Britain admitted defeat, and thereafter abandoned the hostile policy which she had persisted in for forty years. Nevertheless, so far as her own interests were concerned, the mischief had been done. Between 1808 and 1815 America had no choice but to manufacture for herself. She then adopted Hamilton's system, which she never abandoned.

In the words of Professor Taussig: "During the war, intercourse with England was prohibited, and all import duties were doubled."[1] It is sufficient here to note that the restrictive legislation of 1808–1815 was, for the time being, equivalent to extreme protection. The consequent rise of a considerable class of manufacturers, whose success depended largely on the continuance of protection, formed the basis of a strong movement for more decided limitation of foreign competition.

By 1830 both the cotton and woolen industries were firmly rooted, and by 1840 anthracite had been utilized for smelting. In 1831 Massachusetts had 340,000 spindles, in 1845 over 800,000. In 1840 America produced 300,000 tons of pig, in 1846, 650,000.

If the free-trade movement in England be allowed to have set in with the reformed Parliament of 1833 which remodeled the East India Company and

[1] Tariff History of the United States, 17.

opened the Eastern trade, and to have culminated with the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, it appears that the rise of American industry corresponds precisely with the advent of Cobden, the peace party, and the Manchester school. In 1842 Cobden declared that cotton and "ironmongery" had fallen thirty per cent in less than ten years, and yet the "ironmonger is to take his goods and to exchange them" for food "at the present high price of corn." He clamored for cheap sugar and bread as the only means by which England could make head against competition. The vent having been partially closed by the American tariff, the margin of profit narrowed, and to make good the deficiency to the industrial community the agriculturists were deliberately sacrificed.

Another generation passed, and the effects had become plain to all save Englishmen. Steadily, as the United States became more self-sufficing, England's Food Bill rose, and the profit from her sales of manufactures relatively declined, until she has reached a position which Mr. Chamberlain thinks untenable. Also with the destruction of the rural population the well-known symptoms of physical decay began, which were observed as long ago as the age of Augustus. As Chatham said in his speech on the Port Bill: "Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land." The deduction from these premises is that the English Empire, like the Roman, failed to achieve its full development through defeat in war.

Experience, apparently, shows that economic systems grow automatically by adhesion, like other cohesive masses, until, in the process of absorption, they meet a resistance not to be overcome. Nothing in the universe is stationary, and when expansion ends disintegration begins. Ordinarily the check has come through insufficient military energy when it has been necessary for the common welfare to extend the central administration over an outlying region. These inferences admit of application to the United States.

The United States has aimed, like all empires, at being self-sufficing. She has met with unusual success because, while steadily expanding, she has reduced the cost of manufactures to a parity with the cost elsewhere. She has succeeded, not by lowering the scale of living of her population, but by increasing their efficiency. She has accelerated the social movement, and has carried consolidation to unparalleled intensity. Perhaps the best measure of that intensity may be steel architecture. We concentrate in the steel cage of four-and-twenty stories the energy which a decade since was diffused over a short street; and through this concentration comes economy in space, in time, and in energy. By equivalent methods in railways, foundries, and farms, we cause labor to produce more here than abroad. If the scale of the modern building be applied it would be from four to six fold.

The result may suffice, but it has been attained by changing our building material from wood, brick, or stone, to steel, and by this change we have altered the conditions upon which competition has heretofore existed. Cheap steel in quantities equal to brick and stone is now the basis of Western civilization. We may smelt approximately 20,000,000 tons of pig annually; should our progress last we shall consume from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 tons within fifty years. No one can foretell how long our mines will yield such amounts without a rise in the price of ore; but, in any event, an alternative seems likely to be presented to us. Either our mines will fail and we shall, like the Romans, have to seek minerals beyond our borders, or our abundance will constrain Europeans to do the like. If they find cheaper beds than ours we shall be undersold, and mines which are

undersold are, practically, exhausted. Hence the control of the most advantageous raw material is likely, in the future, to assume the importance between nations which it now has between rival corporations in the United States. Nevertheless, as among nations, there is but one way in which the possession of prizes of this nature can be determined, and that is by force. Arbitration can only serve where strength is equally balanced, and the matter in dispute is not worth the price of the conflict. So far as we now know the district in which iron can be produced cheapest and in unlimited volume is Northern China. Russia is, at present, massing several hundred thousand men in Eastern Asia preparatory to an attempt to crush Japan and absorb this region. Each citizen can judge for himself what attitude befits the United States in this emergency.

Furthermore, as industries acquire momentum the necessity for a vent grows imperative; Germany feels this necessity. Germany and Russia form together an overland economic system stretching from the Pacific to the North Sea. In the main the interests of the two empires are identical. Meeting in Central Europe, the adjoining ends of these empires are fixed, but the extremities are free, and thus Russia expands toward Pekin, and Germany seeks to enter South America. But South America is the last continent at once rich, vacant, in the path of exchanges, and accessible. Also South America is the only certain vent for our surplus in the future, as Asia is the only certain base from whence we can draw raw material. Should Russia absorb Northern China, and by means of German capital and talent establish an industrial centre there, and should Germany occupy South America and develop it with Chinese steel, the overland economic system would girdle the world, and the United States would suffocate. Both base and vent would be closed.

Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing. Human destiny has been wrought out through war. The United States is an illustration. Little of the soil which now acknowledges the sovereignty of the Union has not been subdued by arms. The first settlers slew the Indians, or were themselves slain; next the Americans and English conquered the French; afterward the Americans turned on the English and, with the aid of France, ejected them. In 1812 we again fought the English to defend the national unity, and subsequently took California from Mexico by the sword. To consolidate an homogeneous empire we crushed the social system of the South, and lastly we cast forth Spain. The story is written in blood, and common sense teaches us that as the past has been, so will be the future. Nature has decreed that animals shall compete for life, or, in other words, destroy or be destroyed. We can hope for no exemption from the common lot.

As the economic system, of which the Union forms the heart, stretches across oceans toward other continents, in obedience to its law of being, it must encounter rivals also seeking treasure. At the points where the roads converge there will almost certainly be conflicts, as there was at Pittsburg between the French and English, and then he who recoils is lost. Victory in such cases usually means high fortune, and defeat signifies ruin. It is the lesson of Wolfe and Montcalm, or of Adams and Hutchinson.

In these crucial moments races either develop genius or sink into imbecility, and the time when the people of the United States may be again tried is uncertain. Now they can arm and be ready, or they can elect the placid life which leaves the future to chance. Inertia blasted Rome under Augustus, and an easy self-complacency fostered those delusions as to the power of England which bewildered Townsend and Lord North.

The tale of Rome is threadbare; that of England is still new. If our people would know the price which Great Britain is now paying for defeats a century old, they may learn it in Mr. Chamberlain's manifestoes, or in the report of the Inspector General of Recruiting on the degeneracy of the British army.

Brooks Adams.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

THE essays on history are a confusing sort of literature. Whoever seeks in such writings a systematic philosophy of the past or a standard of values in human experience will be woefully disappointed. What is more surprising, if one inquire solely about the right method and the true purpose of historical studies, the enlightenment one gets is but slight and dubious. The treatises, while they all emphasize the difficulty of the historian's task, do not seem to agree at all concerning the nature of it, or its aim, or its scope, or the best way to go practically about it. Even on what is perhaps the oldest of all the questions that ever have been raised concerning it, the question, namely, whether it should be philosophical and interpretative or merely narrative and accurate, there is no agreement reached; some of the writers seeming to feel that the historian is bound to take upon himself the fairly godlike rôle of interpreter, that is to say, teleologist, of the past, while others seem to be equally firm that he ought to hold himself with a rigorous, impersonal modesty to his lesser function of investigator and chronicler of facts.

But it has been pointed out that his task, even in the least expanded acceptation of it, involves a daunting exercise of judgment. Through the obvious necessity to choose from the mass of his material he is driven upon a sort of interpretation. In the proportions of his work, in his allotments of space and emphasis, in countless unconscious manifestations of sympathy and repulsion, in his very restraints and forbearances, his attitude toward his subject is revealed. However he may strive to keep himself out of his work, he cannot do it. What he chooses to tell, and how he tells it, so much is his, is he. And yet, unavoidable as these questions of what and how are seen to be, quite apart from the whys and wherefores, there is no closer approach to a consensus on them than there is on the whole meaning and teaching of the past. In the entire field covered by the discussions of history there is scarcely to be found a single *res adjudicata*, a single universally accepted canon.

But the writers, differing as they do on all the specific points in controversy, seem to be agreed, nevertheless, that there are canons, if they could only be formulated, that there is a standard, if it could only be defined. Let any historian set to work attacking the contentions of another, or defending his own, and it is ten to one his language will imply that there is a way of dealing with the past which is "history," and that all other ways are wrong. The other historian's work is interesting, brilliant perhaps, he will say; or, on the other hand, he will pronounce it undeniably accurate, unimpeachably respectable, and consonantly dull. But in either case he is sure it is not "history." When, for example, Buckle announced that he had formulated a "science of history," Droysen was one of the first to explode his pretensions, and spared no ridicule in the refutation; but in that very same essay Droysen himself advanced many of the ideas which afterwards, when he had collected and

ordered them, he ventured to call The Principles of History.

Not long ago, it was because of inaccuracy in details that this true quality of history was most frequently denied to historical writings. Nowadays, one seems to hear more of insight, imagination, and sympathy; even of skill in presentation, and of literary style. But there is no agreement, probably there would be no way to phrase an agreement if it were reached, concerning the relative importance of these two parts or aspects of the historian's work. Perhaps we shall never get a better saying on the matter than a quiet remark of Parkman in his introduction to what is still, on the whole, the best performance any American has ever made in history. The utmost care and patience in the study of all sources of information is, he said, indispensable — and inadequate. The philosophers will, no doubt, continue to find fault with the story-tellers, and the "dry-as-dusts" to debate with the "romancers," so long as history shall continue to be written.

Three books[1] which have appeared within the year invite Americans who care about the history of their country to consider anew the question of the best way to write it. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton has essayed to cover the entire field in a single narrative of moderate length. A number of English and American scholars have collaborated to the same end in a group of essays and narratives which make up the seventh volume of The Cambridge Modern History. With the posthumous publication of John Fiske's Essays, Historical and Literary, we have before us, it seems, all that we shall ever have from the pen of a very pleasing writer who has left untouched scarcely a single period of our American past. It happens, also, that President Wilson, in an essay published several years ago, Lord Acton, who planned The Cambridge Modern History, in his inaugural discourse as Regius Professor at Cambridge, and Fiske, in one of the papers in these last two volumes of his, have all three set forth at some length their views of historical work.

It is scarcely to be believed, however, that the particular example of coöperation presented by this volume of the Cambridge series will help us in any positive way to a notion of what the best possible history of the United States will be like; for the best possible history will not, one feels sure, prove to be a coöperative enterprise.[2] Even the late Justin Winsor, though himself the editor of the most important coöperative work we have, freely admitted that no conceivable advantage of coöperation could ever compensate for the disappearance of the personal historian. After all, a coöperative history can be nothing more than a series of separate histories, or of separate essays, or of both. There is a great convenience in such a collection, so arranged as to make a complete survey of a subject or a period; but it is preposterous to suppose that the extremely difficult problem of historical presentation has been solved by so simple and mechanical a device. It was the individual contributors to the seventh volume of The Cambridge Modern History who had to face that problem, not the editors of the series. To compare the several styles and methods of these contributors would be a more practical approach to it than to attempt a judgment of the entire volume. The principle of *E pluribus unum*

[1] *A History of the American People.* By Woodrow Wilson. 5 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VII. *The United States.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Essays, Historical and Literary. By John Fiske. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[2] In the Atlantic for February, 1903, Professor Emerton pointed out, very simply and convincingly, some of the reasons why.

will not deliver even an American historian from his vexations.

But the method and style of the better known of these contributors is more fully exhibited in books which are wholly their own. When we have made every possible concession to the encyclopædical plan, it remains true that a man will ordinarily write his own book better than he will write a part of a book which is not to be all his own. To consider carefully President Wilson's narrative and the way he wrote it, to take account of that part of John Fiske's lifework which began with his Old South Lectures and which ended, "shorn and parceled," in the fragmentary essays now before us, is no doubt a better way to approach the particular problem of the American historian than any we can find through the labors of Lord Acton and his successors.

One need not be of the number of those who, joining to a tithe of Fiske's ability neither greater industry nor a higher purpose, have consistently decried his work in history, in order to perceive that these two volumes will not strengthen his claim to a high place among American historians. A sincere admirer may very well question the propriety of publishing in this form papers which were originally prepared for other uses and connections. One might even question the wisdom of publishing at all several which are apparently little more than working models. At least, however, their appearance may serve to assure us that nothing of Fiske's which ought to be given to the public is withheld. The essay on New and Old Ways of Treating History is one of those which seem unfinished; it can hardly be taken as a complete expression of Fiske's ideas about his work. To treat it controversially would be unfair. Its principal value is in the light it throws, particularly if we consider it with a constant reference in our minds to his actual performance, on his own method in history. Fortunately, perhaps, for himself and for his work, Fiske, though much of his time was given to lecturing, did not at any time, I believe, conduct a seminary in history. We may well suppose, however, that if he ever had sat at the head of a seminary table and talked informally with the students gathered about him on the general aspects of their work and his, he would have talked as he has written in this paper.

It is significant, even though we take the discourse to be incomplete, that there is scarcely a word in it about the writing of history. So far, it confirms the strongest impression which the present writer got from Fiske's conversation. For my instant reflection on first hearing him was that I understood at last how he wrote the way he did. He talked the same way. It is entirely probable that he could neither have talked nor written any other way if he had tried. Once, when he and Justin Winsor spoke in public on the same occasion, — a meeting held in memory of Parkman, — the contrast between the two in the matter of naturalness was very marked.

The contrast in the same respect between Fiske's narrative style and President Wilson's is scarcely less marked. In the final sentence of his essay on The Truth of the Matter, in Mere Literature, President Wilson said: "There is an art of lying; there is equally an art — an infinitely more difficult art — of telling the truth." One feels concerning Fiske, however, that if he exercised any art at all in writing history, it was an extraordinarily unconscious sort of art. If there was any conscious art whatsoever, then it must have been profoundly subtle — far too subtle to be reconciled with one's impression of the man himself — to attain so completely the effect of artlessness. Several of these papers are, as I have said, mere rough sketches and outlines, based on incomplete investigation, which he would surely have amplified and changed in many details; but no one in the least familiar with his fin-

ished work could doubt for a moment that they are his. The style is as unmistakable as his voice or his handwriting. To have written in any other style would have been, for him, like disguising his handwriting or his voice. In the presentation of his thought he was as free from artifice, not to speak of affectation, as a peasant or a king. There is neither straining nor restraint. He is never dull, but one would scarcely use such a word as brilliant to describe his happiest effects.

"Brilliant" is, on the other hand, the very first word one applies to the work of President Wilson. That praise cannot be denied — or spared. And it is impossible to believe that the effect is unconsciously attained, as a sort of unearned increment of his labors in the searching out and setting forth of the truth. One feels that, however well he has builded, he builded no better than he knew. Perhaps the quickest and keenest mind now at play on our American past, confessedly regardful of all that can be accomplished in the way of impressionistic statement, he was, one would say, the best writer we had among us to try, with a narrative of the whole course of our development, an experiment of that particular theory of historical composition which he himself had so eloquently advanced. For in the days when the German influence was at its height in all our academic circles, when the document threatened to win here the same dominance which it had already at the German universities, when the historians of both continents seemed to be trying, as Lord Acton acquiescingly explained, "to develop learning at the expense of writing," and to elevate history by subduing the historian, President Wilson's work was to many of us a source of comfort and of hope. He continued steadfastly to treat scholarship as a means, not an end, and to regard history as a branch of literature rather than of science. But a great and successful attempt in the writing of history would have done more to establish his position than any reasoning or eloquence could do. The attempt which he has made was certainly big enough. It was so big, in truth, that one might consider he was courting absolute success or failure when he set about it.

But history is no more the domain of the absolute than politics — or life. We need not use such a word as failure when we admit that the adherents of the document will possibly find in minor inaccuracies of the work more to confirm them in their loyalty than we can find in its larger merits to fortify us in our different faith. To contribute fresh details of knowledge was, apparently, no part of the design, nor can it have been a principal ambition of the author to keep his work immaculately free from little mistakes. But the book, fair as it is on points of controversy, spacious and catholic and guiltless of conscious partisanship, and everywhere of a lively intelligence, is nowhere profoundly philosophical and sagacious. Readable it is, also, particularly if one take it by episodes and topics, less so if one go on steadily to the end; but it does not stir, absorb, elevate, depress. It is welcome, for no other book at all comparable to it covers the whole great field; welcome even in the cheapening dress, garish with frippery, unedifying illustrations, in which the publishers have clothed it. But if we try it by the simplest test, the only test which the mass of readers ever employ, the test by which we all form our genuine opinions of books, however we may afterward elaborate and explain them, — the test of its hold on our own attention, the appeal it makes to our own intelligence and sympathies, — we shall not think of setting it beside the work say of Parkman in American, or of Green in English history.

If we go on to account for our feeling, we may very well reflect that these two, like other still more famous historians, gave themselves to their tasks with an extraordinarily complete devotion, pursu-

ing them through years of patient toil; and it is but fair to consider that in so singularly varied and active an academic career as President Wilson's — the academic career in America being what it is — such absorption in a single task may have been simply impossible. The fame of a historian is not to be won but by the longest of wooings. It is scarcely too much to say that no really great work in history was ever less than a lifework. Even a lifetime may be vainly devoted to this ambition, and the highest powers wasted upon it, unless either Fate vouchsafe the man his share of ordinary human incitements to do his best, and spare him the worst temptations to despair, or else there be in the man himself a singular tenacity and fixedness of purpose. So much of good fortune or of character being granted, it is not alone in the erudition of his work, but in the entire quality of it, that the sacrifice of his years will be found to have availed. Even for the uninstructed reader, careless of footnotes, it will not have been made in vain. It will be manifest not merely in the impregnable accuracy of the narrative, but in the tone and elevation of it, as in that "air of matured power, of grave and melancholy reflection," which Macaulay praised in Thucydides.

The mere fact that he cannot have been long about it goes far, no doubt, to account for our disappointment in President Wilson's performance. But when all has been said that can be said on that score, his manner and style in narrative, particularly if one contrast it with the manner and style of Fiske, is a matter of much interest. For it is not merely that these two, whom many of us would choose from the mass of our recent historians to compare with the historians of other countries who have written as men of letters, may have held differing views concerning the best way to write about the past. We should, no doubt, be very careful not to over-estimate the part which any theories of composition they may have held actually played in this work; for we know too well that good writers very often break the rules they set themselves, and to the bettering of their books. Here, however, we have not merely two plans, two theories of historical composition, but two manners and styles, two ways of writing history, which differ quite plainly. It should not be entirely impracticable to take account of the difference with a reasonable sureness of one's ground, notwithstanding that there are many other things which should enter into a complete comparison of the two writers.

A comparison on that point alone must, I think, prove favorable to Fiske. Taken paragraph by paragraph, President Wilson's writing is more likely to impress one with the writer's skill than Fiske's is. That is why we call it brilliant. It shines. But the narrative, meanwhile, does not hold the reader as Fiske's does. The continuous flow of skillful sentences actually tends to draw one's attention away from the matter in them. They sometimes come between the reader and the story which they tell; and, after all, it is the story, not the English, which one means to read. One naturally asks, therefore, why it is that a writer of such gifts and sympathies as President Wilson has shown, certainly not unmindful that brilliancy may be a fault, and bent, no doubt, on suiting the manner to the matter, the tone to the occasions, the pace to the progress of the theme, — why he has not succeeded better in a thing which he had so carefully studied out the best way to do? To put the matter as simply as possible, why is it that his way of telling us the history of our country is not on the whole so good a way as Fiske's, whose way was, apparently, to tell it as he talked?

Of course, we are speaking now of two literary styles, and for the moment our consideration of them need not be affected by the circumstance that they are employed in history. All that we

can decide, perhaps, is what one so frequently decides when a similar question is raised, — that the simpler, the more natural style proves in the long run the more acceptable. We might, however, go a little further, and find in the present comparison another instance favorable to the definition of literary style as a gift, a characteristic; as a thing comparable to one's physical bearing, to the trick of one's gait. President Wilson, who could probably come nearer telling us why and how he writes as he does than Fiske could have told us the same things about himself, who is, perhaps, more of a stylist than Fiske was, has a less distinctive and habitual style of his own than Fiske had. What he writes to-day is not so sure to be like what he wrote yesterday or ten years ago.

But the point which is of most value seems to be this: one may indorse every dictum in President Wilson's essay on The Truth of the Matter that bears on style in history, and still conclude that the truth of that matter, like "the truth of history" itself, is — beyond our ken. Take, for example, his general proposition that what the historian as a matter of fact does is to convey impressions of the past. It can hardly be gainsaid. But when we go on to argue that his method should therefore be impressionistic, what we know of the method of great narrators, great story-tellers, makes us doubtful lest we be leaving something out of the reckoning; and that something, I should be inclined to say, is nature. Was Walter Scott an impressionist — with his "big bow-wow"? Or Macaulay, who was so lacking in subtlety? Or Froissart? Or Herodotus? If our reasoning were correct, should we not have to decide that even to the historian a marked style of his own must prove, in fact, an encumbrance, a thing to be got rid of altogether? Must not he also, like the dramatist, make use of all styles, but have none of his own?

Here, I think, the peculiar nature of the historian's task, the distinctive characteristics of history as a branch of literature, come into the argument. For the historian's aim is not, after all, purely literary, purely artistic. Granted that to do his work the best way he must be an artist, there is always upon him the duty of loyalty to another sort of truth than the truth of art. He is bound to tell the plain truth also. His imagination must serve, not control. He must tell what actually happened in former times; it is not enough to show what might have happened. Committed thus to the known facts, he is also hedged about by ignorance. Granted that through the power of imagination he may see his subject as the artist does, that he may see the past as a sort of whole, he has not the freedom to deal with it as if he were entirely artist, and nothing more. The difference between his task and the tasks of his fellows, the novelists, the dramatists, the poets, consists chiefly in the obligation he is under to distinguish between so much of the whole as he knows in ordinary ways and so much as he can only imagine or divine. His conscience will be forever telling him so; and the effect will be to keep within comparatively narrow bounds whatever impressionism he may employ. Carlyle's observation concerning narrative as a means to represent the past — that it is only a line, and must go straight on, while life stretches out in all directions — is also of moment. Whatever impressionism is possible to the mere teller, the mere narrator, must be accomplished with little of reproduction, little of verisimilitude, since his representation of the past lacks two dimensions. In any attempt to define the sort of writing about the past which is history, we must, I think, begin by admitting that history can only represent the past by the use of facts which are known in ordinary ways. The narrative falls short of history if it fails to convey a real knowledge and sense of the past; but it goes beyond the privilege

and function of history if it displays for facts things that are not known in ordinary ways.

And the peculiar obligation and restraint of the historian affects the manner as well as the matter of his discourse. He is bound to be frank with his readers as the poet or novelist is not. He will find, or his readers will, that he serves them best, his limitations being what they are, by speaking with his own voice and in his natural manner; by giving to all his own impressions of the past a natural expression, and trusting them in turn to work, in a natural way, their right impression on other minds. He is at too great a disadvantage, as compared with other artists in literature, in respect of his rights with his subject, to take such liberties with his readers as they take with theirs.

And this, it appears, is the plan and method in narrative which the best examples likewise commend to us; this is the way and wont of the best story-tellers who try to tell the truth, whether with the pen or by word of mouth. Nor does it, as matter of fact, make so very great a difference that the historian writes his story instead of reciting it, as he once did. Let it be read aloud, and it will not seem so changed as to indicate that the art of writing it down is essentially different from the art of telling it. The possibilities of illusion, of impressionism, are scarcely greater in the written discourse than in the spoken. They are probably not so great. In either case, the historian remains simply a narrator, a teller. Such devices, for example, as President Wilson suggests when he says that one ought to set forth the events of a past age as if one were living in the midst of them, seem to me as false art in the one case as in the other. That would be more like acting. To be consistent, ought not one also, if one were reciting before an audience, to wear the costume of one's period, speak its language? Speaking or writing, ought one not to discard all knowledge, and every habit of thought, which did not belong to the period? With all these things which characterized his period the historian ought, no doubt, to be familiar. It were well, if it were possible, that he should be so familiar with them that he could, in imagination, live the very life which he portrays. But for him they are none the less things to be told, not to be lived, just as the events are also to be told, and not to be acted. Surely, recent writers of history have not gained, in comparison with the great and simple masters, by resorting to the devices of the novelist and of the playwright; devices which in fiction and the drama are no doubt right and proper, but which in history are like darkening the room in the daytime and bringing in the candles. Impressionism in history is too suggestive of the use of stimulants to heighten our interest, or of hypnotism to get us over time and space; whereas the real masters move us profoundly without such artifice. They are entirely respectful to time and space. They spread no magic carpet for our feet, make no pretense of transporting us into other lands and ages. They stand frankly beside us in our own time, on our own ground, and look back with us "over the centuries and the seas."

I cannot help questioning, therefore, whether it ever is advisable or even permissible to employ any sort of illusion in history. Attempts in that way to heighten the reader's interest, or to vivify the representation of the past, or to convey subtly, by suggestion, what it may be hard to set forth plainly, will sometimes, and for a little while, seem to be successful. But in the repetition they are sure to grow tiresome. Effects so obtained fall short of the power and permanence which belong only to the natural. In so far as the discussions of history aim to increase the power of historical narrative by the discovery of new ways to tell the truth about the past, I am persuaded that they are vain.

The peculiar restraint which is im-

posed upon the historian as an artist, and which commends to him the frank and natural style in narrative, is scarcely less an ethical than an artistic restraint. To state what it is, clearly and precisely, is difficult; but the essence of it is, that he cannot exercise anything like authority over his subject. And that, certainly, is the feeling into which one comes after prolonged study of the past. No man can ever attain such a mastery of the past, or any part of it, as to justify him in departing entirely from that specific information concerning it, those facts and characteristics of it, through which he has arrived at his own understanding of it, in order to present it more convincingly to other minds. If he can only make his reader also aware of what happened, and from what reasonable causes, and after what fashion of occurrence, he will do well. Any such insight and hindsight and foresight as they attempt who would fain discover "the meaning of history" would be nothing less than a complete mastery of life. It would carry along with it all science and all theology. And he who pretends to understand completely any considerable part of the past, to see a clear plan and meaning in it, pretends no less than if he claimed to understand the whole. For where is he to stop if he begin to interpret in that omniscient way? Surely it is better, in any attempt at interpretation, to proceed after the modest, ever inquiring fashion of the real masters, not in history alone, but in science as well, neither assuming nor denying that there is a comprehensive plan. If the historian have a conviction, he will do better to state it as his conviction, and nothing more, than to work it so intimately into the narrative that it cannot be disentangled and considered by itself. To exercise so great an authority as that over his subject, to take so great a liberty with the mind of his reader, is not honest, even in a master: it matters not whether in that unfair way he seeks to establish more firmly the basis of the moral order, or, like Macaulay, to justify a party, or merely to make his narrative more impressive. The reader, if he discover the practice, will not condone it, however he may seem to profit by it. To rest upon authority is, no doubt, pleasant; but the sense of security one gets after a while from the perfect honesty of one's guide is in the long run far better. It is the things that are told us in the simplest honesty, with whatever confessions of ignorance may be necessary, that help us most to understand the life about us; and I know not why the same thing should not be true of past life. A peculiar and extreme example of this sort of honesty in history is found in the career of the late Lord Acton. For he believed, it seems, in the deep moral significance of all history, and held the true goal of historical studies to be nothing less than a complete interpretation of the past, and the laying bare of the whole plan of human development. But though he himself spent his lifetime in all manner of diligent inquiry, in the investigation of countless sources, he never was satisfied, apparently, with his mastery of any subject or period, and never would publish a book. His modesty was no doubt excessive, but one cannot live long in this world without coming to associate a degree of humility with any high form of honesty or of competency. It is they who see the deepest into life who keep the most of wonder in their eyes.

And if frankness, straightforwardness, naturalness, do conduce to the value of historical narrative, and conduce also, on the whole, to the interest and the charm of it, they are not less conducive to another effect of it which is scarcely less important: an effect which it has in common with every other sort of work that is at all artistic. I mean, the effect of making life and humanity more impressive than we ordinarily find them: of enlarging and ennobling them. For

it is true that we take life and humanity in art otherwise than we take them in our daily experience. It is not our wont — unless we ourselves are artists — to invest the men and women about us with all that dignity and mystery and largeness which human figures wear in great pictures and statues and great books. Of course, the observation is far from new; but it deserves to be considered when one inquires how it is best to treat the past. For it can scarcely be questioned that in this respect the historian may and frequently does accomplish what artists of other sorts commonly accomplish.

Apart from the question of how he does it, the question of whether he ought to do it, the question of truthfulness, may not unreasonably be raised. Is it not incumbent on him, we might ask, to avoid this particular effect altogether, as he must avoid other delusions and illusions, and to keep humanity and life in that perspective in which we habitually see them, and to portray them in the light and on the scale of every day? Will not the duty of fairness, of impartiality which forbids him to champion particular men and causes, forbid him likewise even this partisanship, as one might say, of his whole subject?

If it were so judged, he might, indeed, together with the whole company of artists of every sort, of them that in any way reproduce life, plead, in excuse, a very high temptation. For it cannot be doubted that in this effect art plays to our nobleness and not to our vileness. To derive that sense of things from history is to be peculiarly fortified in all the worthier part of our natures. It is tonical to our bravest aspirations. And, conversely, there is no other way to weaken the high purposes of men half so effective as to induce in them the habit of seeing life as a mean affair of chance and physical reactions. Even to reason that there is no moral order whatsoever in the universe is not so hurtful to the moral standards of individual men as to make them see themselves and all their fellows alike as but little things.

But perhaps a better defense for the historian who seems thus to enlarge his subject would be to point out that any serious study and careful record of the past of the race is absurd, and a waste of time, unless one has already a high conception of humanity, and finds, or at least wills to find, a great nobleness in life. For however considerable may be the practical uses of a knowledge of the past, I am persuaded that men do not, as a rule, give themselves to the study of it for any merely practical purpose whatsoever. It is rather from a grave curiosity that the historian sticks to his endless task. There are historical writers, it is true, but chiefly of the documentary and institutional school, whose work reflects no such feeling as this, and has no such effect as that we are considering. But these men are not historians in the sense that they reproduce the past, or portray mankind, at all. And this, perhaps, is also part of the distinction we may make between those writers on history who are, and those who are not, historians: that the one sort do, and the other sort do not, pursue their labors from the deep and natural concern they have about humanity and all that pertains to it, from that reverent and wondering curiosity about life which is the motive and inspiration of all art.

However that may be, the great narrative historians certainly do make us see life as tremendous and full of interest, and men, even in their follies and their weakness, as after all entirely noteworthy creatures. The effect is as clear after reading Thucydides or Gibbon as it is after reading Homer or Dante, or when one gazes upon great pictures. Perhaps a little reflection will enable us to see that, right or wrong, it is a natural, an inevitable effect of seeing life and humanity well portrayed. For what the portrayal, the reproduction, does for us is

to arrest for our completer observation what in ordinary experience we see but partially, or when we ourselves are so distracted that we cannot scrutinize and contemplate it. That in us which approves or disapproves the artist's work, so that, as has often been remarked, the artistic truth of it is a thing to be recognized, not proved, is probably memory. For memory does also enlarge and ennoble in the same way the artist does. The incidents of yesterday, of a year ago, of one's childhood, have not, in one's thought of them now, the pettiness and formlessness of what is happening before one's eyes to-day. In yesterday's meeting with my friend, nothing he said seemed notable, and there was little in his look and bearing even to suggest the immensity of his individual experience or the great mystery of his existence and of mine; but all that will be in my thought of him if memory bring him again before me, or if I look upon his portrait. Surely, then, we can ask no more of the narrative historian than that he deal with past life as faithfully as our memories do. We cannot blame him for magnifying his subject, since our minds, obedient to a law of their own, are constantly playing us the same trick — if, indeed, it is a trick. On the contrary, we ought to recognize in this very thing — a thing to be found in all accepted art, and most apparent in the highest — a sign of his membership in the brotherhood of artists.

It is a power which he has because he is an artist and a man of genius, a power not to be won by conformity to any rule of composition; but I think little question can be made that the effect is best accomplished by those historians who write of the past in that straightforward, natural way which on other grounds also we find to be the best. Honesty and simplicity are in themselves a sort of reverence for one's subject. He who builds in perfect sincerity will always build better than he knows. He will make his subject seem larger that way than he can by any sort of authoritative manipulation of it, or any rhetorical parading to and fro before it. In these ways it may perhaps be magnified out of proportion to other parts of the past, but it is the simple, the natural, the entirely honest historian who invests it with the most of that magnitude and nobleness which life takes on in memory and in art. Compare the narratives of Homer, of Thucydides, of John Bunyan — to take three good examples of the manner I have in mind — with the best of the elaborative writing of our own time, and no one can fail to see how much more impressive incidents and characters are in the hands of these three than they are in the hands of our contemporaries. Of course, these three were great masters of narrative, and perhaps it is not fair to compare work which has come down to us only by reason of its extraordinary excellence with any but the work of other masters. But there is more in the matter than the disparity between genius and ordinary talents. Few would think of mentioning Fiske's Discovery of America in the same breath with these great narratives. But read his direct, simple, almost entirely circumstantial account of the first voyage of Columbus, and see if it does not surpass, in the largeness of the effect, as well as in the breathless interest of it, while one reads, any of the more elaborate and conscious attempts to impress one with the mighty issues committed to those little caravels. The manner and style of it is what is probably best described as natural; and in that respect, though not in the entire execution, it is not unlike the story of the Sicilian expedition in Thucydides.

It is from his constant use of this manner and style, scarcely less than from his extraordinary memory, his industry, and his considerable powers of imagination, that Fiske doubtless deserves a higher rank among the writers of history than any other American since Parkman, not-

withstanding that Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. James Ford Rhodes have both mastered their special periods as he probably never did master any period. Little that is not praise can be said of Mr. Rhodes's work on the score of honesty and diligence, nor is there any lack of feeling; but his reasoning is little helped by imagination, and his characteristic manner is not easy or graceful. Mr. Adams has a better gift of speech and much insight of a critical, intellectual sort, but he is lacking in sympathy and in warmth.

If, however, we compare Fiske's work with the work of such men as Parkman and Green, his achievement must be accounted less than theirs. He has not made any subject his own as Parkman did, nor is any part of his work wrought out with that unmeasured devotion of talents and of time which was so characteristic of Green. History, indeed, was not his lifework quite as it was the lifework of the other two. His gifts were not imperiously controlled and marshaled by any such deep, quiet passion as we find informing the serious literature that lasts. Right as he was to present the past as simply as he could, one sometimes feels that his vision was so clear and undisturbed because there were things — dark things of the human spirit, contrarieties and puzzles and mysteries in men's lives and natures, and things poetical and inspiring — which he did not see at all. He was right also to tell it all in his own natural way, but even that pleasing manner of his is not a particularly distinguished manner. There is a fine dignity which it lacks. And when one reflects on the whole view and notion of the past which he presents, one finds it too easy-going. The matter seems always a little too plain. Everything, apparently, is explained, or at least is explicable. The course of events is too regular, too processional, too like the course of nature undisturbed by human nature. When we consider how constantly we are bewildered by what happens among our fellows, before our very eyes, we have difficulty in believing that there was so little of the marvelous, the inexplicable, in all this life which glides before us in his pages. He does not entirely convince us because he does not wonder. Perhaps he never found the limitations of that scientific impulse which took so strong a hold of our intellectual life about the time when he began to write. Herbert Spencer's influence was still upon him when he turned from science and philosophy to the history of his country.

But when we compare any American with any English or any Continental historian, we ought to keep in mind that the tasks are not altogether alike. It may not be entirely the fault of the story-teller if one story fall short of another in interest and charm. The truth is, that in many respects — in the atmosphere, in the variety of incidents and characters — the story which the Old World historian has to tell is a better story to tell than ours is. He is particularly fortunate in the ascendency of the human and biographical over the economic and geographical motives; for the fortunes of these compact European states seem to have been continually turning on the fortunes of individual men, their heroisms, loves, ambitions; and this has not been true of our widespread commonwealth. He is fortunate, also, in the glamour which the centuries cast upon his pages. Moreover, the artists of other sorts have prepared the way for him to the sympathy of his readers. Poets and dramatists, painters and sculptors, have given to many of his themes an accessory charm. Spread over the entire surface of his continent and its islands are countless monuments and ruins which forever turn the thoughts of men backward.

Writing in a land where nothing is so rare as ruins, for a people whose faces are set toward the future, and telling a story in which the vastness of the field

of action and the play of great material forces tend to dwarf the human figures, in which it is seldom permissible to introduce the entire lives and portray the complete characters of individuals, the American historian has not so good an opportunity for many of the effects which have been as common in history as in other forms of literature. The range of motives is not so wide. Human nature is not, perhaps, so variously exhibited. The interest of it all is less intense and passionate. To many of our deepest individual experiences it scarcely relates itself at all. The springs of laughter and of tears are seldom reached. Now and then, as in Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, we encounter fascinating or impressive characters, but for the most part the men who come before us arouse our interest rather for their causes than for themselves. Women and children we hardly ever see at all. Our concern is less with incidents than with movements and conditions, less with individuals than with the mass. We feel ourselves to be studying races and mankind. The fact that hardly a single good play or poem, and until recent years hardly a single good statue or monument, has dealt with an episode of American history, may mean more than that the arts are backward in America. For one thing, it means to the American historian that he will not yet find the popular imagination quickened to his themes. Perhaps it means also that his material is not so good for any sort of artistic treatment as the history of older lands.

But until a master has dealt with it we cannot know that this is true. If there were a master, he might convince us that the interest and the charm of the story is only different. For indeed it does not seem altogether reasonable to suppose that in the discovery, peopling, and partitioning of a whole continent, in the founding of so many states, in our revolutions, wars, and swift upgrowth to a colossal stature of nationality, there is any dearth of material for art. Perhaps, under wise tutelage, we shall come to see in the magnitude of the theme, the spaciousness of the field, the epical directness and simplicity of the action, full compensation for any lack of that dramatic intensity which belongs to the history of France, let us say, or of Greece. For the mystery which antiquity sheds upon the stories of these older lands we have, everywhere throughout the story of our own land, prophetic intimations of things to come in our future which shall be greater than any in their past. It is through a fixed habit of thought, but a habit which we in America may conceivably change, that human affairs seem to derive a greater dignity from the dimness of their origins than from the equal twilight of their ends and outcomes. There is no sufficient reason why memorials should impress us more deeply than harbingers and portents. Life is but life, nor does it greatly matter with which of the two eternities it is shadowed.

But whatever difference of values there may be in his themes as compared with others, the American historian is unwise if he attempts to set them forth with any new method and manner. For him, as for all historians of comparatively recent times, it is necessary, no doubt, to take account of many things which the historians of other stages of civilization, when science had made but little progress, did not need to consider. He will be drawn to generalize as they, with their scanter means of information, could not. He will also have to treat of material forces, of institutions, and of races, far more extensively than the historians of smaller and more homogeneous states. For these reasons, he may very likely find Gibbon a better model, on the whole, than Thucydides. But that he will need any new art, or any way of telling about the past essentially different from the way of the earliest and best narrators, I cannot be-

lieve. Though he will have more to tell than they had, the addition will be of little moment as compared with those great permanent elements of all history with which they also dealt. His story, like theirs, will be of the men that lived before our time; of what manner of men they were, and what they did; and of what sort of world they lived in, and how they changed it into the world we live in now. He will do best, he will do supremely well, if he tell his story as they told theirs: simply, so that we may understand; honestly and truthfully, so that we may profit by it; naturally, because we shall like it best if he tell it in his own way; seriously and reverently, because he will be speaking of the dead.

William Garrott Brown.

A CRIME AGAINST BEAUTY.

THAT beauty of appearance may be linked with moral worthlessness or crime is perhaps the most painful discovery which comes to a sensitive child in the gradual enlightenment of life. We begin by assuming that appearance is a sure and safe guide, and extravagant as such a notion seems to an adult, children are made aware of its falsity only by the rudest of shocks. How keen and how painful these shocks may be is shown by the persistence of the impression which they leave. Out of my youth comes to me a remembrance which illustrates this. It is connected with the most beautiful woman I ever saw, the wife of a fisherman, who lived on the coast of Maine the better part of half a century ago. I was a lad of ten when I had my one sight of her, and with that sight is connected one of the most vivid memories of my life.

My father was a country doctor, and I, his youngest son, drove much with him about the country on the innumerable rides made necessary by the conditions of a country practice. On this October morning he had driven to a settlement called the Rim, where lived in a poverty which must have been often pinching — but which was never, so far as I have seen, without dignity and self-respect — a score of farmers and fisherfolk. I knew the region well, and I can recall now the gray, dull landscape, the untidy fields where the dead cornstalks and pumpkin vines strewed the ploughed land in a coarser pattern over the fine network of faded weeds, the leafless poplars leaning away from the shore, the scattered heaps of bleached eel-grass and kelp bordering the slate-colored flats on which lay on their sides the dories, tied by long out-hauls to the trees, and the low, unpainted house about which a few ruffled hens scratched fatuously. Nothing could be less æsthetic, and no spot less likely to be the hiding-place of beauty; yet as we drove slowly down the rough lane to the house my father looked at me with the quiet smile which used just to touch the corners of his mouth, and said: —

"You like pretty things, my son. You are going to see something that ought to please you."

With the eagerness of a child I asked what it was, and into my head came visions of shells and Chinese idols or trinkets which the sailors sometimes brought from lands afar, and which I had seen in houses alongshore. I got no other answer than that I should see; but the mystery, trifling as it was, gave at once an air of interest to the surroundings. I remember looking at that low, unpainted house, with its weather-stained shingles, the window in the attic where a broken pane was stuffed with a

ragged mass of red-and-yellow flannel, the row of frost-scorched hollyhock and sunflower stalks ranged along the remains of last year's banking, the squat red chimney from which the smoke eddied up slowly. Some association of ideas suggested that the coming revelation of beauty might be connected with peacock feathers; but father smiled and shook his head at my question. I fell back upon the remembrance of a great brown owl that the son of a farmer had shown with pride as the spoils of the chase, one day when we had driven a dozen miles inland; and with this thought I followed now into the house. The door was low, and father was tall, so that I remember looking up to see how much he had to stoop. That and the change from the sunlight to the dusk of the narrow entry-way prevented me from seeing anything else clearly until we were fairly in the kitchen. Then I saw, and boy as I was I knew.

A woman in a slatternly calico gown was frying fish at the stove. She turned toward us, one hand holding the handle of the frying-pan and the other a steel fork; and her beauty was like the flash of a flame. I remember that I tried afterward, being an introspective child and over-given to self-analysis, to determine why this woman should so have affected me. I am not sure that I put it to myself quite so definitely as this, but I tried in some vague way to account for my sensations. I prided myself, as any boy at that age normally and healthily does, on being superior to spooniness, and I regarded with consuming scorn the admiration with which older lads singled out one girl or another who appeared to me the most ordinary of mortals. I could not then, and I am not sure that I can now, account for the thrill which went through me. I can only say that I was born a beauty-lover, and that here was beauty incarnate.

She was, as I know now, a wonderful creature, with the head and the hair of a Titian beauty. Her skin was white, and her lips glowingly red; she carried herself with a sort of insolent indifference amazing in one of her station. When I have made this inventory, however, and see that gorgeous creature in memory, though I am almost transported back to my boyish breathlessness of admiration, I cannot but realize how utterly words fall short of presenting her. I should seem absurd, I fear, if I declared that the beauty of this woman in a fisherman's cottage down on the coast of Maine might have come out of a canvas by Paris Bordone or Paolo Veronese, and yet this is literally true.

Certain rare things in this world are so beautiful that it is impossible to speak of them without exciting suspicion. The trail of the serpent of "fine writing" is over so many affected attempts at description that one is discredited at the start when he has to speak of a woman like this slatternly Mrs. Pewit, goddess of the frying-pan. The reader remembers too many florid "purple passages" wherein have been set forth the perfections of heroines of novels not by the masters, and he smiles in untouched superiority, even though, as in this case, only simple facts be set down. It is of little matter here, however, since the only point is that I as a boy regarded this woman as supremely beautiful. I stood in a perfect passion of admiration, so completely absorbed that I forgot to take off my cap until my father spoke.

"This is my son, Mrs. Pewit," he said. "He seems to have left his manners at home this morning."

I realized with a sort of dazed double-consciousness that he was quietly smiling at me. I whipped off my cap to the best of my bewildered ability, and stammered an answer to Mrs. Pewit's greeting. Then I sank into a chair while father asked professional questions about the husband of the goddess, a man of more than double her age, to whom she had been married, I knew afterward, only a

short time, and who was now ill in the next room.

Presently father went to his patient, leaving me with Mrs. Pewit. She paid no attention to me at first, but began to lay the table. That she laid it for two I noticed because I feared she intended to invite us to have dinner, as the country folk frequently did if the doctor chanced to call late in the forenoon. I did not care for fried fish, and hoped that father would not accept the invitation, although with precocious calculation I reflected that if we did stay I should have a longer time in which to look my fill at our hostess. Suddenly Mrs. Pewit surprised me by going hastily on tiptoe to the door of the bedroom and listening intently. It is probable that my looks betrayed my surprise, for on glancing up and meeting my eyes she came back to the table she had been laying.

"I just wanted to hear what he 's telling the doctor," she said rather mutteringly. "He 's awful notional."

It is easy to understand that the words were meant as an excuse, but had she realized it she needed none. I was so completely subjugated by her loveliness that I had no question of what she did. I accepted her as the embodiment of essential rightness. No pagan ever more completely surrendered himself to beauty than I in my childhood, and now I could only worship. I did not reason about it, and I think that at that time I had never heard Keats's identification of truth and beauty; but that which was so wonderful to the eye and to the sense appealed to some inner conviction that a woman so fair must be of no less perfection in goodness.

Father came out of the sickroom after a time, and I thought his face stern. I knew the look of anxiety or of pleasure with which he usually left the bed of a patient, and I could generally tell pretty accurately without his saying anything how it was going with the sick. The expression he wore now, however, was one associated with the times when he was indignant or flamed up in anger over some flagrant violation of right.

"Go and wait outside," he said to me with unusual abruptness.

I was conscious that as I gave one last regretful look at the woman she glanced quickly and sharply at him; and in reconstructing the scene afterward I very likely put into it a significance of which at the time I could not have been aware. I went out and pulled handfuls of grass for Jenny Lind, the somewhat shrewish mare who seemed to have a vicious pleasure in rewarding my kindness by energetic attempts to snap off my fingers. By the time Jenny Lind and I had got the bit and the breastplate well soiled with the slobbered remains of half-chewed grass father appeared, graver than ever. His silence did not encourage questions, and we were half a mile toward home before I spoke.

"Father," I said at last, perhaps partly with a view of exhibiting my poetic perception, but chiefly, I believe, from genuine feeling, "don't you think she 's like one of the women in Shakespeare?"

His grave face relaxed a little, as he turned and looked at me.

"Which one?" he asked.

I had no answer ready, because I had spoken from a general feeling that a creature so lovely could belong nowhere but in the highest possible world of poetry. I cast about to discover what character she might best be, but nothing seemed entirely appropriate.

"I don't know which one," I answered after a moment; "but she 's so different from other folks that" —

I had gone as far in the exposition of my feelings as I was able, and stopped with a confused sensation of having brought rather more of my emotions to the light of day than I had intended. Father flicked the shoulder of Jenny Lind, who resented the hint with an angry flirt of her parsimonious tail.

"She is a very beautiful woman, my son," he said. "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen or ever expect to see; but I am afraid she is not a good one. How do you think she would do for Lady Macbeth?"

It was years before I learned that while I waited outside with Jenny Lind father had told Mrs. Pewit that he suspected her of tampering with her husband's medicines if not of actually administering small doses of poison, and that he had left her with the threat that if he did not on the morrow find Mr. Pewit's sister installed as a nurse he should take legal measures for the old man's protection. At the time the idea of associating any thought of wrong-doing or crime with that transcendent creature seemed to me unbearable.

"But, father," I protested, with the logic of youth, "she 's too good-looking for Lady Macbeth."

He smiled, but did not answer beyond a queer look. Whether he was amused at the hopeless inadequacy of my phrase, or whether he reflected that it was a pity to destroy my illusions, I cannot tell; but at least he did not speak, and we drove home in silence.

All the rest of the day I wandered about in an exalted, and very likely rather moony frame of mind. I had been bred on poetry, and with my temperament it was natural that the vision of the morning should affect me strongly. I dare say I dreamed that night of the woman who in her slatternly frock and sordid surroundings might have smiled down a goddess in proud superiority of beauty; but if I did my slumber was too healthily sound to allow me to remember the fact. I only know that the next day I was smitten to the heart by the news which came, crudely announced by a rough fisherman who stopped on his way to the sheriff's to tell father: Mrs. Pewit and her lover had smothered the old fisherman in his bed, and had then set sail in the lover's fishing-smack, it was supposed for the Provinces. The killing of the husband, which at first seemed an entirely gratuitous crime if the guilty couple were to leave the country, was explained by the fact that old Pewit had a pitiful sum of money which he carried in a belt about his body. He had been only too well aware of his wife's infidelity, and had complained to father of lying helpless in bed and hearing the voice of the lover as the wife entertained him in the kitchen. The tragedy was humble, but it was sufficiently complete.

I do not especially remember the details of what followed. The fugitives were never, so far as I know, brought to justice, and Mrs. Pewit may be still alive in an unholy old age. She would be between seventy and eighty, I suppose; and if she is still in this world I should like to talk with her, but not to see her.

The tragic circumstances naturally fixed the woman's beauty in my remembrance, but the impression of loveliness was not what remained most poignantly and indelibly in my mind. To this day I feel the pain of the outrage which was done to my boyish faith by the fact that the most beautiful creature I had ever encountered, the woman who seemed the embodiment of whatever was most exquisite in romance, in poetry, in life, could be so wicked. I can understand now that the sense of æsthetic wrong was what most deeply touched me, although I was of course horrified by the moral crime. In the murder itself, however, was a certain ghastly joy, a tingling sense that in our quiet village real crimes might happen, crimes such as are dealt with in great tragedies. I experienced a delightful elation that the Rim was in our township and not in the next; and that I should always be able to boast that I had seen Mrs. Pewit the very day she killed her husband. I dwelt upon this fact to the boys at school, all of whom regarded me with burning envy,

and speculated whether, in case the criminals should be captured, I might not be called upon to go to court as a witness. I gave myself airs, and made the most of my advantages; but deep down in my heart I was conscious of a dull ache. The proprieties of life had been outraged. I could not argue the matter out, and I only knew that something had gone wrong. I even came in a few days to be so sore over the indefinable ill which I could not name that even the pleasure of boasting of being almost connected with the murder was an insufficient compensation for the pain of keeping the incident in mind. I could not ask any one what was the matter with me, and it was not until my years had been much increased that I understood something of that sorrow of my boyhood. I appreciated that secretly I had mourned over the bitter knowledge that it was possible for sin to make false and vain the divine promise of beauty.

Arlo Bates.

A GREAT MUNICIPAL REFORM.

In the last two years the City of New York has effected one of the most notable social and governmental reforms in its history. It has done so in the face of powerful opposition from vested interests, unscrupulously resourceful, and antagonized only by a unanimous and well-directed public sentiment. The question at issue has been the betterment of the people's housing, — a cause which, at irregular intervals, has been militant for the last half century. When we remember that the wealthy Trinity Church corporation itself has fought sanitary tenement laws in the highest courts of the state, we have a slight appreciation of the difficulties with which every effort to improve the condition of the thickly populated districts has been beset.

The fact, therefore, that the work of tenement reform is now proceeding under enlightened municipal management is a cause for general gratification. For the last twenty years the island of Manhattan has suffered the evil reputation of having the most deplorable housing conditions in the world. Social investigators from the great European capitals who have made a study of certain congested sections of the East and West Sides have pronounced them worse than anything in London, Glasgow, Paris, or Berlin. All foreign capitals have their tenement evils; the improvement of English conditions has been a political question for years; but, in every case, the difficulty is unlike that which is the bad eminence of the American metropolis. The European capitals have their closely packed slums, reeking with filth and disease. The chief life-battle of their wretched populations, nevertheless, is with poverty, improvidence, and crime. The main disadvantage to the life of our metropolitan poor, however, is more elemental. Here it is a struggle, not so much for food, for clothing, for shelter, as for light and air. Under the remarkable conditions which have grown up in Manhattan Island in one hundred years, it is these two foremost gifts of nature of which, above all, the poorer classes have been deprived. By a steady process, accelerated in the last ten years, the congested tenement districts of New York have become one great aggregation of sunless and airless rooms. Immense buildings have gone up by the thousands, five, six, and seven stories high, in which practically no provision for ventilation has been made; and in which the occupants are undergoing a slow process

of asphyxiation. Nor are these disadvantages confined to the submerged proletariat. The New York tenement system is pervasive. It reaches the industrious and well-paid workingman as well as his less worthy brother. It affects the fair-salaried clerk; the struggling professional man; a good proportion, indeed, of the so-called middle classes. The lack of light and air is almost as great an evil on the West Side, inhabited by a public well advanced in civilization, as in the section south of Fourteenth Street, tenanted chiefly from the immigration ships. In other words, two thirds of the total population of New York, or 2,500,000 out of 3,500,000, live in tenement houses; a proportion which is increasing every day.

This remarkable situation is not without interest to the historian and to the social observer. The tenement problem as seen in New York is the result largely of the rapidity with which the city has been constructed. Probably building laws are one of the final expressions of civilization. They exist in bewildering complexity in such ancient capitals as London and Paris; they exist only in their infancy in American cities. We have well-defined building laws as a protection against fire. We have begun also to exert the same state police power as a protection against disease. The ultimate expression of this same authority, exercised to excellent purpose in Paris, is in the interest of art; and to this some time we shall probably attain. The present picturesque street tangle in lower Manhattan is explained by the haphazard fashion in which each early Dutchman planted his house wherever he pleased, absolutely oblivious of any street plan. His successors have been almost as unrestrained in the construction of the present city.

The explanation of the tenement difficulty of Manhattan Island, therefore, is not especially complex. From time to time many picturesque reasons are assigned for it. It is caused, according to one theory, by the shape of the island itself, — a narrow tongue of land between two rivers, restraining all development east and west, and confining the city within a few square miles. The first agitation for better tenements, however, took place as far back as 1834, when the city did not extend above Fourteenth Street, and when there was plenty of room for expansion. Moreover, the multiple dwelling flourishes almost as much in the outlying boroughs as in Manhattan; it is even not unknown in suburban towns. Nor is the tenement to be attributed to the lack of transit facilities; for the extension of the transit system merely pushes outward the edge of the tenement zone, and establishes such tenement centres as Harlem and the larger part of the Bronx. The high level of land values is no explanation of existing conditions; this is the effect and not the cause. The one sufficient reason for the appalling evil is simply unchecked human greed. The great profits in establishing ten or twenty families upon the same amount of land usually occupied by one is apparent; and, there being no municipal laws to prevent such abnormal growths, the land-owners have eagerly seized their opportunity. In a few years they have transformed the island of Manhattan from a city peopled almost entirely by families, each with a separate dwelling, into a city of tenement and apartment houses.

Though tenement evils were the subject of special investigation in 1834, it was not until the great immigration movement of the forties that the present conditions, in embryo, developed. There were no laws against crowding, against cellar occupation, and all available space was utilized for the accommodation of the multitudinous filth and misery from Europe. It is not the purpose here, however, to trace in detail the city's retrogression in the matter of housing; but merely to sketch the growth of the tenement as the all but exclusive habita-

tion of the metropolitan population, and the present peculiar phases of the evil. The tenement's first appearance was as the metamorphosed dwelling-house. In order to convert the old private house into the abiding-place of several families it was usually necessary to leave several rooms absolutely windowless. As these houses were not deep, however, the evil was not especially flagrant, though emphasized by indiscriminate herding. This was followed by the erection of *bona fide* tenant houses, usually four stories high and four rooms deep, accommodating four families to a floor in two-room apartments. The only rooms in these cases directly lighted were those in the front and rear, the intermediate rooms always being without ventilation. Conditions were made worse by the grotesque city plan of New York, the work of the Commission of 1807. This commission laid out the city in rectangular blocks, six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, which, in their turn, were divided into lots twenty-five feet wide or less. In the erection of the tenement house, therefore, the twenty-five foot lot was taken as the unit. No space was sacrificed; nothing was given up for purposes of ventilation, except a yard in the rear. The houses were built flat up against one another, windows being absolutely unprovided for. The sudden discovery of the fact that a single city lot, formerly used for a one-family dwelling, could be made to house from twelve to sixteen had its natural effect in stimulating land values. As population grew, and the price of land went up, the houses were gradually increased in height and depth. Instead of being only four rooms deep, they became five, six, seven, and sometimes eight; and five, six, and occasionally seven stories high. The rooms thus became sunless cells. The municipality was asleep; the idea that it had any responsibility for providing its people with a proper supply of air and sunlight had occurred only to a few misguided social reformers. The first important attempt made to ventilate tenement houses was in 1879. From that time dates the so-called "dumb-bell" tenement. It differed from the prevailing type only in that it provided a thin airshaft, for the ostensible purpose of lighting and ventilating interior rooms. Nothing worse could have been devised. The shaft, usually about twenty-eight inches wide, was closed at the bottom and at the end, and thus permitted no free circulation of air. The house was six and seven stories high, twenty-five feet wide, and accommodated four families to a floor, or twenty-four and twenty-eight in all. Until 1901 this was the favorite commercial tenement plan in New York. In the last twenty years houses of this type have been built by thousands. In whole sections of the city dwellings, which were formerly the habitation of fashion and wealth, have been destroyed and replaced with tenement houses of this kind. They have been the receptacles into which have disappeared the eager hordes of the Old World. The Italian peasant, fresh from his own land of sunshine and blue sky, has found his New World promised land in two or three dark rooms of a dumb-bell tenement. The Eastern Jew, persecuted, overtaxed, deprived of all earthly pleasures as he has been by the Russian government, has found, on his arrival in New York, that there was one privilege of which even the Czar had forgotten to rob him. For the first time, and in free America, has he been deprived of light and air.

But it is not the wretchedly poor alone who have found their habitations in the tenement house. About 1878 the landlords discovered that other classes could be prevailed upon to live in multiple dwellings; and it was in that year that the apartment house made its first appearance. It appealed to the hitherto private-house public because of its economy, and because of the numerous ways in which it simplified the details of

housekeeping. An interesting phase of the question is the way in which the apartment idea has been extended, until it now comprises the richest as well as the poorest elements in the population. In some of the most luxurious apartment houses of recent construction the annual rentals for suites reach $5000, $8000, $10,000, and even more; and yet the construction and management of these homes of luxury are regulated by the same laws that govern an East Side tenement. The process of what may be called the "tenementization" of the city has now been under way for some thirty years; with the result that the private dwelling, except as the abiding-place of the very wealthy, is all but unknown. As new districts are developed, the tenement, or the flat, or the apartment, is the almost invariable form of housing; and the process of rebuilding old dwelling-house sections along these modern lines is proceeding rapidly. The private dwelling, as a form of new construction, is found now only in Fifth Avenue and in other preserves of fashion and wealth. Less than one hundred private houses are built in Manhattan Island every year, the cost, including the land, averaging about $100,000 each. In other words, an annual income of at least $25,000 is required by the occupants. At the present rate of progress, therefore, in less than a generation only the millionaire will be able to afford a house of his own. And that same lack of ventilation which has been described in the more congested districts applies, in varying degrees, at least to the middle class of these buildings. Narrow airshafts, small, dark, and ill-ventilated rooms, restricted passageways, inadequate protection against fire, — all these are evils as common to the "flat," the middle-class "apartment," as to the East Side tenement.[1] In these so-called better sections, the builders have had everything practically their own way, and, in the course of twenty years, have rushed up a mass of the flimsiest and most unsanitary buildings, for which, in the main, they have exacted exorbitant rents. The highest class apartment houses, suites in which rent, say, from $1000 up, necessarily are built with more regard for the comfort and health of their tenants; but even these, especially in the fire precautions, are far from ideal.

This herding of more than 2,500,000 people in a conglomeration of poorly constructed and poorly ventilated rooms naturally has a most important bearing upon the physical and moral character of the metropolitan population. If not checked, it must necessarily produce a new type of men and women. The apartment and tenement mode of life at its best, in its essential disregard of home life, in its substitution of a mechanical mode of existence for the domesticity of a previous generation, is a deplorable evil; but in its present manifestation its results are something appalling. These appear, naturally, most offensively in the closely packed districts, — in the Jewish, the Italian, and the negro quarters. The effects, physical and moral, of crowding a single family, consisting perhaps of five or six members, usually reinforced by two or three more in the shape of "boarders," in an apartment comprising from two to four rooms, only one of them directly ventilated, in most instances not more than eight feet long and seven feet wide, can be readily imagined. We find, as a result, all kinds of physical and moral degradation. We find the deaths from consumption — whose most successful foes are air and sunlight — reaching a startling total. We find the rate of infant mortality in some sections as high as 204.54[2] to the 1000. We find the lowest

[1] The word tenement in this article is used in its legal sense, — that is, as a house occupied by three or more families, each doing its own cooking on the premises (law of 1887).

[2] Report of the Tenement Commission of 1895. These, of course, are extreme cases.

standards of personal cleanliness, not necessarily because of the natural tendencies of the tenement public, but because dark rooms and dark halls, to say nothing of the lack of ordinary household conveniences, are not conducive to the most exemplary habits. More unfortunate than these physical ills, however, is the moral degradation which is the direct outcome of the New York tenement system. The tenement house has become the breeding place of the most revolting immorality. All standards of family life and family relations frequently give way in the loathsome conditions in which life is spent. The predominance of the tenement house as the all but exclusive housing form exaggerates the metropolitan evil of prostitution. The respectable and the disreputable live side by side in the same house, frequently on the same floor. The industrious workingman, in his efforts to educate his children in the ways of virtue, finds himself surrounded on every hand by the most debasing influences. To those who remember how extensively this evil figured in the municipal election of 1901, and how greatly it contributed to Tammany's defeat, further details on this point are unnecessary.

It is evident, therefore, that the reformation of the tenement house evil in New York is not likely to be a simple task. The great result to be sought for, however, is at once apparent. The main thing is the lighting of these darkened rooms. The reform wrought in London by illuminating the streets with gas finds a parallel in the progress in municipal regeneration that might be made in New York by giving the poor a little fresh air and sunlight. It was not until Governor Roosevelt's appointment of the De Forest Tenement House Commission in 1900 that the necessary remedial legislation took practical shape. This act itself was the result of many years' struggle against corrupt politicians, — Tammany Hall, the self-appointed guardian of the poorer classes, has been a bitter enemy of tenement reform, — and against vested interests. Its long delay had greatly exaggerated the problem; for meanwhile the conditions described had accumulated in appalling volume. The commission, however, was of high civic character, and was composed of men, several of whom had made an exhaustive study of the tenement problem. The law which was passed as a result of their investigation was the first sweeping and effective tenement measure since the enactment in 1867 of the first tenement house act. The newly elected Low administration found the enforcement of this statute one of its most important responsibilities. The law created a new branch of municipal service, — the tenement house department; and gave the tenement commission, in the shape of an elaborate code of housing laws, important supervision over the building of new tenements and the maintenance of old. The creation of this department marked a new sense of municipal responsibility. It was official recognition of the fact that municipal oversight of the physical surroundings of the people is an important governmental function. The conduct of this department during the last two years is one of the great successes of the Low administration. It has approached nearer than any other department the reformer's high ideal of effective non-partisan administration.

The tenement department was the most available branch of the city government to test the non-partisan idea, simply because it was new, without traditions and abuses made venerable by time. It was also a department calling particularly for expert service; for the evils to be combated were complicated and deep-seated. Mr. Low showed an appreciation of the situation by selecting, as the head of the new department, Mr. Robert W. de Forest; and, as his deputy commissioner, Mr. Lawrence Veiller. Neither of these gentlemen had strong political qualifications; their only claim to office was that,

simply on the merits of the case, they were the two men in the greater city pre-eminently qualified for the place. Mr. De Forest had given a considerable part of his time, through many years, to charitable and philanthropic work, and had been especially identified with the cause of housing reform. To Mr. Veiller, probably more than to any one man, is due the credit for the technical details of the present tenement law. The organization of the whole department was in keeping with the non-partisan character of the heads. All the subordinates were selected simply for fitness; and they have been held to a strict accounting for the performance of their work without fear or favor. The utmost care was taken in the selection of inspectors, — varying from 150 to 200 in number, — who are to the tenement department what the patrolmen are to the department of police. In the same way that it is the duty of the rank-and-file policemen to protect the community against crime, it is the duty of the tenement inspectors to protect it against the encroachments of filth and disease. They are also subject to similar temptations. Improperly administered the tenement department could be made an abundant source of blackmail and oppression; and should Tammany return to power, unquestionably it would be made to yield a rich harvest. That men drawn from the great mass of the people — a tenement inspectorship pays not more than $1200 a year — can be made honest and efficient, under honest and efficient leadership, is shown by the experience of the present department. Mr. De Forest has kept a most rigid watch upon his inspectors, but, up to the present time, not one has been dismissed for bribe-taking.

The whole work of the department is practically centred upon this inspector. His work begins as soon as excavations are made for a new tenement house; his supervision over that house does not end until it is torn down or destroyed. He watches it, brick by brick, and floor by floor, to see that it is built in strict conformity with the law. Through his superiors, he can make the builder, who has infracted the slightest provision of that measure, remove the offending part and start anew. After the building is entirely up, he can insist upon its reconstruction, in case the statute has not been complied with. No house can be occupied until the owner has received a written certificate that all is in keeping with law. It is after it is filled with tenants, however, that the inspector's most important duties begin. Then he steps in as the protector of the people against dishonest or careless landlords, even against themselves. A multiplicity of sanitary provisions must be complied with; it is his duty to see that they are enforced. Every tenement house in Greater New York in which the yearly rentals are less than $300 must be inspected at least once a month; oftener, if complaint is made. It is a significant evidence of the readiness of the poorest citizen to seize all opportunities to better his condition that the work of the inspector has been taken up chiefly in investigating complaints. Until the organization of this branch of the city government the tenement classes had practically no recourse against the dangers that lurk in defective drain pipes, filthy halls, cellars, and yards. Nominally complaints could be made to the Board of Health, but that department was usually too busy or too corrupt to attend to them. The health inspectors were in league with the property owners. They had no scruples in betraying the complainant to his landlord, with the result that a note to the Board of Health frequently caused the writer's eviction. When the tenement classes realized that a special city department existed entirely for them, and that it was honestly administered, the response was almost overwhelming. Badly scrawled notes, wonderful in their orthography and dialect, began to pour in upon the commissioner. The department

is given detailed information of "whare" an epidemic of "smal poakes" is likely to break out; of where "5 femlis du leiv tugeder an thare iss siknez;" of where the inspectors will "be up tu you neas in wateh," and of where, "the ofer from the sinkes is in a feareh condision an must be seet to." In the first five months of its existence the department received, investigated, and acted upon 10,000 of these complaints, affecting as many houses; and they are now coming in at the rate of 600 a week. It is all a most notable evidence of coöperative government, — of the association of the citizen and his chosen representatives in municipal administration. Never have the submerged classes and the city officials been brought into such close and effective relations. Perhaps the most practical result of that new understanding is the elimination of prostitution in tenement houses. This abuse has been rampant in New York for the last forty years; and has always been regarded as an inevitable incident of life in a great metropolis. The new law, however, gave the tenement commissioner unusual power in protecting the homes of the poor from this constant menace. As a result, prostitution in tenement houses is now practically unknown. It was only through the coöperation of the afflicted tenement dwellers themselves that the evil has been checked; and in this single achievement, had the department nothing else to show for its eighteen months' work, it is justified.

What has chiefly attracted public attention, however, is the actual production of new and sanitary tenements under the supervision of the present department. This success has been won in the teeth of the bitterest opposition. The new statute runs counter to property interests at many points, and these have stopped at practically no form of corruption to negative it. As soon as the present measure became effective the builders, architects, property owners, dealers in building materials, and large corporations financially interested in tenement houses, joined hands to howl it down. A powerful property owners' association was formed, with a large membership, to fight it in the legislature and in the courts. That a large corruption fund was formed has been frequently charged. Dire prophecies were made concerning the practical workings of the law. It was asserted that building must stop; that thousands of mechanics would be thrown out of work, and general misery follow. It was said that houses built according to the De Forest statute could not be constructed on a commercial basis, and that higher rents must inevitably follow its enforcement. Happily these malcontents found few supporters in the press; the metropolitan newspapers, almost without an exception, taking up with enthusiasm the cause of the tenement dwellers. The social and political organizations and the church, which represent the best public sentiment, have devoted their energies to the preservation of the law. Twice its opponents have appeared in the legislature to secure its repeal or modification; and each time they have been met by these assembled forces. The practical success of the law, even under these adverse conditions, has been remarkable. For the first year, owing mainly to the fact that the city was overbuilt when the new law became effective, few new buildings were erected. Last fall, however, construction started in on a large scale, and is now in full progress. In all, about 600 tenement houses have been erected under the new measure. These buildings are the curiosity and admiration of the metropolis.

The most obvious change is the size of the new tenements. The old twenty-five-foot unit has been discarded, the builders, in view of the land situation in Manhattan, showing commendable skill in adapting themselves to the new conditions. Tenement houses now built have a width of thirty-seven or of forty feet. The old dumb-bell type has been given up for all time. There are to be no more houses

with dark rooms, with insufficient fire protection, with inadequate plumbing, and without the ordinary sanitary conveniences. There are no more narrow airshafts, the minimum court provided in the new law having a width of six feet, — and this only when it is open either toward the street or the yard. The inner court, corresponding to the twenty-eight inch airshaft of the old dumb-bell, is now twelve feet wide; and that, unlike the dumb-bell "slit," has a large tunnel at the ground, connecting with the street or yard, and thus furnishing a free circulation of air. In new tenements there are no rooms that do not have windows opening either on the street or yard or upon a court of the above generous proportions. Equally important are certain interior arrangements. Most apartments are provided with private halls, — the absence of private halls in the old type of building was one of its greatest evils, — all staircases and halls are fireproof, and, if the building is more than six stories, it is of fireproof construction throughout. Other technical improvements need not be elaborated here; the great point to be borne in mind is that all tenement and apartment houses must hereafter be supplied with abundant light and air. The law went further than this, in that it aimed not only to safeguard the future, but to undo the mistakes of the past. It required radical changes in old tenement houses to make them more habitable. It provided for the abolition of certain unsanitary nuisances, and for the ventilation of all dark interior rooms. In addition to its other duties the department is now letting light and air into some 300,000 of these vitiated chambers, — in some instances a considerable part of the houses being reconstructed for this purpose. The tenement commissioner's probe is reaching into the deepest recesses of the underworld.

The response of the people themselves to these new buildings is the most encouraging feature of the reform. It has always been the cry of the landlords that the tenants got as good as they deserved; that they preferred to live in filth, and that they would abuse whatever quarters were given them. Their stock argument has been certain venerable bath-tubs installed in model tenements by misguided philanthropists and utilized by the occupants as coal bins. The popularity of the new houses with the poorer classes, however, was sufficiently shown last winter, when a determined effort was made for its repeal. The whole East Side was aroused, largely attended meetings of tenement dwellers protested against the proposed legislation, and at the hearing in Albany a procession of more than 500 East Side citizens filed up to the capitol and made a personal appeal to governor and legislature in behalf of the existing law. There is no apathy on the East Side on the question of tenement improvement. As the new houses are built there is little less than a stampede to secure quarters in them. They are well cared for by the tenants; even the bath-tubs are frequently put to their intended use. As a matter of fact one of the chief reasons for accumulated filth in the old tenement houses was their darkness. It could not be seen. Practically all the halls and rooms, however, are now as bright as daylight; and the educational value of this illumination is evident in the neatness and domesticity of the new apartments. The popularity of the new houses has given them a great commercial value. As a result, the De Forest law is now as much appreciated by the builders as by the general public. The most reputable now declare that they would be the last to favor any retrogression in tenement legislation.

Nor have the better houses resulted in any great increase in rents. In this matter, too, the former opponents of the law have been proved false prophets. House rents have no intimate bearing upon the cost of production; it is purely a question of demand and supply. The new

tenements bring slightly higher rents, — perhaps thirty cents per room per month; but that is because they are new and scarce. New houses under the old law always brought higher rents than old. The question is confused at the present time because there has been a great increase in rents in all the tenement sections, owing to an increased demand and lessened supply; and this has affected the old as well as the new houses. It will be readily admitted, however, that the De Forest houses are occupied by those highest in the tenement scale; but it is not necessary to conclude that the new law is doing nothing for the most wretched classes. In the first place, this view omits the work now being done under this law in other ways than the mere construction of new houses, — in the ventilation of old rookeries, sometimes at the expense of their reconstruction, and in their supervision by a special city department. Again, as far as the building of new houses is concerned, this is a reform which necessarily begins at the top. Progress is made only by furnishing the more thrifty with improved housing. There are numerous castes in the tenement quarter, and a constant moving up in the tenement scale. In five or ten years there will be thousands of the new tenements now so admired. The poorer classes, year by year, will find their habitations in them. Thirty and forty years hence our new law tenements will be among the rookeries of the East Side. Had the law been passed a generation ago, the present homes of the East Side poor would be wonderfully superior to the black holes in which they now live. Thus the new law, in the course of time, improves the houses of the more wretched as well as of the more prosperous in the tenement districts. Nor will the process necessarily be slow. The greater financial qualities of the new houses will accelerate the destruction of old to furnish sites for them. The East Side is undergoing rapid reconstruction; the new law will stimulate it. Already, in the most popular districts are four and five story flats removed to make way for the De Forest type of building.

The new tenement law is the greatest forward step in civilization the City of New York has taken in years. Its influence is widespread, as its success has inspired other municipalities to improvement along similar lines.

Burton J. Hendrick.

A MEMORY.

Between the feet of the summer hours
I see the love-fire in the flowers;
I see the cloud-boat round to the breeze,
And sail and sail the azure seas.
I see the sunlight dull and die,
I see the long broad shadows lie
On a level where sheep and heifers graze,
And the little wind at the wood's edge plays.
Again I hear the thrush wind round
The dusk with far-off, fading sound;
Once more, like the song in the twilight tree,
A dream-bliss dies in the heart of me.

John Vance Cheney.

THE BOY WHO LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

Of course, it was not a real well sunk into the earth, but it could not have been much deeper and darker had that been the case. It was simply a square shaft which had been left open when they reared the tenements and stables that walled it in on all sides, its purpose being to admit a little of heaven's free light and fresh air. That purpose the well served but poorly. Even at noontide on the clearest day the bottom of it was steeped in dusk. No sunbeam ever fathomed the full depth of that hole.

What interested the little boy most about the well was its cover. To his inexperienced mind it seemed that the vaulted sky was merely the ceiling of the room formed by the damp walls that hemmed him in. Every time he wished to have a good look at it, he had to lie down flat on his back unless he wanted to break his neck. Thus he could stay for hours in rapt contemplation of the ever shifting aspects of that cover. Sometimes it had a gray and dreary color, and fitted so closely that a mouse could not have squeezed past the top of the well. Then the narrow world of the little boy grew more gloomy and cold than usual, and he huddled in a corner, fearing he knew not what.

At other times the cover would be raised so high that the boy wondered if it were going to be taken off entirely. The further it receded the more brightly it shone and sparkled, and the boy gazed into the luminous blue depth until dark spots began to float past his vision, and he thought he was catching glimpses of things on the other side of the cover. On such occasions the upper parts of the walls, now on this side and now on that, used to give out a warm lustre which sent a rare sense of comfort and contentment to his heart. He was ever waiting eagerly for it. When it remained absent very long, he cried softly to himself, saddened to the very roots of his being. And again, when it met his charmed gaze in the fullness of its glory, he would laugh and talk to it as to a playmate.

"You, you, you," was all he said as he stretched his hands lovingly and longingly up toward the golden sheen. But this was a good deal for him.

That it was merely sunshine he knew not. Nor would he have been wiser, had he been told so. He knew as little, that, God granting life, small will grow big by and by. If he ever dreamt of a change, his untrained fancy could not carry him beyond a hope that his stepmother might let him stay with her alone every night in the room that opened on the well.

Oh, the black nights when he was torn out of his sleep and bundled into the well, with only a few rags to protect him against the chill and the dampness, and with nothing but darkness about him. Nothing to keep him company but darkness and the rats that came out of their holes and ran over his legs in search of food among the refuse that littered the bottom of the well and furnished his only toys in the daytime, — tin cans, bottles, worn-out brooms, bleached bones, sticks of wood, and such scraps. On very black and very cold nights it happened that he wept, but never loudly. He knew too well that his lamentation, if overheard, would only render him a beating for solace.

His exilement followed generally the arrival of visitors, men or women or both. They were uncouth and ugly and scowling, and although the boy had seen no other kind of people, he feared them instinctively, drawing back from their nearness as from something that might harm him. Their noisy, wandering talk was wholly meaningless to him, and

jarred on his ears like blows. Often they fell to quarreling among themselves with so many angry words and such violent gestures that the little fellow found an actual relief in the gloomy lonesomeness of the well.

Therefore, much as he disliked to be turned out at night, he dreaded still more to stay in the room as soon as his stepmother was no longer alone. Once in a while he had to do so when she happened to be in a sentimental mood. Vainly he folded his arms above his head and rolled himself up like a hedgehog among the rags that formed his bed, trying to sleep. The tumult about him as well as the fright in his heart kept him awake. On more than one occasion had his stepmother's friends kicked him in their drunken heedlessness, or even stepped on him inadvertently.

Those troubles might have been borne, however, had there not been added to them the ever present dread of a tin pail which regularly disappeared on the arrival of strangers and turned up again in a few minutes filled with some frothing, noisome, strong-smelling fluid. He came gradually to regard that pail as an incarnation of all that made him unhappy, a kind of personal enemy that sneaked out and in like a human being, actuated only by desire to cause him pain; and he hated it with the bitter hatred of a grown-up heart. He used to spend hours in a corner of the well, with his back propped against the wall, brooding in a half-conscious way on what he should do to it if he had a chance. But the chance never came.

Sometimes strangers wanted him to taste the contents of the pail, and dragged him for that purpose from his nest where he pretended to be asleep. Their manner and their words seemed to indicate that they wanted to confer a favor on him. His kicks and writhings to get away from the pungent stuff, against which his entire being revolted, were regarded as highly amusing features of a fine piece of dissimulation. The more desperate his resistance, the more hearty was his tormentors' enjoyment of the game, — and his stepmother got more fun out of it than anybody else. When they had tired of their sport at last and permitted him to crawl back into his lair, and when he had recovered from the coughing spell caused by the few drops they had succeeded in making him swallow, then, but not until then, would he give free vent to his tears, for he was in his way a brave little boy, made so by sad experience. Not a sound came from the nook where he crouched, but had anybody thought of watching it, the heap of rags that hid him could have been seen to heave and shake. Indeed, there were things worse than the gloom and chill of the well.

The room was scantily illuminated at night by a smoking, globeless lamp, so that when the window had been covered up with a shawl on the inside, only a few faint rays of light leaked out into the well through holes and worn spots. Holding up his hands between his face and the window, the boy could barely make them out. All around him hovered impenetrable darkness. It gathered so close and thick above his head that it appeared tangible to the touch. But still higher up, beyond those almost solid shadows, where the cover used to be in the daytime, he noticed sometimes trembling spots of marvelous brilliancy. Viewed from the bottom of that shaft, the stars scintillated with a radiance unknown to those who have only watched them from sidewalks and housetops, where light from a thousand earthly sources rivals and outshines theirs. The boy knew nothing more about those sparkling specks of light than that they inspired in him a feeling of pleasure akin to that produced by the brightness on the wall at day, and he yearned to climb up to where they were in order to touch and handle and caress them. Perhaps they were loose so that he might pick one and bring

it back with him. If that were possible, he would never more have to be in the dark. But then his stepmother would probably take it away from him as she did once when he had been given a shining piece of metal that tickled him when he drew his finger along the edge of it.

That gift, by the bye, did not come from an ordinary visitor. The boy had singled him out from all others for several reasons, and thought of him in a wholly distinct way. He was a short-set, dark-skinned man, with a bushy black beard and large rings hanging from his ear laps. A peculiar, pungent odor, the mark of the man before the mast, surrounded him at all times. It was not quite agreeable to the boy, and yet not void of a pleasing piquancy. He had become accustomed to it, and rather liked it, because in his mind it was inseparably associated with the one person who had displayed real kindness toward him. When that little man visited them, he stayed for several days, and then the boy did not have to leave the room at all, and there were no outsiders to disturb him.

The little man used to play with the boy and make much of him, chattering to him for hours at a time in an excited, incoherent way, and interspersing his tirades with frequent volleys of boisterous laughter. Seated on his friend's knee, or standing in front of him, the boy would listen with equal gravity of aspect to speech and merriment. Now and then the little man pronounced a word which the boy had to repeat after him. It was "papa," and the sound of it from the boy's lips never failed to throw the little man into a state of irrational hilarity. Once, but only once, the stepmother used hard words to him in the presence of that man, and even lifted her hand to beat him. Her words were hardly spoken when such a dreadful change came over the man's face that the awe-stricken boy sought cover under the rags of his bed. The storm that followed was fierce but of brief duration. It ended when the woman pulled the boy from his hiding-place with a profusion of caresses and endearing words that puzzled him as much as the preceding scene had scared him.

One fine afternoon the boy was lying on his back, staring with sleep-laden, blinking eyes up at the sungilt edge of the eastern wall, when there came a knocking at the door so sharp and insistent that he could hear it out in the well although the window was closed. In a moment he was wide awake and quivering with excitement, for the little man, whom he had not seen in a very long time, used to announce his arrival in that authoritative way. Crouching close to the window, he pressed his face against the pane so that the inside of the room became visible to him. The pail was there. Three cronies had dropped in on his stepmother for a sociable chat. The four women were putting their heads together in council, while somebody on the outside kept hammering on the door as if he meant to break it down. Finally the stepmother walked across the room to the door. The instant she turned the key in the lock, the door was pushed in with such force that she barely saved herself from being knocked over. In the doorway appeared two men who had nothing in common with the kind of visitors the boy was wont to behold. Their entrance caused the strange women to huddle in separate corners as if in search of a refuge. His stepmother, on the other hand, placed herself in the middle of the floor, with her arms akimbo, her face aglow, and a stream of words flowing from her mouth. A few commanding syllables uttered by one of the intruders brought her harangue to an abrupt close, and made her throw herself at full length across the bed. There she lay, face downward, kicking convulsively and wailing aloud.

A wild fear seized the boy at the sight of such extraordinary behavior, and he scrambled like a scared animal on all fours over to the other side of the well. Surely they must have hurt his

stepmother in some dreadful manner, he thought, and he feared that the turn would come to himself next. With fingers plucking nervously at his dress, and big tears coursing down his cheeks, he squatted in a corner in frightened suspense. Soon the window was opened, and one of the strangers put out his head. Spreading both arms invitingly, the man called out a few words in a tone that certainly had nothing of threat in it. Their effect on the boy was to make him press a dirty little fist against either eye as if in blindness he could find safety. Then the man crawled through the window. The boy heard him coming, and his fright rose to such a pitch that he was on the point of choking. He could not scream, nor could he move, — trembling and gasping like a captured bird, he felt himself lifted up in the man's arms and carried back into the room. During the brief moment of passing through his ear caught the moanings of his stepmother. Suddenly they rose into a piercing shriek. Then a door was slammed and all was silent about him again. A little dry sob escaped the boy, for the stepmother was, after all, the one who had given him such scant care as had fallen to his part, and now he was taken away from her.

Still lying in the man's arms, he was carried up a step or two into what seemed to be a very small room. There the man sat down with the boy on his lap. Immediately the whole room began to move. It pitched and rocked and jolted until the boy's heart was in his mouth. From beneath his feet rose a clatter and a rattle that almost drowned the subdued, kindly voice which had begun to mutter soothing words into his ear. By degrees his fears subsided, the tumult in his heart quieted down, and his natural curiosity asserted itself. He was just ready to take his fists out of his eyes in order to discover the meaning of it all, when the motion and the noise ceased as abruptly as they had started. Once more he was lifted up and carried some distance in the arms of the man. Other voices were heard about him. One of these belonged to a woman, but it was not at all like the voices of his stepmother and her companions. There was something in the sound of it which made him think of the sunshine on the wall.

He was dropped down on some soft and yielding surface. Two hands took hold of his own and pulled them away from his face with gentle force. His eyes remained closed, but he could feel another face very near to his own, and the same caressing womanly voice murmured close to his ear in tones so alluring that his little heart straightway wanted to jump out of his breast to meet it. The impulse to look up could no longer be resisted. At first he saw nothing but a pair of dark tender eyes that met his own questioning and timid glance with one of inexpressible compassion. The charm of those eyes was the same as that of the voice which continued to murmur sweet, reassuring words. The eyes and the voice together drove the last vestige of fear out of his heart.

After that he was like wax in the hands of the nurse. While she undressed him, his eyes roved around the room, the simple neatness of which made on him an impression of incredible splendor. After a warm bath, he was dressed in clothes much nicer than his own, and then treated to a meal of milk and bread. It seemed to the boy that he had never tasted anything more delicious in his life, and he ate eagerly as if fearing that it might be taken away again before he had had enough.

Still he remained mute and serious whatever was said or done to him. The nurse picked him up in her arms after a while and carried him through many rooms and up stairways while he was pressing his face close to her shoulder. A door was opened finally, and he was put down on the floor of a large room. At the other end of that room he saw a

number of very small men and women run around with much shouting and laughter. All stopped suddenly still and turned their faces toward him.

For a moment the boy stood immovable, staring ahead of him with a horror-stricken look in his wide-open eyes. Then he wheeled about quick as a flash, and a scream of anguish broke from his lips. Flinging his arms around the knees of the nurse, he buried his face in her skirts and sobbed so violently that she could feel his whole body shake and tremble. Nothing that was said or done to calm him had the least effect.

"Merciful God!" the nurse exclaimed, hot tears rising into her eyes. "It 's the children, — he has never seen other children before."

They put him to bed at last. He was then so tired out by all the exciting experiences of the day that he failed to notice the luxury of the bed in which he was placed. No sooner had his head sunk down on the pillow than his eyelids closed themselves.

When he woke up in the morning, he lay quite still to begin with, trying to understand the unaccustomed comfort he was enjoying. Vague memories of the preceding day's events stirred in his mind and gradually shaped themselves into a kind of knowledge of what had happened. Then he raised his head just a little so that he could look around the room. He saw many beds like his own, and on the pillow of each one a little head with closed eyes and ruffled hair. Suddenly he sat bolt upright. The fear aroused in him the night before was about to take hold of him again. To escape the sight of the children he turned his face toward the only window.

This looked upon the east and the rising sun. The blind was almost down, but at the bottom of it remained an opening large enough to let in a broad strip of sunshine which painted a rectangle of glistening gold on the floor. The same wonderful brightness that he had been in the habit of admiring and longing for when he lay in the well with his face turned skyward was right there on the floor. But it had now come much nearer to him, almost within reach of his hand. He rose to his feet very slowly and carefully in order to get a better look at it without scaring it away.

Slight as the sound was that he made in rising, it reached the ear of the nurse and she hastened to his side.

"Good-morning, sweetheart mine," she said, smiling at him.

The boy looked earnestly up into her face. Without a word he pointed at the sunshine on the floor. She lifted him out of the bed and set him down close to the patch of light. The boy stretched out a timid hand to touch it. When the color of the pale little hand brightened into a rosy pink, and the heat of the sunshine pervaded it, he drew it quickly back. His protruding lower lip signaled a scare. Soon, however, his face resumed its serene, slightly melancholy aspect, so characteristic of the sensitive child, and he reached out the hand again. This time he let it stay in the sunshine and moved it back and forth.

The nurse, who had been watching him with breathless interest, tiptoed over to the window and released the blind, which shot upward, letting in a whole flood of glorious sunlight. It fell like a deluge over the boy. The nurse could hear him swallow his breath as if he had been struck by a cold douch. Simultaneously he threw up his arms for protection.

But the arms sank back to his sides again, and there he sat with blinking eyes and the sunshine playing on his upturned face. His lips parted, and a clucking sound came from his throat.

The little boy was laughing.

Edwin Biorkman.

WALT WHITMAN AS AN EDITOR.

SOME years ago there was in the library of the Brooklyn Times a thin quarto entitled Leaves of Grass. It was a commonplace piece of book-making, save that the type was large, and to many of the reporters it was a source of mirth, of puzzle, of disgust, or of admiration, according to temperament and understanding, and they tried to imitate its style for the funny column; yet they had a certain pride in this particular volume, because Walt Whitman, its author, had been the editor of the paper, and again, this was not merely of that first edition for which he had set the type, in Rome Brothers' shop, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, but it had been his own copy, bearing his autograph on the flyleaf, and in the back he had pasted letters and criticisms on his work by Emerson and others. A scamp stole it. In the office of the same paper was a piece of shabby, battered furniture with small drawers, pigeon-holes, and a drop front, which was known as Walt Whitman's desk. It has ere this gone to that limbo where old pianos are, and all the pins.

In that office Whitman is but a tradition. It is remembered only that he was a tall, sturdy fellow, who had a habit of pacing the floor for a long time without speaking, though he could talk enough when he had provocation. His dress was heavy, coarse, but clean, and seemed to belong to a farmer or a miner rather than to an editor. Fancy the director of a daily paper in an American city of to-day dressed for his work in flannel trousers, belted and tucked into boots that reached to the knee, a pea jacket never buttoned, a blue shirt open at the throat, a red kerchief at the neck, and a broad-brimmed hat! Even Horace Greeley, who affected a rustic make-up, was more conventional in his costume. Whitman's tenure of office on the Times was not long. It is said that certain orthodox deacons of what was then a smug, conventional town, objected to articles that got into the paper, somehow, and that he resigned in consequence of their objections, yet he never showed the least impatience toward his critics, carrying himself with a large, bland dignity to the last.

In a letter written to me in 1885, Whitman says that his connection with the journal was "along in 1856 or just before." He adds: "I recollect (doubtless I am now going to be egotistical about it) the question of the new Water Works (Magnificently outlined by McAlpine and duly carried out and improved by Kirkwood, first class engineers both.) was still pending, and the works, though well under way, continued to be strongly opposed by many. With the consent of the proprietor I bent the whole weight of the paper steadily in favor of the McAlpine plan, as against a flimsy, cheap and temporary series of works that would long since have broken down and disgraced the city." Here he begins another sentence with a paragraph mark, as if he were writing for the printers: ¶ "This, with my course in another matter, the securing to public use of Washington Park (old Fort Greene,) stoutly championed by me some thirty five years ago, against heavy odds, during an editorship of the Brooklyn Eagle, are 'feathers in my wings' that I would wish to preserve."

These are ancient records, but they throw an unwonted side light on the character of Whitman, revealing him as a citizen of public spirit. We have known him as the dreamer, the rambler, the helper, but not as a man of affairs. In truth, he cared little about these last, as political manifestations, and it was always more important to him to

ride on the Broadway stages, or saunter along the wharves, looking up at the noses of ships poked inquiringly into the highway, and into the brown faces of the sailors, than to be urging the election of this, that, or the other patriot in the tumultuous privacy of the editorial room. Yet, it is more than likely that his work for the daily press, and for our simple, early magazines, confirmed him in his frank, ungilded style, his homely figures, his avoidance of buncombe and fustian. Whatever else may be charged against newspaper work, it cannot be accused of literary Nancyism. Those who follow it have to deal as quickly, straitly, sternly, with facts as does a policeman. Without this experience Whitman might possibly have become a maker of the then popular elegancies, a polisher of periods, a literarian without egotism, independence, or Americanism; in a word, a nonentity. He was not much of a journalist. He had too much repose. His employers called it laziness. He was concerned with permanences. The nearer to nature, the more repose. Trees and hills do not dance, except for urging. Whitman, elemental, strong, placid, bovine, did not urge them.

In the Brooklyn Eagle office Whitman is a clearer memory than in the office of its contemporary. Yet it is oddly hard to secure facts. There is a general and joking reference to his serenity as idleness. He was not a typical newspaper man, for he was not to be pressed or hurried, and in our day of precision and speed he would have been impossible. He never felt that stress from which the veriest Bohemian suffers. He did not want money enough to work hard for it. One of the coterie of writers and actors which used to squander its much wit and little wealth at Pfaff's tells me that of the whole party, Whitman was the only one who was never tipsy and never "broke." He always had a market, somewhere, for fugitive writings. Editors were friendly to him. He drank his beer, with the rest, but its effect was to make him thoughtful, even sad, while the others were merry. According to that narrator he was an easy borrower, though it does not appear that he asked for large amounts or made needless delays in his repayments.

Apropos, here is an incident which, if not true, is good enough to be. The scene was Fowler & Wells' office, in New York, where believers in phrenology went to have their bumps examined. Whitman had derided bumps in the Eagle, yet in his poems he shows a half belief in the so-called science, and he familiarly haunted the little shop with its charts, its busts, and its cranks. One day a friend found Whitman there in his slouch hat, corduroy trousers, black silk tie and flannel shirt, leaning against one of the book counters, and looking with a sort of infantile surprise and perplexity after a figure that had just stamped out in a tempest of wrath. "What 's the matter, Whitman?" asked the newcomer.

Walt replied, " Did you notice that fellow who passed you at the door? Well, he was fool enough to lend me $500, and now he is darned fool enough to think I can pay it."

Whitman had run a paper in Huntington, Long Island, for a little while, — had run it into the ground, in fact, — and, so far as is known, that was his only training for the editorship of the Brooklyn Eagle, albeit that post involved slight labor and responsibility in his day. The last-named journal was then a sheet of four small pages, lean of news and advertising, for Brooklyn, though a town of 100,000 people, was overshadowed by its neighbor, New York, and showed little municipal character and enterprise of its own. Henry Ward Beecher, Greenwood Cemetery, and the navy yard were all that made it known. Whitman lived in a humble house on Myrtle Avenue, a street since grown cheap and noisy, and daily show-

ered with coal dust by elevated trains. His old home, now a butcher shop, was a mile and a half from the Eagle office at Fulton Ferry, and one may believe that he preferred to be at that distance that he might enjoy the contemplations and observations incident to a daily walk between the two points. Not only did he walk, or saunter, to and from the office, but almost daily he left his desk and took a swim and a stroll, leaving the nations to get on as they might without his comment and advice, and often taking one of the printers from his case for company. He enjoyed the society of young, strong men who worked with their hands and put on no airs, — drivers, mechanics, laborers, soldiers, sailors. I met him once, and for a moment only, but I recall his patriarchal picturesqueness, his gentle dignity, his friendly hand, and his look of interest when his old papers were mentioned.

Walt Whitman's education was of experience, insight, sympathy; not of books. In running over his editorials one feels not only the lack of special training, but of common schooling. Even his grammar is slippery. But that was while his mind was growing, while he was guessing his vocation, and some years before he — ought one to allow that good and bad old phrase — "burst on the world"? with the Leaves of Grass. One thing you find, and it is that when he really has anything to say, his idea is broad, generous, democratic. Rarely is there a poetic turn to his phrase, but invariably when he writes with feeling there are honesty and courage.

Here is one of the first editorials that he wrote for the Eagle. Does n't it sound amiable, leisurely, and is it the least bit like the leader in any modern paper?

"An Hour Among the Shipping. We spent an hour or two yesterday afternoon [this, being on Monday, proclaims him Sabbath breaker,] sauntering along South street in New York and boarding some of the lately arrived packet ships. . . . The Massachusetts we found in apparently fine order notwithstanding her long passage of 44 days and her battles with the ice and wind. She is a handsome, staunch looking vessel, and seems as though she might stand an even stouter tug with old Neptune in his rage. The Roscius was really a pitiful sight. Just before her last voyage we had noticed and admired this beautiful and favorite packet — and the contrast presented by her present appearance with her appearance then, is enough to excite feeling even in the bosom of a cold hearted landsman. She reminds one of a dripping, half drowned Chanticleer. Her spars, sails and rigging are actually drooping — and everything about her has a kind of bob-tailed look. . . . At 1 o'clock the Franconia from Liverpool and the Sartelle, N. O., came up the bay in handsome style. We went on board both of them; and though each had evidently seen blows and hard knocks, they looked like new bonnets compared to the Roscius and Sea. It is a source of gratitude to Him who rules the storm, that so little loss of life and property, after all, has resulted from the late tempests at sea. The most really deplorable thing seems to be the wrecking of the Minturn — that ill fated craft! after she had come quite in sight of her destination. It only needs a half hour's walk along South street, to convince anyone of the almost miraculous preservation, through the deepest dangers, which has been vouchsafed of late to those who trust themselves on the bosom of the ficklest of the elements."

In another issue appear two advertisements, one informing the public that some malicious person had broken a pictured window in a church, and offering $200 for his arrest, and the second, containing an offer of $50 for the arrest of a man who had robbed another sanctuary. So it appears that some people

were as practically opposed to ecclesiastical splendors as Whitman was in theory, for in his column he says: —

"Grace church, in New York, was consecrated on Saturday last, according to announcement. The ceremonies are said to have been very imposing. The crowd was fashionable and in numbers sufficient to resemble a rout among the very choicest of the city elegants. We are impelled to say that we do not look with a favorable eye on these splendid churches — on a christianity which chooses for the method of its development a style that Christ invariably condemned, and the spirit which he must have meant when he told an inquirer that he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Grace church, inside and out, is a showy piece of architecture, and the furnishing of the pews, the covering of the luxurious cushions, &c., appear to be unexceptionable, viewed with the eye of an upholsterer. The stainless marble, the columns, and the curiously carved tracery are so attractive that the unsophisticated ones of the congregation may well be pardoned if they pay more attention to the workmanship than to the preaching. Is this good? Is the vulgar ambition that seeks for show, in such matters, to be spoken of with other terms than censure? Ah, who does not remember some little, old, quaint, brown church in the country, surrounded by great trees and plentiful verdure — a church which a property speculator would not own, as an investment, if he had to pay the taxes on it? Is that to be compared for a moment with the tall spired temples of our great cities, where the pride that apes humility is far more frequent than the genuine spirit of Christ? And we must say that for such reasons we regret to see every putting up of a gorgeous church. The famous religious buildings of Europe, built without our modern pews, and on a scale of massive simplicity and grandeur, crush in their silent largeness the souls of the supplicants who kneel there, and are no doubt conducive to make one realize a little of his own nothingness compared to God and the universe. But the comfortable pews, the exquisite arrangements, and the very character of the architecture of our modern churches (it may be that Trinity in New York will be an exception,) lift a man into a complacent kind of self satisfaction with himself and his doings. We hope our remarks will be taken with the same feeling of sincerity in which they are written."

Whitman wrote on anything and everything, after the fashion of editors, sometimes with earnestness, sometimes with undisguised indifference. Here is a sample of an occasional sort: "To cure the tooth ache, plunge your feet in cold water. Strange, but true." For *but* most people would read *if*. The man who must supply a column at a given hour every day cannot make the quality uniform. Whitman discusses public and personal questions; asks if it is right to dance, and answers himself that it is, if one goes to bed in decent season; rates the ferry company for allowing men to smoke and spit on the decks; and while the United States army is fighting in Mexico, he turns out a restful screed entitled Some Afternoon Gossip, devoted to a rainfall and the lamentations of ice-cream makers on account of the cool weather. Some happenings always drew a lecture from him. He could not abide harshness, unfairness, tyranny, or cruelty. Not an execution of the death sentence occurred anywhere in the Union that he did not inveigh against capital punishment. Indeed, the severities of law seemed to irritate him more than the severities of the criminal. He courts orthodox enmity by caring not a rap for scripture reasons for hanging, and he reprehends lynchings, whippings, and all revenges. His rebellious tone caused one clergyman to break out against him as "a scurrilous infidel." Life imprisonment, in Whitman's mind, was the

only punishment for murder, if for no other reason, because it was more painful than hanging. He is a bit inconsistent here, but none can doubt him genuine when he exclaims, "Good God! we are almost shocked at our own cruelty when we argue for such a punishment to any man! Looking only at the criminal in connection with the great outrage through which we know him, we forget that he is still a duplicate of the humanity that stays in us all. He may be seared in vice, but if we could stand invisible by him in prison and look into his soul, how often during those terrible nights might we not see agony compared to which the pains of the slain are but a passing sigh!"

A duel he denounces as "honorable nonsense," and even hard words pain him if they reflect on our people or institutions. He expresses, not anger, but a hurt astonishment that Dickens should have spoken of America as he did in his Notes. There were no societies in those days for preventing cruelty to animals, but he helped to make a way for them by appeals like this: "Go to the desert! ye goaders and overworkers of the most human and gentle of animals! Learn from the brown skinned savage a lesson in your trade. Look at the obedient fleet courser — herding with his children when they sleep at night — receiving food as choice as he gives his wife — with a step like the wind and elevated almost into a rational being, by such treatment as he sees fit to give him. We confess to a real affection for a fine horse! So strong — so harmonious in limb, shape and sinew — so graceful in movement — with an eye of such thoughtful and almost speaking brightness — the horse is above all other animals in those qualities which demand of civilized nations to do it kindness and fairness. No man with a man's heart can be brutal to such a creature."

And here is his task of "Polishing the Common People:" "We love all that ameliorates or softens the feelings and customs. We have often thought, and indeed, it is undeniable, that the great difference in the impressions which various communities make on foreigners traveling among them, is altogether caused by the possession or deficiency of these little graces of action and appearance. It must be confessed that we in America among the general population, have very, very few of these graces. Yet the average intellect and education of the American people is ahead of all other parts of the world. We suggest whether we were not much in fault for entertaining such a contempt toward these 'little things' as many will call them. Let every family have some flowers, some choice prints and some sculpture casts. And as it is the peculiar province of woman to achieve those graceful and polished adornments of life we submit our remarks and suggestions especially to them."

In a few contributions to the Eagle of that day one finds an old-fashioned rhetoric and sentiment that are obviously not Whitman's, for he has his fling at a literary fashion of the time in this: "The Crushed Heart is the name of a silly sentimental little poem going the rounds of the papers which we particularize, in order to denounce its class. It is full of 'wounded hopes,' of 'deep despair,' of 'withered affections' and all that sort of thing. We have an aversion to stuff of such a sort. It begets a morbid and most unhappy general result on its readers — opposite as it [is] to all wholesome and manly kind of writing."

Political editorials of an earlier time sound dry and perfunctory; at least, they seem so because they traverse dead issues; but it is pleasant to discover Whitman's attitude on slavery, and in a Democratic paper, too, for boldness of speech on that subject was rare in those days: "Public attention, within the last few days has been naturally

turned to the slave trade — that most abominable of all man's schemes for making money, without regard to the character of the means used for the purpose. Four vessels have, in about as many days, been brought to the American territory for being engaged in this monstrous business. It is a disgrace and blot on the character of our republic, and on our boasted humanity. The slave ship! How few of our readers know the beginning of the horrors involved in that term! Imagine a vessel of the fourth or fifth class built more for speed than space, and therefore with narrow accommodations even for a few passengers; a space between decks divided into two compartments three feet three inches from floor to ceiling — one of these compartments sixteen feet by eighteen, the other forty by twenty one — the first holding 226 children and youths of both sexes — the second 336 men and women — and all this in a latitude where the thermometer is eighty degrees in the shade! Are you sick of the description? O, this is not all by a good sight. Imagine neither food nor water given these hapless prisoners — except a little of the latter at long intervals, which they spill in their mad eagerness to get it; the motion of the sea sickening those who have never before felt it — dozens of the poor wretches dying, and others already dead (and they are most to be envied!) — the very air so thick that the lungs can not perform their office — and all this for filthy lucre! Pah! we are almost a misanthrope to our kind when we think they will do such things!"

But while he would enforce all laws against this horror, and suppress it by cannon, if need be, he declares in the next column that "you can't legislate men into virtue." "Why," he says, "we would n't give a snap for the aid of the legislature in forwarding a purely moral revolution! It must work its way through individual minds. It must spread from its own beauty, and melt into the hearts of men — not to be forced upon them at the point of the sword, or by the stave of the officer."

And the aldermen! Were they always the same hapless, misprized patriots that we affect to find them in our day? There is an air of yesterday in this: "That body of honest, intelligent and virtuous men, the Aldermen of New York, held a meeting on Monday evening. They of course went through their tea-room duties first; after which they solemnly resolved that the establishment of such ferries as the public convenience demands is an infraction of their chartered rights. To hear these aldermen talk one would suppose there were no rights in the world but such as are written on parchment. If we mistake not, the citizens of the State in general have some rights."

He girds at these statesmen also for idling time and for scurrile talk, closing his article with these words: "We want this shoe to fit any foot whose size corresponds to it. And we shall shortly recur to the same theme — hinting at some objects of public usefulness which call loudly for municipal action; but which are left asleep, while 'words, mere words,' and those not of the choicest kind, fill up the time and attention of the potent corporation signors."

Though in the following the matter discussed is merely politics, it will not be alleged that the broad view is lacking: "In what we may call the personal of politics there is not any material difference between democracy and the opposition. Both have demagogues — both have office seekers whose first object is loaves and fishes — both contain ignorant, ill bred, passionate men that cause regret among the discreet and refined — both have many good qualities — both have many faults. But if the inquirer after truth will reflect a moment and observe carefully, he will see in this as in all civilized

countries, two great currents running counter to one another; or, perhaps we might preferably call it, running side by side, but the one disposed to stagnate, rolling languidly, and rather holding back in permanence — and the other advancing with a quick life-breathing and life-giving rapidity, fertilizing the soil on its banks, overwhelming every dangerous obstacle, and washing away all the corruption which the monotonous putridity of the other tide leaves in its neighborhood. In each modern nation there is a class who wish to deal liberally with humanity, to treat it in confidence, and give it a chance of expanding through the measured freedom of its own nature and impulses. Also, there is a class who look upon all men as things to be governed — as having evil ways which can not be checked better than by law; a class who point to the past and hate innovation, and think that the nineteenth century may learn from the ninth, and a generation of light can be taught by a generation of darkness."

In a rebuke to one who derided the alleged aspiration of the Long Islanders for statehood, Whitman takes the opportunity to urge that people simplify their living and eat Long Island fare of "poggies, eels, hell divers, coots, thin shelled crabs, old wives, cohaughs, wild geese, periwinkles, and last though not least clams (that queen of the shelly tribe!) Moral. — Let the citizens of New York renounce the highly seasoned soup, and spiced meat of foreign birth — and eat more native clams and poggies."

It will be noticed that Whitman's phrasing is occasionally at odds with latter-day usage, that his punctuation is his own, and that, as in the foregoing paragraph, his spelling is not orthodox. The personal point of view is to be expected, when one commands the editorial columns of a paper, but in this bit, in which his fondness for bathing is suggested, he uses the I for the more customary editorial we: "Everybody knows, or ought to know that the skin is a breathing apparatus — and when the legion of its pores are blocked up the lungs must do double duty. I verily believe that consumption would not be, certainly, one quarter part so prevalent as it is now, did people pay more attention to bathing. You weakly, pining young men and women, whom a little cold air sets shivering, shaking and coughing, don't meddle with the vile quack nostrums of the day; but rouse, rouse 'ere it is too late; go in for the bath — it will wake up your dormant spirits — it will send the blood coursing quickly through the highways, byways, streets, and lanes of your dull carcase, and mantle the cheek with a roseate hue, not to be imitated by carmine or rouge."

In reverting to this subject later he brings up memories of an obsolete medical practice: "At the opening of the spring a very large number of persons are in the habit of getting bled, or taking physic to prepare for approaching warm weather as it were. Either of these practises is bad. Indeed, the taking of medicine at all, except under the most urgent necessity, never seemed to us advisable. Nature has provided better, safer and more pleasant alternatives. The causes of illness, too, are generally such as those so called remedies can not reach." He would cure by eating less, exercising more in the air, and bathing oftener, while as to clothing he maintains that a man may accustom himself to almost anything.

There is an outspoken dislike of trades unions, "the most fallacious things in the world," and their interference with free labor; but there is a championship of the cause of some dock laborers in Brooklyn who were paid only sixty-four and a half cents for a long day's work and fined a quarter of that sum if they were three minutes late.

Among public men who come under

his reprobation is Daniel Webster, whose excited oratory in the Senate about the Eastern boundary business was more than Whitman could endure. Behold his reproof: "So as the steam waxed hotter on Tuesday, the excitement of the noble son of Massachusetts burst all bounds. Such names as 'thing,' 'caricature' and 'creature' with the application of the verb 'to lie' in the imperative mood, second person — and that a hundred times repeated — thundered through the Senate and frighted the very curtains from their propriety. O, Mr. Webster, Mr. Webster! you shouldn't have done so! It was in very bad taste indeed. It might have answered for a low bred whig common councilman — but for a man who has been on 'thee and thou' terms with English lords — O we quite blush for you."

Here is a strain of cheerful resignation that is found in the Eagle on the day after a city election: "The whigs 'chawed' us up pretty handsomely yesterday! As there isn't any use in crying for spilt milk — and as the pleasant sunshine and fresh dry air this morning, and a fine night's rest, and a delightful breakfast, have begotten a blissful state of philosophy in our mind — we have concluded to give the devil his due, and acknowledge that our opponents played their cards with adroitness and spirit, very rarely equalled. Their majority is an emphatic one. We don't feel any disposition in the world to deny that it is a decided expression of Brooklyn in their favor, and that our leading candidates are 'exflunctified' men. (There! we think we are doing the thing neatly — and next year we hope our forbearance will be reciprocated by the vanquished then — that's all.) It is customary among beaten parties, after the election, to discover a variety of causes why they were beaten. We ourselves have been notified of divers good and sufficient reasons — but we beg to be excused from announcing all and any except the first and largest one — and that is that we didn't get enough votes by a long shot!"

Trouble with Mexico lowering in the South, he writes, almost prophetically, yet with the sturdy country love that came out in his later poems: "Will not the first taste of conquest — the first sweet stimulating draught of imperious ability to crush — be too much for the young head of America? Ah, when we bethink us of the mighty incalculable energies, the unmatched strength of this nation — how there is in its invisible veins and sinews a surpassing potency which we ourselves do not dream of — how we may be led into those excesses which young and impetuous blood, and an eager heart, are apt to beget — and how the very greatness of our state's nature will create the difficulty out of which it will be hard to extricate us — we are filled with apprehension for the honor of America, and her honest action. There is something so seductive about a career of conquest, and about the extension of territory so dazzling to the popular mind, that it is hard for the masses of men to exercise that greatest of virtues the virtue of forbearance. Not that we have any apprehension about the mere increase (to an indefinite extent) of the circle of the United States; because we think that were our limits thrice as large, or larger still, the simple harmony of our political system would keep everything in proper play. But we fear our unmatched strength may make us insolent. We fear that we shall be too willing (holding the game in our own hands) to revenge our injuries by war — the greatest curse that can befall a people, and the bitterest obstacle to the progress of all those high and true reforms that make the glory of this age above the darkness of ages past and gone."

Charles M. Skinner.

THE LAST TENANT.

GONE are the tenants of that lonely hall.
Blithe Youth and lovely Hope, of yesterday,
And careless Joy went caroling away:
And Silence hung its banner on the wall.
From lagging morn till eve the slow hours crawl,
And sink, reluctant, to the tomb of Night.
The stars diffuse a faint, uncertain light,
And the moon flames out — Night's mournful seneschal!
Deserted, dim, are all the casements lone;
Unheeded springs the rank and spreading grass;
There comes no sound without of sigh or groan;
There goes no sound within of feet that pass . . .
Yet, in a chamber lone, where ivies cling,
Sits one within, named Love, remembering!

Evelyn Phinney.

ON GROWING OLD.

ALTHOUGH age takes from us agility and hair, the wise have praised it, because they love wisdom more than women. In the supreme civilization that the world has seen, Nestor was esteemed as highly as the warrior. Those of us who enjoy and honor most the man heavy with years and ripe in thought wish he held an equal place to-day. A romantic civilization will never be the nearest to perfection. It is romance that gives exclusive value to "the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty." To the man whose diet is woman's heart, whose soul at sixty still basks in the female eye, youth is glory. Shakespeare wrote The Tempest, calm and beautiful, shortly before he died, a fitting close to such a life, — the wisest of dramas thus springing from the brain which had followed the master love play with the unrivaled tragedies of stormy intellect. Happy always, with the bright and shadowy happiness of genius, Shakespeare must have rejoiced in the still sunlight of maturity, when his understanding gave birth to Ariel the Spirit, to wise Prospero, to the candid Miranda, and the incipient mind of Caliban. When he turned his back upon the town, forsook his pen, and departed to conclude his years amid the scenes of his early country life, what did his spirit feel? He was the poet of philosophy and of passion. Reflection is the more friendly to our later years. The philosopher is happy at threescore and ten, the romancer's heart sinks with the streaks of gray. Age may be less like autumn than like a peaceful, lazy afternoon. A friend of mine, designing for a golden wedding, carved three compassionate women, Spring, Summer, Autumn, — there was no fourth. Wordsworth can think of

> "old age serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,"

for Wordsworth was the poet of Nature, and Nature is faithful to the end.

"When I was a child." That distant phantom, now half a century dead, is "I," the man of sober mind and altered heart.

The "I" connects the cradle and the grave, the suckling with the latest age. When is this transient creature most himself? Toward the end, perhaps, when change is past, and he is ready for the curtain's fall. As the final act declares the meaning of the play, the manner of our growing old is the measure of our life.

Wisdom holds counters in her hand; she is grave, therefore, in her "autumnal felicity" as at her birth. The pleasures of sense are dimmed by time; in eating and kissing the common man is the peer of genius. Sympathy and understanding, the blessing of the larger mind, increase with years. Says Seneca, "If it were so great a comfort to us to pass from the subjection of our childhood into a state of liberty and business, how much greater will it be when we cast off boyish levity, and range ourselves among the philosophers?" Not losing color in the hair, smoothness in the skin, or the curiosity of sex, impairs the integrity of life. By the mirror and the Calendar the wise man is undaunted. For him, knowing and loving all, even "the best is yet to be," that white light so valued by the ancients.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

"They do," replies the jester, "for an ordinary bird." The jester, in his way, is right, and the best hope of age lies in not being an ordinary bird.

Not always is age even grave. There is a frivolity particular to fifty, a lighter side to this world's philosophy, a gayety of the moment, a seizure of the cash, "solid pudding against empty praise," drinking and merriment in the face of uncertain life.

> "Come fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring
> Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
> The Bird of Time has but a little way
> To flutter: and the bird is on the wing."

"You are becoming frivolous already," says the worldling to his friend. "What will you be at fifty?" Storm and stress, transcendent guessing, melt before the impact of experience. What remains is solemn black; or mayhap deft satire, enjoying life; or silly and senile farce, for the aged rake is the butt of all. Recluse or epicure, anchorite or saint, age should have its wisdom, whether satirical or holy. Romance for youth, tragedy for stern maturity, high comedy for life's afternoon, when all is charming and all a dream. Prospero, his garnered knowledge helpful for the young, reflecting that our little life is rounded with a sleep, is the type of respected age. When Browning, with silver locks, finds all the wonder and wealth of the world in the kiss of one girl, there is something vulgar in the thought, and even his "breast-forward" farewell is a little warlike for his years. Not sex or war is the natural interest of the old, but understanding, best if it be grave, like Prospero, but suitable if light irony is its form, the irony of Omar mirrored in the English poet: —

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
> About it and about: but evermore
> Came out by the same door where in I went."

I once planned three brief essays: "The Friends of my Wife," "The Wives of my Friends," and "Babies." "Write them while you are a bachelor," said the cynic, "or you will not write them at all." And they were never written. Knowing little of children, I yet knew too much to move comfortably through this paragraph, which would fain describe their influence on the old. Bachelors age earlier than married men, the childless earlier than parents reasonably prolific. Valid interests keep us young. He who lives solidly lives long. Care for others is more nourishing than thought about one's self. Isolation is premature decay, and so is emptiness of mind or heart. Guilty Macbeth, facing a seared and yellow age, thinking what years should have, included in his list love and troops of friends. Farmers grow old be-

fore inhabitants of the town. I have seen a jockey at a village fair drive a race at the age of ninety-five; but he traveled, following his exciting occupation, from town to town.

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

Love, says the same poem, seldom haunts the heart where learning lies; but Pope meant Aphrodite. Love diffused, love of action, art, thought, natural obligation, woman, the young, all together, is a very part of wisdom; and the love of children is the love of life.

If age could not wither Cleopatra, the talisman was her infinite variety. Thought lines the forehead, but happy thought preserves the heart. Women remain young longer in America, of recent years, not only because they have followed the English into the open air, but because the girl has been dethroned in society, and the married woman reigns, plans, and flirts. If any word here spoken has seemed averse to flirting, I have said it ill. The interest of sex imprisons only when it stands alone. "Every woman is at heart a rake" was said before Democracy increased each woman's scope. Her tastes still narrower than those of man, she grows old earlier than he, but later than a century ago: not half as early as her slavish sisters of the East. Actresses last better than average women, having a profession and a separate soul. "An actor," says some French moralist, quoted by Mr. Walkley, "is less than a man, an actress more than a woman." We should be the most of what we are. At three my daughter, told that she might wear her new hat, turned scarlet with pleasure. It is like the spread of the male turkey's tail. In her new freedom woman remains herself, but becomes more. I have maligned, perhaps, our modern poets for their treatment of age. I will praise our writers in prose, who are beginning to feel that a heroine is not forever eighteen. Mr. Barrie has spoken his poetic word for the woman of fifty, Sudermann's most attractive heroine has temples of gray, Pinero's princess is forty, Ibsen's plays begin in middle life. It was vanity that drew the line so young. The one male thinker of my acquaintance who habitually shrank before the thought of age was as sensitive about his beauty as a woman. But here are Mr. Barrie's words: "Oh, you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly yours the blame: all the meannesses your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear, forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses."

Art is young, because it is longer than life, and the pursuit keeps us eager. Titian at one hundred, Voltaire at eighty-four, lend honor to longevity. Art and science gain advantage over action toward the end of life. Daily we hear that the old, having lived, should make way for the young, but it is only in the world of action, of money, place, and rule, that interests conflict. In thought and feeling, understanding and knowledge, there is room for all. Age should not need charity. To him that hath shall be given. The animals kill their feeble. Age must observe the course of youth and beware of becoming helpless. Favored with experience, it will be safe if it keep one eye on progress. Of the possible amends I know not who has spoken with the nobility of Wordsworth: —

"Other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Ponce de Leon sought with the wrong compass the fountain of eternal youth. Not of water is this fountain, and on no mariner's chart. Not eternal, but still a fountain of youth, it springs from the heart, and is replenished by the mind.

Norman Hapgood.

"JUVENILE LITERATURE (SO CALLED)."

SOMEWHERE deep in the heart of Clark Russell lies the germ of a grudge against the British naval man; not the navy, but its representative. And whenever he has occasion to introduce one into his stories, he never loses the chance to administer a delicate rapier thrust calculated to sting deeply that navy man's condescension and conceit. In An Ocean Free Lance it happens that he brings together on neutral ground (at a ball) some naval officers and the gallant captain of a successful privateer; and after the collision the latter quietly explains to his subordinate and friend, "'Give privateersmen the stem!' is the cry among those fellows." Which, in landsman's English, means, — the big ship runs down the little ship if it gets in the way.

It matters not that the privateer might be a remarkably valiant vessel, going close in where the deep-draught frigate could not, and winning more honor and striking more terror in the vital part of the enemy — his commerce — than a score of deep-water battleships which have been vainly seeking an engagement, and which are too slow to chase a clipper. It matters not that in just such a craft, perhaps taken from the enemy by that very privateer, some young naval officer enjoys his first independent command which shall result in giving him his post-rank later on. He is still of the navy, and even in those days haughtily scorns the privateer. But he fails not to pocket his own prize-money.

It is perfectly true that there have been privateers which were simply pirates, although not flaunting the Jolly Roger. It is equally true that there have been privateers filled with men who swarmed into them simply because no ship of the navy was available, and who wrought deeds of hearty patriotism, and fought like devils for country alone, — for country and the love of liberty.

"Yes," says the navy man, with a shrug, "it is a pity that they are not on the quarterdeck. As it is, they are only privateersmen."

Now, there is a spirit abroad in literature which is twin-brother to this. We meet it everywhere, from the Atlantic Monthly down to the veriest penny-paper that deigns to have a column of "reviews." And the line is just as sharply drawn. It is the sneer of the essayist, the critic, the novelist, in the rôle of the navy, against the juvenilist as the privateersman. It utterly ignores the fact that the work may be as much of a masterpiece, measured by the age and capacity of its intended reader, as is the best of Henry James when measured by his audience.

No later than in the February number of the Atlantic an essayist takes the trouble to claim that a boy "would read Scott" *et al.* instead of "the juvenile literature (so called) of the day" if he had the chance. During the last season a Boston daily gave in each case a prodigious amount of space to the reviews of some historical novels, covering nearly a score of them, although apparently

finding little in them really to commend, either in subject or in style. It remarked of a juvenile book in a surprised sort of way — as one who would ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" — that it was much better written than the average boy's book, and more interesting to adults than nine tenths of the historical novels of the year. And how much space did the reviewer devote to this literary discovery? Just one inch. Why more? The writer was a "privateersman." It cannot, of course, be literature.

To take an author now dead, — Elijah Kellogg, and his Elm Island stories. Living pictures, were they, of the sturdy life on our New England coast in early days when the village smithy was the hardware shop, and the loom was heard in the land. Your essayist looks them coldly over. They are not psychological. They wear no sign of "vivisection done here." They are not even scandalous. They are only rugged bits of the life of rugged boys, what they did and, casually, what they thought in their own shy, boyish way. But those thoughts were uplifting in their force. The thud of the broad-axe is heard more often than the clash of the battle-axe; so the critic sneers at them, ignoring the keen interest with which *the boy for whom they were written* follows the fortunes of the young fishermen-farmers in their ready adaptability to turn their hands, in the honest manual training of that day, to whatever might be needed. The books intentionally are outline sketches, unburdened by unboyish non-essentials. "It is not literature!" It is nothing but bald record of what they did. Yet we read in another book that is still called literature, how —

"Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east. And he looked, and behold a well in the field; and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered the flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth."

Bald though the critic claims they are, nevertheless after a boy for whom Kellogg wrote had surreptitiously read on the haymow one of the real "pirates" (a Beadle), and the glamour of stolen fruit was gone, the adventures of Heavy-Hatchet, the Bold Scout seemed flat and stale, not to be compared in the same breath with the time when Lion Ben drove his heavy canoe homeward through the storm into which he had plunged by compass to the rescue of Charlie Bell, surprised by that storm while fishing out at sea. Of course it cannot be literature. Why, I believe Kellogg never wrote a novel in his life! He does not have ten lines allotted to him in any school manual known to me. Nevertheless, I have yet to hear of a boy whom those books failed to help upward by their subtle moral force. By their fruits ye shall know them; and men do not gather figs from thistles.

We sing Hawthorne's praises to an organ accompaniment, grand, sombre, depressing, as though The Scarlet Letter was his one great gift to the world in payment for his birth. Yet countless girls and boys have as yet never heard of him save as the teller of those wondrous stories which have enabled them to live in delightful fancy with the gods and demigods of dear, sunny Greece; and surely this deserves as great a space when summing up his value to the world. It does not get it. Is it because the critics dare not call it literature, but must speak of it under their breath if inclined to sneer, since it is not the freight of a privateer this time, but of the frigate — Hawthorne? Scantly indeed do they dwell upon it in their hand-books and biographies; and by this scantiness judge what would be granted had Kellogg been the author.

But, you may say, Hawthorne is not a fair example. He is Hawthorne, long dead, and aged into a classic. Very well. Here and there in the manuals we find listed as a work of literature for careful study a book written for boys by a novelist but lately dead, namely, Treasure Island. The world was not content to leave it, where, I am told, the author placed it, among the juveniles. A novelist wrote it. If our navy man saw fit to take a schooner voyage he still is one of us as a navy man, you know, and not captain of a scurvy privateer. So we are able to recognize it at once for what it is — literature. But had it been instead the "best book" by some able juvenilist, say Charles W. Whistler, to name a British one (how many of you have read as yet his Havelok the Dane?), what honorable mention would you have allotted to it, messieurs, then? Dare you say that you would have given it space or thought? Would you not have said to your boy, instead, "Why do you waste your time on trash like that when you might be reading Scott or" — some other frigate-bred's production? And then, once more, when as sometimes happens your novelist finds that, after all, it is not really so easy a task as he had thought to write a juvenile that will appeal to the instincts of his intended audience, and that in his particular case he can no more make a success of it than the born juvenilist can write a world-famous novel, do you then comment on the result as "Not quite up to the average of a good boys' book"? Dare you frankly say in cold type, "This is bogus coin"? Perhaps you do; but in the course of a somewhat wide reading, to the best of my recollection I have never found such criticism. But I have found the failures.

You buy your own books, messieurs, as you come across them; at sight, for your own immediate pleasure. You talk them over at your clubs and gatherings, and A tells B that if he has n't read C's latest he ought to; and D, standing near, thinks likewise, and hence buys it. So the noble guild of the quarterdeck is enabled to live to some extent on copyrights, and to rejoice, now and then, on the half-million strike of some confrère. But you buy for your boy, not what he wants, but what you think he ought to want. Sometimes you hit the mark. Quite as often, perhaps, some of you do not. But you can all ignore good things too near for your eyesight; and, at best, it is only at Christmas or on birthdays that you think to buy for him at all. It does not come as a part of your own weekly pleasure. So there is no half-million success to be looked for here.

A juvenile may be possibly a masterpiece of literature in its way; "as nearly a little classic as we may hope to receive from a modern writer," to quote from one report. Yet if the author has discovered that his special gift is as a juvenilist, and by devoting his whole strength to that, instead of to second-rate novels, is giving back to the world of his birth the very best that is in him — well, you care a great deal for the welfare of your girl or boy; you take much thought for their reading; but you do not give space in your reviews to such books that do not bear the frigate-mark; you do not give the world at large a chance to read about them by your free discussion, nor their authors the opportunity to learn their faults and how to make their next book better. And when you deign to speak of them at all, you sneer. Why not? These authors are but privateersmen. They never walked a frigate's quarterdeck. "Let the children read the classics! *We* know what is best for them."

Then the critic takes up his pen and laments in print the dearth of real literature for children in the land.

John Preston True.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

"EFFUSIONS OF FANCY."

"LET us leave it to the Reviewers," wrote Miss Austen something like a century ago, "to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. . . . From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers, and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogized by a thousand pens, there seems a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. 'I am no novel-reader; I seldom look into novels; do not imagine that *I* often read novels; it is really very well for a novel.' Such is the common cant."

If Miss Austen had been born a century later, she would have had less cause for her spirited sally. There are still people who extend the left hand to fiction, and give it, somewhat ostentatiously, a seat below salt; but they are few, and it is noticed that their attention to the high discourse of the upper table is subject to lapses. The present tendency is, indeed, toward the other extreme. A frank arrogance is manifested by the universal guest; he takes the head of the board as by right, and if there is anything which under-placed preachers, historians, politicians, or philosophers can tell him, he would be charmed to know the reason why. No? Then he will himself make shift to expound the world and the fullness thereof. He is at least sure of an audience; and this is the beginning of wisdom.

I.

It may be surmised that there would be a whimsical twist to Miss Austen's smiling approbation of this development. Her own work, yes, it had "genius, wit, and taste" to recommend it; but it was not founded upon a theory, it did not aim to supplant the pulpit, the platform, the laboratory, or the easy-chair; it aimed simply to give delight by interpreting human life as one person saw it. Luckily there are still persons who attempt to do just this, and of the many more who never dream of it, not a few build better than they know. Nevertheless, the groaning of the press must still be echoed at times by the patient reader. It is so hard to determine what is best in this astonishing output of new fiction. It is hard even to determine what "the general public" considers best. A story may be marketed by the hundred thousand copies, and yet be unknown to most intelligent readers. A great number of persons are helplessly exposed to any book which is pertinaciously advertised or conspicuously placed in shop-windows, or which happens to have been recommended by a neighbor or a second cousin.

Gordon Keith[1] stands on record as one of the "best-selling books" of the year, but an analysis of the "public" which has bought and enjoyed it is still to be made. There is, to be sure, a good name on the title-page, but recent experience has sufficiently warned us not to be over-hasty in imputing excellence to fiction which happens to be attractively

[1] *Gordon Keith.* By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

labeled. The latest books of Mr. Stockton[1] and Mr. Harris[2] have been not a little disappointing, though less disappointing than this story of Mr. Page's. In his own vein of stately and gentle sentiment, the vein, for example, of The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, Mr. Page has had few equals. Gordon Keith is labored, sensational, and dull, and can hardly hope for more than the momentary attention due an experiment in a new field by a master in an old one. It cannot be said that the experiment has been successful, unless from the commercial point of view.

Several other new books by Southern writers are likely to achieve something more than a success of commercialism or of curiosity. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come[3] has been made familiar to many readers through its serial publication. According to the prevailing fashion, and a good old fashion it is, the tale begins with the boyhood of the hero. The first half of it, indeed, constitutes an excellent boy's story. The boy himself is worth knowing, and the account of his adventures is given simply and directly, with sympathy, yet without sentimentalism. There is much description in the early chapters, as is natural, for the boy is at that time only a part of the wilderness. These passages do not impress one as having been composed for their own sake, but seem really essential to the story. Here, for example, is a picture of daybreak in the mountains: "Meanwhile, the lake of dull red behind the jagged lines of rose and crimson that streaked the east began to glow and look angry. A sheen of fiery vapor shot upward and spread swiftly over the miracle of mist that had been wrought in the night. An ocean of it, and white and thick as snow-dust, it filled valley, chasm, and ravine with mystery and silence up to the dark jutting points and dark waving lines of range after range that looked like breakers, surged up by some strange new law from an under-sea of foam; motionless, it swept down the valleys, poured swift torrents through high gaps in the hills, and one long noiseless cataract over a lesser range — all silent, all motionless, like a great white sea stilled in the fury of a storm."

The story of the boy's birth and childhood, of his budding ambitions, of his sturdy growth and steady rise in the face of great difficulties, is the oldest story in the world, but Mr. Fox has made it new again. With his arrival at the threshold of manhood comes the outbreak of the Rebellion, and the comparative abeyance of the personal motive. The war episodes are less carefully subordinated to the human theme than they were, not long ago, in Mr. Cable's Cavalier, or in Miss Roseboro's Joyous Heart. There are moments when the reader misgives that he has been betrayed once more into perusing a mere historical novel. Fortunately General Grant and the others do eventually retreat into the background, leaving the hero to emerge once more into private life and significance. There is no cause for wonder in the fact that most Southern stories seem fated to deal, directly or indirectly, with the civil war. Only when, as in the recent case of The Vagabond,[4] the thing is done feebly and sensationally, is one tempted to wish that the old tune of the Blue and the Gray might cease to reverberate under the quiet porticoes of fiction.

Among Southern novelists Mr. Allen is of the few who have not based their

[1] *The Captain's Toll-Gate.* By Frank R. Stockton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1903.

[2] *Gabriel Tolliver.* By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

[3] *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[4] *The Vagabond.* By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

work upon the memory of past belligerence. His new story,[1] like its predecessors, is laid in modern Kentucky. The present commentator is embarrassed in giving his opinion of it by the fact that with regard to a former product of the author's craft he stood in a perhaps calculably trifling minority. For A Kentucky Cardinal he had sincere admiration, but he must confess frankly that The Choir Invisible seemed to him not only artificial, but unwholesome. There is a literature of immorality which we know how to take; it bears its character upon its forehead. Not seldom it is able to command, at least, the respect due to outspoken virility. But a literature of strained idealism tinctured with subtle prurience of the imagination is not even virile; it is certainly not of our race. Tom Jones is immoral, let us say, but it is rather among the fine sentiments and boasted pruderies of Paul et Virginie that one finds the imagination grown corrupt and emasculate.

The quality here suggested is less prominent in the present story than it was in The Choir Invisible; but it is not absent. In other respects we find little or no advance made over the earlier work. The heroine of The Mettle of the Pasture is an unqualified prig. The adventuress, who happens to be the grandmother of the heroine, enjoys the distinction, not uncommon among her kind, of being a leopardess. She coils, she glides, she "sits up with lithe grace." When she looked out of a window, "she sat down and raised the blind a few inches in order to peep out." When she was angry "she sat perfectly still; and in the parlor there might have been heard at intervals the sharp scratching of her finger-nails against the wood of her chair." Nothing is to be said against the hero except that he fails to be interesting; perhaps our attitude toward him is compromised by his devotion to the heroine. Most of the minor characters are of considerable interest; and it is remarkable that, with a main theme so incapable of arousing our concern, there should be much spirited and easy by-play. The Judge, Barbee, Marguerite, the Hardages, are all excellent material for romantic comedy. We are depressed by the duty of holding our faces firm and grave for the sake of a principal motive which we take to be half-tragic in intention. We should have so thoroughly enjoyed meeting these good people if their creator had not seen fit to keep certain buskined puppets in the foreground. We cannot fairly demand that every novelist shall be hearty and forthright in matter or manner. To certain tastes there is a charm in the heavy perfume of housed orchids; most of us prefer the growth of the breezy open.

There is no doubt that Mr. Allen possesses, what is by no means common among novelists of this day, a keen sense of the dignity of his art; but, by a natural paradox, this very seriousness of purpose may lead him to attempt work of a kind which is beyond his powers. It is a pity that an assured success in a pure style should be sacrificed for a dreamed-of achievement in the grand style. We may hope that the writer in question will yet produce more in that form of prose idyl which won him an audience.

II.

The Call of the Wild[2] is a story altogether untouched by bookishness. A bookish writer might, beginning with the title, have called it An Instance of Atavism, or A Reversion to Type. A bookish reader might conceivably read it as a sort of allegory with a broad human application; but its face value as a single-minded study of animal nature really seems to be sufficiently considerable. The author, too, must be allowed to stand

[1] *The Mettle of the Pasture.* By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[2] *The Call of the Wild.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

upon his own feet, though one understands why he should have been called the American Kipling. His work has dealt hitherto with primitive human nature; this is a study of primitive dog nature. No modern writer of fiction, unless it be Kipling, has preserved so clearly the distinction between animal virtue and human virtue. The farther Buck reverts from the artificial status of a man-bounded domestic creature to the natural condition of the "dominant primordial beast," the more strongly (if unwillingly) we admire him. There is something magnificent in the spectacle of his gradual detachment from the tame, beaten-in virtues of uncounted forefathers, his increasing ability to hold his own among unwonted conditions, and his final triumph over the most dreaded powers of the wilderness: "He was a Killer, a thing that preyed, living on the things that lived, unaided, alone, by virtue of his own strength and prowess, surviving triumphantly in a hostile environment where only the strong survived. Because of all this he became possessed of a great pride in himself, which communicated itself like a contagion to his physical being. . . . But for the stray brown on his muzzle and above his eyes, and for the splash of white hair that ran midmost down his chest, he might well have been mistaken for a gigantic wolf, larger than the largest of the breed. . . . His cunning was wolf cunning and wild cunning; his intelligence, shepherd intelligence and St. Bernard intelligence; and all this, plus an experience gained in the fiercest of schools, made him as formidable a creature as any that roamed the wild. A carnivorous animal, living on a straight meat diet, he was in full flower, at the high tide of his life, overspilling with vigor and virility. . . . Every part, brain and body, nerve tissue and fibre, was keyed to the most exquisite pitch; and between all the parts there was a perfect equilibrium or adjustment. To sights and sounds and events which required action, he responded with lightning-like rapidity. He saw the movement, or heard the sound, and responded in less time than another dog required to compass the mere seeing or hearing. He perceived and determined and responded in the same instant. His muscles were surcharged with vitality, and snapped into play sharply, like steel springs. Life streamed through him in splendid flood, glad and rampant, until it seemed that it would burst him asunder in sheer ecstasy, and pour forth generously over the world." The making and the achievement of such a hero constitute, not a pretty story at all, but a very powerful one.

Here entereth a new figure in an ancient habit. It is a tale not guiltless of historical import, and rendered in a style of bookish origin, yet essentially what it professes to be, a romance.[1] Long Will is, it seems, the poet Langland: appears also a short stout person called Chaucer; a young King; one Wat Tyler; a mayor, an archbishop, priests, soldiers, conspirators, peasants, etc.; and, more noteworthily, fair Calote, daughter to Long Will, and young Stephen Fitzwarine, courtier, peddler, lover, and member of The Brotherhood. The romancer has chosen a precarious means of expression, and has made very successful use of it. There have been many unhappy experiments in the archaic style of late, and a few happy ones, such as, for instance, William Morris's Story of the Glittering Plain, and Mr. Hewlett's best work. Miss Converse has contrived a manner suggestive of the ancient English speech, yet not obscure or crabbed to the modern ear. Its key and its cadences, once determined, are consistently maintained throughout. One may give a taste of its quality in the opening sentences of the Prologue: —

"There were a many singers on the

[1] *Long Will.* By Florence Converse. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

hill-top. They twittered in the gorse; they whistled from the old hawthorn tree, amid the white may; they sprang to heaven, shaking off melody in their flight; and one, russet-clad, lay at his length against the green slope, murmuring English in his throat.

"'T was in a May morning,' he said, 'T was in a May morning,' — and he loitered over the words and drew out the 'morwening' very long and sweet. Then, because there was a singing mote of a lark in the misty blue above him, his own song dropped back into his breast, and he waited."

Both in form and in substance the narrative is distinguished by purity and grace. It is likely to be read with pleasure by persons to whom contact with the cut-and-thrust romance is calamity.

III.

Miss Austen, whose own work was so subtly penetrated with humor, might have wondered at the distinction which we are inclined to draw between fiction which is serious and fiction which is humorous. To her mind humor was doubtless a quality rather than a feat, a characteristic of comedy rather than a mainspring of farce. Several volumes of short stories are now before us which represent, in varying degrees, both the quality and the craft of humor. The reviewer may be allowed to express his pleasure in them, though beyond this expression he can in this place offer only a few brief notes upon them. Miss Daskam's latest volume[1] contains a series of sketches in pure romantic comedy. They are free from the stigma of excessive cleverness, and from the tendency to gird and fling which this department had fancied to be growing upon the author. There is, indeed, much sweetness in them, as well as much power, and greater repose of manner than this writer has attained heretofore.

Until very recently Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl was known mainly as a writer of witty verses. He now proves himself to be a humorist in the better sense of the word. Several of the stories in the present collection[2] bear a superficial resemblance to certain Parisian tales of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith; but many of them are beyond the range of that genial chronicler. Several times, indeed, a distinctly sombre note is struck, and once, in the tale called Papa Labesse, even tragedy is attained. Why is it that there is such inexhaustible interest for us in pictures of the cafés, the boulevards, the Bohemian haunts, of Paris? Who can imagine a group of Anglo-American pens busied in a similar way with Berlin life? To his interpretation of the French temperament, Mr. Carryl could bring little new light. But this is a limitation of theme; the stories are delightfully told, and they are full of human interest.

The humor of Cheerful Americans[3] belongs plainly to the lesser order, though it is a farce which does not always roar. Many of these stories have to do with a somewhat conventional type of American tourist, but they are undeniably amusing, and that is what they evidently wish to be. The Lightning Conductor[4] might, according to the modern mode, be classified as "farce-comedy." The general situation is farcical, but its treatment is not so broad as to destroy one's interest in the development of the tale. It is altogether the best automobile story of which we have knowledge, and might (herein its weakness lies for the hasty reader) serve almost as a guide-book for highway travel from Paris to Sicily. It is, in short, a spirited story of love, mo-

[1] *Middle-Aged Love Stories.* By Josephine Dodge Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *Zut.* By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[3] *Cheerful Americans.* By Charles Battell Loomis. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

[4] *The Lightning Conductor.* By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

tors, and sight-seeing, and ought, consequently, to appeal to at least three classes of people. Moreover, one may fairly say that it has wit and taste, though not genius, to recommend it.

Two other books of pleasant humor[1] have chanced to come to hand recently through unofficial channels. They were, in fact, like The Lightning Conductor, privately recommended by persons who do not pretend to weigh what they enjoy. We hasten to pass on the knowledge of them to others who may not have chanced to come upon them in the course of the day's journey. They are Irish tales of the old-fashioned, rollicking sort, and comfortingly assure us that there is still a cheerful aspect of Hibernian life. It may be a sign of callousness, but we are glad to know that the Ireland of Miss Barlow and Mr. Moore is, after all, not the only Ireland extant. We have listened with proper sympathy to the somewhat lugubrious chronicles of life among the dwellers in the bog, and we need not now feel guilty at sharing in the merriment which still exists among the squires and the gentry, as it did in the palmy days of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover. Even the peasants, who here figure mainly in the background, appear to be a fairly cheerful, though not pampered class. Most of the stories manage to be horsy, and at the same time to treat profitably of the loves of certain attractive young persons. There is abundance of amusing description and dialogue, and with much that is too subtly humorous to be profitably detached from the context, an occasional scene of broad fun which reminds one of the good old horse-play of Humphry Clinker or Handy Andy: —

"There is probably not in the United Kingdom a worse-planned entrance gate than Robert Trinder's. You come at it obliquely on the side of a crooked hill, squeeze between its low pillars with an inch to spare each side, and immediately drop down a yet steeper hill, which lasts for the best part of a quarter of a mile. The jingle went swooping and jerking down into the unknown, till, through the portholes on either side of the driver's legs, I saw Lisangle House. It had looked decidedly better in large red letters at the top of old Robert's note paper than it did at the top of his lawn, being no more than a square yellow box of a house, that had been made a fool of by being promiscuously trimmed with battlements. Just as my jingle tilted me in backwards against the flight of steps, I heard through the open door a loud and piercing yell; following on it came the thunder of many feet, and the next instant a hound bolted down the steps with a large plucked turkey in its mouth. Close in its wake fled a brace of puppies, and behind them, variously armed, pursued what appeared to be the staff of Lisangle House. They went past me in full cry, leaving a general impression of dirty aprons, flying hair, and onions, and I feel sure that there were bare feet somewhere in it. My carman leaped from his perch and joined in the chase, and the whole party swept from my astonished gaze around or into a clump of bushes. At this juncture I was not sorry to hear Robert Trinder's voice greeting me as if nothing unusual were coming."

Miss Austen would very likely have discovered neither wit nor taste in this description. Perhaps there is nothing of the sort to be discovered there; one person, at least, must cheerfully confess that he rejoices in it all.

H. W. Boynton.

[1] *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.* By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

All on the Irish Shore. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

BRYCE'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

In one of his recently collected Studies in Contemporary Biography,[1] the Right Honorable James Bryce remarks of that eminent scholar, the late Lord Acton, that "his mastery of the so-called human subjects was unequaled;" and now that Lord Acton is no more, the same thing might fairly be said of Mr. Bryce himself.

If the human subjects be taken to mean the story of man and his doings in the world, — of man, that is, in his personal, social, and civic relations, leaving out of sight, on the one hand, his kinship with the dumb animals, and his purely religious instincts and aspirations on the other, there is, I think, no living English writer whose temper is finer or his equipment for such discussion more complete. Certainly there is none whose judgment upon the human subjects we Americans are more bound to respect than the author of the American Commonwealth. No transatlantic observer — not even De Tocqueville, who, for the rest, was more swayed by preconceived ideas and theories, and who wrote of us when we were, nationally speaking, far greener, and less formed than now — has made of our vaunted institutions a study so searching and at the same time so sympathetic; and that the last word upon our baffling case of this great expert should have been a hopeful one is a circumstance that steadies and consoles the simple patriot like the favorable verdict of a great physician at an alarming crisis. "A hundred times in writing this book," says Mr. Bryce in his introductory chapter to the American Commonwealth, "have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating; a hundred times has the recollection of the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors." Is not the whole of what the best of us feel, in our most worthy moments, here truly and temperately expressed? —

> ". . . our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,"

as the academic poet of the young republic sang, in one of his own rare moments of strong emotion. Nor does Mr. Bryce appeal to the political theorist only, and to the serene élite of the study. Having had occasion at one time to consult the sole copy of the American Commonwealth in a provincial public library, I found, and was rejoiced to find, upon every page, up to the seven hundredth of the second volume, indisputable proof that the book had been held long and lovingly in the hands of the reading masses.

The twenty odd character-studies brought together in the new volume afford fresh evidence of Mr. Bryce's breadth and acumen as well as of his unusually wide acquaintance among the leading minds of his day. The larger number are likenesses, drawn in strong outline, of men recently living, most of whom were known personally to the writer, and some very intimately known. They were all men of British birth and all but one of English careers. They include statesmen, historians, ecclesiastics, Anglican and Roman, great lights of insular law, like Sir George Jessel and Lord Chancellor Cairnes, one novelist, Anthony Trollope, one philosopher, — the "modern stoic" Henry Sidgwick, one purely ethical teacher, Thomas Hill Green, one editor, E. L. Godkin of the New York Nation, one schoolmaster, — the singularly loved and lamented Edward Bowen.

Every one of these men might be described in general terms as a humanist.

[1] *Studies in Contemporary Biography.* By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

There is no poet among them, no soldier, no man of science, and no mystic, unless Professor Sidgwick were one. The fact that most of the shorter studies were formal obituaries, first published in some literary weekly, may help, no doubt, to invest the entire volume with a slightly solemn and ceremonial air. Gravity, urbanity, detachment, and a kind of studied catholicity are its prevailing notes. It is as if Mr. Bryce were perpetually reminding himself of the *nihil nisi bonum* convention; and his very wit, though it cannot be wholly suppressed, is subdued to that tone of suave and almost stealthy irony which befits the "third coach after the hearse." It is thus, for example, that he characterizes Lord Sherbrooke's (Robert Lowe's) assumed gift of prophecy: "People who disliked his lugubrious forecasts used to call him a Cassandra; perhaps forgetting that beside the distinctive feature of Cassandra's prophecies, — that nobody believed them, — there was another distinctive feature, namely, that they came true." He illustrates one of the capital qualifications for writing sound history of his own great favorite, John Richard Green, by an allusion to Froude which is unsurpassed for decorum: "A master of style may be a worthless historian. We have instances." And in the course of his exceedingly brilliant analysis of the character and career of Lord Beaconsfield he touches the question of the great Hebrew's veracity with a tenderness which recalls the euphemistic definition evolved by Professor Royce in his work on the World and the Individual; of — "one who deliberately misplaces his ontological predicates."

There are no italics in any of these deprecatory passages, nor do they require any. And I cannot help thinking that there is, after all, a great deal to be said in favor of Mr. Bryce's discreet, reserved, and comparatively ceremonious treatment of illustrious careers lately ended. He cares more for the essence of character than for the accidents of life; and is it not matter of common and pathetic experience that, in the very first moments after the essence has been detached from its accidents, the proportions of the former are apt to be more clearly seen, than afterward for a long time? So Tennyson, in his great elegy: —

> ". . . dearest, now thy brows are cold,
> I see thee what thou art, and know
> Thy likeness to the wise below,
> Thy kindred with the great of old."

Only too soon after the orb is down a mist inevitably arises which may be long in clearing away.

It is not that the author — I might say the artist — of these concise notices ever assumes to anticipate and even less to supersede the accredited biographer. Sometimes indeed, thanks to the astonishingly rapid and efficient working of our improved literary machinery, the regulation memoir in two ponderous volumes may already have come out; and if so, or if such a work is known to be in preparation, Mr. Bryce is punctilious about referring his readers to it in a footnote. But for once that the beauty of his outline sketch makes us impatient for the more elaborate portrait, we are many times made thankful for a dispensation from the duty of immediately attacking the bigger book. For the fashionable and formidable twelve-hundred-page memoir is in very many cases too soon issued, and in almost all it is twice too long. It is prolix precisely because it is premature; for Time is a wonderful instructor in that art of knowing what to leave out, which Mr. Bryce himself somewhere characterizes as an indispensable requirement of the latter-day historian. Either the incontinent narrative will be delayed by strange episodes, and laden with irrelevant asides, or it will be crammed with trivial details which do but confuse the contours of the principal figure, while admitting the kind of reader who studies the personal items in a Sunday newspaper to a degree of familiarity which would never have been tolerated in the lifetime

of the subject. No man needs a regiment of *valets-de-chambre*, or would be well served by such a retinue; and if Mr. Bryce's method occasionally recalls the high Roman fashion of carrying, in the funeral train, a wax image of the deceased colored from life and arrayed in his robes of state, it is better, at all events, than filling a row of glass cases in a museum with his old coats, combs, and umbrellas, — as has been done for the repentant and munificent founder of one of our younger universities.

Four only of Mr. Bryce's Biographical Studies attain even the proportions of the great quarterly article. They are those of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, — appropriately placed at the beginning and end of the volume, — and those of Edward Freeman and John Richard Green, with whom the author's intellectual sympathies were so strong, and his affiliations, when Regius Professor of History at Oxford, peculiarly close.

We are accustomed to think and speak of England's two foremost statesmen in the latter half of the nineteenth century as the great Liberal and Conservative leaders. Both, however, boxed the compass of English policy, the Tory beginning his public life as a Radical and the Radical as a Tory. No doubt this adds to the difficulty of making a complete, consistent, and wholly unprejudiced estimate of either career. But the difficulty is by no means equally great in these two cases; and the final effect upon the reader's mind of Mr. Bryce's valedictory and salutatory essays is to emphasize this fact. Mr. Gladstone was his own chosen and greatly revered leader; the man who embodied, or sought to embody in legislation, most of his own well-weighed and reasoned political creed. For many years, indeed, before the close of a preternaturally long public life, Mr. Gladstone's name was the accepted symbol, on both sides of the Atlantic, for all that is commonly considered most enlightened and generous in the tuition and government of men. The very currency on two continents of the tiresome appellation "grand old man" shows how extensively that name stood for certain of the beliefs which a vast number of our race hold with extreme tenacity, without knowing exactly what they are. In the essay which concludes the present volume, Mr. Bryce does his able and impressive best, both to justify his own loyalty, and to furnish reasons and sanctions for the popular faith in Mr. Gladstone. Admiring the man, as a man, immensely, — his endless capacity and versatility, the stately scheme of his character, and the undoubted purity of his aims, having felt also, to an unwonted degree, the power of his personal spell, — he touches and retouches this portrait with an anxious assiduity quite foreign to his usual method, and which partially defeats its own purpose.

The beautiful end that Mr. Gladstone made, the matchless dignity and serenity with which — *a là fin des fins* — the aged statesman received his death-warrant, and laid aside his well-worn insignia, lift Mr. Bryce, in his peroration, to a higher pitch of figurative eloquence than is touched elsewhere throughout the book: —

"Whoever follows the annals of England during the memorable years from 1843 to 1894 will meet his name on almost every page, will feel how great must have been the force of an intellect that could so interpenetrate the story of his time, and will seek to know something of the dauntless figure that rose always conspicuous above the struggling throng. . . . There is a passage in the Odyssey where the seer Theoclymenus says in describing a vision of death, 'The sun has perished out of heaven.' To Englishmen Mr. Gladstone had been like a sun, which, sinking slowly, had grown larger as he sank, and filled the sky with radiance, even while he trembled on the

verge of the horizon. There were men of ability and men of renown, but there was no one comparable to him in fame and power and honor. When he departed the light seemed to have died out of the sky."

This is very fine; but still, and for all, the figure which walks behind the great Liberal "transparency" in Mr. Bryce's procession is not quite clearly seen. No one has yet furnished a completely satisfactory reading of the Gladstonian riddle, and Mr. Bryce does not do so. Of Lord Beaconsfield, whose moral calibre and civic ideals he distrusts and disapproves, he has produced a speaking likeness, — a clear, consistent, conclusive, and, upon the whole, decidedly fascinating portrait. The man is there as well as the statesman; and the life-long *poseur*, whose foible was inscrutability, seems open as the day beside his theoretically candid, obviously impulsive, magnificently incalculable rival. It is easy enough to understand why the name of Gordon should still have power to bring an angry flush to honest English brows. It is not yet quite clear, to the average American mind, why the words Home Rule should so often do the same. There must, after all, have been some deep and not wholly unworthy reason for the invincible suspicion which could affect equally a man of Dean Stanley's large heart and ancient Whig traditions, and the genial seigneur — very much of the type of Lord Iddesleigh, as depicted by Mr. Bryce — whom I once heard apply the closure to a heated discussion of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy by the ring of a nervous fist upon the board and the naïf remark, "I am not what you call a hot Tory, but I do not, as a rule, allow that scoundrel's name mentioned at my table!"

Neither of these was a man to have obeyed that mere instinct of blind resistance, which is natural, as Mr. Bryce says, to the privileged, against whatever threatens, in the long run, to undermine their privileges. Were they not rather moved by the conviction — which later time may show to have been mistaken, but which was curiously obstinate among the moral and intellectual élite of England a dozen years ago — that England's honor and prestige among the nations were actually dearer to the mocking Jew than to the Briton of pure blood, and by an ardent adherence to the most orthodox of Protestant Christian dogma?

Somewhere in the course of the Beaconsfield essay, Mr. Bryce enumerates four qualifications which he finds indispensable to an English statesman of the highest order. "He must be a debater. He must be a parliamentary tactician. He must understand the country. He must understand Europe." Of these four, he credits Lord Beaconsfield with the two first only. He will not allow either that he knew his England well, or that he had any large grasp of Continental affairs. But though Mr. Gladstone be his epitome of civic virtue, he has to admit that even he made some grave mistakes in foreign policy. And we of the States, despite our heedlessness of the past, our impatience for the future, and the almost fatuous facility with which we forget and forgive, can still remember, if we try, that in the harsh crisis of our civil war it was Mr. Gladstone who cheered on the Rebel, while Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, unswervingly supported the Union cause, and prophesied its triumph.

By comparing the four statesmanly qualities enumerated above with the four which Mr. Bryce names elsewhere as essential to a first-rate historian, namely, accuracy, keen observation, a sound and calm judgment, and a moderate allowance of creative imagination, we shall begin to get some notion of the assemblage of human characteristics which he most heartily admires. One more attribute there is, on which he sets an extraordinary value, — which he makes a kind of touchstone, and plainly regards

as an essential complement of all the rest, — and that is *intensity*. He applauds it both in Gladstone and in Disraeli; he discovers it in beings as diverse in their genius, and as widely separated in their spheres of action, as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley and Charles Stewart Parnell, Edward Freeman, and the great Orientalist, William Robertson Smith, — and he does homage to it in all. Though a man speak with the tongue of angels and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not intensity it shall, according to Mr. Bryce, profit him nothing. Intensity is the quality which vitalizes and gives effect to all others. It is determination, concentration, pluck, and patience. Etymologically, and morally as well, it will be recognized as the exact reverse of what our New England grandfathers used to sum up under that term of all opprobrium, *slackness*, and which Robert Browning denounced in statelier phrase as the one irremediable failing of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." And where Mr. Bryce, Mr. Browning, and the Pilgrim Fathers agree there is hardly room for dissent.

But the most admirable feature of these twenty-one studies taken as a whole is their impartiality of appreciation. There is not a word in the whole book either of fulsome eulogy or of malignant criticism. The only one of his characters for whom Mr. Bryce betrays anything approaching a personal antipathy is Cardinal Manning, — and that is conceivable. It was a veritable saint who said that the heaviest recent misfortune of the Catholic Church in England had been the death of Mrs. Manning; and the best bonmot quoted in the present volume is Mr. Gladstone's on Purcell's life of the Cardinal Archbishop, — that it left nothing to be done upon the Day of Judgment!

If Mr. Bryce does Anthony Trollope one grain less than justice, — especially as regards the rare purity of his English style, he does the founder of the New York Nation a little more, — and the balance remains level in his hands. The whole effect of the Studies in Contemporary Biography is to exalt one's conception of the dignity of human kind. That one nation in one generation should have produced so many and varied types of signal excellence is indeed wonderful. That all these great and mainly good men are of our own race and kindred is a rightful source to ourselves of essentially proper pride. It is a list of shining names, but those whom Mr. Bryce mentions in the preface to the American Commonwealth as having helped him in that great work — beginning with President Eliot's, to whom it is dedicated, and including President Roosevelt's — constitute a roll of honor also, not all unworthy, it may be hoped, of the traditions which we hold in common with our grand relations across the sea.

Harriet Waters Preston.

LETTERS FROM TWO EMBASSIES.

To a generation of readers, many of whom perhaps recalled somewhat vaguely the name of the Princess Lieven only as that of the close friend, in her declining years, of M. Guizot, the publication of the Greville Journals, and the Correspondence of Madame de Lieven with Earl Grey, — not to mention other Memoirs in which letters of hers have appeared, — has revealed in some sort the personality of one of the most remarkable women in the social and political life of the first half of the nineteenth century. Only two years ago, M. Ernest Daudet

first gave us glimpses of her correspondence with Metternich and Guizot, his exceedingly interesting essay being fortunately but the preface to a completer publication. And now Mr. Lionel G. Robinson has translated, and on the whole very well translated, the letters of Madame de Lieven written during her long residence in England to her brother, General Alexander Benckendorff,[1] annotating them with sufficient fullness, and connecting them by "historical threads" which give in brief a lucid history of the time. None of the later revelations, not even the intimate correspondence printed in this book, will in any marked degree change or modify the vivid portrait which Greville drew of his long-time friend in the closing volume of the Journals. Those few pages contain the most lively presentment of Madame de Lieven yet given to the world. It is likely to be a text to which her letters in various measure will serve as illustrations and commentaries to a not insignificant number of readers.

Though she was, as she declared with truth, "Russian to the core," Dorothea Benckendorff belonged to a German family which had settled in Esthonia and entered the Russian service. Her mother too was a German, who had followed her dearest friend, the Princess Marie of Würtemberg to her new home, on her marriage with the Emperor Paul. After Madame Benckendorff's death her children were the objects of the Empress's constant kindness, and this may help account for the extraordinary adoration with which Madame de Lieven regarded the sons of her benefactress. Married at the age of sixteen to Count (later Prince) Lieven, she accompanied him to England when he was appointed Ambassador to that country in 1812, and very soon achieved a brilliant social success. She was, says Greville, "a *très grande dame*, with abilities of a very fine order, great tact and *finesse*, taking a boundless pleasure in the society of the great world and in political affairs of every sort." Judging from these letters, in her earlier English years society was her chief interest rather than politics. Soon after her coming she introduced the waltz to London, and was the first to dance it at Almack's; Lord Palmerston, who years afterward was to be indebted largely to her influence for his appointment to the Foreign Office, being her partner. In those days she wrote, "I am literally fought for; it is not fashionable where I am not." But year by year public affairs become more and more her absorbing interest. She seems to be, in all but name and routine duties, the Ambassador. Leaders of either party are her confidential friends, even her ardent admirers, and are usually valued by her in exact proportion to their policy Russia-ward. Russia is her sentiment, perhaps in these days her passion; but she loves England to live in, — "this beautiful England, an endless chain of perfections," — and the news of Prince Lieven's recall is received by her with something very like (carefully suppressed) dismay. And it may be said that the forebodings which are hinted at in the last letters from London were destined to be more than fulfilled. Her year's sojourn in Russia — the only year spent there after her early youth — was "odious to her," and full of calamities. Her younger children (not the *elder* as misprinted here), the boys English born and bred, from whom she had never been separated, both died, her own health was broken, and the Autocrat who had been to her as a god, probably taking offense at her departure, showed a very human spitefulness to her in later days.

These confidential letters cover the happiest and most triumphant years of the writer's life. Though they come nearer to a family correspondence than

[1] *Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, during her Residence in London*, 1812–1834. Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

anything of Madame de Lieven's yet published, domestic touches are infrequent, nor is there, after the first, much social gossip. They reflect certain aspects of the history of the time, from the days of Napoleon's waning power to those of the Revolution of 1830 and the Reform Bill, as recorded by one who was a wonderfully keen, if by no means a dispassionate or unprejudiced observer, — participant would be the truer word, — and who had a charm found very potent by some of the greatest statesmen of her time. We are indebted to this volume for exceedingly interesting portraits of the Princess in youth and age, after pictures by Lawrence and Watts. But the inscription on the first, "the age of twenty," makes it too youthful. Sir Thomas painted the brilliant young Ambassadress in England, which she never saw till she was twenty-seven. As in so many valuable English works of this class, we must deplore the absence of an adequate index.

Waiving more fundamental differences, the letters written by the Ambassadress of Russia when George IV. was Regent and King, and those from the mistress of the French Embassy in the later Victorian years,[1] could only be compared in their unlikeness; — the one is a political, the other a social chronicler. It is a little difficult for the reader to think of M. Waddington, English in name, blood, education, and even — as why should he not be — in person and temperament, and his American wife, as French. It is easier to regard them as cosmopolitan, not a usual French quality. Faithful lovers of memoirs will be likely to recall earlier glimpses of the Waddington family history as obtained in the lives of Mrs. Delany and the Baroness Bunsen. Madame Waddington's letters, written to her sisters, are easy, informal, vivacious, showing a lively interest in persons and events, quick observation, and unfailing good humor, and good taste and good feeling as well. In 1883, her husband was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III., and the letters of the Ambassadress not only vividly depict the almost oppressive splendor of the ceremonies, but give a moving history of the pleasures, pains, and penalties of organizing a special embassy and performing the leading parts therein. Gala carriages, one superlatively gorgeous, unwieldy, and uncomfortable, in charge of an English coachman, "a magnificent person," who will drive no lesser vehicle; the gigantic horses appertaining thereto; four enormous footmen, and "one ordinary sized one for every-day use;" the high-bred major-domo with his crowd of underlings of every degree; the hairdresser, ready to make a *coiffure de circonstance* for all occasions, even a night journey; the ever present detectives who know all the Nihilist leaders, — these are a few of the adjuncts of such a mission. The graphic sketches of one dazzling function following close upon another, involving an appalling amount of fatigue to those most concerned, show that the pure pleasure in such ceremonials must largely rest with the irresponsible spectator, — if any one can be quite irresponsible in Russian court rites and festivities.

Soon afterward M. Waddington was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and though the frequent Ministerial changes in France seem to have made the duration of his stay always uncertain, he remained in England ten years, — "perfectly happy years," the Ambassadress found them. The new environment recalls those early days which appear to have receded to a rather distant background in her memory: "It is not only the language, but the education, the way of living. We have read the same books, and sung the same

[1] *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, 1883–1900. By Mary King Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

hymns, and understand things in the same way." She does not find political talk greatly different from that she hears in Paris, save that it is quieter. But she also finds there is no great gulf between parties as in France, and that political differences do not affect private friendships. The stately simplicity of the Queen's Court contrasts strikingly with her remembrance of the half-barbaric pomp at Moscow. The impression made by the Queen at the first interview remains to the last, — "a great air of dignity and self-possession," always the same ready welcome with "a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face, always inclined to talk about anything, and to understand and smooth over any difficulty or misunderstanding." The usual testimony is borne to the courtesy, kindliness, and tact of the Prince, whether as host or guest; and to the unequaled grace and distinction of the Princess; and we see a little of the always interesting, and, in the end, tragic figure of the Empress Frederick. Various important personages in the political and social world — the two are not dissevered in London — pass and repass, and invariably the writer, whether in the crush of the season or as a guest at a great country house, or taking part in some state function, is well entertained and well entertains her readers. The publishers have given us this agreeable volume in an attractive guise, and the illustrations deserve a word of commendation. There are some inaccuracies in names and dates, plainly the mistakes of a copyist, but Madame Waddington writes as a Frenchwoman when she confounds George Herbert with "Bishop Keble."

S. M. F.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.[1]

THE publishers of the new "Elizabethan Shakspere" give three reasons for its inception: —

"1. Shakspere is in many passages an unintelligible author to those who read him without a knowledge of the word-forms and word-meanings, the pronunciation, the syntax, and the idioms of Elizabethan English.

"2. The advance in the knowledge of Shakspere and of Elizabethan English that scholarship has made during the last thirty years is greater than the advance made during the whole preceding century.

"3. The last preceding text of the plays published is the 'Cambridge' text, which was begun fifty years ago. There is, therefore, no previous edition of Shakspere that contains the accumulated wealth of modern scholarship."

The first premise of this syllogism is unquestionable; the second is probably unexceptionable; but the third statement involves something very like a quibble, and uses "accumulated wealth of modern scholarship" in a very limited sense. May the ten invaluable volumes of the Variorum Edition of Dr. Furness be counted out in this way simply because all of Shakespeare's plays have not yet appeared in them? Is it not true that, though the Cambridge Edition was begun forty years ago, it

[1] *The Elizabethan Shakspere.* Vol. I. *Macbeth.* Edited by MARK HARVEY LIDDELL. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

Representative English Comedies. Vol. I. *From the Beginnings to Shakespeare.* Edited by C. M. GAYLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The Complete Works of John Lyly. 3 vols. Edited by R. WARWICK BOND. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1902.

has been reëdited by Dr. Wright within fifteen years? If the Elizabethan Shakspere is to justify itself, then, it should either provide what neither the Cambridge Edition, in its latest form, nor the Variorum volumes supply, or its editor must be able to issue, more rapidly than Dr. Furness, volumes at least equally good.

Recent editions of Shakespeare have led students to expect variorum volumes to provide, with a scholarly text, an elaborate critical apparatus, — material as to the sources of the play, the verse, the dramatic methods, and even the different interpretations of the characters given by critics and by a class too often neglected by Shakespearean critics, but in many cases best fitted to interpret, — the actors. Much of this the Elizabethan Shakspere omits, or merely touches. In treating the characterization of Macbeth, its editor gives, somewhat dogmatically, a personal interpretation. The emphasis in the volume is upon the language of Shakespeare: indeed, study of Shakespeare's English seems to be the limited use of "scholarship" in the prospectus.

Professor Liddell has prepared himself widely on Elizabethan English, and his attitude on the First Folio text is a relief: when its phrasing, however strange to our ears to-day, can be justified by Elizabethan usage, it must stand untouched. He has sought carefully, too, for Elizabethan illustrations to explain words and phrases which have been troublesome in the past. But it is not clear for just what readers he intends this edition. The forty volumes, of which only one, Macbeth, has as yet appeared, cost $12.50 apiece, a price which means a market only among libraries, wealthy bibliophiles, and students who may be compelled to afford the book because it has proved itself indispensable. Yet, the glossing suggests readers who are approaching not merely Shakespeare, but Elizabethan English for the first time, and therefore know nothing of its simplest idioms and commonest uses. Surely persons not of this class will hardly need to be told that *prythee* is Elizabethan for *pray thee*, and that, *all* in *all is but toyes* means, *the sum of things, everything*. One wonders, too, whether a reader who speaks present-day English with any sense of the meaning of his words needs to be told that *serious* in *There 's nothing serious in mortalitie* means *important, of value*. Yet these examples are from one page, chosen at random. The fact is, this edition is, in the matter of language, so over-annotated, that it well-nigh negatives thought by a reader, — surely not the desideratum in opening up our older literature. If, resenting the amount of annotation, a reader tries to lose himself in the play itself, he finds it broken up into such small patches by the enframing notes that an absorbed reading of it is almost impossible.

The publishers evidently feel considerable pride in returning to the custom among early printers of setting the text of annotated editions in a framework of notes, and declare this Elizabethan Shakspere "the most beautiful set of books ever issued from an American press." On that declaration only an expert in printing is competent to pass final judgment. Certainly the type is handsome and clear. Has it been shown, however, that our admiration of the old editions depends at all upon this arrangement of the notes as a framework to the text? The writer has supposed that it was given to what rightly claims praise in this edition, the clearness and beauty of the type. Far too often these pages suggest a volume entitled Illustrations of Elizabethan English, with Interlineations by Wm. Shakspere. Certainly a sequential reading of these patches of text is difficult and unattractive.

Because of the large amount of unnecessary annotation it is hard to decide just what is the real addition made by

the Elizabethan Shakspere to the knowledge of Elizabethan English already easily accessible. To the writer it does not seem large. Certainly any student must miss in this edition much, provided by the Variorum of Dr. Furness, which he has found invaluable in his study of Shakespearean plays — as plays.

The long-promised first volume of Representative English Comedies has appeared. Its purpose is, by selected plays and by monographs covering periods from which no play is given, to represent the development of English comedy from the beginnings of the English drama to Shakespeare. John Heywood's Play of the Wether and his delightful Johan Johan, the Husband, Tyb, the Wyfe, and Syr Jhan, the Preest, Udall's Ralph Roister Doister, Gammer Gurton's Nedle (W. Stevenson?), Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe, Peele's Old Wives' Tale, Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and Henry Porter's Two Angry Women of Abingdon are the plays given. Their editors are, in order, Mr. A. W. Pollard, Professor Flügel, Mr. Henry Bradley, Professor Baker, Professor Gummere, and, for the last two plays, the editor-in-chief, Professor Gayley. He contributes, also, the opening monograph, an Historical View of the Beginnings of English Comedy. Professor Woodberry writes of Greene's Place in Comedy, and Professor Dowden of Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist.

Readiness to break with conventional, but groundless, or over-cautious statements of past students of our drama is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of the book. Even Professor Gayley's opening monograph so adjusts the old facts to the newer theories that a well-worn subject is made interesting. It is, for instance, a pleasure to see the probability of French influence on John Heywood and the interludes of his time squarely faced, not minimized or dodged. In this volume, not only is Heywood's Johan Johan made, for the first time, really accessible, but Heywood himself is given the prominent place he deserves among the predecessors of Shakespeare. Professor Flügel contributes some new light on Nicholas Udall, and Professor Woodberry for the first time individualizes Greene among the dramatists of 1585–92. Incidentally he makes quite clear why Greene's plays are not the "imperfectly drawn tea" with which J. R. Lowell waved them aside in his Elizabethan Dramatists.

In one instance, however, it seems to the writer that the receptiveness to new ideas is carried too far. It has long been clear that the case for Bishop John Still as the author of Gammer Gurton's Nedle was not conclusive, and that the case for John Bridges was unconvincing; in this volume Mr. Bradley advances a new claimant, William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge. It must be granted, from the title-page of the only extant edition of the play, that a "Mr. S." seems to have been the author, and the place of its production, Christ's College. It may be granted, too, that general probability and internal evidence point to a date of composition considerably earlier than 1575, the date of the extant edition; but beyond this it is hard to follow Mr. Bradley in his reasoning, which leads to William Stevenson as the author. He points out that on July 22, 1563, Colwell, the publisher twelve years later of Gammer Gurton's Nedle, paid for a license for a play, Diccon of Bedlam, and declares it "a fair presumption," because Diccon of Bedlam is a character in Gammer Gurton's Nedle, that the second play is "in substance identical" with the first. Surely this must seem a huge assumption if one recalls the frequent similarity of title between Elizabethan plays. Who ventures to declare King Leir and His Three Daughters, The Taming of a Shrew, and the lost Troilus and Cressida of

Dekker and Chettle, "in substance identical" with Shakespeare's plays with similar titles? Critics are still wondering whether there was any connection between the Comedy of Umors entered in Henslowe's Diary and Jonson's later Every Man in His Humour, but no one seriously maintains that they were "in substance identical." In 1559 Mr. Bradley finds in the records of Christ's College, "Spent at Mr. Stevenson's plaie, 5*s*," and says: "As no evidence to the contrary has been found, it appears highly probable that the 'Mr. S.' of Gammer Gurton's Nedle was William Stevenson of Christ's College." Surely absence of proof either for or against a theory does not tip the scales of critical justice. This is the argument of lynch law. Mr. Bradley meets the possible objection that the title-page speaks of the play in 1575 as represented "not long ago" by the suggestion that Colwell reprinted the title-page of Diccon, only changing the name. Is it not curious that he should change the name and not so obvious an error as "played not long ago," referring to a date sixteen years before? Why not suppose that, at a revival of Diccon not long before 1575, the name of the play was changed, and that to some such revival the "not long ago" refers? But there is no proof that the plays are "in substance identical;" and, even if that were proved true, there is no proof that William Stevenson wrote either. Surely, then, to put his name on the title-page in this volume, without even a query, is hardly cautious.

Naturally, in preparing plays like these for publication, editors become interested in minutiæ of their subjects, but discussion of them in a book for the general reader may unwisely distract his attention or bore him till he is unwilling to read farther. Interesting as Professor Gayley's discussion of the chronology of Greene's plays (some twenty-eight pages) may be to a special student of Greene, might it not have been better to print it in some learned publication, giving here only the conclusions, with references to the article? Certainly it is enough to daunt any one except the special investigator. Perhaps the pages on the metrics of Greene may seem open to the same criticism, but Professor Gayley's insistence that only after such an examination of Greene's verse can it safely be emended is sound, and has needed stating.

The preparation of these texts has brought out some valuable bibliographical information. Mr. Pollard has discovered that the copy of the Play of the Wether in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is a complete copy of the edition of 1533, heretofore known only in an incomplete form. Professor Gayley gives reasons for identifying the so-called 1599 edition of Friar Bacon mentioned by Dyce, Grosart, and Ward, as the 1630 edition.

It is a pity that much time elapsed between the casting of some of the contributions to this volume and its publication, for, as a consequence, an editor is at times unjustly made to seem ignorant of important studies of his subject. It is startling to any one accustomed to use Brandl's by no means new Quellen und Forschungen to read Mr. Pollard's words: "At the time I write, the Play of the Wether has not been reprinted since the sixteenth century," but Mr. Pollard's introduction to the Heywood plays evidently antedates Brandl's book. Yet, for its critical attitude toward conventions of our dramatic history, for its texts, the suggestiveness of its critical essays, this first volume of Representative English Comedies is sure to be a useful book. It is one more step in a much needed re-writing of the details of the history of the English drama.

Mr. Bond has certainly made every effort to give definitiveness to his Complete Works of John Lyly. He faces

all the puzzling questions raised by the biography of John Lyly; he gives reprints of the early editions of Lyly's work which seem to him best, collating them with all other editions known to him; he goes minutely into the bibliography of each publication; he prints full notes for each; he writes essays on Euphues and Euphuism, on Lyly as a Playwright, notes on Sentence Structure in Euphues, Italian Influence on Lyly, and The Allegory in Endimion, and numerous introductions; in a "doubtful" list he includes The Maid's Metamorphosis, the anti-Martinist poem, A Whip for an Ape, and parts of Mar-Martin; and at the end of volume i. he adds some seven entertainments, at the end of volume iii. some seventy poems not heretofore assigned to Lyly. It is interesting to note the change in the editor as he has worked at his long labor. The introductory Life, of volume i., has a certain jauntiness, a lack of tolerance for views other than his own, a readiness to settle all mooted questions, which passes as he settles to his long and difficult task and realizes that no man amid evidence so tangled, facing the impossibility of finding much desired evidence, can hope to convince even a majority of his readers of the truth of all his theories or guesses. In the second mood, shown in the treatment of the texts and their notes, Mr. Bond is almost unexceptionable. Unfortunately, a third stage develops, known well by every student who has made the work of some Elizabethan stylist — Donne, Marlowe, Marston — the subject of special investigation. Soon such a worker comes to see Donne, Marlowe, or Marston in almost everything of the period unassigned, and, last stage of all, even in work already assigned. Mr. Fleay's useful Chronicle of the English Drama affords numerous instances of this temporary critical astigmatism. Mr. Bond grows to feel that he can detect Lyly where his presence has never been suspected. Now that he has found a MS. of The Bee, in which it is assigned to Lyly (III. p. 437), that may prove to be the dramatist's, but the writer doubts the acceptance of most of the other new ascriptions. Certainly some errors must be weeded out, such as giving to Lyly (in No. 57,) not unfamiliar lines of Spenser. The identifications, in the entertainments as well as in the poems, rest, in too many cases, on mere metrical similarities, or on a use of similes and metaphors common to these poems and Lyly elsewhere. But nowhere is the frank imitation of the Elizabethans in form and substance more evident than in the song-books, from which Mr. Bond culls most of the poems. It is a great pity that the Life was not written last, for then its tone would surely be more judicial and its conclusions would have been corrected by the discoveries Mr. Bond made near the end of his labors (printed as a Biographical Appendix). They are, a copy, in the Bodleian Library, of the second of the so-called "begging-letters" dated 1601, which Mr. Bond believes finally settles the long-mooted question of the dates of the two letters, and also, four other interesting letters of Lyly. (See I. pp. 389–396.) The Life needs re-writing because the date 1601 for the second begging-letter disturbs an assumption of Mr. Bond's, important in his argument, that Lyly was vice-master of Paul's in 1585, and because, as Professor Littledale has shown (Athenæum, February 14, 1903), he quite overlooked the evidence that during the period in which he urges that Lyly was clerk in the Revels Office, one Packenham held that position.

Much of Mr. Bond's writing is controversial, — in the introductions to Euphues and Endimion especially, — for he dissents sharply from the reasons assigned by Professor Baker for the delay in publishing Euphues and His England, and, though he accepts the allegorical significance of Endimion,

denies that it was written in Leicester's behalf, places it in 1586, and decidedly changes former identifications of the minor characters. This is not the place for detailed examination of Mr. Bond's argument on these matters, but, though the questions may, in the light of Mr. Bond's ideas, need reëxamination, they are certainly still open for discussion.

When one turns to the texts, their notes, and the bibliographical material, Mr. Bond's work compels almost unqualified admiration. He clearly establishes the superiority of the quartos over Blount's collective edition of the plays. He distinguishes deftly among early editions of Euphues and His Anatomie of Wit, heretofore confused or incorrectly dated. His texts give one a pleasant sense of accuracy. In the textual notes he shows resource, wide reading, and large results. Never before have so many of Lyly's curious comparisons and illustrations been hunted home. Nor has his debt to Pettie's Palace of Pleasure heretofore been made as clear as it is in the notes to Euphues. Indeed, it is in these bibliographies, texts, and notes, that this edition reveals its permanent value. Whatever its faults, its merits would have justified Mr. Bond in placing at the end of the third volume the motto the Elizabethans were so fond of using, — "Opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis."

George P. Baker.

TWO BOOKS BY MR. ALDRICH.

In an unsigned review of The Queen of Sheba, contributed to the Atlantic in 1878 by Mr. Howells, then editor of the magazine, occurs the following passage:

"There is nothing pleasanter, to the generous lover of literature, than to follow the constant advance of some favorite author, — to watch his star tranquilly increase, while the sky is streaked everywhere with meteoric lights that flash and expire, with rockets that climb the heavens to apotheosize into sticks. Mr. Aldrich's growth as a poet has been one of the most notable facts of our recent literary history; and his latest essay in fiction is stamped with the same tokens of maturing power. By power we do not mean the convulsive force that so often goes by that name in literature, but the quiet ability to imagine clearly, and the art to execute with delicacy and distinction; the conscience that forbids the artist to let anything go from his hand without the last refining touch. It matters very little what the material is; with this power the work becomes excellent."

It is twenty-five years since these words were written. Yet happening to turn to them just now, after reading Mr. Aldrich's latest book,[1] one has a renewed consciousness of the integrity of a literary career which commands admiration to-day for the same qualities that gave it distinction a quarter of a century ago. In the interval, how many literary reputations have been manufactured, placed upon the market, and gone into assignment! We have witnessed the glorification and the swift oblivion of many an impassioned seeker of the *mot juste*, many an apostle of the crude, the rank, and the barbaric. Prose poets and "effectivists" and the "new journalists" have had their day and gone their ways, and meantime Mr. Aldrich, in his old easy mastery over the fit word and the well-

[1] *Ponkapog Papers.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

poised phrase and the haunting cadence, has been quietly producing books that live.

Ponkapog Papers is a volume made up of a delectable medley of notes and essays. In the Leaves from a Note Book, with which it opens, are mingled reminiscences of travel, anecdotes of a life rich in literary associations, memoranda for unwritten stories, bits of character-study, paragraphs of criticism, with here and there a swift, mordant thrust at the Philistines, or a touch of pure light comedy. The very variety and air of whimsical inconsecutiveness are of the essence of its charm. At one moment the reader is in Tokio or Paris, the next in Lowell's room at Elmwood or at Fields's desk in the Old Corner Bookstore; then he is smiling at the exquisite irony of that paragraph about Robert Browning's ancestor the butler, or gazing with dimmed eyes at that cavalry sabre which hangs over the mantel — over so many mantels, North and South! — with its precious, undying memories. Is it lovely fancies that the reader would seek? Then let him turn to such sentences as these: "The young girl in my story is to be as sensitive to praise as a prism is to light. Whenever anybody praises her she breaks into colors." Is it a glimpse into the secrets of the artist's workshop? Then hear what Mr. Aldrich has to say about the expressive value of suggestion: "I like to have a thing suggested rather than told in full. When every detail is given, the mind rests satisfied, and the imagination loses the desire to use its own wings. The partly draped statue has a charm which the nude lacks. Who would have those marble folds slip from the raised knee of the Venus of Melos? Hawthorne knew how to make his lovely thought lovelier by sometimes half veiling it."

It is passages such as these that make one regret the author's decision not to write that projected essay on The Art of Short Story-Writing. If he would only fence a little longer with Mr. Henry James over that disputable matter of Plot and Character! What a pity to see two such accomplished swordsmen merely salute each other with the foils in passing, instead of giving the delighted audience the pleasure of witnessing a passado or two! Among the longer essays in Ponkapog Papers, likewise, one wishes that the discussion of Historical Novels, that "sphere of misbegotten effort," were longer still. But perhaps it is sufficient to laugh one's opponent out of court, as Mr. Aldrich has done, in a serene and wholesome fashion.

Since Lamb's day there have been few more perfect examples of the literature of sentiment than Poor Yorick and Tom Folio. The first sketch is the more anecdotal, and deals with the twofold associations that endear the memory of a great actor and an intimate friend. Its charm is in its restraint; in what is left half-told; there is no sacrifice of the modesty of friendship, no surrender to the half-morbid curiosity that follows the private life of the noted actor. Tom Folio, on the other hand, deals, with no less perfect taste, and with a more purely literary sentiment, with an old-time habitué of Boston book-shops, whose talk, "sweet and racy with old-fashioned phrases," is still remembered by a few ancient strollers along the narrow pavements of the North End. There is room here to quote the last sentence only; and it is given for the benefit of those backward-looking readers who think that the essay of sentiment went out of existence, or out of the grasp of the literary workman, with Lamb, or, at latest, with Irving and Curtis: "Strolling to-day through the streets of the older section of the town, I miss many a venerable landmark submerged in the rising tide of change, but I miss nothing quite so much as I do the sight of Tom Folio entering the doorway of the Old Corner Bookstore, or carefully taking down a musty volume from its shelf at some melancholy old bookstall

on Cornhill." Nothing of its *genre* could be more delicately perfect.

The most considerable essay in Ponkapog Papers is devoted to Robert Herrick, an exquisite artist in verse, with whom Mr. Aldrich finds himself in natural sympathy. As in the briefer essays on Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, Miss Emily Dickinson, and Mr. Young's Wishmaker's Town, the manner chosen is that of the fully informed, but witty and urbane talker, rather than that of the professional critic with his parade of apparatus and his canons known and named only by himself. Mr. Aldrich talks discriminatingly, it need hardly be said, with praise for what is praiseworthy, and with a good hatred of what he characterizes as the "eccentric, obscure, and chaotic." The lover of Herrick must be hard to please who will not enjoy such a genial picture of the life and work of the Devon parson; and when Mr. Aldrich passes, in the second portion of the essay, to an estimate of the value of Herrick's poetry, his finely chiseled sentences have the weight and the quality which are only found when a master is speaking of a master.

The magic of unforced talk; the instinctive avoidance of the crude and the commonplace; the flexibility of sympathy that turns swiftly from one aspect of the human spectacle to another, touching wisely and wittily upon all; — this is the charm of Mr. Aldrich's essay writing. His latest volume of fiction[1] bears everywhere the stamp of the same characteristics. The story-writer who takes in his hand A Sea Turn and Other Matters will think first, perhaps, of the training that lies back of such skillful tale-telling, the "vine-like fluency" which, in Mr. Aldrich's own words, "seems impromptu, and is never the result of anything but austere labor." There are six dainty volumes of fiction already standing to Mr. Aldrich's credit, and in all the six there is never a dull or a feeble page. It is fiction for the "town" perhaps, as eighteenth-century writers loved to say when they meant the refined, the thoughtful, the cultivated; the readers, in short, who are found in our twentieth-century America more often in the country village than among the masses of the great cities. "No shop-girl" — *qua* shop-girl, for in her private capacity she may possess a pretty taste in letters — "need apply:" such might be the inscription over the portal of the House of Stories which Mr. Aldrich has wrought. Here is no crass sensationalism, or sham history, or vulgar intrigue, but swift, wide-ranging, dexterous story-telling, told for the persons whom he thinks it worth while to please. These persons belong to the "town;" they are readers with trained imagination and literary prescience. They will recognize in the dozen brief pages of An Untold Story a consummate art which makes most "told" stories seem mere bungling. In A Sea Turn, the title story, they will see the comedy of situation handled for once with flawless skill, without sacrifice of truth to character, or of fidelity to local coloring. In Shaw's Folly and Thomas Phipps are character-studies of penetrating insight and engaging humor; while in The White Feather, Mr. Aldrich touches, as many times in his earlier prose and poetry, but always poignantly and adequately, upon the tragic side of the civil war.

It is a rare achievement to utilize such varied themes as these in a style suited to each mood, — brocaded deftly when ornament is needed, but mainly in a smooth supple texture of words that ripple into light or shadow like the play of sunshine on the bare arm of an athlete. In the deluge of contemporary books, — hastily invented, slovenly written, and wholly forgotten before they are half read, — there is food for contemplation as well as an exquisite pleasure in finding volumes like Ponkapog Papers and A

[1] *A Sea Turn and Other Matters.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Sea Turn, which are written in the way that will never go out of fashion. In that essay on Herrick, already referred to, Mr. Aldrich remarks: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence. Though it may have been said three hundred years ago, it is as modern as yesterday; though it may have been said yesterday, it has the trick of seeming to have been always in our keeping." The secret of that "dateless excellence" is possessed by Mr. Aldrich himself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

English Appreciation of Walt Whitman.

In one of his admirable essays, Mr. George Santayana writes of Whitman: "He is regarded as representative chiefly by foreigners, who look for some grotesque expression of the genius of so young and prodigious a people." The English admirer of Whitman is soon disillusioned when he comes to the poet's country and finds that outside a highly cultivated class Leaves of Grass is merely known to post-office officials on the ground of its being a contraband book. Whitman would indeed have been well advised to have had the Children of Adam poems published separately, but even then he would not have been very much more popular. The real interest of the problem lies in the fact of Whitman having appealed both at home and abroad to academic and cultured minds rather than to the common man, and also in his being so much more honored in a stiffly conservative country like England than in his own.

It must of course be borne in mind that foreigners often tolerate literary innovations which are detested in the country of the innovator. An interesting example of this is the French love for Heine whose poems were hated in Germany, and to whom even the cosmopolitan Goethe did bare justice. A more relevant instance for my purpose is the appreciation of Carlyle, Browning, and Mr. Herbert Spencer in the United States, — an appreciation which must always leave Englishmen deeply grateful to their transatlantic kindred.

But there are, perhaps, more complex causes here. Whitman has appealed everywhere to two classes of readers, — first to men of an extremely sensitive temperament like Dante Rossetti and John Addington Symonds in England, or Professor William James in America, and secondly to the foreigner *per se*. It is interesting to conjecture the reasons of this twofold appeal.

The attraction for the first class of men Mr. Santayana has dealt with in characteristic fashion: "He speaks to those minds and to those moods in which sensuality is touched with mysticism. When the intellect is in abeyance, when 'we would turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained,' when we are weary of conscience and ambition, and would yield ourselves for a while to the dream of sense, Walt Whitman is a welcome companion."

This has, perhaps, a certain amount of truth, but it is not a full presentation of the facts. Professor William James has explained the real attraction of Whitman in his masterly essay on a certain blindness in human beings. Artists, philosophers, and all who do highly intellectual work suffer incessantly from overwrought sensibilities and inevitable ebbs of energy. The regular toil of the professions and of all business is at once an

opiate and a stimulus, since it both hardens men against the shocks of the world, which grow ten times worse with introspection, and hourly satisfies the sense of achievement, which is very rarely attained by the other class of workers. In such inevitable seasons of depression Whitman's view of life comes as a strong tonic. There is the open-air feeling about him which often makes many things seem less common and unclean than before, just as a sanitary inspector may sometimes like to contemplate the cleanliness of Nature. There is the sensation of being carried out into the world and feeling akin for a moment with the elemental passions and aspirations of humanity. There is, too, a certain sublime pantheism which gives some of his utterances a strange likeness to those of the sweet St. Francis. Have not the lines

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?"

a certain affinity with the saint's greeting of

"Nostra Sorella Morte"?

In another way Whitman has brought relief to such men on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most eloquent and impressive passages in Ruskin's Modern Painters is the one where he points out the disappointing character of natural beauty when divorced from historical associations. Whitman has shown all the majesty of natural beauty in a new country, and thus to foreigners he brings a fresh source of delight, and to his own countrymen a substitute for the pleasures of lingering over landmarks of the past. Such lines as

"The flashing and golden pageant of California"

indicate what I mean.

All this rather trenches on what seems to me the attraction Whitman has for the average Englishman, and the way in which he slightly offends his own countrymen. The Englishman — and especially the English tourist in the United States — is exhilarated and intoxicated by the newness of everything, much in the way Whitman was when he wrote his great poem Pioneers. He finds an atmosphere of hope and enterprise round him which is almost as stimulating as the tingling air and limpid skies of the new country; he feels rejuvenated by the companionship of youth.

The inhabitants of a new country are, on the other hand, inclined to be half ashamed of its newness, just as a young man cares to be thought older than he is. Nothing is so galling to the young as to be reminded in so many words of the fact. Whitman, however, is never tired of insisting on the obvious fact that his country is a new country, and I am strongly of opinion that he would have been more popular at home if he had emphasized this less.

As another example of his showing the poetry of modern things I cite this description of a locomotive: —

"Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding.
. . . . . .
Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong."

I venture to think, however, that most of Whitman's English readers feel that he has made a permanent contribution to the literature of the English-speaking world, and that at some time or other his name will stand in the great pantheon of that literature.

Here perhaps I may cite three passages, each of which seems to me perfect in its way. There is a certain cosmic grandeur in the following lines: —

"Whispers of heavenly death murmured I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,

Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes
wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current
flowing, for ever flowing,
(Or is it the flashing of tears? the measure-
less waters of human tears?)"

What again could be more vivid than this?

"I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd
bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they 're
flooding
As with voices and with tears.

"I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drum steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through."

And here are some lines as stirring as Browning's Cavalier Tunes: —

"On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever wanting, with the places
of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving
yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has
the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and
sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

In Sickness and in Health.

I HAVE been sick, but not utterly, — a tooth. I am in the convalescent's mood of confidence and confession; therefore, I write in haste, for in health I am buoyant and amiable, and not fluently penitent; indeed, there is little then to be penitent about. For a week I have been very unpleasant, and the circumstance leads to remarks on the moral disintegration attendant upon indisposition. I speak of petty disorders, for illnesses of dramatic magnitude, a run of typhoid for instance, sometimes tend to spiritual upbuilding, — at least, it is so demonstrated in fiction. Doubtless the pawing of the white horse in the door-yard has a soothing effect upon the patient's nerves, but illnesses in which one has not the comfort of composing one's epitaph are not composing to the soul. The lesser ailments make appalling holes in our integrity: myself last week threw a teaspoon at my most immediate forbear. Ferocious, but it was the elemental ferocity of suffering. It is a fact, belonging rather to the science of psychology than of medicine, that small sicknesses hurt more than big ones. I appeal to all connoisseurs in invalidism whether a tooth, an ear, an ankle, are not more direct in their methods of torture than pneumonia, smallpox, or appendicitis. Believing this, I have always had much sympathy for the vilified hero of a certain novelette of my acquaintance; in this romance, the husband has a tooth; the wife, a heart, — a literal heart, mechanical, physiological. Everybody knows which suffered more, and yet because the gentleman got a little crusty over a most outrageous molar, how joyously the author trounced him through page after page! I am hot with indignation. There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Creations. Manufacturers of heroes and heroines should not be allowed to flay and burn and quarter so wantonly as they do; a humane reading public should take from them the prerogative of so unnatural a parenthood.

This one man should have been forgiven; he had a toothache, and non-fatal illnesses may make monsters of the meekest of us; but fortunately, the illness being temporary, so is the monster. Only the recollection is humiliating; I am recovered, but I shudder at the legion so recently cast out of me. Sickness sets free all the processes of atavism, and whirls us back into savagery at a breathless rate. The first bit of baggage we leave behind us on this rapid return journey is family affection. Last week my kin stood about my couch day and night with poultices and sympathy in their hands. I took the poultices and tossed back evil words out of my mouth. I looked upon my relatives with frank-

est loathing. Why? Their insulting forbearance, their aggressive meekness, their poor-sufferer-here-is-my-other-cheek attitude stirred the foundations of my bile. Their serene patience provoked my utmost effort to destroy it, and I was impotent; their invulnerability was an affront to my powers of invention. My own possibilities of vituperation were only less surprising to me than the endurance of the abused. And all the time that I listened to my own reviling tongue, my self-respect was ebbing from me most uncomfortably, — and it was all their fault.

A concomitant loss in this dissolving of our civilization is that of the sense of humor. Being so recently returned from barbarism and its beyond, I can confidently assert that the ape and the savage, while they may be laughable, do not laugh. In the sickroom of the not very sick, the brightest witticisms seem only studied banalities. There is no comedy in the incidents of ministration; it is all unrelieved tragedy. Yet it is not the humorous, but the humor that is lacking, for frequently the situations are appreciated at recovery, and furnish us amusement at intervals for a lifetime. I doubt whether this suspension of the processes of humor could be established in the case of serious illness, admitting of disastrous outcome. There are soldiers a-plenty who have jested at their wounds, and instances enough on record where a timely jest or a merry incident has saved the day. I cite one such situation. A husband lay at death's door, and the door was ajar. It was midnight, and the wife watched. Suddenly the patient seemed to be sinking, slipping from her. She put the hartshorn bottle to his nostrils, but he could smell nothing. Both were terrified as they realized the import of this. Then the wife glancing down discovered that the bottle contained witch-hazel. The man laughed — and lived.

In serious illness there is perhaps sometimes a positive stimulus to the comic sensibilities; there is such a thing as dying game, or the fight for life may be worth some bravado. But imagine feeling gamy with tonsilitis or a felon on your finger; there is absolutely no histrionic appeal. If your sickness has no spice of fatality, you might just as well give up; you won't see the light of humor again until you recover.

No love in our heart, no humor in our head. There is another evil of savagery thrust upon us by illness. It is the sudden acquisition of personality by inanimate objects. What possibilities of abusive conduct lurk within the four walls of a room yesterday, in health, perfectly inoffensive! What malevolence in the wall-paper! Such a sneaking, underhand, leering pattern for curtains with any pretensions to respectability! How tipsy the books look, crowding and pushing themselves askew for very perversity! No amount of chastisement will make the pillows conduct themselves comfortably. There is something about the billows of that malicious counterpane that makes me think of the oozy, oily, shiny unpleasantness of the ocean when the sailboat is becalmed. I am as much at the mercy of my furniture as any Fiji before his fetich.

Thus sickness reduces us to cave-dwellers or gorillas rampant, by perhaps just a day of a pain no greater in compass than one's little finger-nail, — soulful, strenuous, high-stepping beings though we are! Sad enough to think about; yet on the other hand, of all insupportables, the people whom sickness makes saints are the most contemptible. I know men and ladies, in health normal, human, unworthy, likable, — but give them so much as a cold in the head, and at once their smile smacks of Heaven, and their eyes are uplift with the watery mysticism of those about to be canonized. When a small boy I know voluntarily allows his younger sister a canter on his rocking-horse, his

nurse immediately applies red flannel and turpentine; generosity with him is a sure presage of sore throat. I have seen great strapping lads, full of sin, reduced to sudden and spurious sainthood by a black eye. There is no more unfeeling conduct than patient suffering, — there is nothing more alarming to an anxious family than a course of virtuous endurance obstinately persisted in. So long as you rage and are unseemly your kinsfolk will never pipe their eye, but docility under the minor physical afflictions makes a stubbed toe as much a matter of apprehension as angina pectoris. This being good when sick is a bid for unmerited martyrdom. These gentle sufferers are likely to employ the emaciated voice of those who ail, knowing well that the bellow of rebellion is much too reassuring. I am glad I am not as one of these; sick, I throw things.

Thus all mankind and all woman and child kind, too, are divided, though unevenly, into those who are better in sickness and those who are worse. The marriage service on examination will be found to be a very canny document, and its compilers nowhere showed greater shrewdness than in just that little phrase which insures conjugal devotion in sickness and in health. For of some, sickness makes Mr. Hydes, and of others, Dr. Jekylls, and in the matter of spouses, how in the world can the contracting parties foresee, demon or angel, which will develop, or, having developed, which will be better company?

Idealizing and Spiritualizing Washing.

BORN and bred in a New England village where most families had to "do their own work," and being besides a tender-hearted boy of perhaps morbidly acute sympathies, a gloomy pall had hung over all my early years through — what shall I say? Some may affect to smile at so trivial a cause, but I never.

Neither more nor less was it than the inexorable weekly boomerang return of that more than Draconian domestic institution, the stated Monday household wash. From my tenderest years, I was forced to see that in all families of limited means, and, consequently, of limited elbow, patience, and sweetness power, this dire visitation fell noways short of the sternest kind of high-wrought tragedy, beneath whose lurid cloud-rack husbands all day long held their bated breath in fear, while wives were wrought to a pitch of the most formidable electric tension.

"Ah, the pity of it, the pity of it!" I would cry as I looked on at some poor, despairing woman relieved, like a lone Egyptian fellah in the desert, against a Gizeh pyramid of soiled clothes. True, I knew that inventive minds had sought to come to her rescue through the proffer of elaborate machinery; but, for one, my position was radical. I did not believe in machinery for washing any more than in machinery for religion. What was imperatively demanded, I felt, was a fuller influx of soul.

Graduating later on from college and then going abroad for a couple of years, no siren song of Italian art or Alpine scenery ever exerted spell seductive enough to beguile me of my sense of the forlorn and even tragic conditions under which the stern ordeal of washing is carried on in my native land; till, like Milton in his youthful pilgrimage in Italy, I felt I could never be justified in traveling with an easy conscience unless keeping out all the while what the seamen call a "weather-eye" round the horizon for any sign bright with promise of bettering this unhappy state of things at home. For long, however, no rainbow arc of cheer visited my despondent mind until, on being suddenly ordered by my doctor out of the heat and malaria of lower Italy, I was dispatched by him for recuperation to a little mountain hamlet, lying some 3500 feet above sea-level on the Italian slope of the Alps.

It was after nightfall when, at the end of my wearisome journey and mor-

tally tired with the last three hours' climb up the mountain side, I reached my destination, with no other thought but of a hearty supper and tumbling incontinently into bed. Of all that was in blessed store for me with returning day I no more dreamed than slumbering Adam when, in the silent watches of the night, his spare rib was deftly removed, and he awoke next morning to find in its stead by his side smiling, rosy Eve.

Shortly after daybreak, the first sound to awaken me was that of peals of hilarious laughter. The voices were unmistakably women's voices; and piqued with curiosity to get at the cause of so much merriment, I jumped like lightning into my clothes and sallied out of the inn. It must be, I was sure, something at least as good as Punch and Judy. No! Millennium of millenniums! — "Credo quia impossibile!" as Tertullian hath it — it was nothing more nor less than plain, average, once-a-week village washing-day; and there was I, alive, and in the actual flesh, to witness the exhilarating sight.

Into a great stone tank in the centre of the little public square — a tank 30 feet by 10 — a stream of crystal-clear mountain water was pouring in continuous flood, while all around the brink, their skirts tucked up and their powerful arms bared to the shoulders, stood the women old and young. "Arma, virumque cano" never shot thrill of inspiration into Virgil as now "Arms and these women" into me. For oh! what arms! "Vae victis!" woe, woe to seams and buttons! Never a trace there of moping melancholy! Never a look of frantic despair at the mountain pile of clothes one lone, unaided creature had got to cope with; but, in their stead, the glee and corporate courage born of numbers and of the martial touch of shoulder to shoulder.

Simply to stand by and look on was as good as a play. Already, elbows and knuckles were in lively action; sprays of water leaping high into the air, and rainbow bubbles dancing merrily on the surface. But it was dance of mind and soul, iridescent bubbles of cheer and love and humor and kindling eloquence, I was after. Liberation of lone wash-tub human nature's yearning for social expression; gratification of its inborn artistic impulse for dramatic spectacle; show me this, I cried, — above all, show it me on washing-day, — and I will die blissfully content as if I had seen Naples and then succumbed to the inexorable conditions incident to that ravishing sight! And there it was before my very eyes!

Already had a lively topic got started for common talk. It was the recent festival down in Promontogno, or the latest engagement in the hamlet, or the village pastor's last Sunday sermon, and now in a trice was it clear what vigorous dramatic eloquence the fine inspiration of washing imparts to the too often dead-level prose of human speech.

Here, for example, towered an Amazon who — just at the height of the crisis when she was rubbing the soap into an especially dirty spot in the shirt she had in hand — had taken exception to something she by no means subscribed to in the pastor's last Sunday's discourse. How magnificent the vim with which she applied the caustic bar alike of soap and criticism, and then rubbed and rubbed as though it were not a shirt, but the very manuscript itself and, in it, the obnoxious doctrine in blackest ink, on which she was concentrating her fellest energies. Then lo! as in the very nick of simultaneous time she had annihilated alike the spot of dirt and the invidious doctrine, how superb her attitude as she heaved on high and flung wide to the breeze the now stainless garment, while all gazed on in breathless admiration. Rachel or Bernhardt would have been inspired with a life-enduring lesson for the grand climacterics of Phédre or L'Aiglon; yes, and have humbly confessed that, in their early dramatic education, a single year spent at the brink of

this native fountain of art and eloquence would have outweighed three in the traditional Conservatoire of Paris.

Next a rival sibyl focused the eyes of all, as she stood wringing with muscular arms, suggestive of Laocoön wrestling with the serpents' coils, a huge crash-linen sheet. Sheet? — the sheet was the merest symbol. It was the last refuge of lies she was wringing out of some bad character in the neighborhood, or out of some perilous tendency to levity or flirting or ribbons she was deprecating in the young. "Here! here!" I cried in transport, "is that larger influx of soul I have all my life been battling for as sole salvation of washing-day. How clear at sight alike the material and the spiritual gain! In no mere unimpassioned mood could this woman begin to wring so dry; while all the time she is searching home the consciences of her mates with a power the village pastor, debarred by the proprieties of the pulpit from such superb dramatic adjuncts, can never aspire to wield.

Seriously, was not the sight of so delightful a transformation of a dull, mechanical operation into a school of lively, neighborly gossip, play of humor and critical comment, morals and sacred eloquence, with its star performers and rarely appreciative auditory, something worthy the name of idealizing and spiritualizing washing? Not that there is not in our own land plenty of transcendentally high-flying talk about art as the solace, cheer, and inspiration of else prosaic human life. But it dilates with enthusiasm only over Venuses of Milo and Venuses de Medici, while it affects to curl its æsthetic lip in scorn over charming village Tanagra figurines, — totally unmindful of the patent fact that all and more than the Olympic games were to Phidias and Praxiteles, such might the transfigured wash-tub become to our own actors, painters, sculptors, and poets, along with their appreciative admirers. "Ah!" I sighed, "the dramatic talents that have gone to waste, the elsewise merry lives that have been sunk in moaning melancholy, the moral lepers that have got off with 'withers unwrung,' through drear inheritance of the worse than Calvinistic ban of reprobation that back-country women are not artistic; and, so, have no gamut in their natures of humor, pathos, wrath or tears, demanding but such an arena to call them out."

THE

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THE CHURCH: SOME IMMEDIATE QUESTIONS.

The last census informs us that there are in the United States one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations. Our curiosity is piqued as to the reason for this multiplicity and presumable diversity. If "nothing walks with aimless feet," may there not be some divine purpose and scientific reason in this prodigal outburst of religious energy? It shows at least in how many forms the instinct of religion reveals itself, and how surely the hopes and fears and aspirations of mankind turn to religion for answer. Trivial as these sects often appear, they by no means reveal a weak side of human nature, but rather — if any criticism be made — a crude and untaught side. It is interesting also to note the central ideas out of which they spring. Yet few of them are original. All are based on Scripture read with literal exactness, and the special points usually refer to baptism, prophecy, the form of the Church, eschatology, and not a few involve the knottiest points in metaphysical theology, — such as a sect in Texas that flourishes under the name, "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists." Others are perpetuations of the controversies of the Reformation, while the will and divine sovereignty and election — conditioned or unconditioned — are debated and reconciled as of yore. The proper day for the Sabbath and the millennium each represent a denomination, while the speedy end of the world stands for quite an enduring church that couples with its expectation "the sleep of the dead." These stand chiefly for outspoken beliefs of what lie hidden in the creeds of the older and greater churches, — survivals of what may still be found in ecclesiastical libraries.

This state of things had an early beginning. The New World was baptized in religion. Columbus no sooner touched the shore than he planted the cross. Church and conquest swept over the continent, — the grace of one poorly redeeming the cruelty of the other. The Church came to Jamestown with a full quota of clergy along with more vagabonds; and a hard time Governor Berkeley had with them, but he thanked God that in addition to these troubles there were no schools. In Maryland, the Church fared somewhat better. In its first decade it won the distinction of opening the way in London to the establishment of the first foreign missionary society in the world. There also the Catholic Church found permanent footing, and spread an odor of toleration that still sweetens the air. The Friends found peaceful lodgment in Pennsylvania, where they multiplied, — dividing at last into two bands, — but have nearly run their race, having borne clear witness to the eternal truth of the Spirit. The Dutch brought to New York the Church as set forth by the Synod of Dort, while the Scotch stood by the Westminster Confession. The Pilgrims and the Puritans brought the latter with them, and also a full-fledged democracy that gave the keynote to the nation and dominates it still.

These were the few first sources of the Church in America, but hardly a generation had passed before the churches began to divide and to make room for others, until there came to be the present variety and multiplicity.

How shall we explain this strange phenomenon? Is it due to the fact that when the early settlers found themselves free in matters of religion they leaped exultingly into the privilege? Or did the break with the Old World dissolve all ties as the people came to realize that their whole life was to be here and must be suffered to shape itself in all things as it would? Doubtless this unrestrained play of the individual mind had much to do with it, and — being without king or bishop — they found a peculiar satisfaction in cleaving a denomination in twain, or in founding one without a hierarchy.

But not all the organizations named in the census are to be accounted as churches. Some do not belong to the solar system, — wandering stars thrown out of orbital movement by some dreamer who had a vision, or has discovered new meaning in a Greek particle; their significance, though numerically large, is too slight to call for measurement. And there are churches — notably the Mormon — so monstrous and so remote from religion that one is tempted to say of them what Blake said of the tiger, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" And others — such as the Christian Scientist — that have not sufficiently emerged from their humorous and tragical absurdities to justify their claim to be called a church. In what follows we shall speak of churches, denominations, and sects as interchangeable terms, — only declining to use the definite article as the special property of any one organization. Nor shall we use much space in dealing with the older contentions of the churches. Earnest and intelligent men to-day do not discuss the apostolic succession, nor the forms of baptism, nor endless punishment, nor the verbal inspiration of Scripture. The banners that used to wave with vigor over these doctrines are still carried, but the battles do not rage around them; indeed, there are no battles beyond slight skirmishes, — only questions as to what is best to be done. Perhaps the most immediate question now before the churches pertains to this multiplicity already mentioned.

If it be the evil that it is generally assumed to be, it is still possible that there may be some soul of goodness in it if we will observingly distill it out. It should moderate criticism to remember that if it is an evil it is an inevitable one. The Church can neither keep out evils nor immediately rectify those that are in. The first point in the complaint is that the multiplicity engenders rivalry and hatred; but rivalry is not hatred. It is only the ferment at the root that starts the sap along its organic path to the branches. Hatred is of the devil, but rivalry is the spice of human enterprise. Besides, it is not true that the denominations hate one another, except in small towns where all bounds of reason are passed and intolerance holds full sway. The picture of a Western village with a church for every hundred people is a distressing one, but take any city, East or West, and the picture changes. That it is over-churched is the least evil it is to be charged with. That there are two churches of different denominations side by side is a slight matter in comparison with the fact that there are parties and conflicting schools of thought in all denominations — most of all in those which make the loudest claim to unity — that test the spirit of charity far more keenly than ecclesiastical separation. A Calvinistic and an Arminian church side by side keep good fellowship in comparison with churches that differ over high and low, or old and new school. Fences are no enemy to good neighborhood, but their absence often is. The fact that "France has forty soups and one religion while England has forty religions and but one

soup" is no sign that the former is the more godly nation. Were there in France no Holy Catholic Church, or along with it a multitude of true churches, and were there in England no Established Church, but as many as the people chose to make, both nations would be happier and better than they seem to be at present. It is the unalterable conviction of all believers, and of all thinkers as well, that the Church is one, and that religion is one; it is as fixed as the unity of God, and is because of his unity, but it is always an open question as to what constitutes oneness. As God is infinitely complex in form but one in spirit, so religion may wear many forms and bear many names, and yet have one spirit. Complexity is not the enemy of unity, but rather the cause of it, but the unity is of another kind than form or name. The multiplicity may be excessive, and then the bramble and forest must yield to make room for better and fewer growths. But the world is slowly finding out that the less the State meddles with the Church, and the less churches meddle with one another, the better it is for all concerned. Religion is an ethereal thing, so personal and sacred that every fine soul holds it to be a matter between himself and God.

No mistake can be greater than to suppose that shutting up religious truths in binding forms — either of creed or church — acts otherwise than as a fetter. Forms preserve but deaden. They provoke a return to the heresies against which they protest, and rebellion against the authority which binds them. The general outcry against the denominational spirit, unlovely and unthrifty as it is, would, if it should prevail, shut the churches up within barriers sure to be soon broken down, or drive them into the open desert of total unbelief. There is one thing that man loves more than religion, and that is freedom: he has an instinct for each, but the latter conditions the former; when it is cramped religion itself shrivels.

Before we let our thoughts and plans go too far in bemoaning the long list, it would be well to assure ourselves that it is a cause for regret. "Our unhappy divisions," as they are sometimes called, might be more unhappy if they were absorbed in large unions. The experiment of uniting the Prussian Evangelical Church with the churches of the other German States — all holding substantially the same faith — has not proved a success. The General Superintendent, Poetter, recently said: "I am not sure it is such a good thing. We have only put on one uniform, and are not more really united in spirit and doctrine than before;" and he adds these timely words: "Why should all the regiments be dressed alike or have one name? Zeal is often more stimulated when each body of Christians has the greatest opportunity to develop its own individuality." It is an interesting fact that these united bodies of Lutheran churches are at variance over the question as to the best method of holding their own against the Roman Catholics, — a question not impossible here in the future; in which case it is clear that the smaller the denomination that takes it up the better for all concerned, as it has all the elements of a long and bitter quarrel.

Nor should it be forgotten that a union for the sake of economy and effectiveness overlooks not only the fact that a union in belief could not thus be secured, but also if gained might develop and bring to the front once more the differences. These differences are real and do but sleep. The broadest line of cleavage in doctrinal belief in the Protestant churches in this country is that between Calvinism and Arminianism. Edwards devoted his great powers to stemming the growing tide of the latter, but in vain. He is honored by scholars and historians for his greatness and his service to the State, as his centuries come round, but the multitude is insensible to him while it pours out millions of money

in memory of Wesley. The majority still confess the Westminster Creed, but while Presbyterians and Methodists live peacefully side by side and work effectively in social reforms — hardly knowing any difference — if they were organically related not to say united, the mixture of oil and water would but feebly describe their condition, so fundamentally do they differ. The proverb, "Do not stir up a sleeping dog," is not invidious, but prudent.

It would be equally difficult to bring the Congregational churches to a fresh assent to the Westminster Confession, to which the Presbyterian Church has recently renewed its adherence with some slight changes. Fraternal in their relations even to the extent of an open path between their pulpits, the number of Congregational ministers is steadily lessening who are ready to assent to the Confession in order to fill them. But greater hindrances to union than this stand in the way. The immediate and pressing question in the New England Congregational churches is, — can the schism of a century ago be healed? If there is reason for union anywhere it is here. There are signs as deep as the yearning of heart for heart, and reasons as weighty as the fact that what ought not to have happened ought not to continue, why this mutual movement — if it can yet be called such — should be fostered and consummated when the hour is ripe, far off though it be.

Conditions should be well considered when such a question as a general union or federation of denominations is proposed. If there is to be union, it should not be made on a basis of mere economy and technical effectiveness, but on congeniality of thought and feeling, on like ethical and spiritual conceptions, on sympathy with humanity in its highest and most pressing needs, and — not a slight matter — on historic affiliations. It may be roughly said that if you prick the skin of a Congregationalist — orthodox or liberal — you will find a Puritan. There is need enough of him to-day, and he is still here, — ready for action if the needless schism were overcome. If there is reason for union anywhere in the wide world of denominations, it is where the *disjecta membra* of ancient Congregationalism are scattered in New England, but if it implies also union with denominations that still cherish the dogmas against which the Unitarians long ago justly protested it would defeat the most desirable movement in the churches now in sight.

The era of division or separation seems to be drawing to an end. It is doubtful if we soon shall see another denomination of importance that can be called Christian. There is great activity in the theological world, but it does not move in the direction of creedal organization. There is no less theology, — for theology will never go out of fashion, — but it looks toward explanation if not toward extinction of existing creeds, and to other changes that drop out or reinterpret old meanings and bring in new. Careful distinctions and definitions that determine the exact amount of freedom or necessity in the will are disregarded, because Christian faith is not now approached on that side of our nature. Emphasis is transferred from the field of speculation, where chiefly the denominations originated, to the field of action, to psychology and human society. The pressure of the past is less felt, or is felt as reverence rather than as authority. The fact of change — whatever its cause — can no longer be resisted, and the chief question that burdens thoughtful minds in the Church is: at what speed and by what road will it move into the region where it must go; also, what shall be left behind and what carried forward? The main question of all is: how to retain steadiness of mind in the confusion and rush that fill the air. Serious minds tremble before the changes that come thundering down upon them.

Not less perplexing is a sudden appar-

ent dying out of interest in the churches, with corresponding indifference to religion in those classes where one would expect it to abide. Reasons of widest variety are given to account for this strange lapse and confusion which we take to be the chief feature of the religious condition of the Church at present. The causes oftenest alleged are evolution in science and the higher criticism. The vast majority of those who compose our one hundred and forty-seven denominations fail to comprehend their import beyond that they stand for change, which is always the signal for fear and outcry among the ignorant. But the more intelligent class, who perceive how thoroughly evolution modifies all thought and theories, and at the same time find it hardly recognized, or named only to be denounced in the pulpits, stay away, — not because evolution is not preached, but because the whole order of thought pertaining to it is passed by, and they find themselves in a dead world and out of gear with all that is said and with most of what is done. In the long run the man of thought will worship in the world in which he thinks; and the more thoughtful he is, the more difficult he finds it to coöperate with a church that denies the ruling ideas and accepted facts that he encounters every day and receives as his own.

The same thing happens in connection with the higher criticism. It calls for reconsideration of cherished ideas of the inspiration of Scripture, — a truth so inwoven with the thoughts of religion in the mind of the average man that he is thrown into confusion whenever it seems to be questioned, and is ready to lapse into whatever gulf of doubt is best suited to his disposition. In any case, he becomes doubtful of the Church, and grows languid in his faith, or takes up some mild form of charity to fill its place in his conscience. The Church denounces or pities him, or makes some halfway concessions to the new thought and interpretation intended to break the force of their meaning; but instead it only awakens his resentment, for he has learned that evolution is no more partial than gravitation, and that the higher criticism deals simply with facts.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell of London, recently speaking at Northfield, was asked from the audience, "how he got along with truth and evolution." He replied, "Truth *and* evolution? Evolution *is* truth." The question and answer indicate the relative positions of the churches in this country and in Great Britain. They are a generation in advance of us in their management of most theological questions. The contrast is due to the fact that preaching which involves evolution, eschatology, and biblical interpretation no longer disturbs the people; these subjects are not technically preached but implied in the sermons, while here it is felt that the pulpit keeps something back. This is both true and not true. Few preachers in New England decry evolution and the higher criticism, and many wisely consider them as not proper topics for the pulpit if treated as pure science. The trouble lies in the preacher's failure to come fully under these ruling ideas, and of course the people doubt either his sincerity or his ability to grasp them. The old saying "like people, like priest" is now only half true. When people and priest do not sympathize they part company. The preacher must conquer the people if he would keep them; but he must be converted through and through to what he believes. When he fully submits himself to modern thought, and follows where it leads, he finds himself at the very heart of the revelations of God in nature and in Scripture. Such preachers are heard without disturbing the faith of simple believers or repelling those who think in the modern way. The pulpit has no more immediate task before it than to break into this open secret of effective preaching, — that is,

preaching which the intelligent as well as the simple will hear gladly. The difficulty is great because of the different points of development at which the churches stand. The point of approach is, of course, or should be, the Theological Seminaries; but their relation to the churches and the tenure of their existence are such that while modern thought in science and exegesis is quietly accepted and even taught in nearly all, it is not pushed to its full meaning and real conclusions as to doctrine. Hence they fail to lodge in the students that commanding belief that should inspire and color their life and words. Young men go to the churches with esoteric notions instead of burning convictions, not wholly sorry to escape the reproach of being infected with "new ideas." Probably no more delusive word ever crept into popular nomenclature in theology than that of "the good old Gospel." Those who most use it to-day hold a theology that was once scouted as new, while those who are striving to bring it into accord with the words and spirit and ruling ideas of the Christ are denounced as bringers in of a new Gospel.

The Theological Seminary — as a part of the University — is the determining factor of the theological belief of the churches; it exists chiefly for that end. It is not a gymnasium for teaching a certain amount of easily attained knowledge and a drill in sermonic composition. Instead its function is to teach students to see and feel the full force of a few eternal laws that govern the world and uphold society, and through them lead men to realize and achieve their destiny as the children of God. The Theological Seminary finds no data for a scientific, not to say practical, theism — the question of questions — until it searches it out and teaches it from evolution. Thus it finds ground for the truth that man has always sought for, and in higher moments asserted — the divine immanence in all things, and the like nature of God and man. If there is to be a theology in the future, it will be found in this region, in connection with the University which is to play a large part in its reconstruction; that is, theology will spring from the whole circle of human knowledge. Only in this way can it bring the divine and the human into conscious relationship. To cut out of ancient creeds intolerable parts, leaving a mangled remainder to live on, is a weak expedient which, if persisted in, results in a degenerate church and ministry; for strong men shrink from feeble measures. If it is true that the pulpit is degenerating, it is in no small degree due to the fact that clear-eyed candidates will not put new wine into old bottles, and are equally unwilling to enter a ministry where there are neither wine nor bottles.

A brief chapter in the history of the Church on this matter is not to be expected, for the reason that the mass of the people must be brought up to the point where they will listen to the University. The ancient and the later churches there took shape and gained their permanent form. As they drop their outworn cast they must go again to the University for renewal. Stated otherwise, the man of to-day will turn to the highest and widest sources for the grounds of his belief. A universal religion must have as broad a basis. But slow as the change will be, the first fruits of such study are already a marked feature of the Church. They are to be found more and more in those pulpits trained to drop the phraseology and atmosphere of the University, but wise enough to keep its method of thought. They preserve a just balance between the opportunism that is so clamorous yet often so useful, and the idealism in which is hid the real meaning and power of religion. They have the confidence bred by wide studies in many fields; the humility taught by the fact that no studies can compass the whole of any truth; the

earnestness and cheer that spring from the sense of having found their way out of a theology of negation and blind authority into a world where all knowledge utters one voice, and all life has but one law and one end. The enthusiasm of these preachers does not cry in the street nor fly to retreats. They may go to Northfield, or they may stay away. It chooses its own method, but wherever it leads, there is a man whose life is fed from within his own soul, who believes that to bring man into the consciousness of God is his supreme duty — felt with such passion as only a clear-seeing soul feels before unquestioned and eternal truth.

A man thus trained is quick to realize the confusion into which the churches have come in regard to creeds. He will sympathize with Mr. Brierley's view as stated in the London Christian World (of July 2, 1903), who supplements his own insight with quotations from great names, which we give at length: —

"There is to-day a feeling, not only amongst doubters, but in the most religious minds, a feeling so widespread that it may almost be called universal, that the creeds which in the orthodox historic churches stand for Christianity are, in their present form, the survival of a thought-world which has been outgrown, and that they are consequently a hindrance to faith rather than its bulwark.

"The feeling crops up in the most unexpected places. Here, for instance, is Westcott, who, speaking of the Thirty-Nine Articles, says: 'It is that I object to them altogether, and not to any particular doctrines. I have at times fancied it was presumption in us to attempt to define and determine what Scripture has not defined. . . . The whole tenor of Scripture seems to me opposed to all dogmatism and full of all application.' From another side John Wesley, after one of the fullest experiences ever given to mortal of the action of religion in human life, declares in his old age: 'I am sick of opinions. I am weary to bear them; my soul loathes the frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man, a man full of mercy and good faith, a man laying himself out in the work of faith; the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with those Christians wheresoever they be and whatsoever opinions they are of.'

"The citation may be fittingly closed with these remarkable words from John Henry Newman: 'Freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest state of the Christian communion and the peculiar privilege of the primitive Church. . . . Technicality and formalism are in their degree inevitable results of public confessions of faith. . . . When confessions do not exist the mysteries of Divine truth, instead of being exposed to the gaze of the profane and uninstructed, are kept hidden in the bosom of the Church far more fruitfully than is otherwise possible.'

"These witnesses had all signed creeds; they belonged to churches which bristled with dogmatic propositions. Yet what is evident is that at the back of their minds lay a consciousness, not formulated, and therefore all the more powerful, that the strength and vitality of the Church lay quite otherwhere than in its tables of doctrine. And as we look through the history of the Christian centuries we find everywhere confirmation of this truth. The creeds arose out of the speculative, not the religious spirit. The 'heretics' speculated first, and the Church met them with counter speculations of its own. To wade through the literature of those early centuries, the literature which lies back of the creeds, is a discipline of incredible tediousness, but it helps one greatly to an estimate of the value of these products."

Mr. Brierley goes on to say: —

"This kind of inquiry wherever pursued gives the same results, and they are not favorable. But while theology and the Church, in the matter before us,

yield only a negative outcome, another experience, in a different field, has meantime been accumulating its treasures, and, at an opportune moment, is able to offer them for the elucidation of our problem. That half-expressed feeling of the unsatisfactoriness of the Church formulas, as either a ground or a statement of the faith, which we found in a Westcott, a Wesley, and a Newman is, when we turn in another direction, suddenly illuminated, and shown as by a flash in its true logical relations, by the light which comes from another sphere.

"While the Church has been busy with its propositions, another power has been quietly rising by its side, and influencing with an ever-increasing potency the sphere of human affairs. This power is science, in its application to the arts of life. We talk of creeds. What are the creeds of science and how does it express them? When we have understood the bearings of that question, and of its answer, we shall possess, if not the solution of our theological problem, at least a substantial help towards it."

The solution will not be complete, however, unless by science is meant the whole encyclopædic view of the world, especially as it embraces human experience. If we do not find the illustration and vindication of the Faith in the heart and life of humanity, we shall find it nowhere. If we can interpret the human heart as it feels and hopes and strives in the natural relations of life; if we can measure the play of the human mind in the family, in society, and in the nation, — we shall find both the field of the Gospel and the materials for a creed if we care for one. The thing to be done at present is not to crowd upon men a system conceived in some way to be true, nor to bind them down to a hard, literal, undiscerning reception of texts, but to set forth the identity of the Faith with the action of man's nature in the natural relations of life; to show that the truth of God is also the truth of man. Truth is not actually truth until it gets past dogma, and beyond reverence for an external revelation, and awakens an intelligent and responsive consciousness of its reality; it does not actually reach the man until then, and all previous action is unreal or merely disciplinary, useful indeed, but partial and without spiritual power.

Here lies the vocation of the preacher to-day, yet his appeal to life must not consist in vague generalization and moralizing, nor in psychic analysis, unless the subject itself is weighty and lies close to the duty or the question of the hour. It is a very strenuous order of preaching demanded in this transition from the old to the new, and it is often met by giving up great themes half true for trivial ones wholly true, — a dash of poetry, an indefinite ethic, a fastidious culture, a string of anecdotes that hide the truth they would make plain, an avoidance of phrases that have been the watchwords of all holy living and high achievement since the world began, often without a church, or ritual, or discipline that goes to the bottom of character, — all seeming to show with how little religion we can get on, or how slight a thing it is when we have it; — better a century more of decadent Calvinism than such substitutes as these.

The creed of life, if we may so term it, will be definite, searching, severe in its penalties and as relentless as they are in life itself, urgent both on the restrictions and the possibilities of life, and never forgetful of those inspirations that always come when the full meaning and import of life are revealed. Its sacrifice will be more real than that of a vicarious oblation, for it will be of self and on the cross of obedience to truth and duty. There will be no original sin to confuse the mind, but enough of one's own to be kept down and turned to moral uses. Its heaven will not be so clear and golden as that of old, but it will take on such color and form as overcoming life may give it, and become as real and present as life itself. The confusion of

to-day will not be ended by blowing it away into thin mist, nor by explosions of criticism, but only by clear vision now opened by real life in a real world.

But the immediate question is not so much what the Church shall believe, as what it shall do. We find here the same confusion, which, however, is not wholly a bad sign. So long as the field of its faith lay in another world and its end was the salvation of the soul, its duties were few if great, and its thought subjective rather than social. All this is changing — slowly but in the right direction. Without set purpose of its own, and without knowing why, the churches are becoming aggressive in objective ways. There is thus coming about what has been called a "Priesthood of the People," who are returning to the primitive idea of religion, and are taking the work of the Church into their own hands, and — for the most part — are dealing with it in wise ways; certainly in the way of their own humanity. By their own thoughts and through their own selves they are determining what the Church shall be. It is thus that humanity is fulfilling itself and bringing out the divine image.

Remote as the cause may seem, this change is largely due to the democratic spirit that pervades the nation. A new conception of society and of human relations has led men to feel that their duties to others are equal if not paramount to those due to themselves. This impregnating idea is reinforced in no small degree by the pulpit, so far as it has come under the influence of modern thought and learned the real meaning of the New Testament. But the people have outrun the preacher and the church. Strong spiritual movements lay hold of the masses sooner than upon those who live and think among established theories. The Spirit is a wind and blows freest in the open. Consequently there are to-day movements going on in the churches of which they are only half aware or treat but slightingly. One must think twice before one speaks lightly of such lay bodies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Student Volunteer Movement, the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, the Girls' Friendly Society, and the King's Daughters. These societies stand for an idea and a movement. No matter how crude or trifling they may appear, nor what mistakes they make, they cannot make more or worse than the churches from which they spring yet do not desert. If they are too enthusiastic, and too gregarious, they are still unconscious protests against the frequent meagreness and dullness of the churches. With the instinct of young life, they look to life for a field of action. Their philosophy is all the truer because it is so unconscious. They organize and discipline themselves into service, and learn how to bring things to pass. They are persistent and catholic and free. They insist on work, and are eager for results. They demonstrate the value of the *ecclesia* and its naturalness, and so avoid the barrenness of extreme individualism. It is a part of the confusion and blindness in the Church-world that these movements have not been more closely examined and measured both pro and con. It might be expected that the churches would welcome such possible recruits in the desperate conflict that lies before them. They have undertaken to do the one safe and most necessary thing to be done in this world; and that is *to do good.* Almost everything else is questioned, or soon will be. The only refuge of the churches is in planting themselves on this eternal thing which cannot be shaken. If these simple and spontaneous efforts to meet this prime duty shall prove failures because ill conceived or overladen with the faults of youth, they will at least have shown the churches where they are, and what they

are to do when they are routed out of their strongholds of dogma by the critics — as they are sure to be. To wait, depending on what may be left, is blindness; to betake them to what the critics have made doubly clear, and the unperverted spirit of the young has unconsciously attempted, is the only salvation.

But however it be, the churches should look well to their *charities* as a hiding-place against the coming storm. If men or churches are doing good, they can carry a heavy load of heresy or dead orthodoxy and still live. These charities consist in most churches of missions wherever they are needed, — next door or in the antipodes, education as the vehicle and prop of religion, deeds of humanity, and all works for promoting personal and civic righteousness. The conditions will shape the works. There is a spiritual thrift by which the Church lives, and to which it is as distinctly bound as the individual.

And here we are brought to consider, by way of comparison, one of the most immediate questions before us, that of the Roman Catholic Church. Professor Roswell Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, not long before his death, said: "We should be very careful how we treat the Catholic Church: it has already been of great service to us and we shall need it again. It is defending the family, and is a stronghold of law and order." The need which he did not name has been met by its position on the labor question. President Carroll D. Wright has recently said: "I consider that the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind."

The Family; obedience to Law; Labor: these are the problems with which the nation and the churches are struggling, but no church is doing more to safeguard these vital interests than the Roman Catholic. The question how it happens to have this influence may go by; that it has it is sufficient at present.

It would be idle to prophesy that the church which first set foot on the continent will stay longest. It is enough that it will stay and is already a power. It may retain a formal and harmless allegiance to the Pope, and thus even draw from him something of use, — like the last Encyclical of Leo XIII.; but if the Propaganda should urge the temporal power, King John's answer to the Pope's Legate would be repeated here in no uncertain tones: "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions." It would be worse than idle, it would be calamitous, to oppose the Catholic Church in the present juncture of our affairs. Protestantism has not only nothing to fear, but much to learn from it, as to organization, worship, and fundamental ethics. It contains what George Eliot called "the ardent and massive experience of man." It is enough that it is a Christian Church. Its theology is substantially Augustinian orthodoxy, which it shares with large Protestant bodies. Ecclesiastically, it is at variance with Protestantism, but that question will take care of itself. It is full of superstitions, most of them harmless, while some hide a truth. It stands for sound ethics, for humanity, for learning, and also for science and progress and modern thought, but in a somewhat hampered sense, — encyclically denied, but practically recognized.

It is specially needed so long as the growing majority of our immigration is Catholic and largely Latin. The country could not safely contain these hordes nor govern them without Catholic influence. Our hope is that they will be Americanized. We cannot in the future see a day when the Catholic Church will not be of measureless value to the nation; nor can a day be foreseen when the nation will not be Protestant. In this sure diversity lies its safety and also its strength. What of wisdom and Chris-

tian faith twenty centuries have wrought out should not fail of use in this New World; what is not of truth and wisdom may be left to its own self-eviction.

The churches of the country, regarded as a whole, have been from the first of immediate and permanent value. Over and over again they have saved and are still saving the nation. To forget it is folly; to undo it is disaster. All lovers of their country, and all who have skill in detecting the play of cause and effect, are watching closely the course of things, to see if they are still fulfilling the high vocation to which they gave themselves at the beginning. There are those who take a closer view of the situation, and ask if religion itself is to die out of the hearts of the people. These questions do not spring from a pessimistic temper, but from the apprehensions of thoughtful minds as they watch certain tendencies that are steadily gaining ground. The most noticeable is the lessening hold of the Church upon the people at large. The industrial classes in great numbers are deserting it, with the result that those who still remain are forced into becoming a class, and are no longer *the people;* and as the note of universality is growing less distinct, the pulpit is a waning influence. While the great preachers, like Beecher and Bushnell and Brooks, are rare, there never was a time when the average of ability in the pulpit was so high as it is to-day. Nevertheless it is heard by lessening congregations, and certainly with diminished influence. The industrial classes might be won back if the Church should bring itself into profounder sympathy with the eternal laws of justice and humanity and equality that are its foundation. A plainer word and a far different administration are needed before Labor returns to the Church.

Graver apprehension is felt on account of the note of question and uncertainty that pervades the Church. Everything is doubted, or is vehemently defended because it is doubted. The result is perplexity and languid interest: the ties are easily dissolved; the great realities — or what have been regarded as such — fade out; so much is gone, why not all? It would be useless to call attention to these things if they were signs of fatal decay, or anything but signs of a temporary condition due largely to confusion of thought in matters of faith. The Sunday newspaper, the secularization of Sunday, the absorption in business and social folly are effects, not causes. The Church will hold its own against such things when it has attained — not returned — to the faith that awaits it. But this is the crucial point. Can the Church endure the strain of the transition from faith in what have been regarded as the foundations of religion, to those that lie before it and will not be put aside? "Faith follows opinion," as Aristotle long ago said, but it often follows afar off. The scientific habit of thought is recognized generally but not specifically. Exception is made of religion where it faces the old questions of miracle, inspiration, and eschatology; and as these questions are thought to turn on the infallibility of the Bible, the stream of criticism is now falling heavily upon its students, with corresponding confusion among the people. If they could be led — by the pulpit and the religious press — to accept Tillotson's definition of infallibility as "the highest perfection of the knowing faculty," the greatest stumbling-block now in the way of the churches would be removed. And if some such view of miracle as that in Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural could once more be made familiar, it would go far to silence the alarms that are sounded by those who know neither Bushnell nor the scientists of the day. The people could be quieted if the preachers would let it appear where the Church stands or may stand on these subjects, rather than raise questions which, while unanswered, are sapping their faith.

That these and like apprehensions indicate a general breaking up of the churches, or that they involve the whole world of religious thought, is not to be allowed. It is not the final result that is to be feared, but the long and weary tract of ignorance and timidity and mistaken faith and invested interests and blind conservatism that must be crossed before the inevitable result is gained. To let matters drift and suffer the churches to lapse into ethical clubs, or, by violent reaction, into peaceful retreats where neither thought nor doubt enter, is not the American way of handling difficult questions. They will be settled when the churches suffer themselves to be led out of regions of thought and methods of action that lie behind them, and enter into the New World that time and knowledge have opened. The present confusion will not yield to minor remedies, but only to fuller knowledge of the subjects in hand. This knowledge is slowly growing, but it is hindered by the very democracy that is the life-blood of every true American Church; the ignorant masses hang on the skirts of those who would fight the battle that cannot be shunned. No radical change of organization and especially no consolidation are now wanted; they would simply increase and bring out the lingering majority that hinder those who are leading them out of their confusion and darkness into order and light.

If we have seemed to speak only of the darker side of the Church, it is because we have touched its immediate questions. A more general view would put it in the same light as the nation, for the Church is both its representative and, externally, its product. It reflects the nation, and shares its prevailing characteristics. For though the churches have largely made and shaped the nation, it is now exerting a return influence upon them. The Puritan gave the nation its political cast and temper of mind, but he did not impose upon it a religion. That was left to take care of itself; hence its one hundred and forty-seven churches; — a calamity say some, while others see in them the very result that was to be expected when the field of religious thought was left wide open. The multiplicity of churches reveals several things of great importance; — first, man's ineradicable instinct for religion. The choice was open, as it never before had been, and he chose religion as his supreme portion; second, it secured an almost universal spread of religion, for so it works when it is free; third, it reveals an unconscious tendency on the part of the churches to coördinate themselves with the nation, — a process that will come out more and more as time goes on. It will embrace both what is bad and what is good. The result cannot be escaped and must therefore be accepted. But before deprecating this fate it may be well to ask if the coördination will spring out of the fundamental and ruling ideas of the nation, or from the accidents and incidents of its passing history, — out of its nature, or the chance phases it displays. If the former, there will be as little need to despair of the Church as of the Republic. Had there been at first one predominant Church, and had coördination between it and the nation been attempted even in the slightest degree, we might be repeating the conflict now going on in England between the established and the free churches.

Overmuch contempt has been poured upon this multiplicity of churches. It has given religion — perhaps not of the highest order, but such as was at hand — to a vast number of people to whom it was religion indeed, and whom it saved from barbarism, — a danger narrowly escaped. But the multiplicity, so far as it is excessive, will cure itself. Education, modern thought, and the tendency to part with a local and take on a general type of belief, will bring to an end the least worthy. The rest are offshoots or excisions from the greater churches, to

which they will naturally return. They were not without some real justification, though they may not have been wise, and were in almost every case the logical outcome of the prevalent doctrine of plenary inspiration of the Bible. With the incoming of a truer theory, the way will be open for return without need of apology on either side.

The question varies when we come to the greater and more thoroughly entrenched churches. In some of them the terms of membership are too severe, and the theology is too rigorous in its dogmatism to go along with the nation whose ruling idea breathes freedom and equality. Hence men, especially, shrink from assuming membership, not from lack of religious feeling, but because of their unwillingness to separate themselves from the great body of the people; — the moral of which is that the terms should be broader and more catholic. By necessity the early Church was a peculiar people — favored by the Hebrew idea of separateness; also a necessity so long as it stood out against a gross barbarism. But that day is passed. The essential idea of Christianity as the divine expression of humanity leads men to fellowship, and a sensitive nature shrinks from the Church except as it stands for and with a common humanity rather than apart from it.

The question varies somewhat when we come to the Liturgical Churches. This element was left behind when the Puritans came hither; they might well have gone back for it had the Established Church then been in a condition to give anything to anybody. Instead, Wesley sent over Methodism, — a possession worth all liturgies. The Presbyterian Church has a full and rich liturgical service, but it is unused. The Episcopal Church provides one for those who wish so to worship. By virtue of its liturgy and its doctrine pertaining to children it is winning a large place among the churches, and would win a larger were it not that — unnecessarily one would think — it is tied up by certain ecclesiastical notions and rubrics that violate democratic ideas, and run athwart the course if Church and Nation are to move on together. If these restraints were removed, it would open a path that many would delight to walk in; but the paths in which Americans prefer to walk are those in which two can walk abreast within as well as without chancel bars. The nation forbids nothing in ritual or belief, and welcomes variety so long as there is unity of the spirit, but it requires that all churches shall think in accord with its spirit and its institutions. This is inevitable. The nation cannot say one thing and the churches another. The dominant spirit of the greater will silently find its way to the whole, and a free nation will create a free church by however many names it may be called. We do not say that the nation creates its religion, but only that it shapes and subdues it to its own complexion.

For its interpretation and real meaning the Church must go to the University; and never was the necessity greater than to-day. The Puritan in the wilderness never forgot the University in England. Harvard and Yale from the first have steadily aimed to develop it into encyclopædic fullness, as the best means of getting at the truth of all important subjects. A college education is one thing; a university is another. One is a drill; the other is a court where reliable verdicts are looked for when all the evidence is in. It is there the Church must continually go to correct ancient mistakes, to measure the urgency of new truths, to clear itself of entanglements when old and new conflict, to shut out the clamor of the mob howling for a new dogma or decrying an old one, to keep eye and ear open for fresh visions of God and new accents of the Holy Ghost, and above all for seeing to it that great matters are held in their due proportion, and that all matters worthy of attention

are studied until they are brought into reasonable harmony with one another and so conduce to the one end of all study — *truth*. The University is thus the refuge of the churches for help in all those questions that perplex them. Such has been its function in all ages, and such it will continue to be; for in the long run the man who knows most about a subject is the one who is at last heard. All this is qualified, however, by the question, whether the University is truly one, and so fit to treat important subjects in a universal way. The Church is finding its way out of the world of particular or special truths into that of universal truths. It is feeling after its own greatness and real mission. It might aid Missionary Boards to decide whether they shall resign their charters, or still hold the Church to be the guardian and minister of a universal and absolute religion. If it is such, it must have a universal exposition; otherwise it goes with halting steps, — over-weighted by its conscious greatness and betrayed by its apparent weakness. It is a part of the confusion of thought in the churches at present that there is a subtle doubt as to whether or not Christianity is a local or a universal religion, — a question that involves its very nature.

The increasing necessity of the Church is enlightenment, and for this we must look to the University. Nothing of value is being said to-day on theology or ecclesiastical usage or practical ethics that does not proceed from it or bear its stamp. But the University must be of the true Comenius type, — based on nature and crowned with faith in God, balancing all attainable knowledge, and thus able to teach harmonious truths and true living.

More work lies before the churches than any so far achieved. All are on trial, however permanent they may claim to be. Nearly all have grown out of Old World conditions, either by extreme repulsion or exact reproduction. All wear a look of incompleteness, and easily fall into factions and schisms. There is a strange mingling of strength and weakness, absurdity and sound reason, mediæval gloom and modern light, bigotry and breadth, depths of triviality and summits of shining greatness, and — strangest of all — the most vital thing in the world, its free growth checked and thwarted. It would be a dismal outlook were it not that it can be regarded in the light of an evolution that has had as yet no final retrogression. What are deemed its faults and defects have their parallel in every phase of society. Were the Church faultless, it would be a wonder rather than an inspiration. It is still the moulder and the leader of the people, and lies at the bottom of nine tenths of the charity that relieves suffering and promotes virtue and fosters education. Above all, it refines manners and ratifies the laws by keeping alive a sense of eternal law. Christianity is the religion of humanity; it is that or nothing. Humanity will have its own, and at last it will have it in perfect accord with its perfected self. Man will no more fail to go on without striving for the highest expression of himself than he will stop in his evolution, — and that is not in his own power. There are behind and within him spiritual and moral forces that will as surely carry him on to the perfection of these forces as those which have brought him thus far were sure in their action. There are no slips in a divinely organized universe. Prophet and poet and the indestructible sense of selfhood are not amiss on this point.

The Church is in its analytic stage of development, and awaits its synthetic period when its various elements of truth and power shall be brought into harmonious relations. It is now insisting on a few things, and antagonizing or ignoring many. But such is not the true church. It is a choir of chanting worshipers, it is a hospital, a school, a charity house, a company of preachers, of missionaries, of students; it is a univer-

sity in which all of God's works and ways and all human institutions are massed for universal ends. Toward some such goal is the Church moving under the divine energy lodged within it. Nothing is diviner in the Christ than the impossibility to identify Him with any church, and yet He is in all; at some point each touches Him, and because of that touch they are moving toward Him, — sloughing off some corruption, dropping some worn-out superstition, expurgating their creeds of mistaken exegesis, reinterpreting his words until they no longer flame with retribution in after-worlds, putting reason and spirit in place of literalism that defied them, — a process that is surely going on. It is not, however, a process of mere elimination. Denial is not progress nor a way to freedom. True progress involves complexity, but it is made up of what is high and fine and beautiful and strong by reason of its pure unity.

As to the final form of the Church, it would be idle to forecast it. That there will be one only, save in some high mystical sense, belongs to the childhood of faith; to contend for it now is to mistake its movement. Yet the Church is not a dream of our higher nature, nor a superstition of our lower nature. It is a vital thing, and stands not for a condition, but for a movement. Where it will lead, is not easy to determine. It is not moving in the prelatical way, but it will have organization; nor in the ritualistic way, but it will have a ritual that is not bound by rubric lines. It will not follow the path of Calvin or of Arminius, but its freedom will not be unchartered. It will not accept Anselm's answer to his question, "Cur Deus Homo?" but it will insist on the divine humanity, and find its goal somewhere in the region of this profound phrase, — at once mystical and historical and scientific, — a phrase that represents the whole play of our nature. And we would say with emphasis, that while the way will be traced along the footsteps of great leaders of thought and through prophets and sacred books, no man nor church nor Bible will be authoritative or other than a guiding and inspiring light. The power and the light that are always leading toward the unattainable goal are in man himself, in the development of his nature, — not as a mere creation of God, but as one in whom God is immanent, and is ever unfolding himself in human ways that are also divine. Hence, while it is to be expected that the word *trinity* will not be insisted on, and — as Calvin said — might better have not been used, the phrase Father, Son, and Spirit will pass into the language of the soul because it defines the forces by which man lives and fulfills his destiny. This phrase does not spring out of Nicene renderings, nor from any later or present forms of them, — all of which are more or less bewildering. Its roots go deeper down than the creeds, — into man himself. When he has found himself he finds within him that which is in all nature, and he names himself a son of the Father of all; he knows himself as spirit, and he cannot otherwise define himself than as one with Him who was filled with the Spirit, and so was the Son of the Father. And as for the Church, it has no office but to lead men to realize the divine humanity in themselves. Thus, yet by no easy path, they find their way into the Eternal Reality out of which they spring.

Theodore T. Munger.

SOME SECOND TERM PRECEDENTS.

When, on his Pacific coast tour of 1903, Mr. Roosevelt declared, "I would rather be a whole President for three years and a half than be half a President for seven years and a half" (the occasion of the remark being a dinner given to him by a Northwestern Senator, and the provocation to the remark being somebody's assertion of the impossibility for Mr. Roosevelt to get certain delegates unless he did certain things), he gave an intimation that he intended to play an important rôle in the ensuing four years if he remained in office. Assuming that he will be elected in 1904, it is safe to predict that Colonel Roosevelt will be a whole President in his next term whatever he may believe he has been in this one. Moreover, this would be in line with all the examples. Unless an exception be made in the case of Mr. Cleveland, who was independent and aggressive from the beginning, every President who was in office eight years made a larger assertion of authority in the second half of his service than he did in the first half.

Several reasons for this will suggest themselves. The desire to get a second term makes most Presidents cautious about running counter to the wishes of any considerable number of the people or of the leaders of their party. In the second term the President has no expectation of further honors. He has a right to interpret a second election as a mark of the popular confidence in an especial degree, and he will be disposed to take less kindly to any interference in his policy, if he has a policy, by Congress or by the politicians.

Of course these considerations could not have had much weight with the country's first President. Washington received the unanimous vote of the electoral college at each election. Even for a first term he was averse to accepting office. It was only after earnest persuasion by many of the leading spirits of the country that he allowed the people to give him a second term. Soon afterward he made it known that under no conditions would he accept a third election. Yet Washington's most important official act was his proclamation, in April, 1793, seven weeks after his second inauguration, by which he held the country neutral in the war then beginning between France and England. A large majority of the people, and practically all of Jefferson's Republican party, wanted the United States to take the French side. France was then a republic. She had been the United States' ally in the war for independence a few years earlier. England had been its enemy. A treaty fifteen years earlier, too, with Louis XVI.'s government was interpreted by many persons as pledging the United States to aid France, although the monarchy with which the compact had been made had been swept away in the interval.

Madison, then in the House of Representatives, wrote two months later to Jefferson, the Secretary of State, thus: "The proclamation was in truth a most unfortunate error. It wounds the national honor by seeming to disregard the stipulated duties to France. It wounds the popular feelings by a seeming indifference to the cause of liberty." By another element Washington was denounced as a Royalist, who was conspiring to subvert the republic here and set up a monarchy with himself as king. Ten thousand outraged citizens, it was said, in Philadelphia, then the seat of government, threatened to drag him out of his house and make him either resign or declare for France, and that but for the opportune advent of a malignant

fever, which seized some of the leaders of the mob, serious trouble would have come.

But with admirable courage and foresight Washington preserved the balance between this noisy pro-French sect and the smaller but socially powerful faction which leaned toward England. His act had consequences which are felt to this day. It announced to the world that the United States had no concern in Europe's collisions or combinations, but had a set of interests of its own which it would defend against all outside interference. The proclamation of 1793 gave official expression to that spirit which, expanding with the country's growth, was to assert itself more specifically in Monroe's hands-off-the-American-continent warning to the Holy Alliance thirty years later.

If anybody had asked Jefferson on what act of his eight years as President he placed most value he undoubtedly would have said his embargo, which came in his second administration, and not his Louisiana purchase in his first term. Contrary, indeed, to what the country is apt to infer in this world's fair period, Jefferson did not set such a high appraisement on Louisiana's annexation as he did on other achievements which have been forgotten by most of that small part of his countrymen who ever knew anything about them. "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." This inscription on his tomb at Monticello, prepared beforehand by himself, makes no reference to the transaction by which the area of the United States was more than doubled, and which we of to-day sometimes say will preserve Jefferson's memory longer than even his authorship of the Declaration.

But while the Louisiana cession was dictated by Bonaparte, the embargo was of Jefferson's authorship. By George III.'s orders in council and by Bonaparte's Berlin and Milan decrees, of 1806–07, which, in Jefferson's words, transformed England into a "den of pirates" and France into a "den of thieves," each side, in its life-and-death struggle with the other, captured and confiscated scores of American ships and cargoes. The philanthropic Jefferson retaliated by asking Congress to pass that series of measures collectively called the embargo, ranging from an interdict on trade with the offending countries to a virtually complete prohibition of commerce with the entire world.

No other President ever exercised such hypnotic sway over Congress as Jefferson did in that crisis. Said the Federalist John Quincy Adams, then in the Senate, in advocating the first of Jefferson's bills: "The President has recommended this measure on his high responsibility. I would not consider. I would not deliberate. I would act." This was in the closing days of 1807. The Senate acted by passing, a few hours later, the bill, one of the most disastrous to private interests ever placed on the national statute book, which was also rushed through the House. The object was to protect American sailors, shippers, and shipowners, and to peacefully coerce the belligerents into respect for American rights. This was magnificent, but as Jefferson neglected to prepare for war in case war could not be abolished by his plan, it was not sense. The orders in council and the decrees meant risk for American commerce. The embargo meant ruin or rebellion. America, and not the belligerents, was the chief sufferer. George III. rejoiced at the embargo as a means of crippling American commerce, of which England was jealous. At last, under the menace of a secessionist plot in New England, divulged by Adams to Jefferson early in 1809, in the closing days of Jefferson's service, the embargo was repealed on March 4, and milder restrictive mea-

sures were adopted, under which Bonaparte, in Madison's days, trapped the United States into a war with England, the thing which the embargo was designed to avert, before adequate preparations had been made for war. Yet Jefferson many years later told William B. Giles that if the embargo had been continued a little longer it "would have effected its object completely."

In Madison's case, of course, those acts which were necessitated or suggested by the war of 1812–15 with England were by far the most important of his eight years in the White House, and almost all were in his second term. The war, indeed, began in the last year of his first term, but it was openly charged in Congress by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Alexander C. Hanson of Maryland, and other Federalists that his renomination and reëlection were made contingent on his acceptance of the war policy which he had opposed up to that time. One of Madison's political friends, James Fisk of Vermont, very strongly intimated that he was one of the junta of young Democratic congressmen — Calhoun, Crawford, and others being among its members, of whom Clay, the Speaker of the House, was said to be the leading spirit — who coerced Madison into making the change of base. Braced up by a second election Madison, the least warlike of America's Presidents to this day, coaxed William Eustis to resign as Secretary of War; forced Paul Hamilton, the Secretary of the Navy, to step down; put John Armstrong in place of the former, and William Jones in place of the latter; and afterward induced Armstrong to retire and gave the war office temporarily to Monroe, who already held the state portfolio, and was thus placed in the line of succession to the White House.

In his annual message in December, 1815, in the third year of his second term, Madison urged Congress to adopt a uniform national currency; suggested the creation of a national bank; and recommended an increase and improvement in the army and navy, the enlargement of the West Point Academy and the building of branches to it in various parts of the country, the protection to manufactures and the construction of roads and canals at the national expense. Nearly all these things, when proposed at one time and another in previous years, he had fought. All of them, when passed in 1816–17, he approved. Madison in 1791 had joined Jefferson in opposing Hamilton's first United States Bank. Madison in 1816 signed the bill creating the second United States Bank, based on the principle of Hamilton's institution, but representing a larger exercise of Federal power. Quincy, the Federalist, witnessing this swing of Madison and other state sovereignty men to the centralization side, was justified in his taunt that there was no longer any need for a Federalist party, for the Democrats had now outfederalized Federalism.

Two measures of importance — Florida's annexation and Missouri's admission to statehood with its stipulation dividing all the then Western territory between slavery and freedom — are connected with Monroe's first administration, 1817–21. Neither in its inception nor in its later stages, however, did Monroe have any influence on the Missouri contest. The only influence of any consequence which he exerted in shaping the Florida annexation treaty with Spain was in placing the country's western boundary at the Sabine River instead of at the Rio Grande, which Adams, the Secretary of State, urged. This surrender of Texas — which, of course, at that day was only a geographical expression — to Spain was part of the price for which Ferdinand VII. ceded Florida to us. The surrender, moreover, was a concession to Northern sentiment, which objected to a sweeping extension of the slavery area on the west to reinforce that which Florida would contribute on the east.

In at least three important instances

in his second term, however, Monroe exerted decisive sway. These were his veto in 1822 of the appropriation for the Cumberland road; his recognition in that year of Mexico, Colombia, and the rest of the Latin-American states which had broken away from Spain; and his announcement in 1823 of that American continental policy which has borne his name ever since. Though ordinarily as averse as Madison to anything like self-assertion, Monroe, because of the virtually unanimous vote cast for him in 1820, in his second election, only one member of the electoral college being against him, had a right to assume that his countrymen offered him a free hand in the management of the government's executive affairs. When Jefferson, in his first inaugural, declared, "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," he stated metaphorically something which became a physical fact in Monroe's time.

Monroe's veto of the Cumberland Road Bill was on the ground that while Congress had the right to appropriate money for internal improvements of a national character, it could not exercise jurisdiction over them, as that measure proposed to do. The barrier thus erected checked the system of road and canal building in the extreme form which it was beginning to take, and the distinction which he set up was observed by Jackson and by some of the other succeeding Democratic Presidents in most instances. His appeal to Congress in 1822 for an appropriation for the support of ministers and consuls in the Central and South American countries, which meant their recognition by the United States, passed that body with virtual unanimity, evoked applause in every community from the Rio Grande down to Cape Horn and up to the Gulf of California, and set the example which was followed soon afterward by the rest of the world. His warning of 1823, which headed off the Holy Alliance in its purpose, or presumed purpose, of dividing the Latin-American nations among its own members and Spain, furnished all the countries of the hemisphere with a new and permanent cause of gratitude to him and to the United States, rounded out that America-for-the-Americans idea which — first voiced by Washington in his neutrality proclamation and in his Farewell Address, and by Jefferson and others in several connections — had been steadily developing in the public consciousness, and definitely proclaimed a policy for the whole continent which has been decisively asserted as recently as in the British-German-Venezuelan case of 1903, and which has made Monroe's name travel farther throughout the world than that of any other American of any age.

When, shortly after Jackson went to the White House, Joseph Story, of the Supreme Court, wrote that "though we live under the form of a republic we are in fact under the rule of a single man," he expressed the view of a large number of persons who, like Story, were not active partisans. But Jackson's personality was asserted in a far more pronounced way in his second term than it was in his first. In his first term the spoils system was established, and the "Peggy O'Neil war" was waged, which broke up the Cabinet, sent many Democrats permanently into the opposition, and completed the rupture between Jackson and Calhoun, which placed Van Buren instead of Calhoun in the line of succession to the presidency, and dwarfed the great South Carolinian into a sectional figure. In those four years, also, the United States bank, the nullification, and the French spoliation claims issues came up, though only in a preliminary way. Upon these three measures, the most important of all the questions dealt with during his service, drastic, decisive, and final action came after his second election.

Six weeks after Jackson's nomination in 1832 for his second term his enemies, the National Republicans, led by Clay,

their presidential nominee, and reinforced by Nicholas Biddle, the bank's president, and by many Democrats, passed the bill to grant an extension of charter to the United States bank, which had the support of a majority of the Democrats of Pennsylvania, a Jackson state, and which had many powerful Democratic champions all over the country. Jackson accepted Clay's challenge, vetoed the bank bill, coerced most of the bank Democrats into line, and overwhelmingly defeated Clay at the polls.

Immediately after the election, or in December, 1832, South Carolina, under the lead of Hayne (Webster's antagonist of two years earlier, who had just stepped out of the Senate into the governorship) and Calhoun (who resigned the vice-presidency and entered the Senate to succeed Hayne), having passed a nullification act, to go into operation on February 1, 1833, Jackson issued a proclamation pointing out that nullification assailed the Constitution, and that disunion by armed force was treason; and he ordered General Scott to have troops ready to enter South Carolina, a naval force meanwhile being sent to Charleston to coöperate with the army. Awed by Jackson's promptness and vigor, and under cover of Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, which was passed to placate them, the nullifiers gave way. When France disregarded her treaty promise to pay $5,000,000 for spoliations committed on American vessels by French cruisers in Napoleon's wars, the first installment of which was due in 1833, Jackson in 1834 urged Congress to pass a law authorizing reprisals on French property. France was enraged at this menace, war for a time seemed imminent between the two countries, but the debt was finally paid, claims which had been vainly pressed for a quarter of a century by Presidents were collected by Jackson, and United States prestige among the nations was greatly heightened.

During all the time that Jackson was fighting Calhoun and the nullifiers at home and Louis Philippe abroad he was waging savage war on Clay, Biddle, and the United States bank. His immense majority in the battle of 1832 on ground of Clay's own choosing was interpreted by Jackson as the people's injunction to extirpate the bank, and he started to obey the mandate with his accustomed directness and vigor. Finding McLane, the Secretary of the Treasury, unwilling to take the public funds from the bank, which Congress had declared to be perfectly safe, Jackson sent him to the head of the State Department. Duane, his successor in the Treasury, refused to remove the deposits, and was himself removed, and Taney, who was put in his place, obeyed Jackson's command, the government moneys being put in what Jackson's enemies called the "pet" banks. On account of his autocracy all the elements of the opposition — National Republicans, Democrats, and Anti-Masons — united in a coalition which adopted the Whig name in 1834, and they passed a resolution in that year censuring him for his conduct. After a three years' fight Benton carried a measure in 1837, shortly before Jackson's retirement, exonerating him and expunging the censure from the Senate's journal. Thus, with Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and all the rest of his foes of all social castes and political sects laid in the dust, Jackson stepped out of office in a blaze of glory.

Except in the case of the treaty of Washington of 1871, under which the Alabama claims were adjusted by arbitration at Geneva a year later, and the long controversy with England amicably settled, the things done by Grant which will be remembered almost all took place in his second term. The completion of reconstruction, in which he did not have a commanding influence; his Santo Domingo annexation project, which failed; the short-lived Civil Service Act, which,

however, was a beginning in a great reform that first took practical shape in Arthur's days; and the Liberal Republican schism, by which many prominent personages in his party, some permanently and others temporarily, went over to the opposition, — all belong to his first term.

There was a note of triumph in Grant's second inaugural, in 1873. After saying that when his first term began the country had not yet recovered from the effects of the civil war, and that therefore he had been opposed to the raising of new questions, he pointed out that through a large part of the term he had "been the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever equaled in political history," and added that the people's verdict in giving him a new commission he would accept as his "vindication." This gave him the opportunity, which he quickly embraced, to show his independence and initiative. When, in April, 1874, he vetoed the Greenback Inflation Bill, which had been supported by large numbers of his party in each branch of Congress, among whom were many of his personal friends, which measure was especially strong in his own section, the West; and when he followed this up by personal appeals, orally and by letter, to Conkling, Sherman, Morrill, Edmunds, Hamlin, Jones (of Nevada), and other Republican leaders to take immediate steps to bring the currency back to the specie basis from which it had been separated since the beginning of 1862, he exerted a controlling sway that has told for good in the country's financial affairs to this day.

Grant here got aid from an unexpected source. In the congressional election in November, 1874, the Democrats, for the first time since the Buchanan canvass of 1856, carried the House of Representatives. A condition as well as a theory thus confronting the Republicans — the necessity for passing their Money Bill between the first Monday in December, 1874, and the 4th of the following March, when they would drop out of control in the House — sent a measure through Congress by a straight party vote, which Grant signed on January 14, 1875, that brought all the country's currency up to the gold line on January 1, 1879, and it has, in every crisis since then, by the operation of that act, been held up to the gold level. In the latter part of his service he began that relaxation of the harsher features of reconstruction which was followed by Hayes when, a few weeks after entering the White House, he removed the troops from Louisiana and South Carolina. Grant's presence at the head of affairs during the charges and countercharges of conspiracies and the threats and counterthreats of violence attending the disputed Hayes-Tilden count in the early weeks of 1877 gave his countrymen confidence, and did much to preserve the peace in that crisis.

Asked early in 1885, just before his first inauguration, by Warner of Ohio and other free silverite Democratic congressmen as to his attitude on silver, President Cleveland not only condemned free coinage, but he declared that the country's financial safety demanded the repeal of the limited Silver Coinage Act then in operation. Thus, at the outset in his career, he placed himself in hostility to a powerful minority, that was soon to become a majority, of his party on an issue ultimately to become dominant. Never before or since in the country's history was a great political organization in such humor wooed. In his message of 1887, devoted to that subject solely, he assailed the tariff, a question which at that time carried more dynamite than any other issue since slavery during the Kansas territorial fight, except silver in 1896. Cleveland, however, was unfortunate politically in his tariff propaganda. The Mills Bill of 1888, incited by that message, defeated him for reëlection in that year, and the

Wilson Bill of 1894 (in his second term), which he liked, was mutilated by Gorman and a few other Democrats in the Senate into the "party perfidy and party dishonor" tariff which he denounced, and which he contemptuously refused to sign or veto, letting it become a law through the time limit.

It was in his second term, however, that Cleveland's courage and independence were most strikingly displayed. A few days after he reëntered office in 1893 he withdrew the Hawaiian annexation treaty that Harrison had sent to the Senate, and he soon afterward hauled down the American flag in Hawaii, which had been run up shortly before that time, and he attempted to restore the deposed Queen. In 1894 he vetoed the Silver Seigniorage Bill, the bill to "coin a vacuum," which had received the votes of three fourths of his party in Congress. In 1895 he constrained England to arbitrate her several decades old boundary dispute with Venezuela, and gave the Monroe Doctrine a stronger sanction in the outside world even than it received when, in response to a word from Secretary Seward, Louis Napoleon in 1866 took his troops out of Mexico and let the people of that country overthrow Maximilian. But Cleveland's most valuable public service was when, in the extra session of Congress which he called in 1893, he, by swinging the patronage club, forced enough free silver Democrats over to the support of the small number of gold Democrats and the large majority of the Republicans to repeal the purchase clause of the Sherman law of 1890, and stopped that silver dilution of the currency which had been under way since the passage of the Bland-Allison Act over Hayes's veto in 1878.

Lincoln and McKinley died too early in their second term to show definitely the temper with which they received their countrymen's renewed vote of confidence. It is safe to assume, however, that had Lincoln lived to serve out his second term the reconstruction scheme would have taken a different form from that into which it shaped itself in the fight between Johnson and the Republican Congress when Johnson attempted to carry out Lincoln's policy without having any of Lincoln's tact or any of his influence over the Republican party. Some of McKinley's words just before his assassination indicated that he would urge, had he lived till Congress met, a less rigorous application of the tariff than that which his party favored then or apparently favors still. If President Roosevelt is elected in 1904 — and the chances are that he will be — he will find himself in very distinguished company should he attempt to make himself a larger force in the government's affairs than he has been thus far.

Charles M. Harvey.

SANTA CLAUS AT LONELY COVE.

THERE was a lusty old wind scampering over Lonely Cove, — a big, rollicking winter's gale, blowing straight out of the North. Had there been no snow, — had the earth been naked brown and the rocks black in the night, had the pines of Great Hill and of the gully called Long-an'-Deep been free to toss their arms and tell their dreadful secrets to the storm, had gusts of black rain fallen angrily on the window-panes, had the low growl of breakers come up from the sea, — had there not been snow, indeed, and had it not been Christmas Eve, the three little Jutts would long ago have crept up to bed, led by the hand of Martha, the

sister, herself timid of the wind and of the dark, but still dissembling great courage; and they would have slipped into bed in a hurry, with Sammy between them, to whom Martha would have sung all the hushaby songs she knew, to help him to sleep. But it *was* Christmas Eve, and there *was* snow with the wind, — clouds of thick flakes; and the earth was soft and white from Battle Harbor up the Labrador coast to places beyond the furthest cove to which the schooners of men had gone for fish. So the three little Jutts sat waiting at the kitchen fire, not by any means shaken in their purpose, but, rather, only pleasurably thrilled by all the noises, great and small and known and queer, — sudden rattle at the window, and long, gruff roar in the cellar, — which that jolly old winter's wind could devise to frighten them.

"The wind 's playin' bear, the night!" laughed Jimmie Jutt.

Sammy flung an impudent challenge to the big black bear. "Boo-o-oo!" said he, to frighten it.

"'T will not cotch *us*, b'y," said Martha very softly; and she gave little Sammy a quick, close hug, and snatched a kiss from his lips.

"Boo!" shouted Sammy, more impudent than ever.

"Sammy Jutt," said Jimmie Jutt, "you 're not keepin' watch. Sure, an we don't look out the word 'll come an' burn up afore us knows, — like it done las' Chris'mus."

And so they all began again to look intently through the half-opened stove door into the blazing fire.

"Does you really think us 'll get it, Martha?" asked Jimmie.

Martha looked at Sammy, who was blinking sharply at Martha, — and Martha nodded.

"'T will be fine for Sammy," said Jimmie.

"'N' mama," lisped Sammy.

"'T will be fine for you, Sammy," said Martha. "My! but 't will."

"'N' mama," Sammy persisted.

The father and mother of the three little Jutts — they were Skipper Jonas and Matilda Jutt, who have the only cottage at Lonely Cove, as all Labrador men know — were off by themselves in the cold front room. They were in trouble; the eyes of Matilda were wet and red, and had been the day long; and while she made use of her apron to dry her tears and stifle her sobs, Jonas patted her rounded back with a hand that was meant to be gentle, saying the while, "Hush! woman, dear, lest the young ones hears you cryin'. 'T would 'a' been all right, an the fish had n't failed; an' 't will be all right next year. Woan't you hush, Matilda?" which only moved her to greater weeping. "T' see them dears sittin' there," she sobbed, "an' t' think o' what they wants, an' t' think o' them waitin' an' waitin', an' t' think o' them havin' t' get the letter you writ — Oh, Jonas!" and she could say no more for the lump in her throat. There was nothing for Jonas to do but pat her on the back and mutter, "Hush, woman, dear!" again and again; and, at last, firmly to say, "Come, now! I 've the letter up me sleeve. Do you do what you said. Us 'll go in." Very sad and shamefaced they went into the kitchen, where the little Jutts sat expectant at the fire.

"Sure, zur," said Jimmie, snatching a hasty glance at his father's face, "'t is not come yet."

"But 't will be along soon, zur, I 'm thinkin'," Martha added, never moving her hopeful eyes from the stove.

Little Sammy merely continued to blink rapidly at the red crack.

"Oh, ay," said Jonas, "you 'll be havin' that letter down soon. Sure, he 's never long with the answer."

Jonas stood awkwardly behind the children. Nobody stirred, nobody spoke; all eyes were steadily fixed on the stove door — until Matilda Jutt, calling courage to strike the blow, pretended sudden fright.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Sure, there 's something under the table!"

The poor subterfuge was sufficient; the little Jutts faced about in great alarm; and before they had turned again to the watch, Skipper Jonas dropped a letter on the damper of the stove.

"Oh!" cried Jimmie Jutt.

"Oh!" Martha screeched.

"Oo-o-o!" gurgled Sammy.

Martha, now very solemn, took up the letter. She looked it over, back and face, somewhat wistful the while, as though she feared disappointment; then she let it fall to her lap, and stared from Sammy to Jimmie, and back to Sammy again.

"I 'm thinkin' he 's t' come!" cried Jimmie confidently, his blue eyes fairly blazing with delight.

"I 'm thinkin' so, too," said Martha; but her voice was shaking, and so low that it would be hard to vouch for what she said.

Matilda suddenly left the room. But, "Oh, I don't think he 'll be comin', this year," said poor Jonas. "'T is awful weather. Sure, it must be *fearful* down North. 'T is like he 'll not be able t' stir out, the night."

Martha opened the letter. Jimmie watched her face for a sign. Skipper Jonas turned away. She glanced the writing over; but before her face — and a wonderfully expressive little face it was — had time to change with joy or the reverse, there was a loud knocking on the door, — a knocking and stamping and repeated shouting of "Ha! I 'll freeze to death! Open the door! Ha! I 'll perish on your doorstep! How long *will* it take you?" with more stamping, a hail of loud knocks and more than one heavy kick; so that the Jutts, both big and little, were very quickly roused from their stupor of amazement that there should come a knock on the door that night.

"Good Lord! Will you *never* open the door? Ho, within! *Are* you going to let a fellow man die on your very doorstep? *Open this door!*"

So gruff was the voice — so big and commanding and angry, and so loud (and continuously louder) did the heavy fists and feet fall upon the door, and so sudden was the outcry and strange the manner of the man, and so late was the night and wild the wind and far away the little cottage — that the little Jutts huddled close together, and Sammy, his eyelids stiff with horror, blinked no longer, but slipped from his chair and limped to his sister, whose hand he clutched.

"I 'll freeze, I tell you!" came the voice without. "Open the — Ha! Thank you," in a mollified way, as Skipper Jonas opened the door. "May I come in?"

"An' welcome, zur!" cried the hearty Jonas. "'T is a wild night."

"Ha! Thank you. Yes — a wild night. Caught sight of your light from the top of the hill. I 'll leave my racquets here. Straight ahead? Thank you. I see the glow of the fire. Ha!"

After some further stamping and puffing, and many a gasping "Ha!" there entered a queer old man with a pack on his back. He was not rotund, — not rotund at all; rather lean, and tall, and straight as a spruce. But he was rosy enough, and had curling white hair, escaping in heavy masses from his fur cap, and an astonishingly long white beard; and his eyes flashed here and there and everywhere, twinkling most merrily all the time, so that one was irresistibly moved to chuckle with delight at the very sight of them, no matter how suddenly or how terribly the thick gray brows fell over them. There was snow on his pack, snow on his shoulders, snow in his beard and hair, snow encrusting his long skin boots. He must have had a time of it in the storm that day, floundering down the gully from Gander Rock, where the light in Skipper Jonas Jutt's window is first visible on a thick night.

"Hello!" he cried, stopping short. "What 's this? Kids? Good! Three of them. Ha! How are you?"

The manner of asking the question was most indignant, not to say threatening; and a gasp and heavy frown accompanied it. The fierce little glance that darted from the old man's eyes was indubitably directed at little Sammy, as though — God save us! — the lad had no right to be anything *but* well, and ought to be, and should be, birched on the instant if he had the temerity to admit the smallest ache or pain from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But Sammy looked frankly into the flashing little eyes, grinned, chuckled audibly, and lisped that he was better.

"Huh!" growled the stranger; and he searched Sammy's white face and skinny body as though for evidence to the contrary, "I 'll attend to *you*."

Presently the old fellow returned with Skipper Jonas from the shed, where he had laid off his boots and his pack — Sammy was quick to note the absence of that significant burden — and been swept clean of snow. Presently, too, he cocked his head and sniffed; and he sniffed, and sniffed again, and said "Ha!" in a way that most other folk smack their lips; and, at last, he fixed his eyes on the fat pork that sizzled and spluttered in the pan Matilda had made haste to put over the fire; and not another word did he say until the table was laid: whereupon, he ejaculated a loud and sudden "Ha!" and fell to. With such alacrity, such determination, and a gusto so manifest, did he attack the fried pork and bread and tea, that, as Sammy was driven to admit, he was more like a man who had trudged a long day's journey than one who had sped a greater distance in a more unusual way.

"And now, lass," said the stranger when there was nothing left on the table, and he had drawn up to the fire, "what 's what?"

To this extraordinary question, delivered, as it was, in a manner that called imperatively for an answer, Martha Jutt did not know what to say.

"What 's what, I say?" repeated the stranger.

Quite startled, Martha lifted the letter from her lap. "He 's not comin', zur," she gasped, for lack of something better.

"Hum!" said the stranger. "You 're disappointed. So he 's not coming?"

"No, zur — not this year."

"That 's too bad. But you must n't mind it, you know, — not for an instant. What 's the matter with him?"

"He 've broke his leg, zur."

"What! Broken his leg? Poor fellow. How did he come to do that?"

"Catchin' one o' they wild deer, zur."

"Extraordinary — most! But he was a fool to try it. Broken a leg, eh? How long ago?"

"Sure, it can't be more than half an hour; for he 've" —

"Half an hour!" cried the stranger. "Where is he? It can't be far. I 'll fix him. Where is he?"

"North Pole, zur," whispered Sammy.

"Oh-h-h!" cried the stranger; and he pursed his lips and winked at Sammy in a way most peculiar. "I *see!*"

"Iss, zur," Jimmie rattled eagerly. "You could n't get there quick, zur, could you, an' fix un up so he could make a shift at travelin'? We 're fair disappointed that he 's not" —

"Ha!" the stranger interrupted. "I see. Hum! Well now!" And having thus incoherently exclaimed for a little, the light in his eyes growing merrier all the time, he most unaccountably worked himself into a great rage. "The lazy rascal!" he shouted, jumping out of his chair and beginning to stamp the room, frowning terribly. "The fat, idle, blundering dunderhead! Did they send you that word? Did they, now? Tell me, did they? Give me that letter."

He snatched the letter from Martha's lap; and he paused to slap it angrily, from time to time, as he read it.

NORTH POLL.

DEER MARTHA, — Few lines is to let you know on acounts of havin broke my leg catchin the deer Im sory im in a state of helth not bein able so as to be out in heavy wether. hopin you is all well as it leaves me

Yrs respectful

SANDY CLAWS.

Will com next yere sure pop. Fish was poor an it would not be much this yere anyways. tel Sammy.

"Ha!" shouted the angry old fellow, as he crushed the letter to a little ball and flung it under the table. "Ha! That 's the kind of thing that happens when one 's away from home. There you have it! Discipline gone to the dogs. System gone to the dogs. Everything gone to the dogs. Now, what do you think of that?"

He tugged at his long white beard, and tweaked his long red nose, and bit his under lip, and trembled and puffed, and said "Ha!" in a fashion so threatening that one must needs have fled the room had there not been a curiously reassuring twinkle in each of his red little eyes.

"What do you think of that?" he repeated fiercely at last. "A countermanded order! I 'll attend to *him*," he burst out. "I 'll fix *that* fellow. The lazy dunderhead, I 'll soon fix *him!* Give me pen and ink. Where 's the paper? Never mind. I 've some in the pack. One moment, and I 'll" —

He rushed to the shed, to the great surprise and alarm of the little Jutts, and loudly called back for a candle (which Skipper Jonas, now utterly bewildered, carried to him); and when he had been gone a long time, he returned with a letter in his hand, still puffing and ejaculating in a great rage.

"See that?" said he to the three little Jutts. "Well, *that 's* for Santa Claus's clerk. That 'll fix *him*. That 'll blister the stupid fellow."

"Please, zur!" whispered Martha Jutt.

"Well?" snapped the stranger, stopping short in a rush to the stove.

"Please, zur!" said Martha, taking courage, and laying a timid hand on his arm. "Sure, I don't know what 't is all about. I don't know what blunder he 've made. But I 'm thinkin', zur, you 'll be sorry if you acts in haste. 'T is wise t' count a hundred. Don't be *too* hard on un, zur. 'T is like the blunder may be mended. 'T is like he 'll do better next time. Don't be hard" —

"*Hard* on him?" the stranger interrupted. "Hard on *him!* Hard on that"—

"Ay, zur," she pleaded, looking fearlessly up. "Won't you count a hundred?"

"Count it," said he grimly.

Martha counted. It is to be admitted that the numbers fell slowly, and yet more slowly, from her lips, until — and she was keenly on the watch — she saw a gentler look overspread the stranger's face; and then she rattled them off, lest he change his mind once more.

"— an' a hundred!" she concluded, breathless.

"Well," the stranger drawled, rubbing his nose, "I 'll modify it," whereupon Martha smiled, "just to 'blige *you*," whereupon she blushed.

So he scratched a deal of the letter out; then he sealed it, strode to the stove, opened the door, flung the letter into the flames, slammed the door, and turned with a wondrously sweet smile to the amazed little Jutts.

"There!" he sighed, "I think that 'll do the business. We 'll soon know, at any rate."

They waited, all very still, all with eyes wide open, all gazing fixedly at the door of the stove. Then all at once — and in the very deepest of the silence — the stranger uttered a startling "Ha!" leaped from his chair with such violence that he overturned it, awkwardly upset Jimmie Jutt's stool, and sent the lad

tumbling head over heels (for which he did not stop to apologize); and there was great confusion: in the midst of which the extraordinary old fellow jerked the stove door wide open, thrust in his arm, and snatched a blazing letter straight from the flames, — all before Jimmie and Martha and Sammy Jutt had time to recover from the daze into which the sudden uproar had thrown them.

"There!" cried the stranger, when he had managed to extinguish the blaze. "We 'll just see what 's in this. 'T is better news, I 'll warrant."

You may be sure that the little Jutts were blinking amazement. There could be no doubt about the authenticity of *that* communication. And the stranger seemed to know it: for he calmly tore the envelope open, glanced the letter over, and turned to Martha, the broadest of grins wrinkling his ruddy face.

"Martha Jutt," said he, "will you *please* be good enough to read *that*."

And Martha read: —

North Pole, *Dec.* 24, 10.18 P. M.

To Captain Blizzard,
Jonas Jutt's Cottage,
Lonely Cove,
Labrador Coast.

Respected Sir, — Regret erroneous report. Mistake of a clerk in the Bureau of Information. Santa Claus got away at 9.36. Wind blowing due south, and strong and fresh.

Snow, Chief Clerk.

Whereupon there was a great outburst of glee. It was the stranger who raised the first cheer. Three times three and a tiger! And what a tiger it was! It fairly put the noisy old gale to shame. What with the treble of Sammy, which was of the thinnest description, and the treble of Martha, which never was so full and sure, and the treble of Jimmie, which dangerously bordered on a cracked bass, and what with Matilda's cackle and Skipper Jonas's croak and the stranger's guttural uproar (which might have been mistaken for a very double bass), — what with all this, as you may be sure, the shout of the wind was nowhere. Then they joined hands (it was the stranger who began it by catching Martha and Matilda) and danced the table round, shaking their feet and tossing their arms, the glee ever more uproarious, — danced until they were breathless, every one of them, save little Sammy, who was not asked to join the gambol, but sat still in his chair, and seemed to expect no invitation.

"Wind blowing due south, and strong and fresh," said Jimmie, when, at last, they sat down. "He 'll be down in a hurry, with they swift deer. My! but he'll just *whiz* in this gale."

"But 't is sad 't is too late t' get word to un," said Martha, the smile gone from her face.

"Sad, is it?" cried the stranger. "Sad! What 's the word you 're wanting to send? What is it you" —

"'T is something for Sammy, zur."

Sammy gave Martha a quick dig in the ribs. "'N' mama," he lisped reproachfully.

"Iss, zur; we 're wantin' it bad, — fair *bad*, — an' does you think us could get word to un?"

"We can try it, anyway," the stranger answered heartily. "Maybe we can catch him on the way down. Ha! Where 's that pen? Here we are. Now!"

He scribbled rapidly, folded the letter in great haste, and dispatched it to Santa Claus's clerk by the simple process of throwing it in the fire. As before, he went to his pack in the shed, taking the candle with him, — the errand was really most trivial, — and stayed so long that the little Jutts, who now loved him very much, wished that the need might not arise again. But, all in good time, he returned, and sat to watch for the reply, intent as any of them; and, presently, he snatched the stove door open, creating great confusion in the act, as before; and before the little Jutts could recover from

the sudden surprise, he held up a smoking letter. Then he read aloud: —

Try Hamilton Inlet. Touches there 10.48. Time of arrival at Lonely Cove uncertain. No use waiting up.

SNOW, Clerk.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger. "That's bully! Touches Hamilton Inlet at 10.48." He consulted his watch. "It's now 10.43 and a half. We've just four and a half minutes. I'll get a message off at once. Where's that confounded pen? Ha! Here we are. Now — what is it you want for Sammy and mama?"

The three little Jutts were suddenly thrown into a fearful state of excitement. They tried to talk all at once; but not one of them could frame a coherent sentence. It was terrible to see.

"The Exterminator!" Martha managed to jerk out at last.

"Oh, ay!" cried Jimmie Jutt. "Quick, zur! Write un down. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Two bottles guaranteed t' cure. Make it two bottles, zur. We wants t' work a cure. *Please*, zur, make haste!"

The stranger stared at Jimmie.

"Oh, zur," groaned Martha, "don't be starin' like that! Write, zur. 'T was all in the paper what the prospector left last summer. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Cures boils, rheumatism, pains in the back an' chest, sore throat, an' all they things, an' warts on the hands by a simple application with brown paper. We wants it for Sammy's rheumatiz, zur. Oh" —

"None genuine without the label," Jimmie put in, in an excited rattle. "Money refunded if no cure. Get a bottle with the label, zur. Get *two* bottles, zur."

The stranger laughed, — laughed aloud, and laughed again. "By Jove!" he roared. "You 'll get it. It 's funny, but by Jove, he 's got it in stock!"

The laughter and repeated assurance vastly encouraged Jimmie and Martha, — the stranger wrote like mad while he talked, — but not little Sammy. All that he lisped, all that he shouted, all that he screamed, had gone unheeded. He could put up with the neglect no longer; so he limped over the floor to Martha, and tugged at her sleeve, and pulled at Jimmie's coat-tail, and jogged the stranger's arm, until, at last, he attracted a measure of attention. Notwithstanding his mother's protests — notwithstanding her giggles and waving hands, notwithstanding that she blushed as red as ink (until, indeed, her freckles were all lost to sight), notwithstanding that she threw her apron over her head and rushed headlong from the room, to the imminent danger of the door-posts — little Sammy insisted that his mother's gift should be named in the letter of request.

"Quick!" cried the stranger. "What is it, boy? We've but half a minute left."

Sammy began to stutter.

"Make haste, b'y!" cried Jimmie.

"One — bottle — of — the — Magic — Egyptian — Beautifier," said Sammy, quite distinctly for the first time in his life.

The stranger looked blank; but he doggedly nodded his head, nevertheless, and wrote it down; and off went the letter at precisely 10.47.45 by the stranger's watch.

Later, when the excitement had all subsided, the stranger took little Sammy in his lap and told him he was a very good boy, and looked deep in his eyes, and stroked his hair, and, at last, very tenderly bared his knee. Sammy flinched at that; and he said, "Ouch!" once and screwed up his face when the stranger — his gruffness all gone, his eyes gentle and sad, his hand as light as a mother's — worked the joint and felt the knee-cap and socket with the tips of his fingers. "And is this the rheumatiz the

Prompt Exterminator is to cure, Sammy?" was the question asked. "Ah, is *that* where it hurts you? Right on the point of the bone, there? And was there no fall on the rock, at all? Oh, there *was* a fall. And the bruise was just there — where it hurts so much? And it's very hard to bear, is n't it? That's too bad, — that's very sad, indeed. But, perhaps, — perhaps, Sammy, — I can fix it for you, if you're brave. And are you brave? No? Oh, I *think* you are! And you 'll try to be, at any rate, won't you? Of course. That's a good boy."

And so the stranger mended Sammy Jutt's knee, with sharp knives and strips of cotton, while the lad lay white and still on the kitchen table and a queer smell spread all over the house.

"Doctor, zur," said Matilda Jutt, when the children were put to bed, with Martha to watch by Sammy, who was very sick, "has you really got a bottle o' Pine's Prompt Exterminator?"

"I've an empty bottle, ma'am, sure enough — picked it up at Poverty Cove yesterday — label and all — thought it might come useful. I 'll put Sammy's medicine in that — they 'll not know the difference, and they 'll be content with one bottle, I'm sure — and you 'll treat the knee with it as I've told you. That's all. I'm off to bed now; for I must be gone before the children wake in the morning."

"Oh, ay, zur; and" — She hesitated, much embarrassed.

"Well, ma'am?"

"Would you mind puttin' some queer lookin' stuff in one o' they bottles o' yours?"

"Not at all," in surprise.

"An' writin' something on a bit o' paper," she went on, pulling at her apron and looking down, "an' gluin' it t' the bottle?"

"Not in the least. But what shall I write?"

She flushed. "'Magic Egyptian Beautifier,' zur," she whispered; "for I'm thinkin' 't would please little Sammy t' think that Sandy Claws left — something — for me — too."

Now, if you think that the three little Jutts found nothing but bottles of medicine in their stockings, when they got down stairs on Christmas morning, you are very much mistaken. Indeed, there was more than that, — a great deal more than that. I will not tell you what it was; for you might sniff, and say, "Huh! That's nothing." But there *was* more than medicine. No man — rich man, poor man, beggar man nor thief, doctor, lawyer nor merchant chief — ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, stared in the face by the chance of having to seek hospitality of a Christmas Eve, — no right-feeling man, I say, ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, under such circumstances, without putting something more than medicine in his pack. I am in a position to say, at any rate, that the Labrador Mission Doctor who mended Sammy Jutt's knee never once did in his long life. And I know, too, — you may be interested to learn it, — that as he floundered through the deep snow on the way to the bedside of James Luff at Back Harbor, soon after dawn the next day, he was mighty glad that he did n't, though not one of the merry shouts came over the white miles to his ears. But he shouted merrily for himself, for he was very happy; and that's the way *you 'd* feel, too, if you spent *your* life hunting good deeds to do.

It only remains to say that you may tell Sammy Jutt as often as you like that there is no Santa Claus. He will not believe you. *He* knows better. *Santa Claus mended his knee!*

Norman Duncan.

KNIGHTED.

Only a word — but I knew!
Merely a touch — but I grew
Healèd and whole and blest,
Strong for the Quest!

Only a word — but I went
Into my banishment,
Singing your name and glad —
New Galahad!

And you — did you know or guess
How your face leaned to bless;
How of your faith was made
God's accolade?

Arthur Ketchum.

EDITING.

[The fourth of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers.]

In 1871 I became editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and ceased to do much in the way of journalism. My editorial duties gave me leisure to write a book or two (of which I need say nothing). Meanwhile one great advantage of the Cornhill was that George Smith, already a valued friend, was the most considerate of proprietors, and treated me with, if anything, an excess of confidence. Otherwise, perhaps, I might have been less content to stick in the old ruts. The brilliant youth of the periodical was over; it had rivals, and as we kept pretty much to our traditions, we did not dazzle the world by any new sensation. I found the duties pleasant enough. My great predecessor, Thackeray, has left a record of the "thorns in his cushion." His kindly and sensitive nature suffered from the necessity of rejecting would-be contributors who had no other qualification than pressing need for remuneration. No man indeed, who is not a brute, can fail to be pained by some of the facts that come to his notice, — the hopeless struggles of the waifs and strays who are trying to keep themselves afloat by such a very inadequate life-buoy as unsalable articles. I could comfort myself sufficiently by a very simple consideration. I had only a fixed number of pages at my disposal, and to accept one writer was, therefore, to reject another. It was clearly my duty to take the best article offered, and not to distribute charity at the cost of the magazine and its proprietor. In other respects, I had no cause for complaining of my contributors. They were (except, of course, the poets) more reasonable than I expected. I had (also of course) one or two of the typical forms of perversity. There was the young man (he might have come straight out of the Dunciad) who was aggrieved because I could not advise him to give up a partnership in a good business in order to adopt a literary career,

and attributed my rejection of his five-act tragedy to my jealousy of his anticipated success. I had a difficulty or two of that kind from a rather curious cause. Gladstone, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, found time to read minor poets, and to applaud them with characteristic warmth. One or two of these came to me with heads turned by such praises, and thought me painfully cold in comparison. I might have reminded them of Blackwood's very sensible remark, when Lewes complained of strictures upon George Eliot's first story, that critics who had to act upon their judgment were naturally more guarded than irresponsible eulogists who need only consult their good nature.

An editor, though authors sometimes forget the fact, is always in a state of eagerness for the discovery of the coming man (or woman). In spite of many disappointments, I would take up manuscript after manuscript with a vague flutter of hope that it might be a new Jane Eyre or Scenes of Clerical Life, destined to lift some obscure name to the heights of celebrity. That delight never presented itself; and yet I do not know that I ever rejected an angel unawares. Had I done so, I should only have been treading in the steps of men more sagacious in gauging aptitude for success. I do not fancy myself to be a good judge of the public taste. I have never clearly discovered what it is that attracts the average reader. Many popular authors would suffer considerably, and at least one obscure writer would gain, if everybody took my view of their merits. I believe, not the less, in the *vox populi*. Books succeed, I hold, because they ought to succeed. A critic has no business to assume that taste is bad because he does not share it. His business is to accept the fact and try to discover the qualities to which it is due. Sometimes, of course, an ephemeral success may be won by rubbish; the preacher may please the audience, as Charles II. shrewdly observed, because his nonsense suits their nonsense; but it is idle to condemn lasting popularity. It is too late to set down Shakespeare as simply barbarous: though I admit that it is tempting to try to clear away some of the stupendous rubbish heaps of eulogy which accumulate over the great men when admiration has become obligatory on pain of literary excommunication. Even blasphemy in such cases is better than idolatry. But anticipation, not explanation, of the ultimate verdict is the difficult problem which an editor has to solve; and, if I am not conscious of having nipped any genius in the bud, I dare say that I owe more to good luck than to discrimination. If, on the other hand, I cannot claim to have discovered any new star of the first magnitude, I may plead that the chances were small. The regular contributors to reviews seemed to me to be a small class, like the proverbial stage army which is multiplied by walking round and round. Any one who could reach the regular standard could get admission to the ranks, and so many editors were lying in wait that one's chance of first catching the early worm was small. I inherited some admirable contributors. Matthew Arnold had to part company after a time, to my great regret, because he wished to discourse upon topics to which we had to give a wide berth. Another old and welcome contributor was John Addington Symonds. I had the good fortune to see him more than once in his retreat at Davos, and the sight was impressive. Shut up in the snow-bound valley, surrounded by patients in the advanced stages of the malady with which he was himself carrying on a precarious struggle, he astonished one by the amazing courage and cheerfulness which turned to account every hour of comparative health. He was keenly interested in all manner of literary and philosophical questions, and ready to discuss them with unflagging vivacity. He was on cordial

terms with the natives, delighted in discussing their affairs with them over a pipe and a glass of wine, and not only thoroughly enjoyed Alpine scenery æsthetically, but delighted in the athletic exercise of tobogganing. Far from libraries, he turned out a surprising quantity of work involving very wide reading as well as distinguished by an admirable literary style. His weakness was perhaps his excessive facility; but no man ever encountered such heavy disadvantages with greater gallantry. His remarkable biography contains some revelations of an inner life which would not suggest this side of him. Readers would hardly expect to find that the æsthetic philosopher had the masculine vigor which made him the most buoyant of invalids.

The most widely popular of my contributors was R. L. Stevenson, and though I did not discover him, I may venture to say that I was the fortunate recipient of most of the early articles which I think contain some of the best examples of his literary skill. I may therefore hope that I did not show obtuseness to his merits. I was specially struck by Will of the Mill, which I had the honor of publishing. I take it to be one of his most characteristic bits of delicate work. It reminds me of another charming story, — Mr. Henry James's Daisy Miller, which, I hope, did something to establish the author's reputation here. And that again reminds me that Mr. Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd — a most delightful book of the kind in which he is unrivaled — appeared in the Cornhill, and, I hope, did the same kind of service for him. But I cannot claim the honors of first discovery in any of these cases. I was greatly pleased to see lately, in Mr. Clodd's life of Grant Allen, encouragement that I had in one case given generously acknowledged. Grant Allen was a man of so versatile and ingenious an intellect that one might have predicted for him a great success in periodical writing. He declared, however, I have heard, that he would rather bring up a son to crossing-sweeping than to literature. He had, I fear, a hard task. He sent some articles upon popular science, which I thought singularly good of their kind, and the kind is to me very attractive. They did not receive, I suppose, the notice which they deserved; he had to struggle with ill health, and he was forced to take to the more profitable occupation of writing novels. Clever as they were, they hardly corresponded to his best function. Meanwhile he was at work for twenty years, as he tells us, in preparing the book upon the evolution of theology, which, perhaps because his conclusions were unwelcome, scarcely had the success deserved by its brightness and candor. It shows at least that an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer could impart vivacity to a philosophy to which, as a rule, one can hardly attribute that particular quality.

I will speak of no other contributors. To some still living I have a debt of gratitude for their tenderness to that ambiguous personage, the editor, who, like the bat in the fable, holds an equivocal position between the winged and the pedestrian races of author and publisher. I left the Cornhill in order to take up editorial duties of a much more laborious nature. The Dictionary of National Biography has been received with a general chorus of praise which I should be the last person to call excessive. It has, however, like other human productions, certain faults. I leave them to be pointed out by others. Their existence suggests a few words upon the conditions under which it was produced. The general scheme had been conceived by my friend Smith. He had indeed been ambitious enough to contemplate a dictionary of general biography to rival the great French dictionaries. The same thing had been attempted by the old Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and, so far as it went, was very well done. But after completing the letter A in seven

volumes, the dictionary broke down, and the Society, I believe, died of the too gigantic effort. The mouse was trying to give birth to a mountain. Smith agreed therefore to my suggestion to limit the enterprise to British lives. I do not think that either he or I quite realized the weight of the burden even so restricted. That it was ever carried to a conclusion was due to Smith's public spirit, and to the pride which he took in a work costly enough to have ruined most publishers. Smith was thoroughly generous, but he was too good a man of business to pay authors, as a rule, more than their work was really worth. No author, it seems to me, ought to desire to be treated as an object of charity; and a publisher has done quite enough if he is thoroughly honorable in his dealings, without incurring loss for the benefit of authors or of mankind at large. The case is very rare, in which the world would be benefited by the appearance of books unable to pay their expenses; and there is no obligation upon a publisher to bestow such gifts upon the public. Smith soon became aware, if he was not aware at first, that the book would not pay commercially, and that his reward must be the consciousness of having done a real service to the national literature. One point was evident to me. If an intelligent government had appointed such a work, and promised me a comfortable salary till it was finished, I might have taken my time about it. Probably in that case the dictionary might by this time have reached the middle of the alphabet. But as it was after all to be done by private enterprise, I had to take care that the self-imposed sacrifice should not be made more than even a generous proprietor could be expected to stand. I made up my mind in the first place that the book should be finished, if possible, within the lifetime of Smith and myself. I am glad that I succeeded. I have a certain regard for posterity, but something is gained for the present generation by making sure of a relatively imperfect book instead of aiming at an ideal standard which will only benefit their children. However that may be, I thought that it was plainly due to Smith that he should be able to reckon upon the completion of his project. For the same reason, it was desirable to convince the public that the work would not, like many of its predecessors, come to a premature end, or be finished in a perfunctory spirit. We promised four volumes annually, and the promise was kept. In spite of a good many forebodings every volume, including the sixty-third and last, appeared up to time. I had begun by calculating the whole at fifty volumes: and the excess was due to the more elaborate scale on which the lives came to be written.

I say so much to explain the conditions of the most troublesome undertaking in which I was ever involved. I was not, and I have never become, an antiquary. I fear that I rather sympathized with Carlyle's lamentations at having to take service under Dr. Dryasdust and spend years in exploring the rubbish heaps accumulated by former specimens of the genus. The old-fashioned antiquary was what used to be called a "humourist;" a man with a quaint and perfectly unreasonable hobby; loving to collect obsolete knowledge the more because it was utterly uninteresting to anybody else. The consciousness of outside contempt often made him sour and crusty, and his love of antiquities went with a devotion to outworn creeds. But the labors undertaken by such men have gained a value which they did not anticipate. Dryasdust has found himself in sympathy with the modern scientific tendencies. Darwin has taught us how much can be learnt even from earthworms; and a modern entomologist, I am told, spent a lifetime upon the history of the house-fly. In the same way Dryasdust, by preserving records, mainly because they were antiquated, has provided materials from which the modern historian

undertakes to reconstruct a picture of the past, and to lay the foundations of social science. History, we are told, has to be rewritten by a minute examination of innumerable documents, by ransacking archives, and studying ancient deeds and charters. History has, no doubt, thus become more scientific in method; but one can hardly say how it has gained in a literary sense. We sometimes cannot see the wood for the trees; and lose the broad outlines in the multiplicity of detail. Anyhow we have got to make the best of the position; and that consideration prescribed the functions of such a book as the dictionary. We intended, I said at starting, to supply a useful manual for all serious students of British history and literature. We were to achieve that end by bringing together as concisely as possible all that was so far known about every person who might conceivably be interesting to such students, and to indicate clearly the sources from which the narrative was derived. We were to treat of all manner of people, — statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, soldiers, sailors, artists, musicians, men of scientific and literary mark; and not only men of mark, but every one about whom the question might arise in the course of general reading, who was he? Some people thought eminent murderers unworthy of record; but, surely, to the social inquirer the crime of any period is full of instruction. The highwayman is often more interesting to the historian of society than the dignified judge who hangs him.

Without going further, I may say that the first condition was to get competent contributors; from the grave historian who could speak with authority upon great constitutional events to the specialist who had rummaged up some of the obscure provinces of antiquarian investigation. Above all, it was desirable to get men who would take an interest in the work for its own sake, and discharge minds already full of the required knowledge, instead of cramming up the topic for the immediate purpose. There were, of course, plenty of people who would be willing to undertake such tasks and write about anybody, from Shakespeare to Tupper, in a mechanical fashion. Some men have to make a living (I can only pity them, and wish that their employment was better paid) by laboring in the reading-room of the British Museum, with more or less intelligence, to collect raw material for others, or by working as humble artificers at the trade of "bookmaking." We required more enthusiasm, as well as more historical knowledge and literary skill, than such worthy persons could generally supply. We aimed at finding men each of whom would be competent to take charge of some special department, and write both with zeal and authority. To get a fairly organized body of contributors was not at first an easy task. Some men of eminence were fully occupied with labors of their own; Professor Rawson Gardiner, for example, was good enough to give us many admirable lives of the early seventeenth century, but had far too much on his hands to deal with the smaller characters. Then some men of the antiquarian variety had their little crotchets, and would be unreasonable, so at least I thought, if I would not give as much space to some twopenny halfpenny scribbler, whose only merit was that nobody had ferreted him out before, as to his most eminent contemporaries. Somehow, or other, we gradually got the thing into order; and I owe special gratitude both to distinguished writers whose contributions gave credit to the undertaking and to younger enthusiasts, undeterred by minute drudgery, whom we were fortunate enough to enlist.

I have said "we" rather than "I" for a sufficient reason. My greatest piece of good fortune, perhaps, was that from the first I had the coöperation of Mr. Sidney Lee as my sub-editor. Always calm and confident when I was tearing my hair

over the delay of some article urgently required for the timely production of our next volume; always ready to undertake any amount of thankless drudgery, and, most thoroughly conscientious in his work, he was an invaluable helpmate. When he succeeded to my post, after a third of the task was done, I felt assured that the dictionary would at least not lose by the exchange. He had, moreover, more aptitude for many parts of the work than I can boast of; for there were moments at which my gorge rose against the unappetizing but, I sorrowfully admit, the desirable masses of minute information which I had to insert. I improved a little under the antiquarian critics who cried for more concessions to Dryasdust; but Mr. Lee had no such defect of sympathy to overcome. Having caught our contributors, the main duties were to keep them up to time, to correct, and to condense. We kept them up to time by steady and remorseless dunning. The correction was of necessity inadequate: I am not omniscient, and the vast sphere of my ignorance includes innumerable matters discussed in the dictionary. A book of which it is the essence that every page should bristle with facts and dates is certain to have errors by the thousand; unless it should be supervised by a staff of inspectors beyond all possibilities. We made, no doubt, slips enough, and I had in the main to depend upon getting trustworthy contributors and thinning out those in whom I detected inaccuracy. I remember the horror with which I discovered the misdoings of a writer (long since dead) who had the highest recommendations, and in some sense deserved them. He was a man of really wide learning, but demoralized by impecuniosity. He saved trouble, as I discovered, by copying modern and still copyright books, and made a "bogus" list of authorities which had no reference to the statements supposed to be established. When I informed him that I no longer required his services he wrote a reply which I remember as a model of epistolary dignity. I was oppressing him, it appeared, because he was a poor man; and might as well have struck a woman or a child; but the saddest part, he concluded, of all this sad business was that it destroyed the ideal which he had formed for himself of Mr. Leslie Stephen. I did not see my way to apologizing, and hope that I escaped pretty completely from his like. The more serious difficulty was condensing. If the book was ever to be completed, wordiness must be sternly excised, and that is a fault which has many varieties. Some early aspirants, whose articles I had stewed down, were simple enough to be more diffuse next time, in order to allow for probable shrinkage. I parted company with them pretty quickly. But some otherwise valuable contributors had to be trained to submission. One of them, whom I shall always remember with gratitude, wrote to thank me for having reduced an article by at least two thirds, and admitted the great improvement of his style. I believe that he was perfectly sincere; for he continued to give valuable help. But he was unique. Others kept their gratitude for such services, if they felt it, to themselves. The "sweating" of articles was certainly the most trying of my duties. One mystery always puzzled me. It is easy enough to cut out superfluities, sentiment, and rhetoric, and flowers of speech in general. As Canon Ainger put it, we might adopt the phrase of obituary notices: "No flowers, by request." Though a thoughtless critic might complain of a life for being "unsympathetic," it was clearly our business to be sternly concise, and to confine comments or criticism to a brief indication of a man's place in history. My puzzle was that writers who fully appreciated the necessity could yet manage to be long winded. One man will tell a story without introducing any clearly irrelevant remark or assertion, and manage to be twice as long as another who yet omits nothing. The

only remedy would, I suppose, be to rewrite the whole on a different scheme. I had work enough on hand without doing that service as systematically as I could have wished. But I learnt to think that the whole art of writing consists in making one word suffice where ordinary men use two. I wish that it were a little more practiced. Meanwhile, I had to take my share in writing lives, and at moments I caught the contagion of the antiquarian fever. There was a certain sense of luxury in sitting in the reading-room of the British Museum, conscious that vast multitudes of books and MSS. were waiting your pleasure, ready to come when you called. Then came the excitement of the chase ; the conjectures as to the most probable place to find your needle in that stupendous bundle of hay ; and now and then, the triumphant conviction that you had run the game to ground and settled some fact, infinitesimal as it might be, which had baffled your predecessors. One such success would compensate for many of the disappointments which were of course more numerous. My enthusiasm, I think, culminated when I had to consider whether Sir Philip Francis was Junius. Many predecessors, of course, had beaten the bush so thoroughly that there was little chance of any new discovery. Still there was a fascination in turning now to old newspapers and pamphlets, verifying or disproving, but always fancying that the next page might contain some pregnant hint hitherto unnoticed. The inquiry, however, ended by rather damping my zeal. In the first place, it permanently lowered my estimate of human intelligence. Some forty-nine of the fifty hypotheses said to have been suggested are really worthless. Many of the so-called arguments are on a level with the proofs that Bacon wrote Shakespeare : that is, they proceed on the assumption that you conclusively establish a proposition by showing that it does not involve a physical impossibility. The only real question is whether the authorship of Francis can be proved. I think that it can, and there was some amusement in bringing together the converging probabilities. But it was also borne in upon me very strongly that it matters not a straw to any human being whether Francis was or was not the author. Considered as a puzzle, the inquiry might be an amusing game, like the solution of a chess problem. But the toil of going through the old documents was more than the pleasure could repay. I need hardly speak of other necessary drudgery; the terrible question of bibliography, for example ; the duty of making an accurate list of all the works of some voluminous person, all now securely sunk into tenfold oblivion, and of all the forms in which they have appeared. When some admirable person has done for an author what Professor Masson did for Milton, one could hardly do more than condense and verify. But I have hardly the qualifications of a pioneer. Anyhow my health broke down, partly, at any rate, from the strain of such labors, and though I continued to write lives I handed over the reins to my friend Lee — not without a sense of relief.

The dictionary had one advantage, that is, I could feel that I was employed in a really useful undertaking. I may be allowed to assume that the facilitation of historical inquiry is useful. Contributors could feel themselves to be coöperators, interested in the reputation of the whole work as well as in their own articles. I am specially grateful to many who put an amount of research into the smaller articles which generally pass without notice, but which are perhaps the most valuable part of the book. The popular critic naturally confined his attention to the longer articles upon famous names ; but the real value of the book depends mainly upon less conspicuous people, who are not to be found in easily accessible places. The dictionary thus brought me into contact with a class of writers with whom I had previously had comparatively little to do.

I admire the study of history and the students. Professor Gardiner, of whom I have spoken, had in some respects an ideal career. I do not mean that he was a man of most lovable qualities personally, though that would, I believe, be perfectly true. But a man is surely enviable who can devote a lifetime to a single task, learning all that is to be known about a definite period, patiently recording in each year of his life the events which had taken a year to happen, and giving his results with admirable impartiality and with the certainty of turning out a work of permanent value. The average author by profession, who can only reflect at the end of his career, that if he had stuck to one aim, he might have done something worth the labor, is humiliated by thinking of such a calm and honorable self-devotion. The age, we are constantly told, is one of excessive tension and excitement; and the author who has to meet the whims of the world becomes demoralized. I am not about to contradict the many moralists who dwell upon that theme, but I will also say that, somehow or other, I seem to have known a great many authors, who, though subject to such temptation, appeared to me to be very decent fellows in their way. My old friend, James Payn, one of the simplest, most affectionate, and most sociable of men, took to literature from spontaneous enthusiasm; and he declares, if I remember rightly, in his Reminiscences, after long experience, that the literary profession is the best of all; that its members are the freest from jealousy, and from all the bad passions of which, no doubt, they have a share, but which are developed more abundantly (so it seems to be implied) in clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and men of business. Few authors would have spoken so well of their employment in any previous generation. The lives of authors, authors used to say, are the saddest of all reading except the lives of criminals in the Newgate Calendar. So far, perhaps, Payn's judgment gives some presumption that things have improved; but I cannot quote him as an authority, because I have a strong suspicion that, among whatever class of men he had had to live, he would have discovered that they were the best and most charming set of people in the world. Authors, it seems to me, like the proverbial Lord Mayor, are, after all, men. They are made of the same raw material as other men, and if the author and the politician are, as some think, the worst of men, it must be that they have the strongest temptations. Both classes are tempted to overestimate the value of popularity. Even if he is independent of the sale of his work, the author at least writes in the hope of being read. He has not the same temptation as the politician for the grosser kinds of demagogism. Indeed, on the whole, the easiest way to popularity is to take a high moral tone. Edifying moralizing is as easy as lying. But, being in his study, he does not get the case hardening which the politician acquires in the rough and tumble of active life; and is apt to become morbidly sensitive. He seldom learns to take abuse as all in the day's work, and like Johnson to regard it as a proof that he has hit hard. Criticism stings him to the last, and one generally fancies at the moment that the hostile critic has found one's weak points with singular subtlety, whereas the complimentary critic has a horrid tendency to praise in just the wrong place.

Whatever the temptations, however, I have, on the whole, thought that authors, as I have known them in a pretty wide experience, are an enviable race. They have the advantage, if, at least, they are authors by nature, that their work has some spice of intellectual interest and a smaller proportion than most occupations of mere humdrum drudgery, and that they have more liberty to work out their own scheme of activity. I have had the good fortune to know some very emi-

nent authors, and can give them a very decent character. If they suffer a little from the author's disease, — self-consciousness and vanity, — they often take it in a mild form; Tennyson was, perhaps, an instance. Many years ago I paid some visits to Freshwater, then — for alas! it has been grievously injured by the growth of the usual watering-place surroundings — the ideal place for the poet of In Memoriam. It is still "close to the edge of a noble down," and the old girdle of woods, round which cockneys used to wander in hopes of a glimpse of the bard, still incloses the picturesque lawn and gardens to which the fortunate few found admission and might listen to Maud or an Idyll, gaining new force from the lips of the author. In my day, a little group of reverent admirers was generally gathered there to render acceptable homage. It was impossible for the cynic not to catch a certain comic side to the proceedings, — though, of course, it was very wrong. I remember a dinner from which I fled precipitately in company with a man highly distinguished in official life and solid literature. We confided to each other that it was perfectly right for the ladies of the party to show a certain preference for the man of genius; but that it was too much to be treated as pariahs, outside of the pale of social equality. "Stay! Stay! Dr. Johnson is going to speak," would have been fairly resented by Goldsmith even had he not been Goldsmith. Such a steam of incense creates a rather unwholesome atmosphere for a man of specially sensitive nature. Tennyson perhaps suffered a little. He had a right to complain if a certain article in a popular newspaper contained, as he told us, three lies about him in one column; but I did not want to hear the statement repeated daily for a week. He might, too, have been a little less shocked by the apparition on the "noble down" of a distant figure — a harmless local laborer — whom he at once assumed to be one of the circumambient cockneys who were always prowling round the protective circle of woods. But I apologize for mentioning these petty foibles. Tennyson was so transparently simple, one might say childlike, in his little vanity, that one only felt something piquant in its combination with the massive frame and the expressive countenance worthy of an intellectual monarch. He was obviously all that one could expect from the poems including the Northern Farmer, which, almost a solitary case in his writings, shows the strong humor that occasionally came up in his talk. There was one lady in the Freshwater circle who could be very outspoken as to the little infirmity at which I have glanced, and he took it as kindly as it was meant. The lady was Mrs. Cameron, who showed real genius in the photographic portraits which, I think, give the best impression of Tennyson and of other eminent men. Mrs. Cameron was unique in her way; the most warm-hearted and enthusiastic of women; impulsive to a degree which often startled solid British conventionality, and doing things which nobody else would have done; but generally because nobody else gave such free play to generous sentiments. She had, therefore, the rare power of giving the heartiest praise without flattery, — at least of the conscious and intentional kind, — and could administer a bit of wholesome advice without a touch of venom. Her enthusiasms included Wordsworth and Carlyle as well as Tennyson: but her closest friendship was for Henry Taylor. Philip van Artevelde, the work from which Taylor took his literary title, is not, I fear, often read in these days. Dramatic in form, it is rather to be classed with the poetry of reflection, full of weighty gnomic utterances, though often really poetical, and always in admirable English. Taylor himself looked the poetic sage. Mrs. Cameron's portrait justified a remark of his closest friend. "My infantile idea of the Deity," said Spedding, "was Henry

Taylor sitting on the sofa in his dressing-gown." Most of Taylor's long life was devoted to his official work at the Colonial Office, where he was my father's colleague and warm friend. I naturally looked up to him as to one dwelling in serene regions of wisdom and ripe experience; and I do not think that I was wrong. I have certainly never seen a more imposing figure; and believe that he fully deserved Mrs. Cameron's devotion. With him, I associate Spedding, beloved by him and Carlyle and Edward FitzGerald; wasting thirty years, as FitzGerald complained, in whitewashing Bacon when he might have been the ideal editor of Shakespeare; but, at any rate, absolutely contented with his self-imposed task, going about it "without haste and without rest," and too free from vanity to fancy that he could be wasting his powers. Taylor said that every family should have a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding; and his slow and sure judgment, with a substratum of humor and genuine appreciation of literature, made him a critic after FitzGerald's own heart. Another friend of all the circle was the most amiable poet Aubrey de Vere. I do not read his poetry; I fear that it might stir me the wrong way; but the man himself was among the most lovable of human beings; gentle, courteous, and chivalrous, — clinging to his old friends the more when his conversion to Catholicism made some intellectual separation. Whatever his merits as a poet, to me he suggested the type of saint. — I mean to refer only to the better qualities connoted by that name. The malicious and censorious instincts seemed to have been omitted from his composition. De Vere was of course an enthusiastic Wordsworthian, — and although that name could not be applied to Tennyson, there was this much of affinity that one charm of his poetry is due to the pure and lofty moral sentiment. The men of whom I have been speaking seem to breathe in a wholesome social atmosphere, and, in spite of a foible or two, were lovable human beings as well as men of genius. The moral might be enforced by speaking of the other most famous poets whom I have known, Matthew Arnold and Browning. Arnold had no doubt a touch of the intellectual coxcomb. He preached to the Philistine with a certain air of superiority, and repeated his pet maxims too often and too confidently. If he showed, like Tennyson, a simple-minded delight in receiving compliments, his vanity was equally harmless. He was so full of good nature that even the Philistine and the dissenter or the barbarian in flesh and blood appealed to him at once, and he could drop his magisterial robes to talk in the friendliest terms. The impression which he made was that he was too kindly to be able really to despise even the objects of his theoretical contempt. If Browning had at bottom, as one suspects that he had, a touch of excessive sensitiveness, he concealed it under the reserve which made him pass with superficial observers for nothing but a brilliant conversationalist. He was so anxious not to wear his heart upon his sleeve, that he could conceal even his tender and noble nature from dull eyes; and never condescended to acknowledge a craving for praise or shrinking from blame.

Such characteristics may be of doubtful value in the eyes of some people. The morals of these poets were not disturbed by the dæmonic passions which drive the Byronic race outside the pale of respectability. Wordsworth would not have been so irreproachable a person if the prosaic element had not mastered his higher moods. The "leader" would not have been "lost" though the man might have got into scrapes. Undoubtedly the poetic fire may often be an unruly element of character, and æsthetic sensibility be galled by the chains of commonplace good sense. The most conspicuous and melancholy illustrations might be taken from Ruskin. I saw him fre-

quently during two summer vacations which I spent at Coniston. The English Lakes, though but a miniature edition of mountain scenery, have always had a special though unanalyzable charm for me; and Ruskin's home at Brantwood seemed to me to give its very essence. Had I been Ahab he would have been my Naboth, and I dare say that even in that Arcadia I could have found the necessary men of Belial. The house was of the modest dimensions which do not exclude thorough comfort; and I could fancy myself settling there into a sufficiency of books, with a lovely and soothing scenery courting me for a stroll whenever I wished for relaxation. There, certainly, Ruskin had every advantage, in the happiest domestic environment; and when he exhibited his treasures, — a manuscript of Scott or a drawing by Turner, — one could fancy him to be a calm connoisseur with hobbies enough to secure ample and delightful occupation. He received one with the courtesy of a polished gentleman of the old school, and talked delightfully without the least assumption of superiority. I remember how, on my first visit, he gave me a recent number of Fors, in which, he said, I should be interested because it spoke of Alpine traveling. So it did. But he had quite forgotten that he had taken an unfortunate article of mine for a text to illustrate the vulgarity of modern scramblers. He remarked that I thought the Alps improved by the odor of my tobacco smoke. I adhere to that heresy; they were greatly improved for me. I might have claimed to be a disciple and told him that their beauty had been interpreted to me by Modern Painters, though increased by my tobacco, but I thought it better to drop the subject. I remember him, too, entering the room rubbing his hands with no small glee. Somebody, it seemed, had remonstrated with him for one of his slightly extravagant denunciations of the English bishops, — or some such respectable class. Ruskin had replied to the effect that, though he was always scrupulously accurate in the use of language, he had never said anything more carefully measured or more precisely just than in the offending passage. His complacency in making this retort suggested to me at the time that some of his petulant outbreaks did not imply fierceness or loss of temper, but only the delight of a master of logical fence in administering a skillful thrust at the joints of his opponent's armor. Perhaps that was so, but undoubtedly his wrath was often genuine and painful enough. At the time of which I am speaking, he was beginning to suffer from the excessive nervous tension which upset his powers. He told me, if I remember rightly, that he was correcting eight sets of proofs at once: and the strain showed itself in occasional irritability. Ruskin somewhere compares his state of mind to Swift's. He was like Swift in that the sight of the misery and corruption of the world stung him to ungovernable indignation. He could not find comfort in art or literature, while the whole world was turning brutal and selfish and sweeping away the old beliefs and institutions, and therefore becoming incapable of appreciating or creating genuine beauty. I don't ask whether the world is so bad, but the man who would reform it ought, I fancy, to keep his head. He should take time to reflect and coördinate his ideas. For that, Ruskin's intense sensibility and impetuosity was a disqualification. He could never work at any definite line of thought; and his writings became a mass of more or less incoherent denunciations and exhortations, most amazingly keen and telling at a number of particular points, but leading to unsatisfactory and inconsistent conclusions. We should perhaps be the more thankful for the genius, which struggles through so many infirmities; and Ruskin's feeling is always so deep and genuine, and is uttered with such singular keenness, that most people forgive the want of in-

tellectual self-control. He is at least a proof that there is some truth in the uncomfortable doctrine that the most effective utterance is only to be won at the cost of the utterer. He is tortured for our benefit, and we admire the man who cannot see wrong without wrath, while we manage to take things more easily ourselves.

That suggests a contrast. Among the objects of Ruskin's denunciations was the modern man of science. When his mind was losing its balance, he used to speak of a mysterious cloud, such as he had never seen in the days of his youth, which had taken to overshadowing the mountains. It might be a symbol of the scientific materialism which was darkening the intellectual sky. Carlyle had preached the same doctrine; and in a milder form the revolt against some scientific tendencies was most felicitously expressed by Tennyson. Perhaps it might turn out that he had not an immortal soul. Nobody, Huxley is reported to have said, had a clearer view of the issues involved. I, certainly, should have no wish to belittle them, or to deny that Tennyson and his brother poets were uttering emotions which no one can afford to despise. But, I only speak of the fact as reminding me that whatever the goodness or badness of their cause, the leaders of the scientific world were personally as attractive as those who regarded their principles with horror. I had the privilege of seeing something of Darwin in his later years. To me, and my opinion was not exceptional, he appeared to be simply the most lovable person whom I ever encountered. A little party of us used at one time to take long Sunday tramps in the neighborhood of London. Those were days to be marked with a white stone when Darwin received us at the famous house at Down. It is in the quiet region of chalk downs, which had been left untouched in the gaps of the network of railways; and still looked as rural as it had a century earlier. One could expect to meet the old smugglers whose paths from the coast to London were laid through the unfrequented district. There Darwin found an admirable retreat for contemplating flowers and bees and worms, and for slowly elaborating the thoughts which had revolutionized science. He was as free from pretensions as if his investigations had no more claims to respect than those of a commonplace pigeon-fancier. The simplicity of the man was evident in the delightfully easy terms in which he lived with a family which was worthy of his affection. I could sympathize with the young German who burst into tears on leaving the house, touched by the contrast between the famous thinker and the sweet-natured, quiet country gentleman, so free from the pedantry which sometimes haunts the professor's chair. I remember my quaint sense of humiliation when he asked me quite seriously for my views about the correct definition of instinct. I felt as I once did when a doctor of divinity asked me to explain the origin of evil. It was not a question for me. I will not speak further of qualities sufficiently obvious to every reader of his life. I have only one moral to draw. Darwin himself insists upon his literary shortcomings. He lost a taste for poetry in his old age, and ascribes the loss to his absorption in science. I have observed the same phenomenon in many men who were absolutely unscientific. At all times, he found the labor of expressing his thoughts on paper very trying; and Huxley declared that he was like an inspired dog, at once inarticulate and full of the most valuable thoughts. Yet I know no pleasanter book of travels than the Voyage of the Beagle, and his letters, though mainly upon topics beyond my knowledge, have a peculiar fascination. They have not the qualities of Mrs. Carlyle's or of Edward FitzGerald's, but they have the quality, whatever it may be, which makes even a

botanical discussion interesting to one who scarcely knows a poppy from a tulip. The most obvious are the intellectual vivacity, which makes the whole of external nature a collection of fascinating problems, and the generous enthusiasm with which he accepts the help of his fellow workers. Men of science, I fear, are not always free from jealousy; but when Darwin welcomes a friend's suggestion with his favorite "By Jove!" it suggests the unqualified glee of a schoolboy when a good blow is struck on his side of the game. Darwin, of course, suggests his "bulldog" Huxley: the best wrestler in the intellectual ring. I never had the treat, said to have been delightful, of looking on at one of his rounds with W. G. Ward at the Metaphysical Society; but I saw enough of his contests with other antagonists to appreciate his singular alertness and vigor. Huxley, as I have good reason to know, was not less remarkable for warmth of heart than for keenness in controversy, and sufficiently proved that thorough amiability does not necessarily prescribe a gentle handling of humbug or equivocation. Huxley's essays are among our very best specimens of one variety of literature. Few controversialists ever hit so hard and so straight and avoided so rigidly the temptation to stray into irrelevant issues. To concentrate your whole force upon the critical point is the great art of intellectual as of physical warfare. Huxley's style has in the highest degree the merit due to never thinking of the style at all, but simply of the clearest utterance of your thought. In those days the orthodox generally described their adversaries as "the Huxleys and the Tyndalls," the complimentary plural. My first contact with Tyndall was not altogether satisfactory. He had joined the Alpine Club and was elected Vice President. He made us an after-dinner speech, eloquent I have no doubt, which somehow suggested an unlucky reply to my youthful impertinence. I asserted that true Alpine travelers loved the mountains for their own sake, and considered scientific intruders with their barometers and their theorizing to be a simple nuisance. When shortly afterwards Tyndall broke off for a time his connection with the club I was accused of having given the offense. How that may be I know not, but I do know that when I met him afterwards, he received me in the friendliest way. Our tramps led us occasionally to Hindhead, the nearest approach to a mountain within reach of London, on the summit of which Tyndall had built a house in late years. He was a delightful host, overflowing with the heartiest talk. Tyndall had some of the characteristics claimed, though I hope not monopolized, by Irishmen. He was easily roused to enthusiastic rhetoric, very different from Huxley's terse cut and thrust, but showing a poetic imagination stirred by science. One marked quality was the enthusiasm with which he took up the cause of men whom he considered to have been ill treated by their superiors, or to have failed to receive due recognition. He was among the most chivalrous and warm-hearted of men. From Tyndall and Huxley, I might make a natural transition to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is needless to speak of his heroic devotion of a lifetime to the highest intellectual purposes. What always impressed me most forcibly was the admirable simplicity and candor of the man. I am not quite so convinced as he appears to be that he has found the last word in regard to the great problems of philosophy. But there is something impressive in the sight of a man giving himself up so unreservedly to the guidance of what he takes to be the voice of pure reason, and so absolutely indifferent to any other authority. When he calmly sets aside all other philosophies as so much blundering, he does not, like Carlyle, suggest personal arrogance, but simply his surrender to obviously self-evident truth.

Acquaintance with such men might well convince me that if they were, as Carlyle and Ruskin seemed to think, instruments of the devil, the devil deserves much credit for enlisting good men in his service. I must rather hope that the time will come of true reconciliation between faith and science, or the imagination and the reason, or whatever the right phrase may be which has been the topic of so many controversies. I am only thinking of a much smaller question. The merit of a scientific work depends upon its contents, not its form. The force of Darwin's arguments was the question, and not his skill in expounding them. If many men of science have written admirably, their literary power was an accident or a subordinate and secondary virtue. They have literary intelligence while aiming at something better or at least less egotistical. The imaginative writer is bound to be emotional and personal; he has to work up his inmost emotions for exhibition, and is thin-skinned and self-conscious. He is apt to quarrel with facts in general; and is tempted either to give up his interest in the brutal outside world and even to become "æsthetic," or to knock his head passionately against the world at large and find that the world is the harder. Let us hope that he has his reward in the raptures of creation, and be thankful that we are spared his temptations. The quiet man of letters by profession need not bother himself about soul problems, if he is wise enough not to mistake himself for a genius. He may go on like the admirable Trollope, content to provide his fellows with harmless and healthy amusement, and feel that it is well worth while to have increased the stock of innocent pleasure for the moment. Or he may be content with honestly spreading knowledge and interpreting the thoughts of the original minds. It will no doubt occur to him that the world will lose nothing by committing all his works, as it is sure to do, to the newspaper basket. But meanwhile, he will feel, unless indeed he has been face to face with starvation, that he has had very satisfactory employment, with less of worry and responsibility than falls to the lot of most men.

Leslie Stephen.

"NATURE STUDY."

It is the fashion, and society is out of doors with book and glass. Modes and fabrics are not more contagious. Thus the world moves: we have changed our hand-shake and our calling-cards, we give our brides showers, and we study Nature. Sometimes we forget our manners, claiming vulgar and impertinent acquaintance with the wood-gods. There are stories of an authentic young woman who thought Nature nice: and all the rest of us capitalize Nature as we used to rubricate art; we patronize our thrushes, we chaperon the lady's slipper. Some of us are earnest seekers: among whom the long bow is drawn, insomuch that the profane scoff at us, and the fabulists of gun and rod are put to school. "You bird men are all liars," said my friend the Philistine the other day. "One of you says, 'I heard the bow-legged sandpiper this morning,' and the other answers, 'Oh, I heard him day before yesterday.'" The next development should be personally conducted excursions. If we have books to tell us how to listen to Liszt, we may expect How to Believe the Bobolink;

and they that tell us how to look at pictures, except the late Mr. Whistler, will help us to attain the right Mongolian of a seeing eye in the wildwood. Meanwhile, if Pan in reality be not dead, he must experience the novel sensation of blushing.

It does not matter much what children play, so they play in the sun: and I submit that all this is good. For if it does not serve science, it serves art, a service by no means less. We shall never be done, one must suppose, with these quarrels of our own making between art and science. Gods of life, they do not quarrel. We cry, "War, war!" but there is no war. To say that the artist may exceed Nature is the confusion of tongues. "The light that never was on sea or land," we have all seen it, or God pity the blind! Our Rosalinds are high as our hearts: five feet, ten feet, no man can measure her for me. "Overdrawn" and "too highly colored" are words which signify nothing: a thing may be drawn wrong, but not overdrawn; the color may be wrong, but it cannot be too pure and clear, it cannot surpass the right. To use the words argues against one's self. I once saw a scarlet tanager flash across the very faces of three young gossips in a maple-path; they did not see it. I once saw a scholar trample calmly through a heavenly acre of bluebells. "Look at the posies!" he said: he did not see them. Even with the elect the incidents are frequent. One had a long list of spring arrivals, among which was the Louisiana water-thrush. "Was he singing?" I asked, and he answered with a naïve surprise, "Why, yes, he was doing some twittering." It is of course the very whimper of sentiment to object to the collector's gun: I have seen without remorse the ruby-crowned kinglet fall from his fairy madrigal, crimson not only at the brow; but once I was near homicide over a similar incident. The bird was a Wilson's snipe, and we approached him incredibly near, where he probed with his long bill in the autumnal marsh-edges, so near that we could see every embroidery of his rich fabrics. "Ah, I understand!" said my comrade, and then he shot him; the bird was blind of one eye. And let me tell another story of a tanager, that upon the full pomp of May-day returned, not in his wonted manner. Fire of the treetops, I all but touched him, finding him in the last least thicket of the budding copses, a foot from earth, in exile, silent, motionless, hardly avoiding my hand. In the afternoon he was found dead on the slope; there was no mark upon him; a perfect specimen, said the ornithologist who gathered him in. Well, I heightened nature; I committed Ruskin's pathetic fallacy; I made him to myself more beautiful than he appeared to the other man. He has homed here to die, I thought, a broken heart.

Harken one pronouncing, therefore! Literature is reducible to this, a projection of inner upon external life, for the purpose of expression. What science makes an end, art uses as a means: vocabulary, imagery, by which a human mood may be spoken. The real thing for literature, the wearer of the costume, is this latter, the human emotion. If I see in the closed gentian a bud that will not blossom, a maid that will not marry, my fancy, not the flower, is the motive of art. If I see the resurrection in the first mourning-cloak of March, the butterfly that breaks from a derided winter after the long months of sleep in his folded purple wings, my fancy, not *Vanessa antiopa*, is the stuff of which literature is made. When the violet blooms in October, 't is memory; when the witch-hazel hangs its light of stars in the fall of leaves, like the evening star outlasting the afterglow, 't is hope; when the trilliums from their maiden white begin to burn and blush, till they are like red tulips through the wood, 't is love, and fatal. When you find in the vireo's nest three white eggs and a different fourth, freckled with brown,

you name the cowbird prostitute, a word true also in science. In the eye of the brooding dove, upon you with what a still wildness, you have seen the Madonna: and of the waxwings, the wanderers who have no song, feeding one another in the scarlet-budded japonica, I make a valentine, calling them lovers kissing. Well! madonnas and lovers, not doves and waxwings, are the materials of literature. Of course I am repeating truisms, old as the story of Narcissus; but the trite things are after all the things that must be said most often, the things we forget too constantly.

It must be said here again that science is the servant of art. Proofs are as numerous as out-of-door books. The argument is sound that we never know or possess a thing until we name it. These many winters I have been trying to find among the flocks of shore-larks the snowflake, rare in my country, the white snowbird of the North. In looking recently over some old notes, I found record of a walk on the snow-ribbed russet uplands, one forgotten March, when I was circled again and again by a flock of birds that took birth from the empty sod, and with a faint twitter of harp-strings danced about the blue to return and drop again into the meadow. These I now named gladly, our brothers of the skylark, the Northern horned larks. There was a last sentence, that one bird, following with the others, was white. The white bird! I read as Richard Feverel read the journal of Clare. I had been blind and deaf without the name; my pleasure was airy nothing; now, with the helplessness of memory, I can give it a local habitation only in a grave. The essence of human enjoyment, to share by expressing and by sympathy, is in the naming. Science names, art echoes with a change as musical as resides in moonlit hills. Only, 't is hard for the airier voice to make melody of some of the names; that little bird, colored not unlike the violet, for instance, the blue-gray gnatcatcher; or those golden faces in back-blown golden hair, sneezeweed! And in proportion as birds become rarer, less in the eyes and on the lips of men, their use becomes difficult; the warblers, for illustration: the prothonotary warbler, and the hooded, the cerulean and the baybreast, each of his kind inimitable sparkling loveliness, and a joy to the finder, but with even the redstart added not likely to be more than strange names to most people. For he who hears the story must also know, or be able to know, the name. Consider what a mere fairy tale would be Shelley's skylark, if no one else could name or know the bird. Science gives us this common knowledge: which is often finer than fancy, as the agaric that leaves the fairy ring in the grass, itself pretty as a poised dancer, and the dance silent and slow of generation after generation, is finer elf-lore than could be conjured out of books: and as tradition is better than invention, such knowledge is always better than irresponsible dreaming, because it is common. Herein, too, is the poet's verification. It is strange to think that the hermit thrush got his beautiful name because he was believed to be songless; strange to remember that those living within constant hearing of him, whose heart-strings are a lute, did not know him. If a moment's testimony is required to show how little native after all, what a borrower of Old-World fire, our best literary production has been, no better illustration could be cited. In the production of art we must have imagery to support thought: this should be native, taken ever anew from our life, or it becomes indeed stale and unprofitable: and it should be the best possible. One might meet, for example, with Mr. Thompson Seton's story of the wild swans migrating, sound of bugles in the moon over Manitoba. Why should not one be able to write of this, surely suggestive of so much human dream and desire, and symbolize a story, under his

own lamplight? Because the emotion is second-hand; faint as the second rainbow; insubstantial as Plato's shadows in the cave. One must live it, one must die into and be that wild, wild beauty.

For beauty, the immediate and immortal beauty rather than the infinite change of the living truth, is the end of this quest. By beauty we identify art with life: this is indeed the touch of Nature, and this the use of delight. I may speak a little proudly: I have had the gray squirrel on my knee, have held the child of the grouse in my hand, have been of the company when the young foxes were at play; what impressed me chiefly was the beauty of that kindred life; what I desire most is to make mine and to share with others the joy that like a witch hung tiptoeing every quiet hill of midsummer. And if in the course of this random new defense of poetry I have overstepped the modesty of prose, and danced to my own piping, the fault is not in the argument, O scientists! but in me. It is her friends that keep beauty blushing. Yet I have one more story to tell. The day, I remember, was a holiday; for the heart-stricken week was done, and the kindly President lay dead: children were out nutting, and I, too, was out of school. Nor did I think I wronged the nation's grief, I who with those shrillers after walnuts was thus proving that we are a nation indeed. Midway the green autumn of the ravine I stopped in sudden anger to see a bird hanging, wings out and head down, crucified in the bushes: a boy's snare, was my first thought: and dropping my armful of asters, I came into an adventure. There were two birds, and the snare was a wild one. Beggar's lice — but who names burs? — grew there in a great cloud, and the birds, a brown thrush and a female cardinal, limed themselves deeper with every struggle. Dull and malignant, the green vermin swarmed and enmeshed me as I cut my way in upon that incessant strange crying: and I brought them out, the cardinal first. In the tangle of green-burred stems she was sadly ruffled; wine-colored feathers were torn out, and a drop of blood was on my hand; and I have still an unfading sense of her red beak open and crying, her eye wild and plaintive on me, her turning her crested head to pinch feebly at my fingers as I held her. Then I opened my hands. Calling quick to an instant agitation, all about me in the thickets, of the quick kissing calls of the cardinals, she slipped away through the yellowing sensitive fern. I went back for the agonized thrasher: untrammeled the long, elegant figure from its horror, and freed the fettered bright wings, and plucked green leeches from the dappled breast: sweet and pitiful was the silken bird in my hand, his yellow eye wild upon me, wild on the path, the sky, as I turned him. I slipped a finger through the tight slender clutch of his feet, and he sat free and rumpled on my hand a moment; then, with a sharp "chuck!" flashed vividly to the path, and ran like a fox into the copses, calling to the many sudden answers that sprang to meet him. And I stood covered with burs, — who was to free me? — smiling and wistful, and striving to fashion into utterance the emotion in me. Sing sweetly for me, I sighed, birds of my hand! Heart of April if her throat no longer, my brown thrush! your autumnal echoes should break and beat about me elect, in the far-flushed morning away or under the golden berries of the bittersweet! And your blithe bravery of winter song, my cardinals! let me not lack that fine fantasy when the sun is silver afar on the snow! Then came into my thought the smiler with the knife. He had an impersonal face and a ruminant foot. "They think it is you they have escaped," he said.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

THE LAST ROYAL VETO.

History, it is said, repeats itself. It sometimes — at long intervals — reverses itself. When Louis XVI. was bankrupt, his advisers bade him summon the States-General, and a body that had last met in 1614 came together once more in 1789, reversing the whole system of six generations. But the revived corpse was less manageable than Frankenstein's monster.

English politics are in a parlous state. Parliamentary control and party government are, it seems, on their trial. Can they perhaps derive new strength from the revival of a power often called dead — so dead, that the very date of its death is forgotten? If the reader will exercise a little patience to learn the date of the supposed decease, he may be interested to speculate on the chances of a possible resuscitation.

The veto of a chief magistrate — the refusal of assent to a bill which has passed all the other stages of legislation — is always an interesting event in political history. The veto of a President of the United States, or a Governor of one of them, invariably creates much interesting speculation. Sometimes, on these occasions, reference will be made to the fact that a bill is never vetoed by the Sovereign of England; and perhaps the exaggerated language of Mr. Bagehot may be resorted to, — that "Queen Victoria must sign her own death-warrant, if both Houses present it for her signature."

Yet, beyond all doubt, our own ancestors adopted the veto provision first in their State Constitutions, from which it was copied in that of 1787, because they believed that the English executive had such a power, and that indeed to an extent beyond what they were willing to trust their elective governors; for American vetoes are merely suspensive, — bills may be passed over them; a royal veto in England is final. John Adams in the Defence of the American Constitutions finds fault with the Americans for not imitating the English Constitution in respect to the negative given to the executive power; but a suspensive veto certainly belonged to his own State Constitution before 1787.

And, indeed, there is no difference of opinion among the earlier text-writers, like Blackstone and Delolme, that the King does possess this absolute negative, as expressed in the terms "Le Roy s'avisera" (The King will consider of it); they speak of this as an actual power. Later writers, however, invariably tell us that the power is entirely disused; and Bagehot goes to the length I have stated, — that it must be considered as extinct. What has taken its place, — if, as some say, the sovereign cannot affect legislation at all, or if he can do so only by influence, or, finally, if there are established but indirect methods by the agency of the ministry, — I shall not at this moment discuss. My present purpose is to dwell on the most recent or least remote use of the sovereign's negative, as it has been recorded and treated, whether as belonging to the actual history or the theoretic Constitution of England.

In what reign was the sovereign's assent last refused to a bill passed by the Lords and the Commons? The answer is, in that of Queen Anne, on the 11–22 of March, 1707–8, when the Act for Settling the Militia of Scotland was met by "La royne s'avisera." There is not the least mystery about this fact; it is recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords, which are easily accessible, and has been mentioned in several books which are still handier; and yet I find, on consulting about thirty prominent historians and text-writers, *not a single one* who does not either omit all allusion to

the fact, or commit errors about it more or less serious; always excepting Lord Macaulay, who alludes to it correctly but very casually. Now, this seems to me a very remarkable comment on the way history is written. That the entire body of accessible historians and text-writers who have handled this period or this subject should either not know or omit or misstate the latest exercise of this very interesting power, is enough to make the most indifferent and lazy investigate for himself anything that strikes him in his historical or legal study.

Taking it first from the historians' point of view, — the chief chroniclers who handle the reign of Queen Anne have absolutely nothing to say about this event. They tell us that the Parliament of 1707–8 (the first so called of Great Britain) was engaged in perfecting the union of England and Scotland; they tell us how, on the 11th of February, Harley and St. John were ousted from the government by the Whigs, supported by the Duchess of Marlborough; they tell us how intelligence was received that the Old Pretender, James Edward, set sail from France, in charge of Admiral Forbin, on the 8th of March, and that Sir George Byng prepared to intercept this descent on Scotland; they tell us that the Queen came in person to the House of Lords on the 11th of March, announced that she had received news of this expedition, and asked for the assistance of Parliament, which was promptly voted; they do not tell us that, before making this announcement and appeal, she gave her assent to various acts, public and private, and then, for the last time, as it turned out, refused it to the one named. The historians who thus wholly omit or ignore the event are Luttrell the Diarist, Burnet (who was present), Tindal, Smollett, McPherson, Mortimer, Belsham, Hallam, Keightley, Lord Stanhope, King, Burton, Morris, Knight, Lecky, Green, Wyon, and McCarthy.

When we come to text-writers on the British Constitution, I find that Lord Brougham, Lord Russell, and Sir Edward Creasy say nothing whatever about the last exercise of the veto power. Neither does Blackstone; but in the note of his editor (Christian) we find the mistake of saying that it was last exercised by William III.; and this same error appears in Delolme (translated by Stephens), in Fischel (translated by Shee), in David Rowland, in Curtis on the United States Constitution, in Justice Story, and in an address of Webster's.

Now let us see who have with somewhat greater accuracy alluded to the event. Macaulay, who has given such an interesting account of four of the vetoes of William III., says the words of refusal "have only once been heard since his reign." I can hardly doubt that if he had reached 1708 he would have told us the whole story, and told it right. Hatsell, in his Parliamentary Precedents (second edition), records the event, and refers to the Lords' Journals; but he admits that he did not know of it when he published his first edition. He is followed by Fonblanque (How We are Governed), Sir Erskine May, Sir W. Anson, and Ewald. But every one of these writers says the event took place in March, 1707, ignoring the old style, which they never do in their account of other events which have a similar double dating. The date is 11–22 March, 1707–8, and however we may prefer to write the day of the month, 1708 we shall call the year in all accurate historical writing. The same inaccuracy occurs in an Australian writer, Mr. William Hearn, whose book on the British Constitution is yet the only one I have read that gives full recognition to the event, and tries to analyze its cause. He points out that the sudden outbreak of Jacobite insurrection, supported from France and directed to Scotland, would naturally create a dread of establishing a militia in that part of the island, still chafing under the unpopular Act of Union, and with many

of its Lords Lieutenants, who would be commanders of the militia, notoriously disaffected. But as the Act had passed both Houses, the Queen's veto was the only way to arrest its perilous operation.

Mr. Hearn refers to Somerville, whose History alludes to the event, but in the most perversely incorrect way: "But while the Militia Bill was depending, the attempt of the Pretender to invade Scotland excited a general suspicion that it would be unsafe to trust the people with arms, and prevented the bill being presented for the royal assent."

Just the reverse of the facts! In point of fact, the bill had been reported from Committee of the Whole on the Queen's speech on the 11th of December, 1707; went regularly through its readings without a division in the Commons, under the charge of King, afterwards C. J. C. P. and Lord Chancellor; was reported to the Lords on the 11th of February, the day of the ministerial crisis; went through its stages, and passed on the 25th of February, also without a division or protest; and met the fate I have described.

I may add that I cannot find in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors of this reign a single allusion to the veto, even in that of Sir Peter King, the patron of the Militia Bill; while on the other hand, a Mr. P. F. Aikin, who wrote in 1842 a comparison of the United States and English Constitutions, says the King's veto power has not been exercised since the Revolution, that is, since 1688; whereas King William refused his assent to at least six bills in the course of the years 1692–96. But such a blunder is exceptional indeed; every historian who has dealt with the reign of William III. has had something to say about his refusing his assent to several bills. Two only have discussed the matter with any attempt at penetration, — these are McPherson and Macaulay, the insidious enemy and the thoroughgoing friend.

Almost every writer of history copies the statements of his predecessor to an extent hardly to be imagined by those who have not compared a variety of authors. It is particularly noticeable that when a new historian has possessed himself of some freshly discovered correspondence or memoirs throwing new light on some special theme, while making the very most of his material, he does not hesitate to copy what has been said a score of times, in the parts on which his new treasure throws no light, without suspecting that there also one should look deeper. I have little doubt, for instance, that if a new history of William III.'s reign were written, the author, finding some of the King's vetoes alluded to by all his predecessors, but only Macaulay and McPherson mentioning as many as four, and discussing these four with much acumen, would conclude that there were these four and no more. Yet the Lords' Journals show that the King vetoed at least two more, whose titles would indicate that they were private bills.

I have not found that the Stewarts refused their assent to any bills; but I have not searched the entire Lords' Journals of their eighty-five years. Charles II., not liking the last bill passed by his last Parliament, just before its dissolution contrived to have the Clerk of the Crown steal it, before the Clerk of the Parliaments had formally presented it to him. Sir Simonds D'Ewes is quoted as saying — I have not yet verified the quotation — that Queen Elizabeth at the end of one session rejected as many bills as she passed. Of the earlier Tudors I can say nothing; the earliest veto I have found mentioned is when King Henry V., shortly after the victory of Agincourt, said, "Le Roy s'avisera" to a petition of Parliament against the transferring of suits at Common Law into Chancery. And the Plantagenet monarchs were less likely to veto the measures of the two Houses, because acts were then framed by some of the King's advisers, in compliance

with petitions from the Houses, and really emanated from the King; and to this day it is conceived in England that legislation, in the overwhelming majority of cases, should proceed from the ministry, who are in theory supposed to represent the Crown, and not from the opposition, although now the ministry are in fact the spokesmen of a popular majority.

Since 1708 the veto has never been used. Queen Anne soon after got the majority of Parliament in accord with her personal predilections. The first two Georges were shrewd enough — for they were anything but the fools that it is fashionable to call them — to put themselves completely in the hands of a parliamentary majority. George III. and his two sons, though they frequently attempted, and not seldom succeeded, in influencing and even in reversing legislation, found easier ways of doing so than by refusing their assent to bills passed by both Houses. But the sturdy Tories, with ex-Lord Chancellor Eldon at their head, really hoped George IV. might veto the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829; and he probably would have, if he had not stood in mortal terror of the Duke of Wellington.

Since then, — a period of seventy years, — scarcely any one has talked about the royal veto. Bryce's American Commonwealth [1] quotes a Canadian writer, Mr. Tod, on a threatened exercise of the veto by Queen Victoria in 1858. Mr. Bryce — or Mr. Tod — gives the usual date of Queen Anne's veto as 1707; but he ascribes to William III. *five* vetoes. Mr. Fielden gives William III. three vetoes, and gives no date to Queen Anne's. But there is not the least absurdity in supposing its use, and even its salutary use. The ordinary theory is that if the sovereign refused assent to a bill, the ministers would be in danger of impeachment by the Commons and condemnation by the Lords for having advised such action by their master; that they would at once resign, and that no other ministry could be found bold enough to take their places unless the Crown withdrew its refusal. But this entirely overlooks the very possible case of a non-partisan measure, forced through both Houses by some independent interest, which should divide both ministry and opposition, so to speak, across and not lengthwise. In this case a large minority might be backed by a very strong outside opinion, which the Commons had failed adequately to represent; and yet a ministry, which on all party questions held a working majority might greatly hesitate to dissolve the Parliament. In such a case the royal veto might very well cause a too confident majority to pause and see if they really were sustained by popular opinion. There is also the perfectly possible case analogous to Queen Anne's veto, — that between the passing and the signing of an act some striking occurrence should make it expedient to check its operation.

I have already remarked that the royal veto is final; there is nothing corresponding to the American practice of passing a bill over a President's or a Governor's veto by increased majorities. Further, there is nothing analogous to our fixing a limit of time for the executive to make up his mind. Apparently, the King may take till the end of the session to decide whether to give or withhold his assent. King William did so with at least two of the bills he vetoed. In that case, if the Parliament were merely prorogued, apparently he might give his assent in the next session; if it were dissolved, the unsigned bill would seem to be waste paper.

It is the fashion now with some modern purists to draw a distinction, unwarranted by the history of our language, between the "last" and the "latest" of any series. Queen Anne's veto of 1708 was undoubtedly the latest exercise of that power; most writers assume it was and always will be the last.

[1] Vol. i. p. 70, note.

Yet from time to time suggestions are made that the prerogative, never formally renounced, may be usefully revived. It is not many months since some of those who objected on religious grounds to Mr. Balfour's Education Bill made frequent and loud suggestions that King Edward should refuse his assent to it if it passed. He has not done so; but the idea was started, and it may be that the historian who, before the nineteenth century is quite forgotten, undertakes to record the beginning of the twentieth may have to tell some such story as this, — different doubtless in details, but not in the upshot: —

The end of the session of 1903 found the Conservative, Tory, or Unionist government — for all these names were applied to it by one and another faction — seriously discredited. It had had a long lease of life, renewed by its appeal to the country to support the African war. When the fighting was over, and the bill came in, the enthusiasm which had kept Mr. Balfour in power cooled rapidly. The Education Act passed against bitter protests, and met with avowed and dogged resistance in many parts of England from those who ordinarily show great respect for law; the Irish Land Bill, though generally approved, did not pass without serious misgivings, finding expression in many influential quarters; other acts had equally been forced through against weighty opposition; and finally Mr. Chamberlain's attack on free trade had stirred up the hottest excitement, and seemed likely to split the ministry.

Still the session ended without an absolute defeat of the government. The recess began, and members went down to the country to be "heckled" to pieces by their constituencies. These were not likely to be in very good humor.[1] But apart from any dissatisfaction with particular measures, the men who were at the head of both parties, or all three parties, had not aroused the enthusiasm of their supporters. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Broderick, Lord Lansdowne, and other members of the government had every one been the victim of the sharpest criticisms; but when the question came to turning them out, who was to replace them? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery, had every one done something or omitted something to displease some important section of the Liberal party — if there were such a party at all. Lord Salisbury, the undoubted oracle of the Tories, was dead, and Sir William Harcourt, who still commanded greater respect than any other Liberal, was too old to be relied on for continuous help. It might be said that with all the talk of the supremacy of the House of Commons the only two leaders who had retained unbroken confidence for consistency were two peers, the Duke of Devonshire and Earl Spencer, opposed in their views, but both relics of the ancient and much abused Whig party.

But there had begun to diffuse itself among the people a more serious feeling than that of mere distrust of individuals. Not a few persons openly avowed a downright distrust of parliamentary government, as of machinery that was antiquated and worn out. Some declared that the government had no power to carry out really needed and promised measures; others declared that all the different Reform Acts had left the people unrepresented; and all felt that the machinery was rusty and creaky, and the debates, sadly protracted at the beginning, were indecently hurried toward the end of the session. These doubts of what once was extolled as perfect were confined to no party.

Meanwhile King Edward VII. had achieved a remarkable popularity, or rather a solid confidence very different from every-day popularity. He had

[1] The report of the committee to investigate the South African war had convicted the government of shameful neglect.

long been known as possessed of perfect tact, and always saying the right word to everybody. But now Englishmen opened their eyes wider every day to the fact that their King's personal presence had not only retained the regard of ancient allies, like Italy and Portugal, but had strengthened the ties with the United States, and brought the Papacy and the French Republic completely over; more wonderful still, that he had been hailed with an effusive loyalty in Ireland, never before dreamed of. He was about the only public man who had brought out increased honor from the anxious conflicts of two years. The anticipated split in the Cabinet came like a thunder clap before the autumn was far advanced. First, Mr. Chamberlain himself resigned; then, when Mr. Balfour replied to his letter of resignation in terms which appeared to show sympathy, one after another of his most important colleagues withdrew, the last being the Duke of Devonshire. The Cabinet was wholly reconstructed, and the national tension increased to the utmost.

All through the recess of Parliament the country was uneasy; it did not know what would happen, nor what it wanted to happen; and when Parliament met again, every one knew things would not go comfortably. An expression in the King's speech was understood to favor Mr. Chamberlain's semi-protective policy; it was met by a sharp amendment to the address declaring in unflinching terms for free trade. The government carried the original form by a very small majority; but it was plain that its basis was tottering. Every measure it introduced was fought; every weak point was struck. The crisis came very unexpectedly. Early in 1904 the much abused Education Bill had contained an ambiguous provision, which it was apparent must be defined by a special act; such an act was early brought in, and was represented as a matter of course; no serious contest was expected, and no debate prepared for; the opposition watched its chance, rallied its forces, and put the government in a minority. Mr. Balfour instantly dissolved Parliament.

The election was carried through early in 1904 under the bitterest excitement; parties seemed to be breaking up and re-forming on no intelligible bases. Tories, Liberals, Unionists, Home Rulers, Churchmen, Nonconformists, separated and coalesced on no traceable principles. It was soon evident that the existing government was not likely to stand; but who should succeed it? As soon as Parliament reassembled, the opposition precipitated the issue by moving the blunt amendment to the address "that Your Majesty's government, as at present constituted, does not possess the confidence of this house." It was strongly represented, by members solicitous for decorum, that such a direct order to the King to dismiss his ministers had rarely if ever been incorporated in an address, and the form was a little softened. None the less the blow was struck, and the Balfour government was turned out.

It was succeeded by a "Liberal" government under Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But could that Liberal government carry its measures? Could it satisfy its Irish supporters like Dillon, iconoclasts like Labouchere, nonconformists and labor men, and keep in hand its practical moderate business supporters? It very soon appeared that it could do no such thing. It was allowed to carry on ordinary business, — to run the government; but as soon as it attempted to achieve any decided reforms, or carry out any vigorous plans, it knew that it must expect dogged opposition in the House of Lords; nor did it have that firm and strong majority in the House of Commons that might enable it to defy the Lords. Two or three absolute defeats, and victories by small majorities hardly distinguishable from defeats, taught it how precarious was its existence. The ministry was re-formed

and recast more than once; but all would not do.

Yet the Conservatives could not come in again. More than once the Liberal premier tendered his resignation: but no attempt to reconstruct the old Conservative ministry could succeed. Many declared Mr. Chamberlain was at the bottom of the trouble, and that the old line, "there is no living with thee or without thee," was strictly applicable to him. However that might be, the parliamentary government of England was in a most unhealthy state.

At length the cat came out of the bag. The Irish members spoke out. They told the Liberal government openly, on the floor of the House, that Home Rule they must and would have; that all the Land Purchase Bills in the world would only whet their appetite; that if they returned to Mr. Gladstone's plan, the Liberals might stay in; if not, out they should go, and any other government which attempted to rule England should go out too.

There was no disguising the danger: it must be looked in the face. Years before Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure had split the Liberal party, and swept the Liberal Unionists into the arms of the Conservatives. The House of Lords had blocked that measure, to the general satisfaction of England and Scotland. Now the ghost had risen. The Tories and Unionists had had their full chance, in war and in peace. The country was sick of them; they had split among themselves. The Gladstonians, as a thousand tongues called them, were in again. Would their ruthless Celtic allies force Home Rule on them? Could the House of Commons help passing it? And if it did, would the Lords think of voting it down again?

The ministry yielded. The Home Rule measure was brought in, to a deafening chorus of mingled cheers and howls. Obviously, if it passed, it would shake the country to the bottom. King Edward felt how dangerous the experiment was. He sent for the chiefs of the ministry. He assured them of what they well knew without his assurance, that he was the warmest friend of Ireland in his whole empire; but that he believed this measure was most impolitic. They readily put their resignations in his hands. He sent for the Conservatives. Mr. Balfour attempted to re-form his ministry; but he found it impossible to unite the opponents of Home Rule on a single other question of policy. Many Conservatives really believed the time for it had come; and many honestly averred they wished to give the Liberal party rope to hang themselves. The measure must at least be allowed to run its course.

It could hardly, however, be said to run its course; it was rather hobbling. The proceedings, for delay and tumult, were such as had not been known within the memory of man. The Irish members sought to block any other possible measure of legislation; their opponents sought to block the bill itself. The King had to resort to the desperate and almost obsolete measure of adjourning both Houses for some days to let the members come to some sort of decency. The whole country rang with attack and counter-attack in newspapers, pamphlets, and public meetings. Still, step by step, with ever decreasing majorities, the bill forced its way through the Commons, and was carried by only fifteen votes to the House of Lords.

Nobody supposed the Peers would pass the bill at once. They rejected it; but after long and brilliant debates, and by a small majority. The delays on both sides in every form of legislation had so spun out the session that it was necessary to prorogue the Parliament for sheer weariness.

The Houses broke up in August, 1905, to meet again in the autumn. When that meeting came passions were boiling. A new bill, possibly less objectionable, perhaps even more so, was sure to be brought in, and this time its friends defied the

Lords to reject it. But nothing, it was rumored, could induce the King to recommend it in his speech to Parliament. The words, "I consider it highly important that the relations of Ireland to the rest of the empire should be discussed in a spirit of conciliation and prudence, and with a view to the permanent as well as the immediate requirements of all my people," were the utmost he would consent to read from the throne.

His popularity during all these stormy times had continued unabated, and increasing; he had renewed his visits to Ireland, each time meeting with greater enthusiasm; it was understood that his quiet mediation had been accepted in more than one European complication which had threatened war; and among all the harsh words on the hustings or in the newspapers his name had been used with something more than respect.

The Home Rule Bill was pressed and opposed with ever increasing bitterness; the Irish members presented an unbroken front in its support; but outside Parliament many thoughtful Irishmen expressed grave doubts of its expediency. As the weeks went on, the King's veto began to be alluded to more and more seriously. The very newspapers which had at first declared it preposterous and impossible began to recognize that the prerogative had never been renounced, and that the time might come to revive it. The bill, as every one expected, passed the Commons by a large majority; it passed its first stages in the Lords; but the excitement and the bitterness outside the walls of Parliament came but little short of civil war.

Just at this point, an incident, sad indeed, yet not of itself what would be called one of national interest, became strangely significant. This was the death of Lord Wakefield, a venerable man of universal popularity. He had gained the Victoria Cross in youth by an exploit which had crippled him for further warfare; he had gone into diplomacy and won a highly honorable name, at home and abroad, for courtesy, tact, and firmness combined; he had then held high office in the government, from which the need of paying some political debt had forced his retirement, and he had refused the pension to which such service was entitled by law. His son had served gallantly in South Africa, and after his return was on the eve of marriage to a woman endowed with every charm except fortune, which neither father nor son deemed necessary. Suddenly it was announced that Lord Wakefield had lost all his property by the knavery of a near kinsman, who had lured him into an unsound investment, whence he himself had escaped with plunder and left the head of his house with nothing.

There was a general feeling that something should be done for the gallant old man; and an easy method was at hand. There was a small estate in the neighborhood of Lord Wakefield's birthplace belonging to the Crown; the trouble of managing it was a tax on the nation for which it poorly compensated; in private hands it might be a suitable provision for a faithful old servant of the Crown. It was therefore agreed by all concerned that a bill should be brought in to confer the manor of Enstone on Frederick Lord Wakefield and his heirs forever; the two Houses waived their quarrels to pass it, and it stood ready for the King's signature on the very day the Houses were to adjourn for the Christmas recess. That very morning the papers announced that Lord Wakefield and his son had been killed the night before in an automobile accident. If the bill became an act, it conferred the estate on him whom their deaths had made Frederick Lord Wakefield, namely, the kinsman who had ruined them. Such a perversion of royal and national bounty was impossible, — but how to stop it? The affair was pressing; the Houses were on the point of adjourning; the Commons were expecting to be summoned to the House of Peers to

hear the assent given to several bills by commission. They were startled by the trumpets announcing that the King would be there in person; soon they were summoned to his presence; the titles of various bills were read, and in the King's presence the clerk of the parliaments announced "Le Roy le voet;" then came "a bill for conferring the manor of Enstone on Frederick Lord Wakefield and his heirs forever." The words were uttered, "Le Roy s'avisera;" and it was announced that the Houses stood adjourned till 8 January, 1906.

The bill was nullified; the objectionable grant was averted; but how? *The King had vetoed it;* the royal prerogative, dormant for all but two centuries and by many called extinct, had revived. It was for a good object; it had saved Parliament from perplexity, not to say disgrace; no party, no ministry, no principle had been touched; but — if a king was to refuse his assent to this bill, might he not to any? If both Houses agreed, agreed unanimously it might be, on a measure, was there an impassable obstacle? If the Lords felt obliged to pass the Home Rule Bill, which the majority of them doubtless hated, could that which had been done once be done twice?

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William Everett.

THE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

When, the next evening, following his friend, Fairfax was announced in the drawing-room of the duchess, his welcome was not only that cordial one extended to the American of fabulous wealth, but that of a friend of the house; nor was he made to feel any difference of station, — taking out the Baroness Dalma, and sitting opposite the marquis. He was speaking with the duchess, before dinner was announced, when the Princess Adria entered. The scarlet gauzes of Dalma behind her made her whiteness dazzling. She wore a little coronet of diamonds, and chains of diamonds hanging half-hid, half-revealed, in the long flowing of her lace drapery, made her a thing of light. "I will wear them all," she had said to her dresser; "my mother's, and those my cousin gave me when I came away." And she added to herself, as she stood before the mirror, "He shall know the worst."

The worst was an apparition of splendor. The Princess Adria. For an instant a sharp red flashed on Fairfax's cheek, as if a hand had struck him, — as instantly gone. As he bowed, no one but Her Highness heard him say, "The wood-nymph must plead with the princess for my forgiveness." And he turned from this woman, white and cold as an icicle, to Dalma.

"You never know where you are with these royalties," said the duchess afterward, with her more than English contempt for anything not English. "Perhaps I should have shown her the list, but we were told she was to see our life as it is. Fancy! Could she be displeased that Fairfax was here? But he has been here and at Charles Chetwynd's so much I forget he is n't one of us. In fact, when he sent us those Kaura pines from the south seas, I felt if he was n't a prince there was some mistake, — the hundred towering black giants keeping guard over the conservatories! These kings and kinglets, — once you forget, and they remember, and out of clear sky they turn on you,

and the blueness of their blood becomes appalling!"

The duchess herself looked at such things with a good deal of perspective, having been born an American. But she was darkening counsel just then by words without knowledge. For it was in the conservatories that Fairfax, returning for something there, leaving Chetwynd to be overtaken later on his way home through the park, saw floating down the shadow under the huge black guarding giants of Kaura pines a shining white phantom, who drew near holding out both hands.

"Are 'Things,' then, of so much moment?" she said, the smile on her lips, but a steady gravity in the depths of the jewel eyes.

"Some things," he replied, "in the regard they receive make barriers of an absolute nature. Between thee and me is a great gulf fixed." And he took the two hands and lifted them to his lips and was gone.

The Princess Adria was sitting alone with the duchess the next day. She had read to her a letter from her cousin, the King, and they had been talking rather intimately. She dropped the letter presently, and looking at the duchess a few moments, she said, "I am much younger than you are" —

"Alas, yes," said the duchess.

"And sometimes I need the advice of a good woman not immediately interested in my entourage, my affairs. I do not know why I am sent here, except that the duke is a far-off kinsman, except to see" — She hesitated, and added, "You yourself are not, — you have not always" —

"No," said the other laughing, "I was not. I was simply Miss Melton, with a big fortune. Not so big as the huge belongings of Fairfax to be sure. What in the world can a man do with fifty million pounds? I could manage with ten. Really, it is not in good taste! Oh no, not any such figure as that, — but big enough to buy a duchy!"

"And — has it satisfied you? The duchy? Forgive me if I am" —

"Entering where angels fear to tread?" said the good-natured listener. "Angels have never feared to tread where I am. Yes, I find it agreeable to be an English duchess. I don't think much of any other kind. But to tell you the truth, it might have been quite different to what it is if — now, shall I speak openly? — if my husband and I had not — had not grown to care. Perhaps we would not have married but for the fortune, — you see I am frank, — but the fortune being given, why, love had its way."

"You are a good wife," said Adria timidly and in a low tone, leaning toward her, "a good mother. A wise woman, it may be. Tell me, would love have been enough without the rest? Would you resign all this," and she made a wide gesture with her arms, "if it were a question between this and love?"

"I don't know what I would have done when I was young and a fool. But now," — and she laid her hand on the arm of the young princess, — "now I know that not all the kingdoms and principalities and powers in creation weigh a feather in the scale with the love of a good man."

"Do you know," said the duchess when, an hour or two later her husband found her in the south garden, "I was wrong about the young royalty last night. She is as human as the rest of us." She had a rose in her hand, and she held it up over her head. "This is under the rose," she said gayly. "But, — lend me your ear, — I more than suspect that Fairfax might have half a chance there."

"Fairfax!" cried her husband. "That is simply preposterous!"

"But two hundred million dollars."

"Why, she is the heir-presumptive to a throne. The Margravine is just dead, dead of grief over the drowning of her boy, and there is nothing between

our princess and power but the imbecile old Grand Duke, who will drop off any day."

"Well, — if one should prefer Fairfax to power? "

"But, my love, it would involve all Europe in a broil. It is a moot point if the next heir is the Emperor or the Comte de Bourbon Thurm. The Emperor would not only claim but seize. And the petty kingdom has such strategic importance, that not one of the great powers would allow it. And unless your little royalty means to precipitate a general war, she will take the goods the gods provide."

"But afterwards. Could she not marry where she pleased? "

"No. Only where her people pleased."

"Oh! I would rather be a milkmaid! "

"It is to be doubted if Her Highness would. Indeed, I believe her husband is already selected. You have seen him, — the Prince Porpirio-Dassa. And the alliance will add some important provinces and much wealth to the kingdom."

"That wretch! "

"My dear, he is cousin to ten kings," said the duke, with a laugh.

"I don't care if he is the cousin of St. George and the Dragon! And you would really consent to such a thing? "

"My consent has nothing to do with it. I would advise it, though. I fancy she will consent."

"Well, to be sure, crowns don't grow on every bush. But you have made me shiver. How cold and damp the evening is! There is positively a frost in the dew! " And she drew her chiffons about her, hurrying away.

"The new chef does very well, don't you think? " said the duke, striding along beside her.

"Oh yes, a *cordon bleu*. Lord! As if anything signified! "

But if the duchess found it chilly that summer evening, the two sitting on the marble bench beneath the cedar were wrapped in rosy warmth. They were building a new Utopia. Its shining porticoes rose lofty and white before them, the beautiful appearance of what might be. They saw wealth and wisdom re-creating homes and people, — no more savagery in cities, no more starving in forests, no luxury to rot men's souls, no want to dwarf their bodies, pure bridals, lovely children, a race, if lower than the angels, yet strong with the strength of powers used toward achievement, a race filled with the spirit of good, — a dream that might become waking fact if others, following one of all but boundless wealth, united in the wish to renovate the world.

"Yes," said Fairfax, "in such a world man would be

> 'Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself; just, gentle, wise;
> . . . . . .
> Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
> From chance, and death, and mutability,
> The clogs of that which else might oversoar
> The loftiest star of unascended heaven
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.' "

The soft night-wind lifted the level boughs of the cedar as he was speaking, and the moonlight, falling over him, gave his face a sort of splendor, and falling on Adria, surrounded her with a silvery aureola, making her beauty something unearthly as their dream. Then the boughs fell again, and shadow with them, and the two sat in the darkness, silent, all the fragrances of the summer night stealing about them. The moments seemed drawing into ages; but ages of bliss. They had not known each other a week? They had known each other since their atoms came together! Far off a nightingale's song blew a bubbling breath of music. The night, the darkness, the sweetness of earth and heaven seemed pressing them closer together, till their arms were about each other and their faces touched.

A night of joy, — the only pure and perfect joy the Princess Adria was to know in all her life. Three days between heaven and earth, in that dimension which has no bound in time or space; and then the messengers had gone and come again, and her letters ordered Adria to the King.

She went. But Fairfax followed. Her heart was in her mouth, but her courage was in both hands.

"There has been nothing underhand, sire," she said to the King, feeling that she desecrated the holy of holies, but knowing it must be done. "I supposed there might be those about me whose duty it was to make report; and I walked openly. It is difficult for me to speak. But if I fail in maidenliness, it is because all that is life to me is in the balance. I hoped," she went on, compelling herself, as he listened and made no further sign, "that when Your Majesty should see him, more noble than mere nobility makes a man, when you understood to what far ends his vast wealth would carry this kingdom, you might approve" —

"Approve of your marriage outside a royal house!" roared the King, purple in the face.

She stood before him, very erect, but her head a little bent, in a simple stateliness; even the King feeling the spell of her dark beauty in the pale blue transparence of the gauzy gown she wore. "There must always be a precedent," she said.

"You are mad!" declared the King. "Do you think a minor power, ready to be snatched into fragments by the greater ones, is in any condition to make precedents? Do you suppose the people could smile on an alliance with an unknown stranger" —

"Pardon, Majesty. But why, then, should the people care, if I resign all pretension to the crown?"

"Resign? You cannot resign! The Court goes into mourning to-day for the Grand Duke, and you stand at my right hand. Moreover, it is Destiny. Everything has pointed to you. One after one all who stood between you and me have dropped away. There has been a murrain on them. They have been accomplishing the will of God. You must yield to it. Could you resign, it would mean struggle between Bourbon Thurm and the Emperor, destruction to the kingdom, revolution, ruin! It is the folly of a fool to waste words on so childish yet so monstrous a thought as yours. Have you no love of country? Will you see this sovran power reduced to suzerainty, this ancient state degraded to a province" —

"But, sire, sire," said the girl, extending imploring hands, "if you yourself saw the advantage of that which you forbid, the enormous wealth spent in public works, in lessening taxes, in exciting industrial activity with new enterprises, in bringing new blood, new life, into the kingdom, and the uses of the intimate friendship which should follow with the great power across the seas, — if you yourself stood by me, then the people" —

"The people! They would tear you limb from limb. Tut, tut!" said the King. "You talk like the worm to the bird. Listen! Under the law such a marriage, were it possible, would be morganatic, its children illegitimate, with no right to the throne at all" —

"Oh, so much happier they!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"That is as it may be. We cannot go into sentimental considerations. It would simply postpone the present situation and all its potential evils. And the fact is, my word is pledged to Porpirio-Dassa, and it is yours to redeem it. All the courts of Europe are to be notified at once; the marriage is to take place out of hand, that I may see the succession secured before I am gathered to my fathers, as it may happen to me with any sudden shock" —

"I do not wish to give Your Majesty any shock. But as I have not been con-

sulted in this matter, it is hardly necessary for me to refuse my consent. But I assure you in this moment, sire, I will marry no one but the man I love!"

The King was controlling himself by great effort. "You have known him — perhaps less than a month?" he said. "You have loved him" —

"Ever since, a young girl, I saw him hunting in the Long Chase!"

The old King was silent a while. "Child," he said then more gently, "I am sorry for you. But this is the fate of kings. We do not live for ourselves. We die to ourselves. Your duty is to obey. Your duty is to become the wife of Porpirio-Dassa, to prevent the dismemberment of the kingdom, to stand between the people and ruin. My God!" he cried, lifting his trembling hands, "am I to have insubordination at my own hearth? If this man, this American, does not leave the kingdom in twenty-four hours, there are no deeps of the salt mines too dark to hold him while he lives!"

"Your Majesty could not dare. He belongs to a nation that will take care of its own in the uttermost parts of the earth. And if he goes, I go with him," said Adria. And with a low reverence she left the presence.

"Dalma," she said, when in her own apartment, "you can go and come more freely. Will you find Mr. Fairfax and tell him I will be at the Terminus tonight at midnight? I shall take nothing but a hand-bag and my mother's jewels. And perhaps, at some time, Dalma, you, you, too, will come" —

"Do you think I am not going with you?" cried Dalma. "Thank heaven, I am no one, and can do as I please. And your people shall be my people!"

"Oh, Dalma!" said the princess, her arms around her, her head bowed upon Dalma's. "How could I live without you!"

"If the atmosphere of making the world over is not too rare," said Dalma, laughing through her tears.

In the evening of that day, the stately dinner over, the King sent for the Princess Adria. "I wish you to come with me," he said. "I am not offended by your self-will, your determination. I would have you use both. You will need them. But I wish you — freed from passion and near that which is most sacred — to make a vigil of thought and prayer in the chapel under which lies the dust of all our kings." And giving her his hand, he led her down through long corridors and into the chapel, and up to the high altar, where he left her.

A requiem service for the Grand Duke had just closed. The place was quite deserted. The long dying roll of the organ throbbed through her as she stood there. One by one the lights went out, and the place was dark except for a dim one near the altar. She was alone here over the dust of those that won the glory of her name and race. She remembered even now the fearful joy with which she had come here once with Dalma, years ago, feeling the spot sacrosanct and full of a lofty poetry. Tonight she only felt that to this pass of sorrow had these kings brought her.

Sorrow? Was it sorrow to be making her days one with those of him she loved? To be going out with him into the larger world, to drink of this wine of life he held to her lips, this sacramental wine? It is true she would leave behind her obeisance and royal adulation. But she had never cared for it. The freedom would be like wings. And she would hear and see no more of this people who could dare to stand between her and her will, between her and happiness! The poor unwitting people! She had had such schemes for their welfare, she had built such bright hopes concerning them! Well; there were other people; she would work for them with Fairfax. It would be good to work for any one with Fairfax.

Yet, alas, these needed her so much; from the old Nana of the forest to the young Nanas of the town. These had

a right to her work. These had been committed to her by the kings, her fathers, lying here beneath her feet. These suffered now because the kings, her fathers, had fought wars with their blood, had lived lives of splendor in high palaces, with wine in jeweled tankards, with meats on golden plates, with sumptuous dress and gems, all wrung from the labor of these people who ate black bread that the kings might have white and all that white bread meant.

It was true that under the mild rule of her cousin things had been better with them; but she had seen how they could be better still, taxes lifted, work found, revenue produced. She had meant that every man in the kingdom should own his home, that every woman should be free to prove what was best, till from a line of mothers with every power developed sons should be born, who would lift the kingdom to a plane where no other kingdom stood, and create such wide benefit, such intelligence, such culture, such fostering of the arts of peace, that a stranger breathing it would feel the uplifting, the enlarging atmosphere of happiness.

Nor had it been the baseless fabric of a dream; she had seen the way clear with a people loving a young queen and understanding her purposes; and when she had added to her previous thought the power for righteousness inherent in Fairfax's prodigious wealth, her hopes had known no bound.

And despite her feeling now, she knew that as she had laid her plans for their prosperity she had grown to love these people; there had been times when she had felt like opening her arms wide to them, these dear people of her dreams and hopes! And now she was abandoning it all, abandoning them, — oh, worse than that, — leaving them to their enemies! For if the Bourbon Thurm came in, all that had been accomplished would fall to pieces under his imbecile sceptre. And the Emperor would never suffer the other; and if the imperial power came in there would be oppression, degradation, and in any event struggle. For if the great powers refused countenance to the Emperor, as they would refuse, then war, bloodshed, ruin! The peaceful little kingdom trampled to a bloody sod, homes destroyed, hearts broken, — alas, alas, what was the breaking of one heart to all of these!

She had sunk upon the cushions while the wild swift thoughts, with all their retinue of feeling, raced through her consciousness as boiling bubbles in her blood might race. Far off through the palace halls she heard the silver chiming of clocks, one after one; then the big bell of the tower of the Prince of Peace tolled twelve. She sprang to her feet. Fairfax was waiting for her! She saw him pacing the platform, looking into the darkness, saw the light on his fair head, saw the eager eye, the kindling cheek, the smile of confidence, saw the smile fade, the dismay follow, saw the long stretch of his desert life, — oh, it was not the breaking of one heart only, it was the heart of Fairfax, too! And then, by some ominous necromancy, she saw, as if passing palpably before her eyes, the procession of weeping women, of wounded men, of starving children, a flock of the crimes that always set their feet in the footprints of war, and dead man after dead man rose corpse-white but with discolored gashes and staring with accusing eyes, wide-open eyes, fixed, and fixed on hers. "Oh, help, help!" she cried, as she flung herself prone upon the floor before the altar.

She may have lain there an hour. In the whirl of bitter fears and fancies she knew she had not fainted. But when at last she rose, putting back her fallen hair, as if she pushed aside also the cloud of terror, the moonlight was streaming in at the clerestory windows and lying on the effigies of old King Thurm and his wife, a man who in his day rode fetlock deep in blood. What profited him his riding now, with that condemning stain of gules upon his

breast? And then she saw the moonlight touch with white radiance the marble statue of an angel bearing the cup of communion as if it were the Holy Grail. The heavenly smile upon the skiey face was full of pitying love; but through the transfixed and bleeding heart of the Mother of God, in the painted pane above, a crimson spark shot into the cup the angel held, and glowed there like live fire till the moon swam on. "It is the cup of gall and bitterness," she exclaimed, "and it is given me to drink." And she lifted her hands where she stood and prayed for strength.

The short summer night had passed. The gray of morning made the place chill as the touch of death, when automatically she stepped aside into the royal closet, feeling half as if she moved with wings, tired though she was, yet wrought upon by tremendous forces. The spot seemed to afford protection; she would stay for the morning service.

The first sunbeam poured through the stained windows and filled the spaces with jeweled splendor, when the King came in. And presently the organ pealed forth a magnificat, so joyous, so sweet, so strong, that sorrow seemed lost in it. When, prayer and praise being ended, the King turned to her, she bowed her head before him in witness of her obedience, and he put his hand on it and blessed her. Hours afterward, she felt that touch where the blessing seemed to burn.

"Find him," she said to Dalma, who would have met her with wonder and reproach, but was silent before the pale awfulness of her face. "Tell him I will not see him. I will not write to him. I will open no letter from him. He must be to me as if he had never been. Oh, my God, he must forget I was more than a dream!"

Still in too exalted a state for sleep, the princess leaned that night over her balcony and saw the great picture of the starry heavens painted in the depths of the lake beneath, beautiful, unreal, a universe farther still, tempting one into its hollow. But as her glance went up never had the ranks of the stars shone with such magnificence, wheeling on the blue-black field of the night. "Each set in his place, they submit to law. Let me submit, let me submit!" she cried. "I, too, am set in my place, oh, so small a place beneath this vastness! But not small since power stoops into it! O Lord God, King of heaven and earth, as thy hand has poured into me this right to rule, pour also thy spirit!"

There was great rejoicing everywhere when the arrangements of the marriage were announced. There were deputations, addresses, offerings. Dignitaries came from this court and from that, bearing gifts and honors. Porpirio-Dassa sent his bride the jewels his crusading ancestor brought from the empire of the East; there were no rubies in Christendom equaling their blood-red flame.

Adria passed through it all like a sleep-walker. She seemed to wake only when, after the nuptial benediction in the cathedral of the Prince of Peace, she paused a moment in the lofty door beside her husband,— her gown of woven pearls and silver whose long train, lifted by her ladies, was like moonlight on the sea, and her enveloping veil, making her like a spirit, — and looking down on the people thronging in the square, a mass of glad humanity, her heart went out to them. She had given herself for them. She felt that instant the tenderness that comes for that for which one has sacrificed greatly, — she who had sacrificed soul and sense! They were her people, — she loved them! A smile like a burst of sunshine illumined her face; involuntarily she dropped the arm she held and stretched her hands toward them. Wild shouts of joy answered her. Seeing Porpirio-Dassa, perhaps the multitude understood her motive, her deed, her love. But the outcry made her turn

hurriedly and take the prince's arm, bending her head and drawing her veil closer as she descended the steps, covered with cloth of gold, to the gilded coach whose eight white horses, splendid in scarlet and gold, and satin-clad postilions, whirled them away.

It was when they came back from the Summer Palace which the King had lent them that His Majesty, in the audience to which he had summoned her alone, said, "The country air agrees with you. You have proved the virtue of obedience. I see you happy."

"Sire," she said, looking at him fearlessly, "there is another life. In that life may you be a worm that I may tread on you!"

The King laughed. "A ruler and his heir have never been too friendly, I hear," he said. "And there must be brief rebellions to the yoke. Yet, princess, you and I are of one accord. Look you! Do you think I, also, I have sacrificed nothing for this people? I have never spoken of it before; I shall never speak of it again. But do you remember that my wife Elena, although she brought me no children, brought into the kingdom the salt mines, the marble quarries, the turquoise beds, that augmented revenue and created work for thousands? And I never let myself know she was either hunched or crazed! No," as he saw her lips part, "I do not ask sympathy. I do not expect contrition. It is not I you just now insulted. It is the Lord; — since the king is king by God's grace and the vicegerent of the divine power. Ask pardon of God."

And hesitating, swaying, the last work of her submission, Adria fell upon her knees and asked pardon of the King.

She accepted in the act his heirship from heaven. And going, with reactionary force as far back into mediæval darkness as Fairfax went forward beyond the light of to-day, she confessed the divine right of kings.

"I sent for you to-day," said the King presently, "to tell you that henceforth I associate you with myself in the government. You are to sit in my council. And your voice is to have its full weight."

And the people understood, before long, that the new thought of them and of their liberties was hers, and they were already yielding her a romantic worship when very instantly the King joined the long line of kings who had gone before, and left at last the crown to her.

"I had been thinking," said the Baroness Dalma, "that His Majesty would be abdicating and retiring to the Palace of the Hills, with the Senhora Rossiznola for wife. It would have been his ghastly joke."

"Never!" said Adria. "He would have been crucified with all the Rossiznolas beside him, rather than surrender that which he believed to be his trust from God."

What a day was that of the young Queen's coronation! One would have said there was no man in the kingdom who had not felt crowned in her crowning — or woman either. The sun blazing in the blue heaven, banners and bannerols and leafy canopies, the purple of the church, the white and scarlet of the soldiery, the populace vari-colored as beds of blossoms, — all made holiday; the streets were paved with flowers, the air was rent with bell-ringing and glad cries, with singing bands of boys, and the fires leaped at night from hill to hill to the utmost boundary of land and sky. And if there were gayeties in the great houses, there was feasting in the cottages; and down in the beautiful palace of the Shore of Shadow, where the young Queen chose to make her home, the lights burned to mid-day with royal cheer.

But although the young Queen made part of the rejoicing, she herself was wrapped in a kind of awe, for, in the moment when, kneeling, she received the

chrism and the crown, she felt that she took the vows before God not only for herself, but for her unborn child.

The Queen sat one day on the lawn of one of the terraces of the Shore of Shadow, where an Indian rug was spread under the great plane tree. She had dispatched her papers, and leaned back in her chair with a book fallen from her hand, — Machiavelli's Prince; and she was wondering why once she had found it so abhorrent, since, even if portions were revolting now, there was in it a wisdom for the wise.

Dalma sat with her, her close friend as ever; she had no confidante. They were looking across the lawn, whose sheets of live emerald lay between the deep shadows cast by the great trees behind, at a boat far up the lake where the wind went ruffling it blue and silver. "It is like life," said the Queen. "One sail in sun and one in shadow."

"And we know nothing of the shadow," said Dalma.

"Sometimes that is best," said the Queen.

"There is a man," said Dalma, then, looking not at the Queen with the sunlight flecking her white raiment and making the somewhat melancholy traits of her dark beauty radiant, but straight before her into the far air, "there is a man who has gone out to the great South to add an empire to an empire. He has regarded the civilization of his own people as the greatest the world has reached. But yet he conceives a greater. He has associated with himself a number of those who believe with him in what they call the human potentiality. He is under the nominal protection of his own land. But he needs no protection. If he had not carried it into the common treasury, his wealth would make his will absolute; but his will is law without it, for it is the fulfillment of old hopes for an ideal state" —

"Dreams, — dreams!" said the Queen.

"An idler, a law-breaker there is deported," continued Dalma. "The simple government requires an inappreciable tax. It is expected that the free ports shall receive the commerce of the world, and build a realm as beautiful, as powerful, as old Venice, but without the tyranny and sin and crime. Powerful for inspiration; and with that moral force which is a panoply. The accretion of individual wealth is made impossible; but individual comfort is everywhere secured, and with it individual virtue and responsibility."

"Dreams. Idle dreams."

"The beauty of surrounding nature there is so prodigal, there is such luxuriance of loveliness, that it already begins to feed the beauty of art; and nurtured in health, in self-forgetfulness, in culture, it is intended that a people shall at last grow up equal to the perfection in the thought of God, and whose blood shall overflow into other veins, and one day re-create all the peoples of the earth! That is the way it has been told to me, — word for word. And this man's name" —

"It does not signify," said the Queen.

"This man's name is Chetwynd," said Dalma.

"Pshaw!" said the Queen.

"Did I say Chetwynd? Chetwynd is with him. You remember the marquis? I should have said Fairfax. For" —

"Fairfax," said the Queen, as if dreamily, her finger on her lip. "One lives so many lives in a lifetime. I remember no one of the name of Fairfax." And she rose, drawing her long lace cloak about her, and walked swiftly away.

"Well, well, and Peter denied the Lord!" said Dalma to herself.

As the Queen moved into the shadow of the wood she was joined by her husband, who went along beside her. Dalma knew that in her heart Adria must loathe the man; but she saw that not

the quiver of a muscle betrayed it. Porpirio-Dassa was the husband of the Queen, and whether worthy or not, the Queen exacted for him every right and courtesy, and began by extending them herself. Yet Dalma saw that as she walked she did not allow the flutter of one of her long ribbons to touch him. "And if I had listened to Chetwynd," said Dalma, "I would be far away from this attendance on silent martyrdom. And if I had n't much heart for founding empire and regenerating races, it is no bed of roses to help a woman endure." And then Dalma was remembering the first time the Princess Adria had ever seen Porpirio-Dassa, — he too eagerly occupied with the band-master over a fantasia of his writing in her honor to hasten to her side, and afterwards paying court by puffing out his fat white cheeks over the flute's part in the piece, — a flute-player, a small, lean soul, to whom a false note on his pipe, a wrinkle in his ribbon, obscured the large concerns of people and government and God.

And so time, which is merciful to all men, brought Adria to her hour, and bore her through it. And her little son lay in the lawns of his cradle. And the kingdom was hanging on the breath that fluttered like the fainting wings of a butterfly upon her lip, while she lay sinking into an abyss of nothingness.

Effort had proved idle. The heart was failing. "Imperceptible," the physician listening for its beat said to another, and to the weeping women. They had forgotten she was the Queen, — she was a woman dying, and leaving the world of youth and light. "If," murmured the physician, "if there were anything to rouse her, to reach her vitality, to call upon her nervous force" — And then the Baroness Dalma, who had been sent for long since, went at the word and lifted the baby from his cradle and laid him beside the sunken form in the bed, upon the outstretched arm.

The Prince Porpirio-Dassa waited in a distant wing of the palace; he disliked the sight and sound of suffering. Now and then he read a page in his French novel, but it did not fix his attention. His situation seemed to him to be poetic and picturesque. Now and then he tried a minor strain on his flute, half under his breath. He found the time tedious; some ladies helped him wile it away in gossip and picquet.

In the chapel the chaplains offered prayer from hour to hour. And here and there throughout the palace groups of the great nobles talked together, almost hesitating to whisper their apprehension of the havoc to be wrought by the slack and careless hand of Porpirio-Dassa's possible regency through a long minority.

But where the Queen lay, the soft murmur of the breeze in the branches without made the hush within more solemn. One started at the occasional tap of the vine on the lattice. And the faint shuddering sigh after long intervals of silence seemed more awful than the silence.

After that first fearful failing and sinking, although Adria was unconscious of external things, she had been intensely conscious throughout her inner life. Across the darkness every circumstance in her days of joy or sorrow had sprung into vivid light. She saw the child in the old castle, and the people in the forest, the hunter in the Long Chase, the young girl first learning from the King what the future held for her. She saw the sheet of tossing sea from the English cliffs, the wings of the eagles, and the bright face of Fairfax; and her heart gave a great surge. She rose on that surge into a skiey region of light and joy only to sink into succeeding hollows of deep darkness where, like the wreckage of storm, floated by detached memories of the King's word, and of the coming of Porpirio-Dassa and his flute. Then for a while a mad maze of trouble, till over it rose, like a city shining in the sun, thought of the blessing of her

people; like a city shining in the clouds, thought of the great empire in the South; and a waft of dreamful ease stole over her. How sweet, how sweet, to rest! Oh, let her dream forever! But like a thousand stings followed remembrance of the anger of the nobles at the rights given to the people, of the factious remonstrances, the atmosphere of conspiracy, the delaying, the hindering, the depleting of chosen measures, the clash of wills, the struggle of opposing interests, the fear, the feverish hope, the eagerness, the deadly fatigue, — and oh, to be done with it all! What was this life that she should cling to it? This unendurable life, the life of Porpirio-Dassa, — his wife, the mother of his children, the listener to his trifles, — the unlovely, the loathly life! How blest to lay it down and be off and away! Oh, suffer her, suffer her to go! So gently, so slowly, the tide was bearing her down, drifting, drifting, — how cool the shadow, how tranquil the current!

What a burden was this that went slipping from her shoulders as she swam in the soft, cool waters, — the trouble of the people, the pride of the Court, the clamor of the Chambers, the days, the dreadful days and nights of Porpirio-Dassa! Oh, never to see that face, to hear that voice again! Off, off, off, let it go, all this burden, this cruel load, falling, falling, even though she fell with it!

Perhaps, then, for a space all was suspension. And when she became aware of herself again, she was floating through wide vapors, folded in their soft touch, as if she herself were exhaled to thin air. Ah, what rest, what peace! It seemed as if a wide smile were breaking through the dimness and lighting all the way, as if she were just entering some vast nimbus. But what — what was this weight she held — ah, the thing she was about to surrender to the hands that gave it, the crown, the cruel crown! And the burden, — she had cast it off, but it was still at hand and trailing after. Something teased her, too; there was a pressure against her arm, — oh yes, — a little child, — it had floated to her out of this great deep. She remembered now, they had told her she had a son. Perhaps he had died also, and was going out with her. Best so, — Porpirio-Dassa's son! No, no, her son, her own! It was from the mother the son inherited. How warm he was! That little head against her breast, how dear! He was warm, he was living, he was going to live! Then he must be reared so that every drop of the Dassa blood should be counteracted. Great heaven of heavens, she must live to do it! He must be reared to know the duties of kingship, to feel that the weight of his crown is the weight of his gift from God, to represent God to his people through his divine authority, to be anointed to service, to justify his blood sanctified through generations of kings! And there was no one to do it but herself. Oh, she must live, she must live! She had been weak, she had been willful; she had drifted on this pleasant tide too long; she must draw in that burden trailing away. But how, how? Oh, for a breath of fresh air, something to blow away these vapors! Oh, for some hand to lift her from this clinging, cobwebby mesh! She must live! She must live for the boy, for the kingdom, for the people. She had no right to lay down her trust. It was betrayal. God! God! God! she cried in her soul.

At that moment the physician, releasing her hand, laid it upon her breast. Something hurt her then, — a prick, a fret. It was the ring she wore, had always worn. Yes, the ring the King had given her, under its jewel the particle of the sword that won the kingdom. What was this he had said? To remember — yes, yes, the iron, the iron in her blood! And with the thought a spark of life struck up. In the instant she was slipping under the burden again, as in the forest she and Dalma

took old Nana's fagots on their shoulders. As if she rose, buoying herself up from dark gulfs, she opened her eyes. "I am going to live," she said to Dalma, who was bending over her.

It was the next summer that the Queen sat again on the terrace-lawn at the Shore of Shadow, where the carpet was laid beneath the plane tree, holding her little son upon her knee, running her fingers through the thistle-down of his curls, looking into his dark eyes that were her eyes, kissing his waxen loveliness. She had suffered a great change in the year. The beauty was still there, but it was different, — a moonlighted sort of beauty, ethereal, pale, the spirit looking through like a flame behind transparency.

The child grew sleepy; and there was a little silence before Dalma said, — her voice so low it was like a wind blowing far away, — "I told you once of the man founding the empire in the South. It was a mighty thought. It has already met more than the beginnings of good fortune, of fruition. But his living share in it is done. They have made his grave out of a rock of the sea, an island rock. Over him is immense sky, around him illimitable sea. He has his part in storm and sunshine and infinite elemental loneliness. Only they have built there a shaft, a giant finger of light, that shall last as long as the rock itself, and on its peak, the cable laid from land, an electric lamp burns nightly to tell the way to those that sail the sea."

The Queen had grown very white. But the effort to lift the sleeping child and rest his head upon her neck brought the color to her cheek. She looked out a moment steadily into the deeps of the sky. "In heaven," she murmured, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE SOUL'S BATH.

At even when the roseate deeps
  Of daylight dim from heaven's bars,
The Soul her earthworn garment slips
  And naked stands beneath the stars;

And there unto that river vast,
  That mighty tide of night, whose girth
With splendid planets brimming past,
  Doth wash the ancient rim of earth;

She comes and plunges in; and laves
  Her weariness in that vast tide,
That life-renewing deep, whose waves
  Are wide as night is wide.

Then from the pure translucent flow
  Of that unplumbed, invigorate sea,
Godlike in Truth's white spirit-glow
  She stands unshamed and free.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

THE NEW REVELATION IN SCIENCE.

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, meeting me on the street shortly before he left the world poorer in mirth and philosophy, said that he desired to ascend the scientific Mount Pisgah before he died; he therefore wished to know how soon he would be able to buy a pint of horse power at the corner grocery.

This does not seem a mirage when we reflect upon the new revelation in physical science; the enormous energy stored up in the atom of radium. A bit of this new substance immersed in ice or in the intense cold of liquid air continues to give out heat and light apparently uninfluenced by its frigid surroundings. Its strange radiations or emanations extending beyond these surroundings make diamonds glow in the dark with a mysterious light, and exert a burning effect upon the human skin. The discoverers of radium believe that it would be dangerous to remain in a room with two pounds of pure radium. It would burn all the skin from the body, destroy the eyesight, and probably kill the occupant of the room.

These are some of the singular stories that come to us from those who have been the first to catch a glimpse from Mount Pisgah, which, like Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, we are struggling to ascend. The first glimpses of the new revelation were obtained by those who followed Röntgen in the study of the X rays. When a discharge of electricity is prevented from passing across a highly rarefied space, — a space similar in its vacuity to that which intervenes between us and the sun, — it seems to gather itself together to make a supreme effort to break down the barrier; and in its success there is revealed a hitherto unsuspected light which cannot be seen by the human eye directly, but which reveals its presence by making certain phosphorescent bodies glow; and photographic plates are darkened, even if they are protected from ordinary light by layers of wood a foot thick. The strange phosphorescent light caused by such discharges of electricity led various observers to study phosphorescence apart from electrical causes in the hope of detecting emanations similar to those discovered by Röntgen. Becquerel, a French physicist, found that the salts of the metal uranium gave off rays which were analogous to those produced in rarefied gases by electric discharges. He suggested to M. Curie and Madame Curie, two chemists, that it would be well to investigate the chemical constitution of the oxides of uranium called pitch-blende in the hope of finding the active material which caused the radiations.

After working over more than a ton of the pitch-blende these chemists succeeded in isolating perhaps a quarter of a teaspoonful of a new metal which possessed the sought for properties in a remarkable degree; and they gave it the name of radium. The patience necessary in the scientific explorer is well illustrated by the discovery of this substance. The amount of gold in several tons of salt water is analogous to the amount of radium in a ton of pitch-blende: and the processes by which the latter is extracted call for all the refinements of science.

The properties of radium are so strange that by some it is called already the "miracle of science," and the new revelation threatens to upset the most cherished tenets of Physics. How does the bit of radium obtain its great source of energy, — a source which appears to be unlimited. It is computed that it can continue to give out energy unimpaired for millions of years. We have been led to believe that we cannot obtain

heat without the consumption of fuel or the expenditure of work. Tyndall's work entitled Heat a Mode of Motion marked an epoch in philosophic thought; and we have all been suckled in this creed. Will it prove a Pagan creed?

Upon the doctrine of the conservation of energy is based all our steam engineering. The boilers and engines of our great steamships are designed upon the theory that there is an exact equivalence between the heat developed and the horse power produced. Our practical employments of electricity also require for their economy an acknowledgment of the truth of this law, which is known to scientific men as the second law of thermodynamics. The motion of the dynamo is transformed into an equivalent of heat and light.

In radium we apparently have a dynamo which affords energy without the expenditure of fuel. This is indeed a marvelous revelation: it does not seem to be connected with what may be called the Old Testament of Physics; there are no hints or physical prophecies which might have led us to hope for this new light.

A magnet, it is true, maintains its attracting power unchanged for ages; the loadstone in the Continental museum whose strange properties puzzled the Phœnicians still holds iron to itself in a mysterious embrace with unimpaired force. A magnet, however, does not give out heat or light; its effect upon iron or steel is analogous to the attraction between the sun and the earth. No external work is done as long as the magnet remains at rest. A magnet embedded in ice or in the cold of liquid air does not give out heat. It is only when a coil of wire or a piece of metal is rapidly moved in its neighborhood, or the magnet is quickly moved about these latter objects, that heat is produced; and this heat is the exact equivalent of the motion.

In order to save our long-cherished and apparently well proved law of the conservation of energy we are driven to the hypothesis that there is a transforming power in the radium atom which enables it to absorb some new radiations, and to give them forth in the recognizable forms of light and heat. The electrical transformers at Niagara Falls take the energy of the water and convert it into electricity. The electrical transformer feeds a furnace in which the most refractory substances can be made molten; it produces a dazzling light; it can run trolley cars at a distance of many miles from the Falls; and it can produce discharges which are comparable with those of lightning. These transformations result from the energy stored up in the water.

Is it possible that waves from the sun can start atomic engines in the atom of radium even when it is embedded in ice, and thus constitute it a transformer for radiations which have hitherto been concealed from mankind? Is the atom of radium an earth or atomic universe placed in the cold of space and heated and illumined by some form of electrical waves; waves which after a long, swift journey across the vacuity and cold of space are transformed by their contact with matter? If the sun, too, were largely composed of radium, how simple would be the explanation of the infinite duration of solar heat and light; yet the explanation would supplant one mystery by another. In physical science a simple explanation is often the temporary sedative to the mind which had been long perplexed by unsolvable mysteries. The explanation in time ceases to be simple.

While the astronomers are inclined to limit the size of the universe, the physicists, delving in the region of the infinitely little, see no limits. There are corpuscles one thousandth the size of the smallest atom upon which for centuries the science of chemistry has been based, and there are waves of light only one thousandth the amplitude of those with which the astronomer deals.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace in the Fortnightly Review for March, 1903, brought forward evidence which seemed to him to conclusively limit the size of the stellar universe. He quoted the reasoning of the star gaugers who, in probing the depths of space with the largest telescopes, had found a diminution in the number of stars as the telescopic power had been increased. It has been shown that if there were an infinite number of stars uniformly distributed, the earth would be bathed in light both by night and by day; the stars might be infinitely distant, but they would be infinite in number. This theory assumes that there is no absorption of light in space.

There is, however, no reason to suppose that there is not an absorption of light in the depths of the heavens. Wallace points to the existence of the dark rifts or canals in the Milky Way, and finds there a limit of stars. The universe, to his imagination, is like in form to a saucer. We are in the middle of the saucer, and looking toward the edges of it we see the crowding of stars which constitute the Milky Way, and looking upward at right angles to the saucer we see a space meagrely scattered with stars. But the imagination utterly fails to conceive of a limit to the universe, a barrier beyond the farthest star. Can there not be successive colonies of stars like colonies of bacilli in a fluid medium? Our most powerful telescopes can never detect such colonies. Photography even now reveals stars which do not contribute evident light or heat; such stars far outnumber the visible stars; and photography has its limits; for the earth's atmosphere forever cuts us off from the study of the shortest waves of light which, if detected, might reveal successive collections of stars in a universe far beyond the stars now revealed to us.

It is just in this region of the shortest waves of light that the physicist is now greatly extending his conceptions of the physical universe. I have said he can set no limits to the extent of this universe. This, then, is the new revelation in physical science; a world of atomic motions and an apparent absorption of some new radiation from the sun or from outer space. What a text for the theologian! If matter can absorb physical influences from outer space, and transform them into useful agencies for mankind, why cannot spiritual influences be absorbed by the human atom and transmuted into beneficent influences? Man can thus be likened to a transformer.

But are these new radiations beneficial to humanity? What use can man make of them? The shortest waves of light exert a remarkable effect upon certain diseases; forms of skin diseases which have resisted treatment for years are sometimes cured by the X rays, which are closely allied to the rays from radium.

It is thought that tuberculosis can be modified by breathing air which has passed over radium. It is certain that the qualities which radium possesses can be found in the atmosphere and in the water we drink. Like gold in the ocean, radioactive matter is universally distributed; and it probably exerts an important action upon all living creatures. It does not seem beyond the range of possibility that we may be able to use some radioactive substance as a source of the X rays, and thus dispense with the bulky and expensive apparatus which is now used in surgical inquiries. A plaster of radium would simplify matters: but its cost to-day is many thousands of dollars.

This possible transference of the source of the X rays from electricity to a condition of matter constitutes a momentous epoch in the history of electricity. It may be said that our greatest revelations in the physical world have come through the manifestations of electricity. The first revelation came to Faraday and Henry more than sixty years ago in the discovery that a condition exists in the neighborhood of a magnet such that any change in the position of the magnet results in

an exhibition of electricity in neighboring metals. From the scientific Mount Pisgah one can see cities lighted, mankind transported with the speed of the wind, and communication of intelligence opened between points separated by thousands of miles. It is no wonder that Dr. Holmes with the eye of imagination saw that the future would reveal still greater advances, and desired to catch a glimpse of them before he died. Although so much has been revealed in the subject of electricity, we are as completely ignorant of its inmost character as we are of the source of life. Yet knowledge of its practical applications is very great, and we can measure electricity more accurately than any other force. This fact has been shown in the discovery of the phenomena of radium. The conclusions which we have reached in regard to these manifestations were obtained by the use of an electrical instrument which is more than a thousand times as delicate as the most sensitive chemical balance: and even spectrum analysis, which has stood for forty years as the emblem of marvelous sensitiveness, must now give place to the electrometer. This instrument promises to increase our knowledge of the motion of infinitely small particles of matter; but the only inkling we have of the inmost character of electricity, it seems to me, resides in our positive knowledge of its periodic movement on its way from the sun to the earth. This periodic movement is also the chief part of our knowledge of the phenomena of light; and through it we link together the facts of electricity and those of heat and light. Our mathematical theories of electricity are hardly more than interesting collections of formulæ.

In the light of this new revelation must we modify our views of the origin of the sun's heat, and, therefore, our views of the beginnings of life on this globe? The only theory of the cause of the uniformity of the sun's heat which is favored to-day by scientific men is the contraction theory of Helmholtz. According to this theory the loss of heat of the sun is compensated by a contraction of its gaseous mass. It is estimated that a diminution of two hundred and fifty feet in the sun's diameter each year would maintain its present output of heat. This change in the size of the sun's disk could not be observed even between periods ten thousand years apart.

The geologists, led by Huxley, require more time for geologic changes than this hypothesis would give; for it is estimated that it has required twenty millions of years for the sun to shrink to its present size; and hundreds of millions of years are apparently needed for the making of the habitable earth. If atoms of matter can give off for millions of years energy without sensible loss: or if atoms can absorb obscure electrical radiations, and having transformed them give them out as light and heat, are we not on the road to a new theory of the sun's heat? It has been discovered that radium gives off the gas helium, which is regarded as one of the chief constituents of the sun's atmosphere. It is a curious thought to regard radium as a bit of the sun imprisoned on the earth.

The new revelation in science is certainly far reaching, and it is comforting in the sense that more is vouchsafed as man becomes ready to receive. The word revelation has hitherto had its chief significance in a religious sense; and in this sense our forefathers were not accustomed to think that revelation is contingent upon our investigations. In the scientific world there are no revelations which do not result from a long-continued hopeful spirit. The intellectual qualities here are indispensable. There are epochs of revelation, however, and the student of the history of science can perceive a gradual uplifting of the state of our knowledge which is symbolized in the material world by the uplifting of continents.

John Trowbridge.

THE GOLDEN FORTUNE.

A LITTLE way up from the trail that goes toward Rex Monte, not far from the limit of deep snows, there is what looks to be a round dark hole in the side of the mountain. It is really the ruined tunnel of an old mine. Formerly a house stood on the ore dump at one side of the tunnel, a little unpainted cabin of pine; but a great avalanche of snow and stones carried them, both the house and the dump, away. The cabin was built and owned by a solitary miner called Jerry, and whether he ever had any other name no one in the town below Kearsarge now remembers.

Jerry was old and lean, and his hair, which had been dark when he was young, was now bleached to the color of the iron-rusted rocks about his mine. For thirty years he had prospected and mined through that country from Kearsarge to the Coso Hills, but always in the pay of other men, and at last he had hit upon this ledge on Rex Monte. To all who looked, it showed a very slender vein between the walls of country rock, and the ore of so poor a quality that with all his labor he could do no more than keep alive; but to all who listened, Jerry could tell a remarkable story of what it had been, and what he expected it to be. Very many years ago he had discovered it at the end of a long prospect, when he was tired and quite discouraged for that time. There was not much passing then on the Rex Monte, and Jerry drew out of the trail here in the middle of the afternoon to rest in the shadow of a great rock. So while he lay there very weary, between sleeping and waking, he gazed out along the ground which was all strewn with rubble between the stiff scant grass. As he looked it seemed that certain bits of broken stone picked themselves out of the heap, and grew larger, in some way more conspicuous, until, Jerry averred, they winked at him. Then he reached out to draw them in with his hand, and saw that they were all besprinkled with threads and specks of gold. You may guess that Jerry was glad, then, that he sprang up and began to search for more stones, and so found a trail of them, and followed it through the grass stems and the heather until he came to the ledge cropping out by a dike of weathered rocks. And in those days the ledge was ah, so rich! Now it seemed that Jerry was to have a mine of his own. So he named it the Golden Fortune, and told no man what he had found, but went down to the town which lies in a swale at the foot of Kearsarge, and brought back as much as was needful for working the mine in a simple way.

It was nearing the end of the summer, when the hills expect the long thunder and drumming rain and, not many weeks after that, the quiet storms that bring the snow. Jerry had enough to do to make all safe and comfortable at the Golden Fortune before winter set in. It was too steep here on the hill-slope for the deep snows to trouble him much, so he built his cabin against the rock with a covered way from it to the tunnel of the mine, that he might work on all winter at no unease because of storms.

It was perhaps a month later, with Jerry as busy as any of the wild folk thereabout, and the nights turning off bitter cold with frost. Of mornings he could hear the thin tinkle of the streams along fringes of delicate ice. It was the afternoon of a day that fell warm and dry with a promise of snow in the air. Jerry was roofing in his cabin, so intent that a voice hailed him before he was aware that there was a man on the trail. Jerry knew at once by his dress and his speech that he was a stranger in those parts, and he saw that he was not very well

prepared for the mountain passes and the night. He knew this, I say, with the back of his mind, but took no note of it, for he was so occupied with his house and his mine. He suffered a fear to have any man know of his good fortune lest it should somehow slip away from him. So when the stranger asked him some questions of the trail it seemed that what Jerry most wished was to get rid of him as quickly as possible. He was a young man, ruddy and blue-eyed, and a foreigner, what was called in careless miners' talk, "some kind of a Dutchman," and could not make himself well understood. Jerry gathered that he desired to know if he were headed right for the trail that went over to the Bighorn Mine where he had the promise of work. So they nodded and shrugged, and Jerry made assurance with his hands, as much as to say, it is no great way; and when the young man had looked wistfully at the cabin and the boding sky, he moved slowly up the trail. When he came to the turn where it goes toward Rex Monte he lingered on the ridge to wave goodby, so Jerry waved again, and the man dropped out of sight. At that moment the sun failed behind a long gray film that deepened and spread over all that quarter of the sky.

. Jerry had cause to remember the stranger in the night and fret for him, for the wind came up and began to seek in the cañon, and the snow fell slanting down. It fell three days and nights. All that while the gray veil hung about Jerry's house; now and then the wind would scoop a great lane in it to show how the drifts lay on the heather, then shut in tight and dim with a soft, weary sound, and Jerry, though he worked on the Golden Fortune, could not get the young stranger out of his mind.

When the sun and the frost had made a crust over the snow able to bear up a man, he went over the Pass to Bighorn to inquire if the stranger had come in, though he did not tell at that time, nor until long after, how late it was when the man passed his cabin, how wistfully he turned away, nor what promise was in the air. The snow lay all about the Pass, lightly on the pines, deeply in the hollows, so deeply that a man might lie under it and no one be the wiser. And there it seemed the stranger must be, for at the Bighorn they had not heard of him, but if he were under the snow, there he must lie until the spring thaw. Of whatever happened to him, Jerry saw that he must bear the blame, for, by his own account, from that day the luck vanished from the Golden Fortune; not that the ore dwindled or grew less, but there were no more of the golden specks. With all he could do after that Jerry could not maintain himself in the cabin on the slope of Rex Monte. So it came about that the door was often shut, and the picks rusted in the tunnel of the Golden Fortune for months together, while Jerry was off earning wages in more prosperous mines.

All his days Jerry could not quite get his mind away from the earlier promise of the mine, and as often as he thought of that he thought of the stranger whom he had sent over the trail on the evening of the storm. Gradually it came into his mind in a confused way that the two things were mysteriously connected, that he had sent away his luck with the stranger into the deep snow. For certainly Jerry held himself accountable, and in that country between Kearsarge and the Coso Hills to be inhospitable is the worst offense.

Every year or so he came back to the mine to work a little, and sometimes it seemed to promise better and sometimes not. Finally, Jerry argued that the luck would not come back to it until he had made good to some other man the damage he had done to one. This set him looking for an opportunity. Jerry mentioned his belief so often that he came at last, as is the way of miners, to accept it as a thing prophesied of old time.

Afterward when he grew old himself, and came to live out his life at the Golden Fortune, he would be always looking along the trail at evening time for passers-by, and never one was allowed to go on who could by any possibility be persuaded to stay the night in Jerry's cabin. Often when there was a wind, and the snow came slanting down, Jerry fancied he heard one shouting in the drift; then he would light a lantern and sally forth into the storm peering and crying.

About that time when he went down into the town below Kearsarge once in a month or so for supplies, the people smiled and wagged their heads, but Jerry conceived that they whispered together about the unkindness he had done to the stranger so many years gone, and he grew shyer and went less often among men. So he companioned more with the wild things, and burrowed deeper into the hill. His cabin weathered to a semblance of the stones, rabbits ran in and out at the door, and deer drank at his spring.

From the slope where the cabin stood, the trail, which led up from the town, winding with the winding of the cañon, went over the Pass, and so into a region of high meadows and high, keen peaks, the feeding-ground of deer and mountain sheep. The ravine of Rex Monte was the easiest going from the high valleys to the foothills, where all winter the feed kept green. Every year Jerry marked the trooping of the wild kindred to the foothill pastures when the snow lay heavily on all the higher land, and saw their returning when the spring pressed hard upon the borders of the melting drifts. So, as he grew older and stayed closer by his mine, Jerry learned to look to the furred and feathered folk for news of how the seasons fared, and what was doing on the high ridges. When the grouse and quail went down, it was a sign that the snow had covered the grass and small seed-bearing herbs; the passing of deer — shapely bulks in a mist of cloud — was a portent of deep drifts over the buckthorn and the heather. Lastly, if he saw the light fleeting of the mountain sheep he looked for wild and bitter work on the crest of Kearsarge and Rex Monte. It was mostly at such times that Jerry heard voices in the storm, and he would go stumbling about with his lantern into the swirl of falling snow, until the wind that played up and down the great cañon, like the draughts in a chimney, made his very bones a-cold. Then he would creep back to drowse by the warmth of his fire and dream that the blue-eyed stranger had come back and brought the luck of the Golden Fortune. So he passed the years until the winter of the Big Snow. It was so called many winters after, for no other like it ever fell on the east slope of Kearsarge.

It came early in the season, following a week of warm weather, when the sky was full of a dry mist that showed ghostly gray against the sun and the moon; great bodies of temperate air moved about the pines with a sound of moaning and distress. The deer, warned by their wild sense, went down before ever a flake fell, and Jerry, watching, shivered in sympathy, recalling that so they had run together, and such a spell of warm weather had gone before a certain snow years ago before the luck departed from the Golden Fortune. As the fume of the storm closed in about the cabin, and flakes began to form lightly in the middle air, the old man's wits began to fumble among remembrances of the stranger on the trail, and he would harken for voices. The snow began, then, increased, and fell steadily, wet and blinding.

The third night of its falling Jerry waked out of a doze to hear his name shouted, muffled and feebly, through the drift. So it seemed to him, and he made haste to answer it. There was no wind; on the very steep slope where the cabin stood was a knee-deep level, soft and clogging; in the hollows it piled halfway up

the pines. Jerry's lantern threw a faint and stifled gleam. There was no further cry, but something struggled on the trail below him; dim, unhuman shapes wrestled in the smother of the snow. Jerry sent them a hail of assurance cut off short by the white wall of the storm.

There was a little sag in the hill-front where the trail turned off to the cabin, and here the moist snow fell in a lake, into which the trail ran like a spit, and was lost. Down this trail at the last fierce end of the storm came the great wild sheep, the bighorn, the heaviest-headed, lightest-footed, winter-proof sheep of the mountains that God shepherds on the high battlements of the hills. Down they came when there was no meadow, nor thicket, nor any smallest twig of heather left uncovered on the highlands, and took the lake of soggy snow by Jerry's cabin in the dark. They had come far under the weight of the great curved horns through the clogging drifts. Here where the trail failed in the white smudge they found no footing, floundered at large, sinking belly deep where they stood, and not daring to stand lest they sink deeper. If any cry of theirs, hoarse and broken, had reached old Jerry's dreaming, they spent no further breath on it. By something the same sense that made him aware of their need, Jerry understood rather than saw them strain through the falling veil of snow. It was a sharp struggle without sound as they won out of the wet drift to the firmer ground. They went on like shadows pursued by the ghost of a light that wavered with the old man's wavering feet. It was no night for a man to be abroad in, but Jerry ploughed on in the drift till he found the work that was cut out for him. There where the snow was deepest, yielding like wool, he found the oldest wether of the flock, sunk to the shoulders, too feeble for the struggle, and still too noble for complaining. How many years had Jerry waited to do a good turn on the trail where he had done his worst: and in all these years he had lost the sense of distinction which should be between man and beast. He put his shoulder under the fore shoulder of the sheep where he could feel the heart pound with certain fear.

Jerry knew the trail, as he knew the floor of his mine, by the feel of the ground under him, so as he heaved and guided with his shoulder, the great ram grew quieter and lent himself to the effort till they came clear of the swale, and the sweat ran down from Jerry's forehead. But the bighorn could do no more. In the soft fleece of the snow he stood cowed and trembling. The snow came on faster, and wiped out the trail of the flock; he made no motion to go after. Such a death comes to the wild sheep of the mountains often enough. To fail from old age in some sudden storm, to sink in the loose snow and await the quest of the wolf, or the colder mercy of the drift. He turned his back to the storm which began to slant a little with the rising wind, and looked not once at Jerry nor at the hills where he had been bred. But Jerry cast his eye upon the sheep, which was full heavier then than he, and then up at the steep where his cabin stood, remembering that he had nothing there that might serve a sheep for food. Then he bent down again, and by dint of pulling and pushing, and by a dim sense that began to filter through the man's brain to the beast, they made some progress on the trail. They went over broken boulders and floundered in the drifts where Jerry half carried the sheep and was half borne up and supported by the spread of the great horns. They crossed Pine Creek, which ran dumbly under the snow, housed over by the stream tangle. The flakes hissed softly on Jerry's lantern and struck blindingly on his eyes, but ever as they went the sheep was eased of his labor, grew assured, and carried himself courageously. Finally they came where the storm thinned out, and whole hill-slopes covered with buckthorn and

cherry warded off the snow by springy arches, and Jerry drew up to rest under a long-leaved pine while the sheep went on alone nodding his great horns under the branches of the scrub. He neither lingered nor looked back, and met the new chance of life with as much quietness as the chance of death. Jerry was worn and weary, and there was a singing in his brain. The pine trees broke the wind and shed off the snow in curling wreaths. It seemed to the old man most good to rest, and he drowsed upon his feet.

"If I sleep I shall freeze," he said; and it seemed on the whole a pleasant thing to do. So it went on for a little space; then there came a shape out of the dark, a hand shook him by the shoulder, and a voice called him by name. Then he started out of dreaming as he had started at that other call an hour ago, and it seemed not strange to him, the night, nor the storm, nor the face of the blue-eyed man that shone out of the dark, but whether by the light of his lantern he could not tell. He shook the snow from his shoulders.

"I have expected you long," he said.

"And now I have come," said the stranger and smiled.

"Have you brought the luck again?"

"Come and see," said the man.

Then Jerry took his hand and leaned upon him, and together they went up the trail between the drifts.

"You bear me no ill will for what I did?" said Jerry.

And the stranger answered, "None."

"I have wished it undone many times," said the old man. "I have tried this night to repay it."

"By what you have done this night I am repaid," said the stranger.

"It was only a sheep."

"It was one of God's creatures," said the man.

So they went on up the trail, and it seemed sometimes to Jerry that he wandered alone in the dark, that he was cold, and his lantern had gone out; and again he would hear the stranger comfort and encourage him. At last they came toward the cabin, and saw the light stream out of the window, and the fire leap in the stove. Then Jerry thought of the mine, and that the stranger had brought back the luck again. It seemed that the young man had promised him this, though he could not be sure of that, nor very clear in his mind on any point except that he had come home again. But as he drew near, it seemed a brightness came out of the tunnel of the mine, a warmth and a great light. As he came into it tremblingly he saw that the light came from the walls, and from the lode at the far end of it, and it was the brightness of pure gold. And Jerry smiled and stretched out his arms to it, making sure that the luck had come again.

After the week of the Big Snow there were people in the town who remembered Jerry, and wondered how he fared. So when the snow had a crust over it, they came up by the windy cañon and sought him in his house, where the door stood open and a charred wick flared feebly in the lamp, and in his mine, where they found him at the far end of the tunnel, and it seemed as if he slept and smiled.

"It is a worthless lode," they said, "but he loved it."

So they took powder and made a blast, and with it a great heap of stones, shutting off the end of the tunnel from the outer air, and so left him with his luck and the Golden Fortune.

Mary Austin.

VANISHING LONDON.

I HAVE been wondering lately if the time has not come for Macaulay's New Zealander to pack up his sketchbook. Not that St. Paul's is in ruins, — though the decorator and cleaner between them have made some people wish that it were. Nor has London Bridge been reduced to one broken arch, — on the contrary, builders are at work this very moment making it wider and more substantial than ever. But London itself is disappearing, and giving place to an entirely new town, at a rate that would be appalling if anybody stopped to bother about it. The astonishing thing is, however, that nobody, or next to nobody, seems very much concerned. We all have a way of seeing the mote in our neighbor's eye before being troubled by the beam in our own, and the Englishman, who is the first to reprove the vandalism of his neighbors, is the last to discover that his own London is vanishing as fast as those in charge of it can manage.

Of course, I know that London has been vanishing for some time past; to be accurate, ever since there was a London on the banks of the Thames. But the knowledge, useful as it may be to the antiquary or historian, does not help me to accept the change I must watch myself. It is extraordinary the sort of affection London inspires in all who have once set up their household gods in her midst. There are few who would not, with Charles Lamb, refuse to exchange her dirtiest, drab-frequented alley for Skiddaw or Helvellyn, who, with him, would not find an Arabian Night's entertainment in her most ordinary sights. "Oh, her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross with the man upon a black horse!" One might think he was describing Samarcand, the Ineffable, instead of the dingiest district of dingy London. But London is, and ever has been, a land of enchantment to those who understand, and that is why the slightest suggestion of change is resented. And what change there has been since Charles Lamb's time, — what change in my own! I need only look back to the London I came to, now nineteen years ago, and compare it with the London I live in to-day, to realize the difference. Then, for instance, Oxford Street, on the north, was separated from the Strand, and Piccadilly, on the south, by a hopeless network of alleys, lanes, and courts, as I knew to my cost. For, like all Americans with small incomes — or, as in my case, no income at all — when they first came to London in those days, I had rooms in Bloomsbury, and every short cut southward led into the maze, where I kept losing my way with a persistency amounting to genius. Now, the stupidest stranger could not go astray, if she tried; two broad thoroughfares, Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, connect the two districts, running through what was once the labyrinthine heart of Soho and the squalid outskirts of Seven Dials. When I came, flats were still held in suspicion, the English having a talent for conservatism when it is to their disadvantage, and the mansions that now rise in tawdry red splendor everywhere from Chelsea to St. John's Wood, from Hampstead to Clapham, only existed in the two gloomy gray rows inclosing Victoria Street. When I came, Bloomsbury was still Thackeray's prim, respectable, correct Bloomsbury, — the Bloomsbury of Amelia and Becky Sharp and all their names imply, — though already a little down at the heel socially. Now, it is nothing but a tourists' headquarters, big new hotels

at every turn, the biggest profaning the sanctuary of Russell Square, where foolish brown stone copings deface the spacious plainness of the old house fronts; while 'buses rumble through the once sleepy Places and Rows, and in the "good old Tory brick-built streets" shops are multiplying beyond belief. Street after street has widened out; angular crossings have rounded into circuses; suburbs have stretched for miles and miles; London is as little like the London I came to as that was like Thackeray's!

But these and all the other innumerable changes I have not time to count were brought about gradually with some appearance of moderation. Only now and then, when I paused to think, did I find myself marveling at the new London springing into life all around me. To-day, it is another matter. London is plunged in a hideous debauch of pulling down and building up. If, as Lamb said, — and it is impossible in London not to quote Lamb, — London is a pantomime, then we have reached the great transformation scene. Only as things cannot go up quite as fast as they come down, there is one chaotic interval during which all the machinery is exposed to view, before a still newer London emerges, clean, spick, and span, and about as inspiring as transformation scenes, in their tinsel and gilt, are on the pantomime stage.

I do not exaggerate. For the moment, confusion is the order of the day, and one takes one's walks abroad through a huge builder's yard. Scaffolding is everywhere. Houses fall in rows. Bridges have gone or are going. The sound of the pickaxe fills the air, the dust of demolition is thick as the fog. Hoardings, flaring with posters, line the streets, until Sunny Jim, leaping a fence in praise of a patent food, has become as familiar a figure to the Londoner as Nelson on his monument.[1] Half Chelsea is down, because, I believe, the leases of a big estate have fallen in, and it is a convenient moment to save it from the reputation Carlyle gave it as "a singular heterogeneous kind of spot;" half Kensington, "the old Court Suburb," is going the same way, for reasons no doubt as wise. Nothing is left of Buckingham Palace Road, for a great stretch on its southern side, except a dreary canal and a drearier, dirtier railway with trains steaming in and out of Victoria. Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Parliament, and almost every other street are disfigured by great empty gaps, every here and there between the houses, and as I write a new project is broached for the widening of Piccadilly. The little corner behind the Abbey and the Dean's Yard, like a bit of a sleepy old cathedral town dropped down in the middle of London, is doomed; and when last I passed, half of Milbank Street had gone and half of Great College Street, with the paneled old houses that for two centuries had overlooked the peacefulness of the Abbey inclosure, — and what memories go with them! The Mall, where ghosts in hoops and powder walk, is overrun in its upper end by workmen who will not pack up and depart until trees are laid low and a huge academic memorial to Queen Victoria has banished the ghosts forever. A scheme is on foot for a renovated, incongruous Trafalgar Square laid out with flower beds. The question of money alone, last year, saved Adelphi Terrace, the most complete example in London of Adam's domestic architecture, from the County Council, who wanted the site for their Town Hall and hoped to "square" the artists who objected by a promise to design the new building in the Adam style; it would be about as generous to offer to pull down Westminster Abbey and erect a modern theatre in pure Gothic! As far as I know, nothing can save Covent Garden, which, though it may be "dearer than the gardens of Alcinous"

[1] A sign of the rapidity of changes in London; — Sunny Jim has already given place to Dumb-bell Bessie, who advertises I hardly know what.

and a pest to the publishers in the quarter, I always fancied as sacred an institution as the Bank of England. Christ's Hospital, — the great School a part of London Town

"Patent as Paul's and vital as Bow Bell,"

— in whose courts Lamb and Coleridge once kicked and stretched their little yellow legs, and where, in consequence, the yellow legs of generations of obscure little boys have ever since been held in veneration, is now a thing of the past. The Inns of Court — "with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges" — share in the general desecration, and every day takes something from the charm of that tour of their quiet quadrangles and gardens, stretching almost uninterruptedly from the river to Gray's Inn Road, upon which I loved to "personally conduct" my sight-seeing friend from home. Already old Middle Temple Lane is modernized, and Pendennis and Warrington, could they come back, would be strangers there, though Ruth Pinch's fountain still splashes with Dickens's sentiment close by. Only yesterday, the wonderful wood carvings, Grinling Gibbons's in all probability, and the glory of Clifford's Inn, were sold, the Inn itself depending for survival on the whims of a new proprietor. To-morrow, the seclusion of Gray's Inn will be violated, and the high wall that for centuries hid from the vulgar crowd the green with Milton's tree — the green where Pepys, in his more gallant mood, went walking "to observe the fashions of the ladies because of my wife making some clothes" — is to be removed that, henceforth, through an open railing Tom, Dick, and Harry may pry in as they pass. And there is scarcely another of all the old Inns of Court or Chancery that does not also wear the marks of iniquitous progress. In that green bit of the Valley of the Thames Turner painted from Richmond Hill, gimcrack villas are spreading, and would have spread over it all but for a hard battle with the landlord and the jerry-builder, who — and I suppose they cannot be blamed for it — value higher rents and promising speculation above a beautiful view, no matter how many more Turners might want it for a picture. The battle still rages fiercely over Hampstead Heath, — *Keats's* Heath and *Constable's*, — and no one can yet say with whom will rest the victory. It was just the other day that Royalty, the King I believe, opened the modern structure that has replaced the old gray stone bridge of Kew, made beautiful in the beginning by the architect, and glorified by Time. But a new edition of Baedeker is needed to chronicle the change.

It is in the Strand, however, that matters have come to a crisis, for the "ancient Strand" has simply passed away, and there is no street in London that could so ill be spared. That it was the most absurd street in the world, I would be the last to deny: the main thoroughfare to the richest, busiest quarter of the richest, busiest city that ever was, — part of the route that Heine in a rare grandiloquent moment called "the world's pyloric artery," and yet as narrow and inconvenient a street as you could find anywhere, — "the long, bare, lanky Strand" of Henley's memorable verse. If millions waited for a man at the Stock Exchange, or an important train at one of the big eastern stations, did he venture to reach either in cab or 'bus through the Strand, it was to fling his millions deliberately away, to make sure of his train going without him. It seemed a street made for no other end than to block the traffic just where the traffic could least afford to be blocked. And it was as shabby, as seedy, as if it ran through the slums; seedy houses and seedy shops lining it, and seedy people walking through it at all except the theatre hours of the day and night. But this very inconsistency gave it its charm. It was not so wonderfully old, really. I am not sure that it could not be called fairly young in a town where Watling Street

begins — or ends. But it was, to use a word dear to the collector, unique. Fine broad avenues and spacious boulevards are common enough from New York to Rome, from Budapest to Paris. But a Strand in any other capital would be an impossibility. Then, even in its shabbiness, it was not without a chance picturesqueness; it had its points of view from which the irregular houses and capricious sky-line seemed designed for the benefit of the artist; the London smoke and dirt had lent it a magical mellow tone; and there were seasons and hours when the London atmosphere and the London light turned it into the golden Strand of Henley's Voluntary. More than this. Even in its shabbiness, it had an irresistible fascination that I, for my part, would find it hard to define though I have felt it with the rest. Certainly if every one who knows London knows the Strand, every one who loves London loves the Strand. And so it has always been, from the days when Pepys went floundering through its mud, when Dr. Johnson watched the "tide of human existence" ebbing and flowing toward Charing Cross, when Charles Lamb shed tears "in the motley Strand from fulness of joy;" down to the more immediate days when Tennyson could never come to London without visiting the Strand, there to listen to "streaming London's central roar," when Henley discovered in it his El Dorado, when Mr. Henry James made it the scene of his first walk to celebrate his return to London.

But of a Strand transformed into a fine wide avenue no more typical of London than of any other big capital or town, where will be the attraction? It is true that in detail, like London itself, it has ever been changing. I live close by in a house where Pepys once lived, and if I look out of my windows, I see, not the palaces that he would remember, stretching in a stately row between Strand and river: —

> "There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
> There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' — now no more" —

but the biggest of the big modern hotels built for the tourist. Italian Restaurants and American Quick Lunch Counters are more common than the taverns where Dr. Johnson drank his port and proclaimed in the platitudes that would have bored to death any man less patient than Boswell. I doubt if there survives a single shop or any of the things that "fed" Lamb, without the power of satiating him. But, in its main outlines, its main absurdities, its main characteristics, the Strand throughout the centuries has scarcely varied. Until ten years or so ago, Lamb or Dr. Johnson, or even Pepys, might have recognized it for the Strand, even as they searched in vain for once familiar landmarks. Now, however, the old limits, the old constructive lines have been or are being abandoned, and this makes all the difference. The two churches are not to be touched, though their dead have been carted away: St. Clement Danes — "Clement's angular and cold and staid," one of Wren's fifty triumphs, and St. Mary-le-Strand, — Pope's church, that "collects the saints of Drury Lane," and that proves Gibbs, its architect, a worthy follower of Wren, and not the "mere plodding mechanic" Walpole declared him. But the street itself has been gradually widening on either side. Every excuse to add to its width has been taken advantage of. Already, in front of the Hotel Cecil, the line of frontage has been set back and the space thus gained thrown into the roadway; already in crossing Wellington Street it presents signs of a coming circus or open circular place. And now to the north, between Wellington Street and St. Clement's, it is all down, and the work so far carried toward completion that roadway and pavement have here assumed their new and — for our day at any rate — final proportions.

The worst of it is that this stretch of the Strand, in disappearing, has carried

with it a whole district, — and a district no less interesting than itself. When, from the top of a 'bus, you look over the hoardings where Sunny Jim forever leaps, it is to a very abomination of desolation. A deserted city in the West, you would say, or another Pompeii. To me this waste of broken walls and dirt-heaps and empty spaces in the very centre of London is such an astounding sight that I wonder how the crowd, to whom a fallen horse or a man laying a gas pipe is an object of inexhaustible curiosity, can pass by with apparent unconcern. No one seems to mind if, in the general ruin, streets and corners that never will, that never can, be built up as they were before, have perished. The only emotion the spectacle of destruction has aroused is antiquarian, a cold emotion at the best; the only reason for interest, the scholar's supposition that here was once the Danish Settlement, the village of Ealdwic, or Aldwic. But — it may be my misfortune — possibilities so remote fail to excite me. Alfred, who, the learned treatises say, did great things here, is to me but a lay figure — a very dull one — of my old school history books, while the Danish Kings, whose burial place, it is suggested, gave the name of "Danes" to St. Clement's, fade into pale phantoms by the side of Dr. Johnson, kneeling in ponderous prayer in the church itself. Perhaps it is because I first read my Boswell in an old illustrated edition, in which there was a picture of the great man at St. Clement's, — Boswell at his side, their two cocked hats hanging on two pegs in front of the pew, the occasion, the special Good Friday when Boswell had breakfasted with him on tea and cross buns, — that there seems to me room in the church for no other associations. The pedant, however, has a way of preferring periods and people nothing is known about, that are therefore a convenient peg to hang his theories on. He goes hunting after shadows when the substance is under his nose, and so it is inevitable that he should welcome the name Aldwych, given to one of the new thoroughfares through the old quarter, as if it had never occurred to him that Wych Street was as appropriate a tribute to the Danes, who I am not sure call for any tribute at all, and was, besides, picturesque with a picturesqueness that Aldwych cannot emulate, at least for us, or in our day. Wych and Holywell were almost the only old, narrow, twisting streets, with gables and over-hanging stories, left in London. Both had a doubtful reputation, not entirely accounted for by the safe shelter they supplied to Jack Sheppard and his pals, or the asylum they offered later to the whiskey-drinking, bailiff-hunted journalist, who has now perished as completely as Jack Sheppard himself. But both were also the haunt of the booklover, the headquarters of the second-hand bookseller. Everybody who cared for books paid them periodic visits; everybody who collected books turned over their penny and twopenny boxes, in hopes of finding another treasure like the famous cook book, bought for a song and sold for a fortune; everybody who reviewed books took them there to sell to that infallible authority, Mrs. ——, who scorned the title and the author's name, and had only to look at the publisher's mark to make her estimate. Gables and over-hanging stories, however, were no arguments with a County Council pledged to progress. Other demure little nooks have inherited the reputation, and the second-hand booksellers are exiles in the full glare of Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, where it was even a question if the penny and twopenny boxes would be left at their doors, where they had been from time immemorial, or be cleared away in the general town-cleaning. New Inn, just beyond Wych and Holywell streets, has ceased to be a place of "pleasant walks and gardens." The near squalid laby-

rinth, consecrated though it was to Dickens, has shared the common fate.

And for what, I ask, for what this wholesale sacrifice of the past, this feverish massacre of the picturesque? Change — "the trick of Time, the old humorist" — is inevitable, I admit, or we should never have moved from our caves, or stopped painting ourselves blue. The authorities were not wholly without reason when they came to the conclusion that the Strand was too narrow, and that it was high time to make a direct line of communication between it and Holborn. That this had not been done long ago was one of the delightful absurdities of London. But easy transit and well-regulated traffic are not everything, even in a busy modern town, and none but the spendthrift would get rid of the old beauty in his possession unless he had some expectation of a new beauty to take its place. When Napoleon and Haussmann, between them, pulled down old Paris, at least they created on the ruins a stately new town of splendid vistas and noble proportions. When the authorities in London set to work to restore and rebuild, they produce masterpieces of mediocrity and meanness like Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, and it needs no power of second sight to foresee what manner of London will rise from the dust-heap. After sentence was passed upon the Strand, the London County Council revealed unexpected signs of a conscience, going so far as to invite ten distinguished — or prominent — architects to take part in a competition for the rebuilding of Central London. The ten architects accepted the invitation, made and submitted their plans, and were exceedingly well paid for their trouble. Then a gallery was rented and the designs were exhibited, so that rate-payers, who were footing the bill, could not complain they had had nothing for their money. To the ordinary mortal, however, the pleasure of looking at architectural elevations and perspectives must seem a poor return for the squandering of thousands. But this is all the rate-payers have so far got from the investment. No more has been heard of the competition, the architects and their plans, and now, a couple of years later, the County Council knows its own mind in the matter less than ever. Beyond finishing off the new street magnificently, with a "pub" at one end and a superior sort of music hall at the other, it has no definite scheme, but, shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of an irresponsible public, is setting up, at renewed expense, red, green, black, and white signs as so many suggestions for the line of frontage of Aldwych, and is asking Londoners generally what they think. If the American were asked, he might say that this sort of reckless waste of public money would at home be called a job. But the Englishman, who never calls a spade a spade unless it is somebody else's, writes to the papers instead, and the various signs represent the various views of Academicians, societies of Architects, and County Councilors themselves. What will come of it all is entirely a question of chance.[1]

But, after all, as a rule, it is to chance that London owes whatever architectural distinction she can boast. After the Great Fire, Wren would have rebuilt the city in the "grand style," anticipating Haussmann, but there was no Napoleon to back him. A few of his successors and theirs inherited, in a lesser degree, his ideas, and Regent Quadrant, Waterloo Place, the Adelphi, some of the Terraces about Regent's Park are the result. But these are the exceptions. Chance, on the whole, has been more successful than the architect, and chance is now showing that the two Strand churches, so shut in of old, stand in a vast open space with a dignity and grace never suspected in them before; it is showing the Law Courts as a fine noble

[1] Since I wrote, the most pictorial scheme has been rejected for the most economical.

array of buildings, not merely a confused façade half seen from Fleet Street; it is showing that the city spires and towers group themselves into marvelously pictorial arrangements, hitherto invisible. But whether this new beauty, the gift of chance, be preserved, depends upon the color of the sign which appeals to a public blessed with probably less feeling for beauty and harmony than any public that ever existed. I do not want to play the prophet, but I am not hopeful.[1]

London vanishes from the convenience of the public, I am told, and the excuse is irreproachable. It is not, however, only the old streets, the old stones of London that are vanishing, but the old customs and habits, the old prejudices and preferences, the old ways and means, the old faiths and manners, — in a word, the old life. I begin to doubt whether the convenience of the public would have seemed such a burning problem, were it not for the sudden love of change that has swept over England like a whirlwind, uprooting the cherished traditions of centuries on its way. Tell me what a man wears, says Carlyle, tell me what a man eats, says Brillat-Savarin, and I will tell you what he is. Judged by these standards, the English have developed or deteriorated into a new race, a new people. I am not writing at random. Take the Englishwoman. At one time she had a reputation — and the comfort of having come by it rightfully — as the worst dressed woman in Europe or America, according to the law of fashion, the most practically dressed, according to the law of common sense. And now? She observes the mode more scrupulously than the Parisian, and throws common sense to the winds, as if eager to make amends for the crimes of her ill-dressed past. I do not mean that she can as yet rival the Parisian; it is not in her nature to; but she devotes her energies to the attempt with such zeal that she rushes to the other extreme. Anticipating the hours and their obligations, she appears at high noon in gowns that, in the previous phase, she would have reserved for dinner. She shops in chiffon and muslin. She faces the winter's cold in lace, and the summer's deluge in slippers and open-work stockings. The most abominable climate in the world cannot check her ambition, nor the dirtiest town put a restraint upon her frivolity. There was a time when it was the American who was supposed to be the foolish one, indulging in a perpetual round of diamonds and silks. Now, if in Bond Street or Piccadilly, you see a useful tailor gown, neat linen skirt, stout, well-made boots, you may know the wearer for an American. The tables are turned, and it is the Englishwoman who must be held up as the model of extravagant inappropriateness. No one living in London can have failed to note the change, but as yet there is no Teufelsdröckh to chronicle it.

In the matter of food, the revolution has been still more radical. To tamper with the "good old roast beef of England" is to strike at the roots of the British Constitution, and it has been tampered with. Throughout the Provinces the joint may still hold its own, and chops and steaks, bacon and eggs be retained as its chief and only allies. No matter where the English cook is found, she may remain faithful to her one sauce, her plain boiled and roast. Indeed, now and then in London itself, I am invited to a dinner designed apparently to prove Darwin's theory — it was Darwin's, was n't it? — of the occasional revival of the superannuated type. But it will not be long before the English cook becomes as extinct a species as the dodo, and in London the joint is fast retreating before the coming of the *casserole* and the chafing-dish. Not in vain has the *Delicatessen* shop waved its sausage and *Kraut* in the face of the British public, not in vain has the *charcutier* spread his *pâtés* and

[1] The previous note explains that I might have played the pessimistic prophet with distinction.

galantines. The American sells his chowders in Piccadilly, the Italian his macaroni in Mayfair. And the foreign restaurant blossoms as the rose. At an end are the days when Kettner's hid in the depths of Soho, fearful of being found out as the sole provider of the "French Dinner." Now it is the "English Dinner" that seems the indiscretion: joint and vegetables languish, Stilton and Cheddar wither and decay. Friday's beefsteak pudding at the Cheshire Cheese has degenerated into a show for the tourist, along with the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's, the crown jewels at the Tower. Even a stronghold of British conservatism like Simpson's, the last temple of salmon, sirloin, and saddle unadorned, the last home of Thackeray's Robert and Keene's, — outstripped, alas, in the struggle for existence by that world-conqueror, the Swiss or Italian waiter, — even Simpson's has fallen with the Strand. It will be set up again, they say, and once more will the salmon, the sirloin, and the saddle be wheeled about from guest to guest, nominally that each may choose his cut, actually that appetite may fail before the grossness of the spectacle. But will there be guests to come, will old clients be won back from the splendors of the Savoy, from the economies of the little eighteenpenny dinner of Soho, which they have been enjoying in the meanwhile? Nor does the choice of splendors and economies end with the Savoy and Soho. I often ask myself in astonishment whether this can really be the London where my husband and I, rebelling against the lodging-house "meat-tea," used to wander in hopeless search for a dinner that people of small means could eat without loss of self-respect, — the dinner served daily in every Continental capital. There was a time when London was pitiless to the man who, though poor, was misguided enough to prefer dining to feeding. But it is another matter now. From the Carlton to the Roche there are restaurants with menus to meet every income; and, greatest change of all, dinner, once a private family rite with the Englishman, has become a public ceremonial, and, like the French Kings, he dines where all the world may see. No less curious, no less serious it may be, is the sudden multiplication of the bread shop. For the one confectioner, where stewed tea and poor port were the most tempting items on the bill of fare, there are now a dozen "Afternoon Tea" places, patronized by the idle who have nothing to do with the hours between the lunch they have eaten to the sound of music, and the dinner they mean to eat to the sound of music, except to drink tea to the sound of music; — there are now a hundred A. B. C.'s, as they are called for some inexplicable reason, British Tea Tables, Cabins, Lyons's, where the working, clerking youth of England gorge themselves on the cocoa and scones for which they have deserted the old midday chop and ale, until the new "national physique" they are developing, in place of the old stately triumph of "British beef and beer," has become a serious subject of study for the scientist, a newspaper sensation for the silly season.

But I would never have done if I endeavored to record all the changes of which I and my generation are the witness. Wherever I turn, it is the same. The British Matron has thrown off her home-staying talents with her cap. The British clerk has shown that when the thermometer is in the eighties, his business ability does not depend upon frock coat and top hat. The British Tommy Atkins swaggers in khaki and a Prussian cap. The British public has survived the scandal of a "Continental Sunday," with galleries and museums, as well as public houses, open, and bands playing in parks and gardens. The London smoke has been challenged, the London fog is under observation. It is enough that anything has always been as it is for some one to want to change it. Really, I am not sure that it was not the Clerk of the Weather who contrived the rains of last June

and July in sheer weariness of the old fashion of occasional sunshine during the London summer.

What will come of it all, no one can say! Some good perhaps, but that is not the question. In the new London, perfect in the eyes of the County Council, cosmopolitan in the dress, the food, and the life of the people, I would still sigh for the absurd old London of crooked streets and provincial ways. For a new, hygienic, clean, well-ordered London could be built any day, further up or down, on the banks of the Thames. But old London, as it was, can never be built again, and I cannot watch it go without a word, not of protest which would be useless, but of regret which is sincere.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

NOTE. I scarcely had finished my lament over Vanishing London, when I felt it was time to be beginning a fresh one. For changes still follow one another so fast, it is impossible to keep pace with them. To-day, all London weeps over the threatened loss of her squares; to-morrow, it will be for something else as serious. Before this paper is in print, its charge of vandalism will seem incomplete. But, after all, nothing would answer, were completeness my aim, but a daily paper for the record. Perhaps, however, I ought to explain that already, in the short time since my article was written, London seems to be waking from her apathy. That picture of her weeping over her green squares points to the difference. If she continues as sensitive, it will be, judging from present appearances, many a long day before her tears can, with reason, cease to flow.

THE PROFESSION OF PUBLICIST.

THE real interest attaching to the Pulitzer School of Journalism, the latest experiment at Columbia University, lies in the purpose it embodies to create the profession of publicist. Incidentally, of course, a necessary step to reaching a professional status, the school will attempt to train and equip more competent reporters and "all-around newspaper men;" that is, to turn out a superior article of newspaper craftsman. The ultimate object is shown in the schedule of courses submitted by President Eliot to the Advisory Board as a suggestion for guidance in organizing the school, a schedule which includes systematic instruction in all departments of the business of publishing a newspaper no less than in those of editorial method and management. But the crux of the experiment is touched in that part of the schedule included under the head Ethics of Journalism, and designed to instruct the student in the proper attitude of the "editorial department" to the "business office." These courses are arranged to treat of the "relations of publisher, editor, and reporters as regards freedom of opinion," defining and inculcating "a proper sense of responsibility to the public on the part of newspaper writers," and discussing, if not determining, the extent to which "the opinion of an editor or owner of a newspaper should affect its presentation of news." This phrasing, a little vague for one so exact as is President Eliot in saying just what he means, seems to apply directly to reporting rather than to editorial writing, but "presentation" is a broad word, and must assuredly include the latter. In so far as the purpose of these courses is realized, their product will be a class of journalists, recognized as having a professional right to independence based on special attainment and trained judgment.

These courses in what may be called

the right to independence are evidently planned to carry out the avowed purpose of the founder of the school, who wishes through it to raise journalism from an occupation of anomalous status to the dignity of a recognized profession. For reasons obvious to all acquainted with the conditions, the New York World's official announcement of that purpose is silent on the question of the individual journalist's right to independence. The World's announcement deplores the fact that "journalism, which is really the most intricate and exacting of all professions, requiring the widest range of knowledge, and holding a highly responsible relation to the people and to public affairs, ranks in many minds as not even a profession at all." It is pointed out that while by the last census there were in the United States 100 law schools with 1106 professors to provide trained recruits for the ranks of the 114,073 lawyers in it enumerated, there was not a single school of journalism in the United States to provide trained recruits for the ranks of the 30,098 journalists in it enumerated, although, proportionately, there should have been twenty-six schools of journalism with 291 professors. To contribute toward supplying this lack is Mr. Pulitzer's purpose, and thus, as the official announcement in the World states it, "to raise the character and standing of the newspaper profession, and to increase its power and prestige through the better equipment of those who adopt it, and by attracting to it more and more men of the highest character and the loftiest ideals." In these days of widespread belief in the potency of money to accomplish any end to which it is applied with expert business judgment, it is reassuring to know that an undertaking so ambitious is "backed" by no less a sum than $2,000,000.

Quite apart from the difficulty peculiar to this form of experiment, it is interesting to note that any attempt to create a new profession must, at the outset, encounter two obstacles peculiar to the conditions of modern life, outgrowths of the trend of social development, evident obstacles, though often overlooked. One is the decline in prestige of existing professions, the professional man as such by no means holding the place once accorded him in the esteem of the community. The other is popular unwillingness to accept the judgment of the expert as authoritative, except in cases where the necessity is apparent beyond dispute, as, for example, in the case of a great engineering work. The decline in prestige of the professions is an anomaly. The professional standards have been raised far above what they were fifty years ago; that is, the requirements for admission to professional life are more exacting and more strictly enforced. But at the same time there is relatively far smaller distinction, if any at all, in belonging to the professional class. The distinction to-day lies in the success of what one is doing and not in the occupation or profession. Once, when one calling was rated "more respectable" than another, a person might prefer, and often did, following his aptitude, choosing, as sometimes is the case now, moderate success in a respectable calling, or one he liked, to far greater success in a calling not so respectable, or one to which he was not drawn. What calling, business, profession, or trade is not respectable, to-day, if only the returns are sufficiently remunerative? Admitting, as consistent believers in the democratic ideals for which America stands, the gain in substituting efficiency of work, accomplishment, for traditional distinctions of respectability, we must also recognize the loss, since the change implies a standard by which all success is defined in terms of dollars and cents. Interesting evidence that the changed status of the professions gives grave concern to the professional class comes to hand more than occasionally. Proof of this is found in the effort by some of our leading universities to shorten the A. B. courses, and

to supplement them with anticipatory professional courses, in order to entice into "going to college" young men who otherwise would graduate from the high school straight into the professional school. The feeling from which this effort springs finds expression in the engineering profession, popularly thought of as having small relation to an academic training. For it was Mr. Eddy, President of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, who said that "the crying need" of his profession today was "men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture." The crying need for this broad basis of general culture is most widely recognized in the profession of law because of its direct influence in shaping legislation and its close relation to public affairs. The technically trained legal expert, indifferent to broad questions and constitutional principles as such, may be, as has been said, the "most private-spirited citizen" in a community, when a "leading lawyer" ought to be its most public-spirited citizen. The policy of certain university law schools in excluding all but college-trained students emphasizes the attempt to meet this menace by checking or modifying the set toward specialism.

If it be an anomaly that the prestige of the professions has declined as professional standards have been raised, it is a paradox that experts lack popular authority in an age whose characteristic mark is the differentiation and multiplication of new experts. In mechanics, doubtless, their authority is practically unchallenged, a conspicuous exception. But in how many other strictly professional spheres can the same be said of expert authority? Some twelve years ago, President Eliot in a magazine article noted the advantage in respect of public health enjoyed by an autocratically governed community over one democratically governed. Berlin was instanced as an example of a city which had lowered its death-rate below that of certain American cities, possessed of every sanitary advantage in natural condition, by the vigorous application of scientific principles to water-supply and sewage problems. In the American city the voters had first to be convinced that sanitary science would lower the death-rate, proof that the dictum of the expert is not popularly accepted as authoritative. A like example, which to-day is forced on every one's attention, is the fight of health boards to check the spread of tuberculosis by stopping the practice of public spitting. Did the statements of experts carry authority, the people themselves would take the enforcement of anti-spitting regulations into their own hands. Without wearisome multiplication of examples we find, on turning to problems of economics, the special sphere of the authority of the proposed profession of publicist, the same attitude emphasized, for it has long been almost sufficient to laugh an economic expert out of court to call him "a theorist." An interesting and timely illustration was afforded at the recent hearings before the Massachusetts Commission to investigate the relations of employers and employees, whose chairman is Carroll D. Wright. The labor representatives who appeared before the commission, says R. L. Bridgman in summing up his report in the Outlook, were "disposed to flout all offers of help from theories of students of society and economics regarding the best solution of their own problems."

These being the limitations to the development of professionalism in its traditional sense, the professions, as such, declining in prestige, and professional opinion, as such, without general authority, the phrase "professional standing" has naturally come to signify professional recognition as distinguished from popular recognition. The problem, then, of a school of journalism, so far as it attempts to confer status on the profession of publicist, is to create professional standards

within the profession when the value of the publicist's professional work depends, not on the estimate of fellow craftsmen, but on the estimate of the great public; and, still further, when, in addition to the serious drawback of anonymous writing, the conditions of modern journalism afford only occasional opportunity for independent work, such as is afforded in other professions. For these conditions, "yellow journalism" is usually held responsible, but it is so only in part. If we admit everything that is said of "yellow journalism's demoralizing influence," it remains true that journalism itself has been revolutionized in the course of natural evolution. These revolutionary changes, as Whitelaw Reid, one of the Advisory Board of the Pulitzer School, pointed out in a recent address at Yale, "while they were largely physical at the outset, necessarily opened the way to moral changes as striking." The physical changes include the reduction in cost of raw material with an unlimited increase in supply; the reduction in the cost of both composition and printing, with marvelously increased speed in both processes of production. Thus are created the conditions of a constantly expanding business in the opportunity to reach a widening patronage of both readers and advertisers by adding "features" to attract this or that new class, by specializing innovations in news, or stories, or miscellaneous descriptive articles. As a result, what was once distinctive is minimized, the editorial page, for example, being often the least conspicuous page and the most difficult to find in an "up-to-date" newspaper. In short, a complete revolution is wrought in the newspaper type and character. "Obviously," says Mr. Reid in the lecture quoted, "the business results from these revolutionary changes in the methods of the business were inevitable, no matter what were the sentiments, or wishes, or even principles, of the men engaged in it. Nothing could avert either a great reduction in price, or a great increase in size, or both; and nothing could then wholly avert the moral changes which soon began to accompany an unexampled facility of production."

In graduating from "a small venture" into "a big enterprise," the newspaper ceased to be primarily a vehicle of opinion, a fate which, curiously enough, it has shared with its old rival, the pulpit, — contributive evidence of the decline of professional prestige and of *ex cathedra* authority in ethics. In point of fact, who but an eccentric millionaire can afford to "start a newspaper" in order to control an organ for the purpose of personal comment on current events? Only a small per cent of its possible constituency, "a saving remnant," would be attracted to it through interest in its "views," a totally insufficient patronage to justify its publication even as an organ. The "growth of independent journalism," often another name for negative, if not pusillanimous, journalism, of which so much is made as "a hopeful sign" (as it is, perhaps), means also that strenuous advocacy of a cause can hope to make successful appeal to a minority too small for a constituency, enforcing the old saying that capital is cautious and conservative. The blunt fact, offered not in apology, but in recognition of a condition as opposed to a theory, is, of course, that capital does, and must, control the policy of the newspaper, to maintain which a large investment is necessary. Sometimes this control extends to details, and sometimes, where the representative of capital is far-sighted, it only applies to general directions. Alike in either case, the final decision of policy rests in a newspaper enterprise, as in any other, with the capital that finances it and is responsible not merely for its profit, but for its solvency, — an aspect of the case of which little account is taken in current discussion. It is a fair generalization to say that "degenerate" and "demoralizing" newspaper methods are not so often chargeable to a greed that

seeks to squeeze the last unscrupulous dollar out of a profitable business, as to the attempt to maintain an unequal struggle for a bare business existence. The fact is that while the occasional owner with a peculiar genius for the business has made a fortune out of the modern newspaper, the great majority of modern newspaper plants, despite the apparent opportunity for profit, have proved far from well-paying properties. Indeed, this fact is so generally appreciated, that for some years noticeably few attempts have been made to establish new papers of any size. Per contra, many "well-established" papers have been "reorganized," to the great loss of their owners; or are shabbily maintained as adjuncts, in smaller cities, to a job-printing establishment; or are "kept going" as "organs" by owners, usually politicians or promoters, who look for indirect personal advantage as distinguished from legitimate business profit. That profit, in the case of a newspaper properly equipped in plant and "news-gathering" facilities, must be figured on the basis of an annual expense of from $50,000 to $150,000 in leading provincial cities, and of at least $500,000 in a metropolis. The uncertainty of the returns, even under fairly promising conditions, once led the late Charles A. Dana to say, "I believe a man can make more money as a newspaper broker, 'unloading' newspaper properties on 'lambs,' than as a straight newspaper publisher."

The phrase "newspaper property" of itself suggests a necessary limitation to the possibilities of establishing the profession of publicist in the sphere of journalism. Only by the happy chance of a broad-minded and high-minded ownership of the "property" employing him, or by the rarer chance of being himself admitted to a share in the ownership, can such a publicist, however competent, enjoy that degree of independence which is the distinguishing mark of professional life. A certain latitude of treatment may be accorded in specially favored places of peculiar responsibility, as to the long-time correspondent; or the valued editorial writer or critic may be permitted to choose his subjects, and thus escape self-stultification in what he writes; but beyond that, liberty of expression can seldom go. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the engineer, the artist, the man of science, the actor, the musician, even the teacher, all look forward to a time, which with some of them begins with the beginning of professional life, when individuality shall have free play in work, — the charm of a professional career in that it is an embodiment of individuality. The more competent a man has made himself through study and training, the more he covets and claims this independence. In professions where, as in the higher branches of teaching, such independence has been at times invaded, where "academic freedom" has been violated under pressure of external control suggesting a control to which journalism is constantly subject, the voice of general protest is quick to make itself heard, and, in instances, has found concrete expression in the appointment, by colleagues, of a committee of inquiry. This is the proper response of professional pride to any menace of that *esprit de corps* which differentiates the profession from the occupation. It is true, of course, that there remains to the journalist a wide range of innocuous subjects, the opportunity to spend time on the preparation of articles informing or amusing, work more or less attractive according to individual aptitude. To these subjects no such restraint applies since they contribute only incidentally to determining the character, and still less, the policy, of the paper, and hence are a negligible quantity. But in so far as this class of articles is chosen by a journalist as his specialty, they obviously remove him from the profession of publicist, however broadly inclusive may be the meaning attaching to that loosely used phrase.

If the satisfaction of work for work's sake is to so large an extent denied the journalist, no compensation is offered him in the chance of those large pecuniary returns which in other professions reward the man who has proved himself exceptionally capable. One is almost tempted to say of journalism that there is in it no struggle for the survival of the fittest, since "the fittest" pass unmarked in the crowd. As it was put by a journalist who has himself secured one of the few prizes of the profession, in sounding the kindly note of warning to a group of young men: "There are no great prizes in journalism to-day, — nothing but a modest competence compared with the incomes of men not journalists, of similar education and circumstances." The journalist, it may be said as a generalization, is not paid quite so well as either the teacher or the preacher of like standing. Can any process of special education or distinction of degree create a professional class of journalists whose value will command the recognition in dollars and cents to attract that quality of brains which secures the prizes in other professions, the conditions of journalism being what they are? This is not a mere mercenary question. It is even more a question of opportunity; for by the possibility or lack of opportunity to reach the kind of recognition by which the world measures success must be ranked the character of a calling, its attractiveness, the place in which it is held, however careless the individual concerning his own chance. Science may be named as an exception, for it is one of the glories of science that the passion for it obsesses the devotee regardless of poverty or wealth. Yet had not applied science justified itself to a practical world it is open to doubt whether its recognized status would be the same, or whether it would draw into it the same quality of young men who devote themselves to it without thought of money to be made or to be forgone.

The crux of the question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first-class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first-class man $125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you $125 a week." That $125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism to-day; and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.

What qualities do we naturally associate with the typical editor, the representative publicist of the press? He may be, of course, that rare man who not only possesses certain qualities necessary to journalistic success, such as foresight of what will be interesting and significant, instinctive appreciation of the kind of news and news-treatment which will attract, the administrative and organizing faculty which will get the most out of a staff, the business faculty which will make the most out of a plant; but who, besides all these, possesses through personal gift and training the power to grasp great issues and the art to express great thoughts. But this equipment, and properly under modern conditions, comes last of all, and is the least esteemed. Those who do the pen work of the press are for the most part unknown by name, professionally, beyond the immediate circle of their associates. Only in the smaller provincial cities, and even in these to a surprisingly small degree, is

the understudy of the "publicist," the controlling and directing manager who is responsible for what is printed, known by, or identified with, his work. And the great public cares as little as it knows. Yet the capacities of comprehension of issues and expression of views are those which first of all a school of journalism is founded to develop in so far as it is to realize its purpose of training young men to be publicists, and thus of raising the profession of journalism.

There is a significant passage in James Bryce's tribute to his friend, the late E. L. Godkin, emphasizing the anomalous character of the so-called profession of journalism, but evidently written with no thought beyond that of stating his individual conclusions, those of an interested and competent observer. This passage puts concretely what it has here been attempted to put broadly, as a case of natural evolution, naming in illustration hardly one journalist who conforms to the professional standard. It is thus convincing apart from the authority of its distinguished authorship, because it unconsciously settles moot questions of status and type. Mr. Bryce writes: —

"As with the progress of science new arts emerge and new occupations and trades are created, so with the progress of society professions previously unknown arise, evolve new types of intellectual excellence, and supply a new theatre for the display of peculiar and exceptional gifts. Such a profession, such a type, and the type which is perhaps most specially characteristic of our times, is that of the Editor. It scarcely existed before the French Revolution, and is, as now, fully developed, a product of the last eighty years. Various are its forms. There is the Business Editor, who runs his newspaper as a great commercial undertaking, and may neither care for politics nor attach himself to any political party. America still recollects the familiar example set by James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York Herald. There is the Selective Editor, who may never pen a line, but shows his skill in gathering an able staff round him, and in allotting to each of them the work he can do best. Such an one was John Douglas Cook, a man of slender cultivation and few intellectual interests, but still remembered in England by those who forty years ago knew the staff of the Saturday Review, then in its brilliant prime, as possessed of an extraordinary instinct for the topics which caught the public taste, and for the persons capable of handling these topics. John T. Delane, of the Times, had the same gift, with talents and knowledge far surpassing Cook's. A third, and usually more interesting form, is found in the Editor who 'is himself a writer,' and who imparts his own individuality to the journal he directs. Such an one was Horace Greeley, who, in the days before the War of Secession, made the New York Tribune a power in America. Such another, of finer, natural quality, was Michael Katkoff, who in his short career did much to create and to develop the spirit of nationality and imperialism in Russia thirty years ago."

It would be hard to find stronger enforcement than this by Mr. Bryce of the contention, that though a "great editor" may be incidentally a publicist, he need be, and oftener is, merely a purveyor of news and views. For the journalist with ambitions the obvious pinch of this situation is that as against the editor the publicist has, and can have, no right except the right to resign. This is the same cruel fact accentuated which years ago pointed Thackeray's contemptuous fling, that Pendennis eked out his narrow income from book-reviewing "by occasional contributions of leading articles to the Journal when, without hurting the paper, this eminent publicist could conscientiously speak his mind." The conditions then being what they are, and what, for any sign to the contrary, they must long continue to be, it is futile to

attempt through a special school to raise journalism to the rank of a profession. Such a school, whatever the problematical value of its training in technique, cannot give its graduate professional prestige, for that in all the professions has lost the significance of popular recognition. It cannot for the same reason give him professional authority. It cannot give him the chance of large professional reward, for that is determined by the returns of an uncertain, and often unprofitable, business. It cannot give him professional opportunity, for independence of view is controlled by the policy of the editor, who is either the owner of the paper or the representative of the capital invested in it. Under such limitations of career, journalism must increasingly repel the men to whom naturally it would most appeal, the men to whom it owes the largest share of its influence in the past, the men to whom it should look to give it character in the future.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

THE COLONEL'S ACCRETION.

On one shore of the Missouri River lived Colonel Kingston, a Missourian and a Secessionist, — in his day. On the opposite shore, on a yellow friable farm of the same alluvial fertility, lived Betsy Tucker, who was of Abolitionist extraction. The Colonel was a bachelor and Betsy a maiden lady.

You have no doubt noticed, dear reader, — especially if you be a lady, — that some of the best men are those who for mysterious reasons never marry. They are men of the finest chivalry and of so reliable a character, that those among them whose lot is cast in the city are chosen as officers in various lodges and as directors in companies; they are admired by all men's wives; they are invited out to dinner; the children can do as they like with them. In the presence of ladies they converse with evident quiet pleasure on their own familiar topics, but they like mostly to listen in tireless comfort. They are modestly *en rapport*, and the fragile fair have a surety that they could easily disconcert them at any moment. There is a tinge of temerity about them, and a bashfulness of their boyhood that needs everything but physical protection.

And withal they are solid men of affairs, versed in the world of business, and have such entertaining information that husbands do not bother to impart. They are occasional callers, and they are chivalrous even to first cousins. They have about them that element of decent susceptibility that should have made them early husbands. But this modesty is the very trait which, with a little assistance from circumstances, has carried them over to a point in life where they have become settled contentedly into "ways," and are hopeless and lovable lovers-at-large, and such amusing, chicken-hearted acquaintances. The fact is, they never met the right one at the right time.

To be a bachelor is, to my mind, a subtle accusation. For this reason I have protected the Colonel's character at once. As for Betsy, it is only necessary to explain that she was from New England. It was shortly after she came to live on the few shore acres that had been bequeathed to her, when she and the Colonel realized that despite the river between them they were nearest neighbors. Such is the interdependence of humanity that I presume if a king were to live next door to a beggar they would soon become neighbors. What with borrowings of butter and sugar and the break-

ing of pigs into a flower garden, the king would soon have occasion to lean over the back fence and do business either as friend or enemy, — probably as an enemy. Friendship with only a fence between often leads to bad results; but a next-door neighbor across a wide stream is a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. You are next-door neighbors, and there is the consciousness that you do not *have* to be, — and immediately your soul is lured across the waters. Going up and down every week in the pilot house of the General Meade, the entire lower river was to me a sort of long-drawn-out neighborhood, and I naturally took an interest in the fortunes of Betsy Tucker from the time of her arrival. The Colonel and Betsy finally —

But I must stop gossiping and tell the story in a proper way. It was shortly after Betsy came to take up an independent and self-reliant life on her shore acres that the Colonel went across the river to look for timber he needed. That night when he returned he sat on a sawbuck in deep meditation. He was still looking down into the brown eyes of a little woman who stood scarcely as high as his shoulder. Betsy was beginning to dawn on him, and he was trying to "make her out." One moment he was haunted with an experience of gentle refinement and clever insight, again with a disposition that was entirely girlish in its confident responsiveness, and withal a surprising coolness of judgment and an aptitude for masculine ways of looking at things. Her inexperience of practical farming caused him to be deeply concerned in her affairs. He sat on the sawbuck until he saw the light go out in Betsy's cottage, and again avowed to himself as he arose that she was a "mighty fine sort of a woman."

One evening, as the Colonel was about to shove from shore and head his boat for Betsy's cottonwood tree that loomed like a streak of whitewash in the dusk, he suddenly awoke to the fact that he needed an excuse. Regularly of late he found that he had business to attend to on the other side of the river, — business that made him honestly surprised at himself for having neglected so long. Incidentally he would pass by Betsy's house and tarry to give her information in regard to her place, or to advise her how to "run" the family to whom she had rented the field on shares. But for a man who is so industrious business does not last forever, — and, without knowing it, Colonel Kingston had been playing double with himself for some time past. He had only been honest with himself on those occasions when he went over entirely on Betsy's business and suggested something that he *thought* might be of importance to her. As it flashed across Colonel Kingston's mind that he needed an "excuse," — something that would deceive Betsy, — he dropped his oars and drifted, — at sea in more ways than one. For the first time he was on the threshold of conscious deceit. Of late his reasons for going across the river had been growing scarcer and of less variety. But as they had always been as he represented them — matters of business — his visits at Betsy's place had been without self-consciousness, and he had deceived no one but himself. Now as he had no practical business across the river this evening it was plainly a problem of deceiving Betsy Tucker. He drifted slowly down the stream thinking deeply. Finally, a new and happy idea occurred to him, — he would row across and say that he "just came over to call." It was an inspiration, an intellectual achievement. Moreover, it was so familiar and so easy to do. He was a man who came over *to call*, — a man who, when he occasionally did such a thing, plainly and frankly said so. He had become a little distrustful of the excuses he had been finding of late; they had barely served to deceive the simple mind of Colonel Kingston. To say that he came over to call would lend credence to

his former statements that he came on business. His new idea had solved a double problem; it not only took him over the river that evening, but it made the truth turn partner to a lover's lies. The dusk seemed to be several shades lighter as he put to the oars, and he half regretted that such an excuse could not be used very often.

"Good-evening, Miss Betsy. Seeing I got everything pretty well done and some time to spare, I thought I would row over and make a call."

"Good-evening, Colonel Kingston. Would you mind having a chair on the porch? I have been sitting out here where I could smell the tobacco flowers."

The conversation was mostly on Betsy's side. However, she was not of the kind that think it a duty to keep up a constant chatter by way of entertainment. If she was individual in her conversation, so also was she individual in her silence. And when she rocked gently for several minutes at a time the Colonel was entirely at his ease in spite of the quiet.

It was in the course of this evening, and during such a spell of quiet, that the General Meade took a hand in the affairs of the Colonel. On the weekly trip up we always passed the tall white cottonwood in the early evening. I remember it well, standing close to the shore. I also remember this evening, for when the Meade had passed, and the waves were slopping against the crumbling bank, the glaring trunk of the cottonwood leaned out into the dusk and fell into the river, followed by a heavy plunge of dirt from the shore.

In sudden surprise Betsy rose from her rocker.

"Don't be frightened; it 's just a cave-in," said the Colonel.

When he had reassured her, and spoken of the incident as a common occurrence, they took a walk along the bank to observe the prostrate tree and the loss of land. Then they went back to the porch again, and the Colonel explained at length how the current sometimes undermines the soluble soil and leaves the bank hanging, so that it lets go of its own weight, or is dislodged by the waves of a steamboat. And he added, "It 's a good thing the boat broke it off before it was ready to let go of itself. It might have hung till some time when you were walking along the shore."

"Well, I was just thinking," replied Betsy, "that it is fortunate you came as early as you did. If you had been a little later that tree might have struck you."

The Colonel stayed longer than he had intended that evening. As he started to row homeward he suddenly stopped the boat, and called back in a voice that was strangely authoritative to Betsy, "You keep away from that shore, Miss Betsy; don't you come within ten feet of it from now on."

He had taken careful observation of the water's edge along Betsy's frontage, and he suspected that by one of those slight alterations in the current the river had started to "work" on Betsy's place. Like most Missouri shore the face of the yellow clay bank was straight up and down, as it had broken off in former years, — as clean as the work of a grave-digger. Such, in fact, the Missouri is; and many a man's hopes it has buried in the Gulf.

The next day the Colonel did not worry over an excuse. In the evening he unhesitatingly and cheerfully pulled off toward Betsy Tucker's, to inquire whether there had been another cave-in. He went the next evening and the next. In the course of time the falling away of slices of Betsy's land had been sufficient to entirely shift the load that had been weighing on the Colonel's mind from day to day.

The land fell away with a regularity that justified daily visits. Every evening the Colonel called and made inquiry with a spirit that was exceeding cheer-

ful. And he and Betsy would sit on the porch overlooking the mellow moonlit waters, and talk of old reminiscence or sit in silence, sedately. And the Missouri checked off the Colonel's visits as regularly as the punching of a meal ticket. Thus we see that at the very time when the Colonel was in desperate straits for a pretext, Nature began playing into his hand.

The Colonel's quiet evening spells were interrupted with such remarks as, "Colonel, the gooseberry bush went into the river to-day," or, "Colonel, the peach tree is gone."

Here we will let pass many weeks of hope, happiness, and rosy good fortune for the Colonel. Under the circumstances it will not be necessary to remind the reader that like all things they must some time come to an end.

Finally, the river had encroached until the steps of the porch were overhanging the water. The Colonel spent several days hewing rollers out of the trunk of the cottonwood, which he managed to save from the current, and in a short time he had the house on a movable foundation. He moved it back — just a little.

And now it was more necessary than ever that he should come over regularly. The Colonel sat on the porch with Betsy in comfort of mind and body, and every evening before he went home he winched the house back just enough to keep it from falling into the river. These were blissful hours in the Colonel's life. Sometimes he recovered manly strength and confidence to such a point that he felt almost able to bring to a climax the desperate deed that had vaguely occurred to him.

During all this time it had never occurred to the Colonel's mind to offer to Betsy any words of sympathy for the loss of her land; he did not even waken to the fact that it was in any way a misfortune.

A misfortune is not a certain particular kind of happening. It is all a matter of bearing on other conditions, so that what is a casualty from one standpoint may be a godsend from another. It was hardly selfishness or lack of feeling on the Colonel's part. Seeing that the falling away of the land was necessary to his visits, the Colonel would not have begrudged the slices of real estate even though they had come from his own good farm. He was oblivious to matters of loss and gain; he was perfectly content. He would have foolishly remained a procrastinating old bachelor, spending his evenings in Betsy's company, and he would willingly have winched that house clear around the earth had such a thing been possible.

But, as I wisely remarked, all bliss must come to an end. To the Colonel's sudden enlightenment it happened before the orchard was gone.

Betsy did not exactly say it, and he could not really prove to himself that she felt or thought as he suspected. And the more he worried, the more he wished that he had reasoning powers strong enough to infallibly formulate, and deduct, and get at what might be the true state of affairs in her mind. But the human mind is subject to no such rules. And the more the Colonel tried to solve that of a woman, the more he saw that it was a kaleidoscopic and sensitive affair that shifted with every viewpoint in a way that no mere thought can prophesy or encompass.

One evening Betsy made certain circuitous remarks. She said, "Colonel, does n't this river remain about the same width all the time?"

"Well, yes; just about — generally."

"Even when one of the banks is caving in?"

"Well — yes. Of course. If the other bank stayed the same as it was, the Missouri would spread out into a marsh and would n't be a river at all."

In other words, for every foot that was subtracted from Betsy's place there was

necessarily an addition to the Colonel's estate, either then and there, or in the final outcome. The Colonel, being now brought back suddenly to things of this earth, began to think seriously about this matter. Strangely, he thought, it had never been a matter of concern to him. He recalled all those quiet evening hours, and he asked himself whether Betsy had sat there all that time and thought that *he* considered it a profitable piece of good fortune to him, and whether she supposed that was why he had been so cheerful? Most likely. No doubt.

But still it was necessary for him to go over every evening whatever Betsy thought. He noticed that there was a bar forming on his own water front, and it was gradually exposing itself in the shape of new land. He wished fervently that he could sink that land, alter the flow of the river, and put all those cave-ins back where they belonged. Thereafter, whenever a cave-in came as they sat together, it gave him an inward start; he acted very oblivious, or quickly obtruded some trivial topic, hoping to draw Betsy's mind from the *other* one, and keep her from mentioning it to him. And when she remarked, "That was some more of the potato patch," he could see that section of land go bodily across the waters and fit itself neatly into his farm. He felt guilty.

Those quiet spells now became of different texture to the Colonel. He did not have the spirit to make so many observations on trivial topics, and he was conscious that he did not act so much at ease as he had done heretofore. Now there were quiet spells of longer duration, during which he would sit and brood and speculate on the only matter between them which he felt sure must be the subject of Betsy's cogitations. Betsy was, in truth, thinking of her own affairs very seriously, and at times she showed a mood of deep concern.

The Colonel followed her thoughts in imagination, and tried to arrive at her opinion of him; he put himself in her place, and he immediately felt a resentment toward Colonel Kingston, sole beneficiary of this rank injustice of affairs. He knew that women are not good gamblers, and in the matter of mere worldly fortune he was winning from her. All this time he had sat there and offered not a word of sympathy; he had actually been cheerful and self-satisfied. He now put himself in her place, and saw that she must have formed a very low opinion of him; that if something were not done in time she would grow to hate him. Possibly she would order him off her porch at once were it not that she was the victim of his ability to roll the house back. But that night he did not winch it back any farther than usual, just enough to keep it from falling in for another day.

He decided that he would speak to her upon the subject that was troubling him. What would he say, — that he was sorry? Pshaw! Sorry that he was taking all her land? Maybe she would think it arrant hypocrisy. Anyway she might think that; so it was not a satisfactory thing to venture. He would put his hand in his pocket and pay her for it, but he knew she would not take it. He was sure she would be very courteous toward whatever he said or did, and therefore he could not possibly *know* what she thought of him.

In all reason it should have become a plain fact to the Colonel that he was in love. But it never becomes evident to a practical man that he is exactly in love. He awakes to the fact that he has come across a rare creature of good sense and charming virtues; he has discovered something that was entirely superfluous before, but which by a strange process has created its own demand, and which behooves him as a selfish creature to fasten upon before the chance is gone.

If he has any rational periods at all, they take shape in a speculation upon marriage in general, which is open to doubt except in his special case.

Had some one come along and offered to cart Betsy away at this juncture it is a certainty that he would have got on his knees in a hurry. This is what brings a man to the test, and is responsible for most of the flirtations in the world. The Colonel imagined her opinions of him to a point where he saw her slipping away; not into the arms of another man, but still out of the range of any possible affection for him. It was high time to do something. He saw that the only alternative and solution of the affair would be to "propose."

He fully decided that he would do so at once — could he only be assured that she would say yes. But he felt there was more than half a chance that she would not say it, and in that event it would be the end of his sitting on the porch. He imagined this state of affairs, and shrank from the calamity. From which it can be seen that the Colonel had got himself into an awful pickle. If he could only know that she did not care for him he would content himself to sit on the porch as long as the place lasted, so he told himself. But as asking her was such a risk he decided that possibly it would be better to wait until the house was backed up against the fence of old man Burns, and Betsy would then decide what she intended to do. If it came to the point of her going away, then would be the time, — a chance of gain with no risk of loss.

In the meantime he worried during the day and sat spellbound in the evening on the lady's porch. In spite of his logical conclusions, he spent much of the time trying to figure a way out of his dilemma without waiting for the porch to fall into the river. Suppose he asked her — if she misunderstood and was hopelessly lost to his love, he might present practical arguments. If she said "No," he would remind her that a time was coming when she would be standing in Burns's field, landless and homeless. What was the use of waiting? Betsy had sense. And if she doubted and mistook his love for mere pity, he would sign over to her an equal amount of his own land, and declare it was hers by *rights*. On the other hand, if it was hers by right, then it belonged to her whether she said yes or no. He would stand committed, and then being independent again she would not *have* to marry him. Somehow the Colonel could bring no plan to a satisfactory outcome. And giving up his practical theories he immediately became aware, from what he knew of Betsy's fineness of feeling, that she certainly would say "No" to any such inducement. He knew that a man would have to marry her for love, and for nothing else. And so he worried and badgered himself into a state where he resolved to wait until the time when she would be backed into the fence.

Sometimes he thought it strange that Betsy did not offer anything as to her intentions for the near future. In fact, she did not seem to be at all worried as the time drew near; the more disconcerted and self-conscious the Colonel became, the more she settled into contented repose and quiet self-sufficiency. At times she rocked and hummed to herself as though she were quite happy.

It was early in the fall when the river had completed its work. Betsy's house had been backed up to the fence. When the steps were hanging over the water old man Burns consented to have it occupy space on his land, but only for a time. The Colonel made a breach in the fence, and shifted the building for the last time.

That evening, when the Colonel got out of his skiff, Betsy arose from her chair and stood looking at him in surprise. The Colonel was clad in a new pepper-and-salt suit; his boots were highly polished, and he wore a silk hat that lent awesome height to his six feet of stature.

She went down to the shore to meet him, and as she took his big wide hand she looked straight up at him in undis-

guised wonder. She carefully bestowed his hat in the parlor, and then came out to where he had seated himself as usual in the armchair on the porch. It was a clear moonlit evening, with a green sky above the yellow waters. They talked on and on. The Colonel thought that Miss Betsy had never chatted so entertainingly. Once when she responded appreciatively to his observations he stole a glance at himself in his imposing attire, and he felt almost raised to a respectable opinion of himself. The moon rose higher and higher, and the time passed swiftly. There were pauses in the conversation, silences that he felt to be pointing directly at him, times when it was plain that if he had any important statement to make, now was the time to make it. Each time the Colonel looked into Betsy's eyes and quailed.

The moon passed the zenith, and threw the shadow of the porch toward the river. The Colonel was becoming much disappointed in himself.

Finally he tried to lay the blame on his new clothes, but his common sense would not have it that way. When the silences were longer than usual, and becoming more and more embarrassing because it was so ominously late, he slowly arose and said, "Well, if you 'll get my hat, Miss Betsy, I guess I 'll be going." As she brought it, the Colonel looked down upon her small delicate form, and never did he feel so "cheap" in his life.

Betsy stood with the hat in her hand — hesitating. She said, "Colonel, there was something I wanted to tell you." He immediately sat down.

"Colonel, I have made arrangements to sell the house to Mr. Burns."

"Sell the house — the house — How much did he offer you for it?"

"He said he would give me a hundred dollars — which is about all it is worth."

"I 'll give you two hundred." The Colonel was on the point of blurting out higher bids, — five hundred, — a thousand. But no, not a thousand. That would be enough for her to buy another farm. With this flash of discreet policy he halted and repeated, "Two hundred."

"Why, what would *you* do with the house — over here across the river?"

"Well — I 'd — I 'd — take it to pieces and use the lumber for something or other, — and especially the porch. I think I could get *that* across the river as it is. I always *did* like this here porch pretty well."

Betsy stood with her eyes cast down.

"Well, Colonel, of course you can have it — if you — of course"—

She came to a stop with a tremor in her words. She was standing in the light that came through the window from the parlor lamp. The Colonel was waiting in the shadow. A tear was glistening in the corner of her eye, — a tear that grew big and rolled suddenly down her cheek. The Colonel was nonplussed, dumfounded, and entirely at sea.

"Don't cry, Betsy; why, I would n't cry, Betsy." He spoke with a tenderness that was more than sympathy. Whereat Betsy immediately "cried." She sat down in the rocker, holding her apron to her face, and became quiet.

The Colonel stooped over her and said softly, "Don't cry, Betsy."

She had suppressed herself bravely, but now she sobbed audibly.

Right there the Colonel threw his worthless self to the winds, — new clothes and all. He picked her up bodily and sat down with her in his lap, her face hidden on his breast. He rocked back and forth, patting her gently, and trying to console her with such remarks as instinct gives a man when he quiets his first child.

"Hush, now; be quiet, Betsy; don't cry. There, now, I want to tell you something." His head was bowed and his cheek pressed against her hair.

"Betsy, I love you. Now don't cry, Betsy. Do you hear me, Betsy?"

A muffled and hardly audible "Yes" came from the folds of his coat.

"Betsy, I ain't much good some ways, and I never did have any sense with women. But, Betsy, do you think that if I took good care of you, and treated you like my own little girl, that you could come over and live on my place? Do you believe that I love you, Betsy?"

The Colonel felt three distinct nods against his heart. And that was all he wanted to know.

Betsy's porch still faces the Missouri, — on the front of the Colonel's house. The lumber was used to build a new house for the "niggers," and the shingles went for kindling wood the following winter.

Charles D. Stewart.

ROAD BUILDING AMONG THE MOROS.

[The author of this paper, Major R. L. Bullard, of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, is now stationed at Iligan, Mindanao, P. I. During the war with Spain he was Colonel of the Third Alabama Volunteers, a negro regiment. His opinions were quoted in Mr. Oswald G. Villard's article on The Negro in the Regular Army, in the ATLANTIC for June, 1903. — THE EDITORS.]

AN ignorant and savage but spirited people are passing the eddies, and are being drawn into the outer lines of the current of the world's civilization and progress. Their hour of fate is of interest.

In the interior of Mindanao, two thousand feet above sea level, in one of the most inviting regions of the tropics, lies a lake, Lanao. Its waters, shores, and framing of difficult mountains have fostered and protected a numerous race of savages who call themselves the Malanaos, the People of the Lake. When the Spaniards came to the shores of the Philippines, they found tall watch-towers looking out over the sea at the coast towns, and the coast people of all the Philippines, from the south to as far north as Manila, told fearful tales of a savage people who often came suddenly upon them from the south by the sea in their long sail and row boats, robbed and burned their towns, killed their men, and carried away their women and girls. These people were already in possession of some of the southernmost islands, and were spreading northward by sea and land. The Christian Spaniards found them Mohammedans, and straightway gave them the name of the people they best knew as Mohammedans, Moros, or Moors. Of this aggressive race of pirates and robbers are the Malanaos, whose highest shame was not to bear arms, and whose highest misfortune was to fall without them.

From the days of the discoverer, Magellan, down to the very day when the last Spanish soldier disappeared from the Philippines before the Americans, the Malanaos, whose advance posts and villages had gradually crept to the north shores of Mindanao, were a standing threat to Spanish authority in the South Philippines and a terror to all neighboring tribes and peoples. How great was that terror may be judged by the fact that Spain's sending Filipino soldiers to try to hold in check the savage Malanaos was declared by Filipino leaders one of the causes of the great insurrection. During the centuries of her occupation of the Philippines, Spain made three efforts to penetrate and subdue the country of the Malanaos, but they resisted. Their jungles and mountains aided them, and on the coming of the Americans, the Malanaos were, and are to-day, an unconquered, wild people. The resources of

their country are unappreciated, neglected, and serve little purpose to man. Its products spring up, mature, and go to waste under the all-devouring decay of tropical heat and dampness. Nature and savagery have prevailed against civilization. Christianity has failed before the motto of the steadfast Mohammedan Malanaos, "*Never change your religion.*"

The Moros, on account of their religion, marked characteristics, savagery, and political conditions, compel attention and interest. Their political system is the town or groups of towns, which, however, hang together in nothing but a common tribal name. Their little governments are primitively Oriental. Power lies in the personality and force of character of thousands of petty chiefs, sultans, and dattos of different grades. They have little law but the Koran, and government is inseparable from religion. Though they have a written language, it is of little general value to the people because it is taught to but few. They have no literature. They work in metals, iron, brass, silver, and gold, but the main use to which they apply their art is the fabrication of arms for local petty aggression and strife. Every freeman, even the priest, goes armed. Polygamy, slavery, and tribal incoherency prevail. Robbery, piracy, and a general reciprocity of suspicion, distrust, and jealousy mark their relations. To find out what another has, and to devise means to take it away from him, — robbery, — is the very first Moro characteristic. The security of personal property lies only in the ability of the possessor to save his own. A couple of changes of hand of stolen property is generally accepted as extinguishing the title of the true owner. As death is practically the only punishment in use among them, all crimes that do not merit death go unpunished.

Withal, it is manifest that the Malanaos are savages. To reach our civilization they must pass a great gulf. In its crossing they may, like the Indian, be lost. Why, then, try to make them cross it? Why open their country and try to civilize them? "Because civilization has better things for them." Because many of them are not only ready to receive it themselves, but are helping to fetch it to their whole country. Because they are part of us, we must fetch them forward with us; we cannot leave them behind. Because savagery and civilization cannot exist side by side; either all Mindanao must be turned over to the savagery of the aggressive Moros, or all be taken over to civilization. Because, finally, as savages the Moros stand in the way of our destiny, and we cannot permit that. They are too poor to tempt cupidity.

In two of their efforts to open the Malanao country the Spaniards failed from lack of vigor. In the third, which was very elaborate and consumed six years, they were overtaken by Aguinaldo's insurrection and the Spanish-American war. Spain's failures strengthened the Moros' military spirit, and when the Americans appeared the Moros at once began to harass them, and quickly showed the impossibility of civilization and savagery existing side by side. It was necessary to open the Malanao country. Two military roads, passing, one from the south and one from the north coast of Mindanao into the very heart of the Moro country, and meeting there on the waters of Lake Lanao, were conceived and located by the soldier-engineer, General George W. Davis, at that time commanding in Mindanao. The making of these means the civilization of the Malanaos.

In the spring of 1902, General Baldwin began to open the southern half of this trans-Mindanao road. A few Moros near him on the south coast at first eagerly joined in the expedition against their brothers of the interior, but finding that the Americans were not willing to employ savages as soldiers even against savage enemies, and soon tiring, no matter how well paid, of the labor of felling

trees and rolling logs to break through the forest, they struck and left the whole work to the stalwart American soldier. The soldier opened his way laboriously through the jungle to the battle and victory of Bayan. By his labor, also, what he had at first made but a bridle-path grew in a few months to a great high-road to the south shores of Lanao. The work was done in the face of the hostility, and in spite of the savage stealth and craft, of the Moros. Naked and noiseless, they crawled into the very camps and snatched the soldiers' arms and ammunition, and escaped; or, perfectly concealed in the vegetation along the narrow trails, they pounced upon sentinels and small parties with savage fury; or, under the guise of friendship, approached treacherously to sudden hand-to-hand encounter with their famous *cris* or more deadly *campilan*.[1] Two soldiers met a Moro. He made friendly signs, but, in passing, whirled, and with one swing of his campilan lopped off at the shoulder a soldier's arm with its rifle, seized the rifle, and disappeared like a rabbit in the forest. Treacherous encounters like this came often.

On this side the opening of the Moro country found no friends among the Moros, but bitter resistance. The road was, however, completed. A camp was established on the south shore of Lanao. From there three expeditions were subsequently made to punish various Moro aggressions, and many of the Malanaos of the south shores of the lake have settled down to peace, and are building houses and transporting supplies for the American troops. Some have, however, continued resentful, and the troops must forever be on guard, though conditions are steadily improving.

One half of the work was done. The more difficult part, that which should reach and open up the far more populous and important tribes and towns of the northern shores of Lanao, remained. It was the writer's fortune to be selected first to begin it with the labor of troops, afterward to take charge of relations with the Moros, and at last to end the work with the labor of Moros on the north shores of Lanao.

The general said, "Open the country and subdue the Moros; do it without fighting." No harder injunction could have been laid upon soldiers. Sickness and disease can be borne. Labor under the most withering heat that Americans have known, labor with only the inadequate makeshift appliances of a far backward and distant country, scratching a way with tooth and nail through the rocks and mountains, — all were accepted with equanimity. But troops whose very reason for existence is fighting saw themselves in the midst of aggressive, savage enemies, who constantly lay in wait to rob and kill, and were required to hold their hand. That they obeyed is the wonder of discipline, — I may not say the honor of soldiers, for there is no honor for soldiers but in fighting, and these knew it. It was the hard sacrifice of opportunity to duty.

After crawling for a few miles along the north coast of Mindanao, the road plunges into a deep mountain forest southward and climbs along the course of the picturesque and noisy Agus, which, so rapid is its fall, literally spouts the waters of Lanao into the Sulu Sea. Moros love the water. Their villages lie upon lakes, coasts, and streams. They struggle thus along the Agus from Lanao to the sea, and the new Moro road thus touches almost from the start the purpose for which it was conceived, the opening

[1] The campilan is a long, two-handed sword weighted toward the point. With this the Moros aim to, and do often, cleave the body of an enemy from the shoulder downward to the opposite side. Carelessly carried in the hand in its longitudinally split sheath of light soft wood, loosely tied perhaps with a sprig of grass, it looks innocent, but is thus ever ready without drawing for a sudden blow.

and enlightenment of the Moro country. Just in advance of the Americans went the mighty Asiatic cholera, mowing down the Moros in swift fearful deaths, yet leaving the Americans almost unscathed. To the superstitious Moros this meant that the Americans had at least brought the dread disease, perhaps even were in league with it. The thought embittered them. Many disappeared into the forests of the interior, until a valiant Moro, some said, met and slew the Cholera Man, a tall dark stranger, and the disease was stayed. As it waned, the Moros returned and found the American soldiers busy at work on the road. At first they came from curiosity, afterwards to seek opportunity by stealthy attacks on sentinels and small parties to secure firearms, which they prize above all things, and for which to risk their lives is nothing. They saw the big white man felling trees and hurling great boulders into the air with a mighty roar by the mere touch of a button. They saw his beautiful arms and abundant ammunition. They saw horses and wagons whose great size and loads struck them with wonder. They saw the soldier eat in one meal more than a Moro eats in three, and do in a day more work than a Moro can do in three. They saw him going about almost alone without fear, and living in the open without thought of the shelter of earthwork or fort. They attacked him alone, unarmed, in the dark, and were driven off like children. They found him, notwithstanding his great strength and power of destruction, kind, considerate, ready to joke and be friends. When they gave him fearful warning of stealthy attack, he smiled and said, "Good." They saw him come without the missionary spirit of the Spaniards, and unaccompanied by their traditional enemies, the Filipinos. They saw the cholera almost pass him by; saw him live where Moros died. They almost saw the seasons change to favor him and the rains fail that would have stopped him. There is no doubt that these things powerfully affected the minds of the Moros.

They could not understand the man who prefers to fight in the open and cares nothing for forts and earthworks; whom the dread cholera itself seemed to respect; who knew how to do so many strange and wonderful things; who could kill so swiftly, and yet did not; who could drive many to work in slavery, yet offered them pay for their labor. Above all, as Moros, they could not understand the man who could, if he pleased, rob with impunity, yet did not; who could, if he pleased, almost with impunity kill men and carry off women to his harems and boys into slavery, yet did not. Without a better understanding they could not decide to fight at once. Besides, the invader did not march forward; he worked forward. This gave them time to observe and consider. Some prowled around camp day and night, watching us from the woods and jungles, occasionally shooting into camp and attacking small parties and sentinels. A few came in a friendly manner, and by them I invited others to come and talk with me. They did not rush to friendship and welcome in Filipino style. They were deliberate. They began to visit me only after about three months, coming always in parties, and armed to the teeth. I assured them one by one, man and datto, hour after hour, all day, week after week, a thousand times: "We wish to be your friends, not to fight you, nor rob you, nor disturb your religion. You are brown men and we white. For so little should we be enemies? Why should we wish to rob you? You have nothing we would rob you of. We already have more and better things than you. See our few hundred soldiers and these at work upon the road. Had we come to fight or enslave you, we would have brought thousands, as did the Spaniards. Ask the Moros whose homes have been near our camps and road. Have we killed or robbed any, or mo-

lested or frightened their women and children? Now speak freely what is in your heart, any doubt or suspicion, that we may understand one another and be friends." The general, almost invariable, answer to this invitation showed the Moros' keen appreciation of the prime characteristic of their people, love of robbery and consuming desire for firearms: "My people are all good, but if one day some bad Moros should lie in wait near my town and kill or wound some of your soldiers and take their arms, will you come and kill my people and burn my town?" I answered: "We will try to care for these bad men on the spot. It is not our custom to involve the good in the punishment of the bad." The weight lifted from their minds, they talked on for from one to five hours, jumping from one trifle to another, listening attentively, observing narrowly, recurring ever to our coming, trying to fathom our motives, and reach a basis of judgment of us and an estimate of our intentions with regard to themselves. Cutting short such a parley only sent them away unsatisfied and suspicious. It could not be done if we wished to make them our friends. As no datto was ever represented by another, each had to be satisfied for himself. There were days, weeks, months of talk, involving the consumption of bushels of betel nuts and thousands of bad cigarettes. This was repeated at each new advance into the interior. Satisfied upon all points, the datto declared himself a friend, perhaps took an oath of friendship with me by cutting a split of the bejuca vine over the Koran, and then demanded an American flag as large as the largest any datto had ever received; or, under the impression that I would pay for his peace and friendship, asked the "loan" of money. The flag he received after satisfactory observation; the money, never. Thereafter on the market days of nearby towns he was likely to come to call and present me with such rotten eggs and sick chickens as he may have been unable to sell in the market.

It was thought that if a few Moros could be induced to work, the flock would follow. They have no traditions of work. Among them labor is generally the part of slaves, women, and children. It is accordingly looked upon with contempt by the Moro freemen. They heard my offer, demanded about two prices, and waited and talked days to secure their demands. At last a few accepted the prices offered, and began to work under the supervision of officers and soldiers selected for their intelligence, patience, and judgment, who might be relied upon to recognize the difference between a Moro and an American, and who would not expect, as most men do, of the wildest savage all the qualities of honor and faith and manhood of the man whose inheritance and traditions have for hundreds of years been those of civilization.

The first comers were a scabby lot of boys and slaves. Agreeing to work for three days, some wanted pay at the end of a couple of hours; all at the end of a day. Some were prevailed upon to work until the end of the time agreed upon, when they were paid. The briefest hour of labor was sufficient basis to demand a day's pay. At first no direction except the most considerate and respectful was tolerated by them. One datto, who went to sleep during work hours and was waked by the soldier overseer, was offended beyond all power of apology to mend. He took his little pack of slaves and boys and went off in a huff. When the hour for the first payment arrived, a much larger number of Moros than had worked came to witness it. It was plain that many never believed that payment would be made. They were surprised. Some had also feared that the Americans would herd them together at some good opportunity while at work and shoot them to death. This had not happened, and the news went forth. It had some effect; the numbers grew, but not suffi-

ciently. To many who, while professing great good will and friendship, were still standing off, I thought it a good time to say, "Talk means nothing. My *friends* work with me on the road." It was effective. In a short time I had more Moro laborers than I could conveniently supply with tools.

The forward movement of the work quickly developed the fact that it was in derogation of the authority of the datto of the locality for another's people to dare touch his soil with pick and shovel. There was bad blood and surliness for a long time, and the matter gave me much trouble until I made plain to them another sovereignty, that of the United States, over the road wherever it fell. Absurd jealousies like this constitute the most striking and difficult features of Moro politics. A town cannot grow to respectable size before jealousy between its dattos splits it into half-a-dozen miserable villages, whose head men are ever afterward either at war or maintaining an armed and suspicious peace verging on war. Like result follows the death of a datto. His late realm, no matter how mean, is torn up and divided among the rivals for his honors. Thereafter all trifles become standing enmities. The net result, among a numerous people of the same blood and other common bonds, is as bad an example of political disorganization and incoherence as can be found in the world. Few villages are so small as not to be torn by such jealousies. Our meanest Indian tribes hold together better.

These jealousies and the datto's absurd pride of rank and love of prestige complicated and made difficult all my attempts to deal with them. One of the first things to which I became accustomed was to see each datto, as he came to talk for the first time, strike a level between the tips of his two forefingers held side by side and declare: "So it is with dattos. If another claim that he is higher than I, he lies, and I will fight him." If I gave one a contract, the next day half-a-dozen appeared and insisted on having an exact duplicate in all respects without any regard to whether they were at all able to execute it. To make a start on a certain work, I allowed to one datto a day's pay for his people for half a day's work. All others demanded the same, not for the profit, because many of them actually offered two or three days' work to the road, gratis, but because they thought they saw in my act a recognition in the first datto of some higher grade which jealousy could never permit them to pass without challenge. Another who had not, like some of his neighbors, received a contract to cut poles, went out, and for mere show and effect upon the Moro mind made his people cut and prepare the same number of poles as others whether I desired to use them or not. Another still, who, in the division of the road work was somehow left out, in order to preserve his public prestige laid out a piece of road according to his own ideas, and had his people execute the work. It made no difference to these that they were not to receive pay for their work. They were guarding their datto's prestige in the public eye, — a sort of Moro form of the most favored nation clause in our treaties. Yet there was a favoring side to this jealousy. Upon occasion I have got his last man and his utmost effort out of a datto by touching him at this point, talking admiringly in his hearing of the great service being rendered by some neighbor of his of whom I knew him to be jealous. He was generally unable to stand it, and proceeded to do his best in rivalry.

As the road advanced deeper and deeper into the Moro country, the number of Moro laborers grew steadily. With wider experience I saw that he who has only talked to Moros of friendship and our benevolent intentions, who has not worked, paid, and fed them, has not even scratched the surface of Moro

character. Work, money, food, — these stand for something. We employed, worked, and paid them always through the datto. Paid by the day and at work under the datto alone, the slight regard in which they held this gentleman quickly became manifest. Acknowledging always some datto, no freeman ever obeyed any. He worked if he pleased, he trifled if he pleased, and the datto might whistle. Only children who stood in fear of superior strength could be made to work. As a consequence among our laborers there were many children. I would not have had it otherwise, for the hope of the Moros is not in the present but in the rising generation. Promptness? Hours? Time? What were they? In the Moro tongue *now* and *to-day* are the same word. I found it out after weeks of impatience, observing that an order to go to work *now* was taken in apparent good faith to mean *any time to-day.*

Paid by the job, the Moro sat down by his work, camped, ate, slept by it. Thus I saw him work when he pleased, early and late and by moonlight, with his own tools, in his own way, loosening the earth with a sharp stick and throwing it with his hands; or, sitting, push it with his feet before him to its place on the road. I have seen him during the hours of his rest from his labor, ill done by the day, cut and split cordwood by contract and carry it in bundles on his head a mile to the Quartermaster. It detracts nothing from his industry to add that he generally took advantage of these unusual hours and freedom from observation to attempt some easily discovered but provoking trick, like padding the "fills" in his road with straw, brush, or rotten wood, or changing the grade or course of his road to make his work lighter, or crisscrossing his wood in the cord until it contained more air than wood.

But patience and contact with the Americans were all the time telling with them, and after three months they were organized into large gangs under soldiers and worked as regularly by bugle call as soldiers, and during longer hours because they stood the heat. All this time the consequence of the datto was waning. Some who were slow in coming to the Americans lost their following with their people who came with other dattos. In all, probably three thousand from far and near worked side by side with the Americans. From being a mere adjunct to the soldier labor they came to do the great bulk of the work. Impatience at first had not driven them away, desire to earn had brought them to work, and work had kept them from war. The civilizing, educational effect was marked. Contact with one another was wiping out animosities of long standing. Contact with the Americans was wiping out prejudices and opposition to American ways. Altogether it was a great stride for savages. They had become peaceful workers. They finished the road and opened the way to their own civilization.

With so favorable a start, and with the lessons of their severe defeats by punitive expeditions fresh in their minds, are we hereafter to expect trouble with Moros? After our Revolutionary war an expedition was organized to settle the Indian question. A hundred years later that question was still a very live one. The American public learns of the severe punishment given lawless Moros yesterday in Mindanao. The papers and the public declare, "That will teach them a lesson." But, for a lesson to be a lesson, it must be learned, and other wild Moros just over the hill have neither seen nor read the lesson of that slaughter; and had they seen or read, they would not have been so sensibly affected as the public thinks. Among the Moros human life is cheap, — ten or twelve dollars, — and scenes of blood and tales of carnage are not so rare as to be very affecting. Almost every manly Moro bears the scars of combat, and in defeat all Orientals expect far more slaughter

than Westerners have ever been willing to make or even think of. Punitive expeditions are necessary and valuable, but let us not overestimate them. As for peaceful methods alone, the Filipino insurgent general, Rufino Deloso, well provided with funds, visited the Lanao country in 1901 to try to make allies of the Moros. There is a suggestion in Rufino's report that as long as his funds held out, the Moros were friendly; no longer. Still Rufino's method was largesses, ours the profit and discipline of work. It can hardly be expected that we shall be able to bring the Moros under full control without further serious difficulties, perhaps wars. The differences between them and us are too great. Occidental and Oriental have met, and the witness feels a new strange meaning in the words, "As far as the East is from the West."

To many who know much of the Moros these differences seem so great that they cry out against any early movement to bring the Moros to our views or under our system. Let alone, they say, the bearing of arms, slavery, polygamy, citizenship, and any attempt at government based on citizenship or on anything else than the one man's rule of the datto or sultan. With this, except as to polygamy, I strongly disagree.

The Moro custom of going always armed to the teeth is deep-rooted, traditional, national, and not to bear arms is a sign of slavery or tribal disgrace; but, despite all this, I have induced hundreds of freemen, Moros, to come without arms to work on the road with the Americans. Results cannot be denied nor theorized against. Further, the very ineffectiveness of these arms, knives, and spears, as compared with new firearms now coming into sight, yet but little into Moro hands, will help to their abandonment.

Slavery is generally declared mild among the Moros and without slavery's usual concomitants. I have known the traditions and effects of slavery in our own country, — broken families, mother and child separated, concubinage, immorality, degradation, contempt of human rights. They are the same among the Moros without the compensating civilizing effect passing from master to slave as in America. Slavery, I believe, is not so much a Moro as a Mohammedan institution. That the Moros care but little for it is shown by the fact that when runaway slaves have claimed the protection of the United States and been declared free, as they frequently have been, their late masters have accepted the decision with equanimity, and by the further fact that slaves are valued so little, — twenty dollars per head. Among a total population of perhaps 300,000, they cannot be very numerous. For probably a million dollars I believe it would be practicable to buy and liberate them all, — an opportunity for a philanthropist. Nor is it probable that with the little attachment which the Moros display for slavery there would thereafter be any difficulty in preventing a serious return to the institution.

With slavery would go concubinage, open and serious concubinage, I mean; for concubinage, as a general evil, does not exist without slavery. This brings us to polygamy, a related but more serious question.

Polygamy appeals to the Moros. It has appealed to mankind in all ages. To know it we have only to call to mind the strength and popularity of every religion that has approved or allowed it, and especially in our own time and country to note the ready reception by both men and women, and the marvelous growth of that religion which has made polygamy a cardinal doctrine and practice. Of course polygamy is doomed under American rule, and it will have to go from among the Moros. When and how are the only questions. I cannot answer them, yet it would seem that we ought not to expect better or prompter results with the Moros in far Mindanao than

we have had with our Indians and Mormons at home.

As for the possibility of a citizenship and civil government for the Moros, there already exists a tendency among them, of which I have spoken, to individualize, an undoubted tendency to personal freedom and independence. Here is something to lay hold of, something on which to begin. The datto system of one man's rule is moribund. Contact with Americans is already pushing it into its grave and putting the freedom of the individual in its place. Such has been the plain results before my own eyes. When the datto failed to lead his people to the Americans, they acted independently and he lost his influence and following. Further, the Moros already exercise some of the functions of citizens. They depose and elect their own sultans and dattos. Among them, also, there is a general recognition of the white man's superiority which makes them more ready to accept the white man's dictum in their affairs. The word of white military authority extinguishing the right of a datto to his slave has been accepted many times without murmur. Two dattos fought in my presence over a question of ownership of an old Spanish blockhouse. I declared it United States property. Said a deputation of neighbors who next day brought the aggressor before me, "If you say he is at fault, we will kill him." Many requests, with some of which I have complied, have been made upon me by Moros to settle controversies between them about arms, debts, thefts, runaway and stolen slaves, and what not. As my camps have advanced into their territory, chief after chief has said: "I ruled here; now you have come, what is your will?" Again, there are among them many men of common rank, many dattos too, who will gladly accept under the white man's powerful government the opportunity to gain distinction among their people. Some have already been doing this. The young Sultan of Marahui risked his life at Bacolod to prevent his people from fighting the Americans; later he risked and lost his life by the horrible disease cholera at Teyaca with the same high purpose. He was our friend. In the world he would have been a hero.

From such conditions — their inclination to throw off the datto system, their tendency to personal freedom or citizenship, their readiness to accept our dictum in their affairs, their existing custom of electing their own dattos — it ought to be no difficult passage to civil government. These things are necessary: the skill to take hold of and turn to account favoring conditions and characteristics, the patience and consideration to allow for Moro ideas and customs, yet the tact and firmness not to allow them to defeat our ends.

R. L. Bullard.

WHISTLER.

Who was Charles Gleyre? To ask and to answer that question in approaching the art of the late James McNeill Whistler is to draw much nearer, I think, to what is interesting in the genesis of that art, than if we seek to learn where and when the American painter and etcher was born, who his parents were, and all the other things that are supposed to count, and usually do count, in the development of a man's genius. In Whistler's case they do not count at all, and only the compilers of reference books need trouble themselves about the vexed question as to whether he was born in 1834 or 1835, in Baltimore or

St. Petersburg. He was, himself, always rather mysterious on these points. Perhaps he realized their unimportance, and, in his quizzical way, amused himself by evading the importunities of the intrusive biographer. The well-known story of his youthful indiscretion at West Point tells us nothing essential. After the death of his father, Major George Washington Whistler, who had been summoned to Russia by the Czar Nicholas, to supervise the construction of a railway there, he returned to this country with Mrs. Whistler, and entered the Academy on the Hudson. The famous Coast Survey plate on which he etched half-a-dozen irrelevant heads, thereby inviting a rebuke from his superior, and bringing about the abrupt termination of his military career, is a souvenir of his wayward temper, — nothing more. No, the first salient fact by which we are confronted in his record is his entrance into Gleyre's studio in 1856, and so I return to my question.

Gleyre was a born classicist, a devoted conservator of those principles upon which Ingres had placed his imprimatur, — the only principles, as they thought, which it was rational for French art to follow. Obviously they were, in a measure, wrong. Géricault proved it, Delacroix proved it, the works of all the Romantic and Naturalistic painters, both figure compositions and landscapes, remain an irrefragable proof that Ingres and Gleyre went too far in their academic fury against all things not academic. Less obviously, perhaps, but conclusively enough, they were, in a measure, right. At least they were in harmony with the French genius; at least they preached, in their gospel of "the rectitude of art," the truth that is at the bottom of the most characteristic things in the Salon to-day. But Gleyre, as Whistler's master, ceases for the moment to represent the continuity of French practice — he becomes a protagonist in the great artistic quarrel of the nineteenth century, that between tradition and temperament. Looking back at the pair in those early days, both men are perceived in a peculiarly interesting light. Gleyre stands for everything that has been formulated and accepted. Whistler, a mere youth, is already bent upon revolution, and the odd thing is that all his resources for the struggle were accumulated in his own nature; he drew nothing from the comrades who, like himself, sought an outlet from the stifling atmosphere of the Academy. That is why his period of pupilage is so important to remember. Even then he was a kind of solitary, the influence of Gleyre only serving to accentuate his detachment from the reigning school. Never in later life did he more vividly demonstrate his title to a place apart in modern art than when he defied the very representative of officialdom to whom he had come to be taught.

I have said that he drew nothing from his more independent comrades. Degas was among them; he knew other Frenchmen since become celebrated, like that painter, for successful rebellion against routine, and he shared in their high erected talk. He did not share in any of their new movements to the extent of trying to do what they were trying to do. If he suffered rejection with Manet, for example, from the Salon, and thereupon sought recompense, with that artist, in the Salon des Refusés, it was by virtue of qualities entirely his own, and bearing the stamp of no school, impressionistic or what not, that he was scorned in the one place and welcomed in the other. I name Manet at this point because the contrast between his work and Whistler's in their time of trial is especially suggestive. The Frenchman's great sensation in the Salon des Refusés of 1863 was made with his now famous — then merely notorious — Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe. The American sent La Femme Blanche, the first of his three early Symphonies in White. The

position taken by both painters amounted in effect to this: that they cared nothing for subject as subject, but were solicitous solely for the charm to be got out of the sheer manipulation of paint. The difference between them, beginning in temperament, ended in something like a total separation of their ideals. To Manet the incongruity of his nude bather, grouped beneath the trees near a stream, with two men in the coats and trousers of modern life, was of no earthly consequence. He was not painting an anecdote, he was painting an effect of light and air. But he really gives us more than this, he puts life into his figures and his scene, the life of the world we live in, something that moves and breathes and has a very human interest. Brilliant as a technician, Manet was most brilliant in putting his technique at the service of truth. What Velasquez and Hals taught him he used in a large, robust spirit. The scales had fallen from his eyes. The world was intensely real to him. His eyes devoured the substance of life, and his hands thrilled with a sense of power as he seized it and transferred it to canvas, its vitality heightened rather than diminished, and its appeal directed to the layman, caring for mankind hardly less, than to the dilettanti of "pure painting."

Whistler had felt the magic of Velasquez, and he was weary, as Manet was, of the cold, sapless fruits of the Academy. But it was no more in his nature to face the truth as Manet faced it than it was in his nature to emulate his contemporary's prodigious vigor. La Femme Blanche is not, like any one of Manet's figures, a being whose humanity cannot be denied, — one sees in this canvas simply the graceful wearer of a white dress which the artist has wanted to paint against a white curtain, and the same atmosphere as of technical experimentation hangs about The Little White Girl of 1864, and the third of the "symphonic" studies, painted in 1867. These canvases are all interiors. Not for him the luminosity, which, for Manet, Monet, and all the rest of the Impressionists, meant a new and indispensable factor in art. He sought cooler tones, in a still, sequestered world of his own; untroubled by the nervous tension of familiar life; unlit by anything so garish as the sun, — detached, in a word, from ordinary reality. Long afterwards, alluding to his great portrait of his mother, which he called an Arrangement in Grey and Black, he protested that while its personal associations were interesting to him, the public could have no legitimate concern with that side of the work. "It must stand or fall," he asserted, "on its merits as an arrangement." This was his attitude in the sixties, when he was feeling his way toward the expression of his ideal, and he never abandoned it. He was furious with Mr. Hamerton for complaining, in The Saturday Review, that there were more varieties of tint in the Symphony in White, No. III. than could be squared with a literal interpretation of the title. "Bon Dieu!" he exclaims, "did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F, F, F.? . . . Fool!"

The critic had certainly committed a *bêtise*, but this is not to say that Whistler deserved no criticism at all in those earlier days. On the contrary, it is very easy to exaggerate the value of the three paintings I have named. They are immensely interesting as illustrations of a kind of art unlike anything that had previously been done, and in the middle member of the trio particularly, the note struck is not simply so new, but so charming that it is, at first blush, a little difficult to understand why Paris was so slow in applauding the painter. The truth is that the absence in Whistler of that power which we have seen in Manet was destined, not altogether unjustly, to keep him for a long time out of his own. Pre-

occupied with the *nuance* of tone, trying to achieve in painting an effect which finds its parallel in, say, the music of Chopin, or the poetry of Verlaine, he neglected to so perfect himself in the handling of his brushes that one would see his effects and nothing else. As a matter of fact one sees a great deal else, a point which Whistler's thick and thin admirers are absurdly unwilling to concede. "The work of the master," he somewhere says, "reeks not of the sweat of the brow, — suggests no effort, — and is finished from its beginning." Consider the want of limpidity in the surfaces, the want of elasticity in the lines, of the three Symphonies in White, and judge if there is no sign of effort in those works. Of masterful ease there is assuredly no suggestion. Some charm of tone is there, and the savor of genius is unmistakably present, but it is tone that needs to take on a purer transparence; it is genius that is not yet in full possession of itself. What Whistler himself thought of his first essays in paint is shown by an episode taken from a much later period in his career. He found, in an English collection, a picture he had painted, and painted so badly that he longed to destroy it. So anxious was he to do this that he offered to paint a full-length portrait of the owner, and another of his wife, in exchange for this ghost from his past!

If from the start he had been only a painter, the explanation of his deficiencies could be the more speedily found, but it is one of the interesting things about Whistler that, just as he makes his début in painting, and starts the critic on an analytic pursuit, the latter is brought athwart the etchings, and, for the moment, must see his subject in a very different light. Again the name of Gleyre presents itself. Looking simply to the three Symphonies in White one would say that he, to whom draughtsmanship was as the soul of art, had not taught his pupil to draw. Not down to the end of his career was Whistler to draw with the brush as most other masters have drawn, — masters as unlike one another as Velasquez, Titian, Raphael, Mantegna, and Ingres. But with the etching needle in his hand he drew as only Rembrandt had drawn before him, with a precision, a delicacy, a power, which, perhaps, after all, not Ingres and Gleyre together could have taught him. These qualities appeared in his first etchings, the French Set of 1858; and when the Thames Set was finished a year or so later, he had developed his art to a remarkable point of self-possession and force. Altogether he produced nearly four hundred plates, and, while they vary in excellence, there is not one in the collection which is without some touch disclosing the great artist.

For convenience these etchings may be roughly divided into four groups. The first two have just been named. In them, and in the etchings of the sixties, brilliance both of line and tone is the predominating characteristic. Then, around the early seventies, Whistler modified his manner, sketched the figure with a freer point, and often substituted for the rich tones, the velvety blacks and deep browns of his earlier plates, a grayer and more impalpable veil of color, approximating more to the key of certain of his paintings. Several years passed, and in Venice he entered upon a new phase, exchanging the full firm line of his first plates for a looser, more stenographic form of expression. Thereafter, in plates done in France, Belgium, and Holland, and in some delightful notes of a British naval review, he adhered to much the same method. The point of view from which he made all his etchings is well exhibited in a passage from one of his letters to a friend who happened to be staying in Stuttgart at the time, and had written him of the picturesqueness of that place. "It sounds delightful," he says. "I have never been to Stuttgart, but should fancy it a most fascinating old town. Is it full of quaint little daintinesses for me to carry off?

— and is the town a dear Old-World spot — withdrawn quite from the circulating tourist?" This was ever his mood, one of immediate sympathy for dainty picturesqueness, and what makes the fragment I have quoted doubly characteristic is its indication of his tendency to look for that quality in what I may call the immobile aspects of a city. If he seeks movement at all, it is in the lines of shipping on the Thames, or it is in the men and women who enliven a street or square, — and over these idlers or passers-by he pauses only long enough deftly to summarize them, and to furnish his composition with some sign of life.

Why did he not make more of the human figure in his etchings? He was not altogether without resource in this direction. In fact, some of his portraits, like the Drouet, for example, or several others of men, women, and children, show a fine sense of form. I think the reason why we find among his plates none of the dramatic figure subjects that we find in the etched work of Rembrandt, whom he equals otherwise, is that he was not interested in human nature for its own sake; indeed, I sometimes wonder if he was interested in it at all, if the passion and poetry of life were not, to him, a sealed book. In his Ten O'Clock lecture Whistler speaks of Art being selfishly occupied with her own perfection only, having no desire to teach; and in illustration of her disposition to seek the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, he cites "her high priest" Rembrandt, who, he goes on, "saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' Quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks." The point is well taken, yet we can imagine Rembrandt protesting to Whistler, — if they are now somewhere talking together of their earthly experiences, — protesting that his position in the matter had been understated; that he saw a good deal more than picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' Quarter at Amsterdam and wherever else he sought his models; that he saw, and felt, the emotions by which the faces of those models were marked, by which their frames had been made significant of the soul's travail. We cannot imagine Whistler illustrating the Scriptures as Rembrandt illustrated them. To have done so he would have had to suffer a transformation of his whole nature, to have learned that there is more in mankind than the materials for an "arrangement" in line or color. Furthermore, even if he had had an impulse toward Rembrandt's way of looking at things, it is probable that he would have failed through his lack of anatomical knowledge. His portraits, I repeat, are often masterly, but he needed an even greater command over the secrets of the figure than they reveal to put forth elaborate compositions. I note the fact with little or no regret, however, for in his chosen field Whistler made such beautiful etchings that it would be foolish to wish that he had done something else.

Architecture, seemingly so fixed a phenomenon, nevertheless presents itself to different eyes with the most drastic differences. To Méryon it is again and again a symbol of mystery and of eerie, even tragic beauty. To a man of the light temperament of Lalanne it is an affair of grace and elegance. To Whistler it meant a picturesqueness from which now and then a certain romantic glamour might seem inseparable, but which he sought to express quite unemotionally. We know what he could see in the Thames: "The evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairyland is before us." But it was as the colorist, as the painter, that he wrote these words. As an etcher it was not fairyland that he saw, whether on the

Thames or in Venice, it was simply a world of picturesque buildings and boats, dim arches that held subtle beauties of light and shade, delicate traceries of stone or metal that made in his plates an effective "pattern." There is poetry in it, the sensuous poetry that appeals solely to the eye. It has none of the deeper implications of the art produced by a man looking, involuntarily, beneath the surface. But let us have done with qualifications. In his own sphere of etching Whistler is incomparable.

Edmond de Goncourt, in that amazing journal which preserves so much of the gossip he and his brother loved, quotes Legros as saying to him, in 1882, "Whistler, oui, c'est pas mal . . . c'est de la jolie eau-forte d'amateur!" How, I wonder, could an artist as accomplished as Legros is himself utter a remark like this! If there is one thing more than another which is demonstrated by Whistler's etchings it is that in them he enjoys absolute control of his needle; that here he is a master from whom no secrets of technique are hid. It is not simply that he is letter-perfect, so to say, that he abides by every canon of the art. It is that from beginning to end his style seems to have been so sinewy, so strong, so wonderfully buoyant. At the outset his line is forcible and clear. It is often deeply bitten, and while he knows well what to omit, he gives one an impression — notably in the Thames set — of objects patiently observed and very carefully noted. In his later Venetian studies he skims the copper with a lighter hand, leaves out a great deal more detail, secures the tenderest atmospheric effects, and, in brief, refines his art without losing any strength. All through the long succession of plates he enchants us with his faculty for extorting from his material the loveliest webs of line, the loveliest passages of tone. He is superb in composition, whether he be etching the old tenements that line the Thames, with rocking masts and the delicate lines of rigging to break the monotony of their homely façades, or is commemorating some infinitely more romantic theme in France or Venice. He is always sufficiently pictorial, no matter what his subject may be, and always conscious of the special quality of the etcher's art, knowing how to adjust his material to it, seeking the lines that will best form an interesting arabesque. His style is unique. No etcher in the past, not Rembrandt or Claude; no one in his own time, not Méryon or Haden, ever saw his subject quite as he saw it, or handled it quite as he handled it. All those masters have qualities which he lacked. We have observed how Rembrandt outsoars him in intellectual and spiritual grasp. Whistler could never interpret landscape as Haden has interpreted it. But in strength and beauty of line, in brilliance of style, Whistler's etchings form a body of work with which the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Haden are alone worthy to be grouped. I have seen, written by him on a proof of one of Rembrandt's noblest portraits, these words: "Without flaw. Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret. A masterpiece in all its elements, beyond which there is nothing." The familiar butterfly affixed to this tribute carried a discomfiting suggestion with it. Could any of the works of art bearing that dainty emblem deserve such heroic praise? Perhaps not. Whistler never rose, like Rembrandt, to the heroic plane. Nevertheless, so far as they go, his etchings are "without flaw."

In all the years from which they date he was steadily painting portraits and pictures. Finding no encouragement in Paris he soon went to live in London, where he made his home for many years. He could hardly expect to find in Chelsea a more sympathetic environment than he had found in Paris, but too much has been made of what his surroundings may have signified to him in either place. For a painter of his predilections the only things needful were a

studio and an occasional patron. He did not paint French life when he was in France. He never thought of painting English life when he came to England, but went on along the lines laid down in those Symphonies in White to which I have already referred. Some commentators have been astonished at his intimacy with Rossetti. It was entirely natural. The fact that they did not paint in the same fashion is beside the question. Where they were absolutely united was in preferring, as artists, a kind of curtained existence, in which they could ignore the claims of the schools and the world in general, and make pictures as far removed from the joys and troubles of mere humanity as so many pieces of Oriental porcelain. Rossetti, embracing with enthusiasm the pre-Raphaelite ideal of fidelity to nature, never took the trouble to learn how to paint, so that he might put the truth on canvas with some degree of accuracy. He cared not for the scenes outside his house and garden, but for the scenes in the poets. He dreamed iridescent dreams, and, reflecting them in his work after his own self-willed esoteric fashion, was content. He and Whistler must have been vastly pleased with themselves as they stood aloof from everything that was making the history of their time, and, with scornful chuckles, cultivated each his hidden plot of ground. Whistler was the surer of remaining comparatively undisturbed in his seclusion because of his rare gift for quarreling. He was a difficult man to get on with, and the wrecks of friendships were scattered through his career in appalling profusion. It is said that there still survives somewhere a portrait he painted of the late Mr. Naylor Leyland, after he had decorated the famous Peacock Room in that gentleman's London house, and had parted from him in a rage. In this portrait the mild-mannered collector is given horns and hoofs, and is transformed into a ramping devil. True or not, the tale does no injustice to Whistler, who loved the fray, and, when offended, was capable of taking a stinging revenge. He made himself feared, in short, and, even in the midst of society, that must have helped to create a spiritual loneliness for him. If he suffered any loss thereby he never knew it. Supremely self-centred, — "You cannot serve the Republic, . . . and Whistler," he once wrote to a friend, — he threw himself into his work and exploited his own ideas with an absorption and a conviction of right which we cannot but admire.

The results of his labors, portraits, marines, and pictures like the Fireworks at Cremorne, which proved such a memorable stumbling-block to Mr. Ruskin, were, in general, slow in forthcoming. Was it his early distaste for rudimentary instruction that left him handicapped, as it were, and caused him to proceed upon a canvas, as a rule, with the greatest deliberation? Or was it that the subtlety of tone he was always seeking could not be attained at a stroke? There are stories of the miraculous facility with which he could paint a picture, of the consummate skill with which he could brush in a detail, without a moment's hesitation, leaving it perfect. It will be remembered that at the Ruskin trial he testified that he had painted the Fireworks at Cremorne in "about a day." The point, he thought, was immaterial, for in asking two hundred guineas for the picture he argued that he was asking to be paid, not for the work of a day, but for "the knowledge of a lifetime." The question, however, of whether he was a rapid or a slow painter, a sure or a hesitating one, is interesting, for it really bears upon the essential character of his art.

It is not, in respect to technique, with the grand masters that he is to be grouped. One of the traits of those masters is a certain momentum, as of a creative force passing through the world, boldly, majestically, and leaving land-

marks in its wake. It is not Rubens alone who suggests this idea of propulsive energy and great weight, or Michael Angelo, or Hals. Even the serene Velasquez suggests it. We have all heard a great deal about Whistler's resemblance to the Spaniard, and it is there, but not where the central springs of action, the very divine spark of genius and its free fruitful movements, are concerned. The greatest art, no matter how complex in design it may be, is unmistakably spontaneous. Whistler's art was not of that highest order; it is more apt to suggest the slow and painstaking building up of an effect. Where you find the resemblance between him and Velasquez is in the gradations that he gets out of blacks and grays and whites; in the simplicity with which he poses a figure against a neutral background; in the texture of his color throughout. We may go further and say that he had a sense of values akin to that of Velasquez himself. But if we keep in mind what Whistler was driving at, and what he actually accomplished, we must admit that a meaning he never intended can easily be read into his much quoted retort, "Why drag in Velasquez?" For one thing, Velasquez, as Whistler himself pointed out, "made his people live within their frames, and *stand upon their legs.*" That was not precisely Whistler's own aim, except in a few rare instances. His figures are not so much human beings, living within their frames and standing upon their legs, as they are lovely apparitions, alluring visions of charming women gliding through some place of dim lights and hovering shadows. The portrait of Lady Meux, known as the Harmony in Pink and Gray, may or may not be a good portrait. There is no mistaking its beauty as a piece of color, a harmony really musical in its purity and sweetness. Again, in lower keys, the portrait of Miss Rosa Corder, Arrangement in Black and Brown, and the study in the same colors known as The Fur Jacket, a similar impression of something faint, elusive, and most delicately sensuous is conveyed. There are other portraits which recur to me, particularly La Dame au Brodequin Jaune, and the dainty portrait of Miss Alexander, Harmony in Gray and Green, a picture of childhood, which has no parallel in modern art save Mr. Sargent's Little Miss Beatrice Goelet. But I pass over all these studies of blooming femininity; I pass over such delightfully decorative schemes as The Balcony, The Music Room, The Gold Screen, and The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks, to reach the two most renowned canvases that Whistler painted — his portrait of his mother, which now hangs in the Luxembourg, and the portrait of Carlyle in old age, which, in recent years, has been acquired by the Corporation of Glasgow.

I cannot better indicate the character of these two masterpieces than by saying that when one has seen them one instinctively revises his impression of all the painter's other canvases. The bulk of his work is charming. The Portrait of the Artist's Mother and the Thomas Carlyle are much more than that. To realize the difference is to see the unwisdom of being stampeded by a man's fame into accepting everything he does as necessarily a triumph of genius. It is well to acclaim the genius of Whistler. We only darken counsel when we grow hysterical over it. For my own part I believe that his numerous portraits of women, while sure to survive as paintings of great individuality, and of a very delicate beauty, would not carry Whistler's name unquestioned down to posterity if he had not also painted his portrait of his mother, and the Carlyle. Those rank him with the old masters. The others, if they formed his sole legacy to the galleries of the world, would keep him among the men just below the best. The reason is obvious the moment one puts prejudice aside and looks at things as they are. The mark of the great

picture in every epoch has been a mark of organic balance. The painter has realized his conception with absolute felicity. Nothing could be added. Nothing could be taken away. Everything in the picture, composition, drawing, modeling, color, the personality of the sitter, when the picture is a portrait, contributes to one end, and that is a unit of beauty. Can it be said of any of Whistler's portraits of young women that they fulfill these conditions as the portrait of his mother fulfills them? He may have denied a thousand times our right to interest ourselves in his mother's personality. Long after her name and his, perhaps, have vanished from the frame, men would look on this canvas and prize it as the portrait of an individual. It would be the same with the Carlyle; characterization is of immense importance in both works. But it is the rounded perfection of them that I would chiefly emphasize, the noble simplicity with which, in each case, Whistler has given form to his idea.

The curtain and framed picture which figure in the background of the portrait of his mother, the two pictures and the butterfly introduced for the same decorative purpose in the Carlyle, give us no sense of artificiality, of painfully sought effect, that we feel in looking at so many of what I may designate as his minor achievements. In his two unqualifiedly great paintings he rises to a seriousness which he was only too seldom disposed to cultivate. In them he shows the "noble dignity" which he attributed to Rembrandt. Survey his work as a figure painter from beginning to end and it seems as if all his life he were trying for something wholly fine, came near it again and again, but only twice, when he painted the portraits I have chosen, saw his heart's desire satisfied. I say "his heart's desire" because at bottom he is just as faithful to himself in his pair of masterpieces as in his other paintings. He attempted nothing new. He did violence to none of his cherished theories. The two portraits are as much "arrangements" as anything he ever painted, — only they are more completely successful as such. He is the butterfly here as elsewhere. This, indeed, ought never to be forgotten, for even when he holds his own amongst the old masters, it is through his possession of a quality quite different from that to which they, in the main, owe their preëminence. He is not strong as they are strong, he has not their conquering might. Some one has defined taste as the feminine of genius, and Whistler is the incarnation of taste. Once, talking with a companion about the energy and skill shown by certain painters conspicuous in modern art, he remarked, with a gentle deprecating humor that robbed his words of all complacence, that while he admired the men in question, he could not but feel that he had put something into his own work which theirs lacked. He called it distinction, and the epithet is a happy one. Whistler's figure pieces may not carry us off our feet, but with a quietude and a persuasiveness that, in these days especially, are above rubies, they exert the spell of high distinction. There have been more masculine painters; but none has surpassed him in expressing on canvas the quintessence of refinement.

The dangers to which an exemplar of this kind of art is exposed I have emphasized in glancing at Whistler's minor portraits, those curiously "precious" productions that so narrowly escape unreality, because in portraiture an excessively decorative and too exquisite method is the more seriously to be questioned. In his Nocturnes, on the other hand, and in his other daring variations on themes provided by scenes out of doors, Whistler has far less to fear. In them he is untroubled by any question of form, he is not handicapped by the necessity of giving even an approximately clear statement of facts. Returning again to his testimony in the suit

he brought against Ruskin, we find him admitting, as to the famous Fireworks picture, that "if it were called a view of Cremorne, it would certainly bring about nothing but disappointment on the part of the beholders." On the same occasion, when his Nocturne in Blue and Silver was produced in court, he said, "It represents Battersea Bridge by moonlight," but when Baron Huddleston asked him if he would describe the picture as a correct representation of the subject, he replied, "I did not intend it to be a 'correct' portrait of the bridge. It is only a moonlight scene, and the pier in the centre of the picture may not be like the piers at Battersea Bridge as you know them in broad daylight. As to what the picture represents that depends upon who looks at it. To some persons it may represent all that is intended; to others it may represent nothing. . . . My whole scheme was only to bring about a certain harmony of color." With such an ambition it is clearly unnecessary for a painter to give any such place to the truths of nature as was given to them by, for example, the members of the Barbizon school. Nature, in fact, merely provides him with an excuse for the exercise of his virtuosity.

Whistler is not the only modern painter representing this principle. Monticelli, in his studies of sylvan glades obscurely peopled with shapes that might be those of fair women or fairer wraiths, invented chromatic splendors which, at their best, are as distinguished in their way as Whistler's elegiac harmonies. Other men of lesser ability have worked in the same vein. The special value of Whistler's Nocturnes resides in the ravishing beauty of their color, the poetry of their sentiment, and the piquancy of their style. He could, when he chose, paint a sparkling little water color of the sea, not only beautiful but true; he could paint a picture like his Thames in Ice, as realistic as a work of Courbet's. But he was happiest in those paintings, like the Crepuscule in Flesh Color and Green, Valparaiso; or the Nocturne, Gray and Gold, — Chelsea, Snow, in which our appreciation of the scene is altogether subsidiary to our enjoyment of the color in which he has enveloped it. The two pyrotechnical nocturnes, The Fire Wheel and The Falling Rocket, though not perhaps his finest works in this field, are certainly the most instructive, for in them he carried his theories to their ultimate conclusion, eschewing all tangible facts, and aiming at his effect almost as though he had no pictorial intention at all, but were covering a panel with color as an Oriental craftsman powders a box with gold. Painting these Nocturnes and Symphonies and Harmonies, he gave to art a new sensation, one in which the more esoteric charm of his genius is extraordinarily beguiling.

Incidentally he showed to the world his rare versatility. But still he was not satisfied, and having given his measure in painting and etching, he insisted upon being recognized as a writer. He was a witty man, and he wrote like one. Two books stand to his credit. The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, which he published in 1890, contains his account of the Ruskin trial, his Ten O'Clock lecture, and a quantity of squibs and letters indited in scorn of his critics and other persons who had annoyed him. In The Baronet and the Butterfly: a Valentine with a Verdict, which dates from 1899, he set forth at considerable length the details of the litigation in which he was involved with Sir William Eden over a portrait he had painted of the baronet's wife. This second book has no serious claim upon the reader. It records an episode in which the artist shone with a good deal less than his accustomed brilliance, and it shows him, to tell the truth, in no very engaging mood. The Gentle Art of Making Enemies, however, is sure to be preserved, for it contains many of Whistler's ideas on art, and is, to boot, abundantly amusing. The ideas signify,

first and last, that the artist is an isolated phenomenon, seeking beauty for its own sake, and quite beyond the understanding of the Philistine, who should merely bow before his work and be thankful for the privilege. The critic, by the way, is always a Philistine. "There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation." In all ages the artist has been an unexplainable gift of God to mankind, — though from the way in which Whistler leaves mankind out of the question it might perhaps be more accurate to interpret him as arguing that the artist simply "happens," and is his own sole reason for existing. Art, he says, "is a goddess of dainty thought, — reticent of habit, abjuring all obtrusiveness, purposing in no way to better others." Her leading principle in the pursuit of beauty is one of selection. "Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. . . . To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano." In aphorisms like these Whistler threw light on his own work, and restated elements in the broad philosophy of art which any one might learn from intelligent study of the masters, but which it was well to have expressed as deftly and pungently as he expressed them. The Bible of Art, he once called his book, in half-mocking, half-proud humor. It is not that, but it is unquestionably a stimulating volume.

The epigrams it contains, the steel points on which he impaled his enemies, are glittering and sometimes venomous, but though Whistler had a malice all his own, his humor is so delightful that even his victims must have enjoyed many of his thrusts. He had a rare gift for repartee. When he talked of the "shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion," and a commentator in Vanity Fair, turning to the Scriptures, gleefully pointed out that "*the Ass was right*, although, nay, because he was an Ass," it took him but a moment to send this retort: "I find, on searching again, that historically you are right. The fact, doubtless, explains the conviction of the race in their mission, but I fancy you will admit that this is the *only Ass on record* who ever *did* 'see the Angel of the Lord!' and that we are past the age of Miracles." In the catalogue for the exhibition of etchings which he held in London in 1883, he created much mirth by placing under the titles quotations from his critics, and very comical was the result. One of the gentlemen cited, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, complained that he had been misrepresented, that he had been quoted as using the word "understand" when he had really written "understate." Whistler promptly apologized. "My carelessness is culpable," he said, "and the misprint without excuse; for naturally I have all along known, and the typographer should have been duly warned, that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating, and not at all one of understanding." How many more instances of his readiness and ruthlessness might be given! The list is endless, for not only is The Gentle Art of Making Enemies packed with sharp sayings, but all his life Whistler barbed his words, and hundreds of his witticisms have been widely circulated, either in print or in the talk of those who have known him. Naturally his diabolical instinct for the biting phrase has reacted upon the public estimate of his character as a man, and in many quarters the accepted view is that which Degas is said to have once expressed to his face, that one would hardly suspect from his talk and demeanor that he was a great artist.

That, I confess, was my own first impression of him, for as he minced about his drawing-room in the Rue de Bac one summer morning a dozen years ago, flourishing a bird cage before my eyes like a dancer flirting a fan, he seemed as un-

like an eminent painter as any one I have ever seen. But this was mere surface froth, which disappeared as one came to know him better. He was, even in his gravest moments, a distinctly picturesque figure, slight, erect, and with gestures of the most birdlike vivacity. Yet he had withal admirable dignity, and to the picturesqueness of his personality there was added the charm of his talk. At one moment most suavely courteous, at another vehement to the point of rudeness, he captivated you often by what he had to say, and entertained you always by the way in which he said it. Of course he made enemies, but, equally of course, he made many friends, and kept more of them than, with his pose of defiance toward everybody, he was perhaps willing to admit. "A friend, my dear X!" he once wrote to one who had rendered him a service, "a tried friend! I doubt if I shall know how to deal with him! I have no habit, — and you might alter the whole plan of my life." Not long before his death he wrote, "I learn that I have, lurking in London, still a friend, though for the life of me I cannot remember his name." That was only pretty Fanny's way. The making of enemies indubitably afforded him a kind of fearful joy, but there were lovable traits in his nature, kindness, and generosity, and affection for children, and to lay stress upon his quarrels is to do a deep injustice to his memory. When Du Maurier sneered at Whistler, under the name of Joe Sibley, in Trilby, he did more than commit a breach of good breeding; he showed how thoroughly he had misunderstood the comrade of his Bohemian days in Paris. It would be absurd to deny Whistler's cruelty, or his occasional lapses from good taste. He pursued some of the objects of his wrath with more temper than manners. The Baronet and the Butterfly especially contains some striking evidence in this direction, and The Gentle Art of Making Enemies is not without illustrations of his less edifying aspect. It is certain, however, that, as time goes on, Whistler's character, being more clearly understood, will be more sympathetically regarded.

His fame as an artist is already fixed, and has, indeed, been fixed for a long time, though he liked to keep up the fiction that the world was unworthy of him, — it was part of his plan of aloofness, — and there are quaint admirers of his who persist in talking, and writing, as if, after all his efforts, he had made no impression upon his time. He was never popular as Leighton or Bouguereau was popular. It was not until late in his career that he received high prices for his pictures. But Whistler is the last artist in the world for us to consider with reference to what ordinarily constitutes popularity. He did not paint for the many; he painted, if ever a man did, for the few; and he never lacked the appreciation which must have been dearer to a man of his stripe than any material benefit. As far back as 1872, when he sent his portrait of his mother to the Royal Academy, and it was threatened with rejection, Sir William Boxall declared that he would withdraw from the council if it were not accepted. There is an anecdote of his going down to Hughenden, without waiting for the formality of an invitation, to paint Lord Beaconsfield's portrait. The great man did not rise to the situation, but he gave Whistler his friendship. (I cannot omit the episode of the Prime Minister's walking arm in arm with the painter down Whitehall, and Whistler's *mot*, "If only my creditors could see!") He knew hundreds of the celebrities of his day, and many of them understood and valued him. Why, therefore, should we bewail his sad fate, talking of him as a man who had suffered much? If he had times of privation, so have other great men had them. Others have known what it has meant to have the bailiff at the door.

On the whole, Whistler's career was a singularly rich and happy one. He

did the work he wanted to do, and did it in his own way. He had hosts of friends, — when he lost them it was usually through his own fault; and he did not have long to wait for the approval of his fellow painters. For a generation his influence has been acknowledged in the studios, and probably no artist of his time has received more frequently the sincerest form of flattery. His etchings have long been prized by connoisseurs and assiduously collected; the moment it was announced that he had taken up lithography, some eight or ten years ago, his sketches in this medium were at once eagerly sought. His paintings all found owners, and when the sale of what he left in his studio takes place, we may be sure that it will be well attended, and that competition for his works will be fierce. His two best portraits hang, as I have noted, in the Luxembourg and in the Public Gallery at Glasgow respectively. The Sarasate is at Pittsburg; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has his Blacksmith and one or two other things, and elsewhere in America numbers of his pictures may be found in private galleries. The critics he contemned may in some cases, at the outset, have undervalued him. But there has never been anything visible in the public prints even remotely resembling the general ignorance of his art, and the foolish distaste for it, which he liked to attribute to the critics, pretending that they were arrayed in a conspiracy of dullness and fatuity against him. He was eulogized everywhere when he died. He had been eulogized for years before the end came.

He passed from the scene full of years and honors, secure of the applause of his peers and of that of a much larger section of the multitude than, with his strange temperament, it would have suited him to admit. He leaves no school, but that is natural enough. His art is inimitable. He could help greatly to purify the taste of his time, he could give to painters, and to laymen too, some valuable hints on color, and he made the "arrangement" in portraiture popular. But his influence, though wide, as I have said, has been more a corrective than a constructive force. Imitation of him has led to nothing more than — imitation. His is not the kind of art that, imposing itself upon men, starts an evolutionary movement. He meant it to exist in and for itself alone, and so it does, like some rare orchid that has no prototype and can have no successor.

Royal Cortissoz.

"GO NOT TOO FAR."

Go not too far — too far beyond my gaze,
  Thou who canst never pass beyond the yearning
Which, even as the dark for dawning stays,
  Awaits thy loved returning!

Go not too far! Howe'er thy fancies roam,
  Let them come back, wide-circling, like the swallow,
Lest I, for very need, should try to come —
  Yet find I could not follow!

Florence Earle Coates.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

My first visit to Stéphane Mallarmé was made one day just after leaving the house of M. Paul Bourget; and I seldom think of the poet without also thinking of the novelist.

To go from the residence of M. Bourget to that of Mallarmé was like going from one city to another. From the Faubourg Saint-Germain to the Rue de Rome one passes from a world of conventional refinement to a quarter of Paris with no historic or social interest. Independent, both in the intellectual and the material sense of the word, M. Bourget chose that part of the city which suited his tastes. Mallarmé had to live not where he pleased, but where he could. The street inhabited by the novelist was flanked by old walls, behind which lay the mansions of the old nobility. And the interior of his residence was in keeping with the customs and the modes of the neighborhood. Subdued in tone, yet richly furnished, the place had the air of refinement which one is accustomed to see in the houses of the conservative aristocracy.

It always gives one pleasure to see artists and writers living in comfort, removed from the noise and distractions of the world; but I found Mallarmé living in a house that resembled thousands of other houses. There was no distinctive character in anything, except in the man himself. M. Bourget is a personal power in his writings. Mallarmé showed his power in manner, disposition, and personal charm. Without his personality his literature alone would hardly have attracted so many writers of different schools.

Mallarmé's reception room was so small that a company of fifteen persons filled it. Yet, to this little room, containing nothing but a centre-table and chairs, came the intellectual youth of France, representing every school and social grade, — future academicians, deputies, diplomats, novelists, editors, historians, and composers, the visitors being of all ages, but principally under thirty.

The yoke of officialdom lies heavy on the neck of genius. Mallarmé was one of the few who remained independent. But even in this he did not try, — it was the nature of the man. To see him stand by the fireplace rolling a cigarette, talking in a low voice, half to himself, half to his visitors, was to see a man free from conventional bondage. And it was like arriving at a cool mountain-spring after a long tramp through a burning desert. The visitor came here without fear, hindrance, or hypocrisy. The body rested while the spirit was being refreshed. There was neither loud talk, discussion, attempt at wit, nor striving after effect. This little room was the one place in Paris where the soul could manifest itself in freedom. Everywhere else pose and persiflage were in order. Any one coming here with the airs of a patron would, in a few moments, settle down in his seat, subdued, transformed by the serenity of the place.

Once I witnessed the arrival of an obstreperous visitor; but Mallarmé, with his usual easy manner, let silence bring about the miracle of subjugation. The visitor, once seated, was soon overcome by the collective calm. When he tried to lead the conversation the host allowed him to talk for a time, then, turning to M. Henri de Régnier, sitting in the corner by the fireside, he addressed him in an undertone, thus adroitly shifting the loud talker to one side. This was the only salon where a company dared to sit for any time without a clatter of words. In the other salons animated conversation was considered the correct thing; without it people would feel troubled or bored; at other houses it was the custom for visitors to seek the acquaintance of other

visitors, the host, in many cases, being, like Leconte de Lisle, incapable of holding the attention of a company.

Whistler and Manet have pictured the poet at two periods of his life. Whistler's subtle and striking portrait suggests the apparition of an extraordinary personality between two epochs, — the old and the new. Time, like a dream, has settled over his features as the mists of twilight over an enchanted landscape; there is a suggestion of a poetic veil separating him from the world like the smoke from his cigarette which, he said, he used as a screen between himself and the crowd.

In Manet's canvas the poet is younger and reminds one of Deroy's portrait of Baudelaire. The expression is anxious, the figure restless ; the conflict between the poetic and the material is at its height ; he has not yet learned how to discard the perplexing, dismiss the puerile, enter the sanctuary of his own gods and abide contented there. For the truth is that, although Mallarmé was born in Paris, and had experienced the innovations of the Second Empire and the Third Republic, the bourgeois realism of M. Zola, the pretentions of unoriginal minds like the Goncourts, and the provincial irony of critics like M. Jules Lemaître, he belonged to the *ancien régime*. Mallarmé was an intellectual aristocrat. His tranquil dignity, spiritual poise, politeness without hypocrisy or affectation, his freedom from the usual vulgarities of a society skilled in the art of sensation and puffery, made him conspicuous. But there was method in the obscurity of his literary manner. He was obscure with a purpose, and that purpose was to keep the crowd beyond his door. He would also make it an impossibility for the critic *à la mode*, be he a Brunetière or a Lemaître, to scale the barriers of his poetic domain.

When I first knew Mallarmé, in 1889, the official professors were in a strange state of ignorance respecting his influence. Here was a man, living very near the borders of actual want, exercising a power which no millionaire could claim. Here was an intellectual magnet that attracted other intellects, causing young poets, artists, and journalists to mount four flights of stairs once a week to sit and listen to what words might fall from the lips of the master. He drew them toward him, not by his will, but by his influence. He never made an effort to induce a visitor to return, never flattered, never tried to be more amiable to one than to another. Bourget was independent, but Mallarmé was even more so. Let us not be blinded by appearances, — the gifted novelist, living in aristocratic seclusion in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, could not attain such privacy without much care and effort. He was in Paris, but not of it. Mallarmé, the poet and dreamer, was not only in Paris, but a vital part of its intellectual life. A Socrates in the world of symbols, he might as well have lived in a tent or sat in the market-place ; for, with him, art and life were in no way connected with the fashionable world.

He was one of the original members of the Parnassian group, formed during the winter of 1865 by Catulle Mendès and Louis Xavier de Ricard ; and it was Catulle Mendès who undertook the delicate task of putting some of Mallarmé's verses into lucid prose for the benefit of certain members of the group who could not catch the meaning of the new symbolism. Here is a typical example of Mallarmé's manner : —

" Des avalanches d'or du vieil azur du jour Premier, et de la neige éternelle des astres, Mon Dieu, tu détachas les grands calices, pour La terre jeune encore et vierge de désastres."

In a prose poem entitled Frisson d'Hiver the poet is seen in a far simpler mood ; I give an excellent translation by Mr. Arthur Symons : —

FRISSON D'HIVER.

The old Saxony clock which is slow, and which strikes thirteen amid its flowers and gods, to whom did it belong?

Thinkest that it came from Saxony by the mail-coaches of old time?

(Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes.)

And the Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work; what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and perhaps if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.

Wicked one, thou often sayest wicked things.

(I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.)

Our wardrobe is very old; see how the fire reddens its sad panels! The weary curtains are as old, and the tapestry on the armchairs stripped of paint, and the old engravings, and all these old things. Does it not seem to thee that even these two birds are discolored by time?

(Dream not of the spiders' webs that tremble above the lofty windows.)

Thou lovest all that, and that is why I live by thee. When one of my poems appeared didst thou not desire, my sister, whose books are full of yesterdays, the words, the grace of faded things? New things displease thee; thee also do they frighten with their loud boldness, and thou feelest as if thou shouldst use them — a difficult thing indeed to do, for thou hast no taste for action. Come, close thy old German almanack that thou readest with attention, though it appeared more than a hundred years ago, and the kings it announces are all dead, and, lying on their antique carpet, my head leaned upon thy charitable knees, on thy pale robe, oh! calm child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture. Thou art abstracted.

(The spiders' webs are shivering above the lofty windows.)

There was a notion prevalent that Mallarmé's salon was frequented exclusively by poets and artists of the symbolical school. But I soon realized the folly of believing in hearsay evidence. His visitors represented all the schools of the day; and it is easy to understand the jealousy of some of the Sorbonne professors who saw young authors of talent doing homage to a man who paid no heed to the examples of the academicians. It was but natural that "official" professors should pretend that Stéphane Mallarmé was without serious influence. Their attitude was, in part, the result of ignorance. Who has ever met with an official professor who gave himself the trouble to learn the truth by seeing the outside world with his own eyes, and hearing its voices with his own ears? It was by visiting this salon many times, during a period of several years, that I arrived at the truth. I learned, after repeated visits, what a far-reaching influence went forth from this obscure room. Little did the professors at the Sorbonne know of this ascendency, revolving, as they were, in their own limited circle which they mistook for the universe. Louis XVI. imagined that the taking of the Bastille was an insignificant street brawl. How could he know what was going on in Paris when he spent his time at Versailles? The people were taking power out of his hands; he was not among them; he could not see the truth. At a time when academicians were ridiculing Mallarmé, he, without trying, was undermining the old edifice with hundreds of disciples, many of whom had been the cleverest students in the *lycées* of the Latin Quarter. Some of these young men were already acknowledged journalists of talent, others would become critics, playwrights, politicians. So great was the outcry in 1889 and the following years that the question of abolishing the Académie Française was freely discussed, many deputies taking sides with the young writers of the advanced schools. It needed only a few visits to Mallarmé's salon to convince me that here was the one vital force operating in the literary

world of Paris. Renan was lecturing at the Sorbonne; Mallarmé was rolling cigarettes and talking nonchalantly to visitors at his own fireside. Renan, the giant, spoke from an official platform, but the poet of the Rue de Rome was now the man of power.

What illusions float about the academical chair! It is surprising that writers of independent means put themselves to so much humiliation to enter the Académie. When Renan became a candidate he began the course of official visits and found himself one evening at the dinner-table of Victor Hugo. The guests talked freely, but Renan sat like a timid schoolboy, with his eyes cast down, giving the *réplique* to Hugo in four words: "Oui, maître; non, maître;" not daring to go farther for fear of offending the host, and so losing his vote.

The sphere of a writer's influence is fixed. Every soul has its own world. But sometimes one writer brings to mind another. In his personality Mallarmé made me think of Whitman and his artless simplicity and unaffected sincerity. But the features of the French poet were unlike any other poet or writer, living or dead. There was nothing eccentric about his face or his person, and he never put on evening dress to receive his visitors. His receptions were for men, and the poet appeared in the clothes he had worn during the day. In this he also reminded one of Walt Whitman, whom I saw in Washington many years ago. Mallarmé opened the door himself for his guests when they arrived, and went to the door with them when they left. I never saw him sit in the presence of his company. This might have led to some clatter among the guests. People came to see and hear Mallarmé, not to talk among themselves. But at first I was not aware of the real nature of these evenings. Once I noticed that when one guest addressed another no reply was given; conversation between the guests was, therefore, impossible. M. Henri de Régnier, who on each occasion occupied the same seat in the corner at the host's right, was always silent. He seemed to be the guest of honor. Mallarmé frequently addressed his conversation to him, but M. de Regnier was not there to talk, but to listen; instead of replying he simply took a few extra whiffs at his cigarette. Every one understood. To a philosophical mind these evenings were so many lessons in the virtue of silence. No one tried to make the poet speak; he himself never tried to make others speak. And yet these evenings were full of instruction and charm. Thought came as in a Quaker meeting, with this difference: Mallarmé was the presiding Quaker who never sat down. He occupied the floor by the will of the guests. Here one learned the true value of silence in affairs of the intellect. Everything that is made up for the occasion belongs to the puerile and the trivial. The talk imposed by self-interest and vanity is never edifying. If you wish to influence others be natural; let Nature have a hand in your talk and your receptions.

Mallarmé owed much to his sojourn in England in his earlier years. Here he entered into the spirit and substance of English poetry, and attained that extra something which he needed to embellish the exclusiveness and delicacy in his nature which later made him such an ardent admirer of Poe.

I saw Mallarmé alone on several occasions. "Poe," he remarked, on one of these visits, "I regard as an Irish genius transplanted to America." "Hugo," I said, at another time, "advises writers never to dream." "He is wrong," answered Mallarmé; "dreams have as much influence as actions." And truth to say, this dreamer of dreams exercised a power seldom attained by any Frenchman before or during his day. Everything comes to him who seeks for nothing. The dreamer contents himself in a world of meditation and contempla-

tion; his ideas are many but his words are few. He dislikes action, yet he attracts the active. He seeks no *réclames*, yet he is acclaimed. In a study of Mallarmé and his salon which appeared in 1892, I said: "In this poet we find a philosopher free from superstition and prejudice, a thinker who embraces all that is vital in art, music, and literature."

But the best minds are often led into foolish acts, even against their better judgment. The poet was inveigled into accepting a banquet in his honor, offered by a number of his admirers, at which conventional toasts, speeches, and responses, prearranged and machine-made, were the order of the evening. He was proclaimed "prince" of the young poets; but Mallarmé sat immovable, fatigued, and bored. It was no place for him. When a wise man is placed in a ridiculous position, the fools, as Goethe says, have their innings. We blunder the moment we cease to reason and permit others to reason for us. Mallarmé, who was king in his own sphere, cut a poor figure at this banquet. In this attitude the poet descended to the arena of strife, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honor. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "no" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all things connected with the daily routine of a man of talent, this thing of knowing when and how to refuse is the simplest and the rarest. It is so easy to know and so hard to do. But until we learn to do it we can expect nothing but misunderstanding and failure.

It was remarked by a journalist that Mallarmé, at this banquet, looked as if he had come to bury his last friend. And no wonder; for he had descended from his sanctuary in the Rue de Rome to a place where his star gave no light. He was attracted beyond his orbit by the comets and meteors of the phenomenal world, and he could say with Joseph Roux: "When I return from the country of men I take nothing with me but illusions and disillusions."

Francis Grierson.

MR. KIPLING'S FIVE NATIONS.

A NEW volume of poetry from the hand of a man of recognized power is like a message brought from a battlefield. One's chief interest is in learning how the battle is going. Whether the messenger arrives on foot or on horseback, whether he gasps his tidings in quick, breathless sentences, or weaves them into elaborate parable and allegory, are merely matters of detail. The main question is, Are we winning or losing? No doubt, whenever a poet makes a fresh report upon human life, the manner in which he phrases his verdict demands close scrutiny, because without that mastery of musical phrase he might almost as well be inarticulate. But, granting him the gift of magical utterance, what, after all, is the verdict which he brings in? Better equipped than the rest of us as to eye and mind and tongue, what has he to tell us of the world, and the soul, and the life of man in organized society?

This very old query asserts itself with quiet persistence as one turns the pages of The Five Nations.[1] Here is verse written by one of the most widely known authors of the English-speaking world. Many of these poems have been cabled

[1] *The Five Nations.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.
Also in the Outward Bound Edition of Mr. Kipling's writings, Vol. XXI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

across the seas and discussed as events of international significance. They have been produced by an exceptionally interesting man. Winning his first successes as a journalist, and carrying something of the journalistic knack into almost all his subsequent work, Mr. Kipling gained fame at twenty-three, and has held it deservedly. His artistic resources are unquestionable: in keenness of observation, in technical knowledge of his chosen fields, and in sheer myth-making imagination, he leads the writers of his day. He has traveled greatly, and has written about men and animals and things, up and down the globe, with an eagerness, a vividness, and a sincerity of conviction that have carried him very far. He has made easy conquest of the hearts of children, first with his wonderful Jungle Books, where his best powers have had their freest play, and latterly with the delightful Just So Stories,[1] which have now taken their place in the long row of volumes of the Outward Bound Edition. It is needless to say that Mr. Kipling belongs in the very front rank of living story-writers, and he has proved his capacity to write poems which instantly irritate or uplift a whole nation.

His earliest verse, indeed, was uncommonly barren, both in ideas and form. It showed imitative dexterity in practicing upon the styles of many masters, and little more. Among the works of even third-rate English poets it would be hard to find more consistently uninteresting metrical experiments than those which Mr. Kipling has chosen to preserve.[2] But before long came the Barrack-Room Ballads of 1889–91, and The Seven Seas, revealing a maturer hand and the stamp of a virile personality. Verse so challenging in its front, so novel in its rhythmical patterns, so irresistible in its humor and pathos, could not fail to make its way. In view of such incontestable positive force, its occasional defects of taste and its frequent lapses into mere rhymed boisterousness were easily forgiven. It is true that these poems were curiously deficient, as a whole, in new felicities in the interpretation of Nature. They spoke but little to the mind. Back of the eye that caught so avidly at many varieties of the human species, there was evident, in almost all of his many poems dealing with alien races, a hard racial pride. Yet The Seven Seas touched the unquiet heart of youth. Its glorification of brute force was synchronous with a recrudescence of theories of "white man's" government, the world over. Its vigorous character-drawing, as in Tomlinson and in McAndrew's Hymn, pleased not only the secretly feeble literary folk who love the praise of action, but also the non-literary persons who would have been deterred by such consummate character-studies as The Northern Farmer, or Fra Lippo Lippi. Finally, in depicting certain moods and temperaments, as in the *Wanderlust* or the homesickness of Mandalay, the L'Envoi to Life's Handicap, the Anchor Song and For to Admire, Mr. Kipling showed extraordinary psychological insight and produced genuine poetry of the human heart.

All this rich achievement lingers in the memory as one reads The Five Nations. Here is the same personality, coloring every page. But has the author grown, either in wisdom or in stature? The title of the volume indicates its political drift. The London Spectator says: "The name is in itself an act of imperial interpretation, and signifies that within our free empire stand the five free nations of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and 'the islands of the sea.'" Is the book mainly a clever example of pamphleteering in verse, — a passionate defense of the Imperial England that now is, — or does it betray

[1] *Just So Stories.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. The Outward Bound Edition, Vol. XX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] See his *Early Verse.* Vol. XVII. of the Outward Bound Edition.

a prophetic soul dreaming of things to come when there shall be better watchwords for humanity than are to be found in militant Anglo-Saxonism?

The new volume opens with one of those dedicatory poems which have often proved the fundamental seriousness with which Mr. Kipling confronts his poetic task; and it closes with the well-known Recessional of 1897. Between these limits there are examples of most of the types of verse with which the author has caught the ear of his generation. There is little that exhibits new aspects of his genius, and those readers who have followed his recent verse as printed in the periodicals will scarcely find in the score or more of unpublished pieces anything to modify substantially their estimate of Mr. Kipling as a poet. Of advance in the technique of his art there is nothing to record. His command of verse has lain hitherto either in cunning modulations of rhythm or in the sheer swing and crash of full-flung lines, rather than in purity of melody or richness of harmony. But some of the verses in The Five Nations are perversely unrhythmical, and even unmetrical. Nor is this perversity or carelessness confined to poems like The Islanders, where the author was obviously composing with angry haste. The measures borrowed from Swinburne and Morris and Browning are handled neither better nor worse than in Mr. Kipling's other volumes. Old ballad metres he can work his will with, as always, and the technical skill of some of his choruses intended for music-hall rendering is masterly. In poems like The Bell Buoy and The Destroyers there is scarcely a muffled line, and the grave and noble movement of the Recessional is mated to the nobility of his theme. Yet not to advance in such a subtle art as that of the poet is probably to decline, and it must be confessed that Mr. Kipling's average performance in The Five Nations is disappointing.

This is not saying that the new volume contains no poems of exceptional power. For impassioned imagination, there are The Bell Buoy, and White Horses, and The Destroyers. A subtle and haunting nostalgia lurks in The Song of Diego Valdez, Chant-Pagan, The Feet of the Young Men, and Lichtenberg. Such praise of the virtue of discipline as The White Man's Burden, such a savage political fable as The Truce of the Bear, such merry and picturesque sketching of national types as Piet and Pharaoh and the Sergeant would make The Five Nations a notable collection, even if it did not close with the Recessional. Yet upon a second and third reading some of the old limitations of Mr. Kipling's verse disclose themselves. Despite the personal ardor of the author, and the fact that he draws upon so many quarters of the globe for his subjects, his poems are singularly restricted in range of interest. They portray, after all, but a comparatively narrow segment of human experience. They are for the young, the restless, the physically aggressive.

> "He must go — go — go away from here!
> On the other side the world he 's overdue."

Those lines are typical of their mood. Surely no young fellow is worth much unless that luring song has at some time sung itself into his heart and set his feet to wandering; but nevertheless he is worth little to the community until he has outgrown it. The dare-devils, adventurers, rough riders, free-footed pioneers, have played a useful part in civilization, but their rôle is daily growing less significant. The people who stay at home and earn their bread by commonplace occupations, who put a little money in the savings bank, and perhaps go to church on Sunday, are the ones who really sway the fortunes of the world. Mr. Kipling has very little to say either to these people or of them. Men and women whose lives are far spent, who love to brood over the past or to dream of a better future for the world, find comparatively little enjoyment in reading verse that is

silent upon so many of the permanent themes of great poetry. Save for a few noteworthy exceptions, Mr. Kipling keeps resolutely and pertinaciously

"slog — slog — slogging"

along in step with

"The war-drum of the white man round the world."

That tune is enlivening enough, no doubt, but it is far from touching any wide compass of human emotions.

The Five Nations must be viewed, in short, as a brilliant apologia for the British Empire, or at most for the "white man." If one approaches it with prepossessions in favor of its tenets, one naturally rejoices in the force and cleverness of Mr. Kipling's argument. It is true that, as an English critic pointed out not long ago, the Laureate of Greater Britain contents himself for the most part with the mere fact of Imperialism without considering the deeper effects of Imperialism upon life and character. Mr. Kipling would doubtless retort that this criticism is a sentimental one, that it deals with unknown future quantities, and that in the meantime such thorough drilling of the weaker races as he celebrates in Pharaoh and the Sergeant and recommends in The White Man's Burden deserves the honors of verse. In such a debate much depends upon the national point of view. It is instructive to note that some of the best minds upon the Continent and among the Latin races — to say nothing of educated Orientals — see in Mr. Kipling's Jingoism a menace to true civilization rather than a bulwark of it.[1]

Be that as it may, it is undeniable that a poetical exposition of the complicated part which Anglo-Saxondom is playing in the modern world calls for some qualities which Mr. Kipling does not possess. He understands the Neolithic man and paints him with frank enjoyment of his primal starkness. But one suspects that he has neither the patience nor the insight to illuminate the ways of men in the infinitely complex paths of organized society. Aside from his interest in the one subject of Imperial Federation, his political and social theories have not advanced very far beyond the "beneficent whip" doctrine of his master Carlyle. There is material for literature, even here, and Mr. Kipling has demonstrated his skill by making the most of it. But the "dog eat dog" theory of conduct, while well adapted for such literary excursions into the field of animal psychology as Mr. Jack London has lately made in his Call of the Wild, breaks down in the presence of the actual history of human society. It is too easy to be true. It leaves out of the reckoning too many facts, to say nothing of that beatitude which promises that the meek shall inherit the earth.

When Whitman attempted to state the criteria by which great national poetry is to be tested, he asked, among other queries, "Is the good old cause in it?" To that question, however phrased, one is bound to return after reading Mr. Kipling's hymns of action. For

"Sidney's good old cause"

meant to Whitman, as it has to so many poets greater than either Whitman or

[1] Notice, for example, the curiously suggestive parallel drawn by the Vicomte de Vogüé in the Revue de deux Mondes, May 1, 1901: "Vingt fois, en lisant cette fiction [The Man who Would be King] j'ai pensé au *Robinson Crusoé*, au vieux livre anglais dont je disais un jour ici qu'il expliquait toute l'expansion britannique. L'affirmation de la volonté anglaise et la plénitude du sens allégorique ne sont pas moindres, dans *l'Homme qui voulut être roi*. Mais cette fois Robinson n'a plus sa Bible, l'inséparable amie retrouvée après le naufrage dans la caisse du capitaine. Il ne la consulte plus sur les problèmes de conscience qui absorbaient les meilleures facultés de ces âmes réfléchies. L'homme habillé de peaux de chèvres a revêtu l'uniforme khaki; sa religion, c'est l'impérialisme."

Mr. Kipling, nothing less than the progress and freedom of the whole human race. "My theme is justice," exclaimed Wordsworth in proud defense of the warmth of his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, "and my voice is raised for mankind." But Mr. Kipling's theme is never justice, except such justice as the conquering Anglo-Saxon chooses to bestow. His voice has never been raised for mankind. He has no word for the oppressed. His answer to the proposal for European disarmament was The Truce of the Bear. He celebrates war, not as the last argument of kings, but as the only argument of republics; not as the necessary and therefore honorable police work of the order-loving nations, but out of the naked lust of battle, or the boyish glee of

> "Landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings."

To read him, after reading the political poetry of Milton or Shelley, of Lowell or Whittier, is to be conscious of a startling and radical difference, not merely on the specific issue of human liberty, but also in the general conception of life and destiny. Mr. Kipling's gospel is very simple. It is the Neolithic one of carrying a big stick, and the finest poem he has ever written was inspired by a mood of meditation — all too rare in him — upon the vast responsibilities entailed upon the possessors of superior physical force.

If one expects to hear in The Five Nations, therefore, any new message from that immemorial spiritual conflict where men are struggling for knowledge and happiness and the right to self-government, he will listen in vain. The half-dozen eventful years that have elapsed since the publication of his previous volume of verse have not modified, very essentially, Mr. Kipling's "gentleman-adventurer" attitude toward life. Nevertheless, there is at least evidence in the new volume of a more kindly personal feeling toward England's political foes. And there is a humorous detached vision of some flaws in the Englishman's scheme of things, which is more like the easy raillery of Byron's Beppo than anything in recent poetry, and which hints of future growth. Mr. Kipling was once of the opinion that the American's sense of humor would save him at the last. It would be ungenerous not to give Mr. Kipling himself the benefit of the same hope. His natural humor may be further enriched by more humane and thoughtful experience. He will doubtless have opportunity for wiser comprehension of those who differ from him politically. Above all, he is dowered with an extraordinary genius for the depiction of individual men, — brothers, though they be at the ends of the earth, — and for enforcing the lesson learned by his troopers in South Africa: —

> "Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal — Port Darwin — Timaru,
> They 're only just across the road! Good-bye — good luck to you!
> . . . . . .
> Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You 've taught us somethin' new:
> *The world 's no bigger than a kraal.* Good-bye — good luck to you!"

It is through such gifts as these that Mr. Kipling's poetry may yet — actually, though perhaps quite unconsciously — aid the good old cause, and further that better civilization in which his theories allow him to have such little faith.

B. P.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

It is a matter of common belief just now, especially among those who do not often read essays, that the essay is pretty much a thing of the past. There was, of course, a day of glory for it: there was even a day when it held the top of the market, or nearly that. But this was a good vague while ago. Very few people, we are assured, try to write essays nowadays, and when they do the results are not worth much. Critical essays commonly deal with books and authors that everybody knows about, or else with books and authors that nobody wants to know about. What do we care for John Doe's opinion of Shakespeare, or Richard Roe's remarks on Lodovico Castelvetro? As for the discursive essay, it is folly, at this day of the world, to adopt such a medium for creative writing. What 's the matter with the novel? There is your true modern vehicle for eloquence, or sentiment, or philosophy; and "something doing" besides.

I.

In a commercial sense, the essay does, just now, lie between the devil and the deep sea, the special article and the novel. Few American periodicals have room for it. In the publisher's catalogue it holds a place of dignified obscurity next door to the equally sequestered item of verse. It is not advertised in the newspapers or displayed in book-shop windows: a back-handed compliment, if one chooses, to the incorruptible quality of the audience it is destined to reach. To the quality and constancy of that audience, in fact, the essay owes its continued and healthy existence. Not yet has it been absorbed in the novel or displaced by the special article, though its quiet merits have been somewhat obscured to the ordinary eye by the numbers and showiness of its neighbors. Surely people ought not, without fair investigation, to be persuaded that there is nothing of account now being done in this field.

Here, for instance, are three volumes of essays, all quite unlike as to theme and treatment, all genuine contributions to literature, all ordained in the nature of things for a success of appreciation by comparatively few readers. The newspapers and "critical" organs will have something brief and affable to say of them; but they will not be much talked about either there or elsewhere. Nevertheless, they will make their place and hold it.

The three chapters of Mr. Walkley's book[1] were originally delivered as lectures before the Royal Institution, but they bear few marks of the platform. The writer's theme is primarily the criticism of current plays, but his conclusions are of broad application to all criticism. The first paper, on The Ideal Spectator, has to do, somewhat strictly, with the conditions of the theatre. The drama, says Mr. Walkley, differs from other forms of literary art in addressing itself directly to a crowd. Further, "a crowd forms a new entity, with a mind and character of its own. . . . The qualities in which the members of a crowd differ from one another disappear, are mutually cancelled, while the qualities which they have in common are intensified by contact. The qualities in which men differ are principally, of course, the conscious elements of character, the fruit of education, of varying hereditary conditions, and the intelligence. The qualities, on

[1] *Dramatic Criticism.* By A. B. Walkley. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

the other hand, in which they resemble one another are principally the unconscious or sub-conscious qualities, the primary instincts, feelings, and passions of the race. . . . The crowd has the credulity, the absence of judicial faculty, the uncontrolled violence of feeling, of a child."

To be brief, Mr. Walkley does not find his ideal spectator in the crowd, or in the average spectator, or in the "amateur of culture," but in the spectator who achieves a mood compact of intellectual detachment and sympathetic surrender. To compass this feat "requires not only an effort of the will, a special motive, but training and special aptitude." These are obviously among the essential qualities, though, as we are presently shown, not the only essential qualities, of the professional dramatic critic. He must be also an artist. "Accepting the word 'creation,' we must apply it to all producers of literary art, whether they be poets or novelists or playwrights or critics. They are all creators, and what they all create is æsthetic feeling. And the raw material out of which they all create this is the same, namely, themselves. Criticism, like any other art — whatever else it may be — is a mode of self-expression. M. Anatole France has given a famous description of criticism as 'The adventures of a soul among masterpieces,' and he has added: 'In order to be frank, the critic ought to say, Gentlemen, I am about to speak of myself *à propos* of Shakespeare, or Racine, or Pascal, or Goethe — by no means a bad opportunity.'" Apropos of dramatic criticism, Mr. Walkley speaks of himself to excellent purpose in the present volume, of which the final chapter, on Old and New Criticism, is by no means less valuable, though slightly more technical, than the others.

The Adventures of a Personality among Masterpieces would be an admirable title for Mr. Sedgwick's book of critical Essays.[1] These papers contain much excellent criticism, even in the narrower sense. They are the outcome, that is, of an intellectual detachment which is a sufficient safeguard against the expression of mere whim. But this is not all. The fact of itself might win them a sort of recognition; what gives them carrying power is their quality of personal sympathy, their character as "a mode of self-expression," their literary excellence, in short. As an essay in prose criticism the paper on Macaulay seems altogether the best of them; indeed, altogether the best appraisal, outside of Bagehot, which has yet been offered. What Mr. Sedgwick says of Macaulay in public and private life is equally good, but we can quote only a few sentences from his estimate of Macaulay as a writer: —

"The essays are the work of a rhetorician, the greatest, perhaps, in English literature. One defect in that literature, as compared with Latin literature, has been a lack of rhetoric. The great masters of English prose, Milton and Burke, appeal to the imagination. Their language is sensuous and adorned, but they address themselves to the intellect; they charge their speech with thought; they are careless that they lay burdens upon their readers; they are indifferent that they outstride the crowd. The rhetorician — a Cicero, a Bossuet — tries to spare his readers; he wishes to be always thronged by the multitude. So it is with Macaulay. He says nothing that everybody cannot comprehend at once. He exerts all his powers to give his readers as little to do as possible; he drains his memory to find decorations to catch their eye and fix their attention. He presents everything in brilliant images. He writes to the eye and the ear. He has in mind the ordinary Briton; he does not write for a sect nor for a band of disciples. He is always the orator

[1] *Essays on Great Writers.* By Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

talking to men who are going to vote at the close of his speech."

The tone of most of the other papers is more clearly determined by personal sympathy; one or two of them, indeed, belong to the discursive rather than the purely critical order. Now and then, as in the essay on English and French Literature, there is a little touch of petulance which reminds us pleasantly that we are not observing the adventures of a mere intellect. What makes for an effective personality in literature? — not learning nor logical faculty, nor cleverness of hand or fancy. These are qualities which, joined with perseverance, can do almost anything outside of art, and nothing at all in it. Nor is cultivated queerness of great account. Mr. Sedgwick, in an interesting essay on D'Annunzio, has this to say of the *Symbolistes:*

"These writers are not wholly purged from all desire for self-assertion; they wish room wherein openly to display themselves, and to this end they have drawn apart out of the shadow of famous names. . . . They hold individuality sacred, and define it to be that which man has in himself unshared by any other, and deny the name to all that he has in common with other men." Such is the creed upon which, consciously or unconsciously, most of the little coteries found their work. It is so much easier to be queer than to be original, let us assert that queerness is the only originality. Let us tune the lyre as it pleases us, whence, if we are also bold enough to hold it upside down, and render some familiar air backwards, we may startle the world into admitting that this must be, indeed, the music of the future. "In truth," says Mr. Sedgwick, still speaking of the symbolist movement, "these Frenchmen do not reveal their personality. It may indeed be doubted if they have any such encumbrance. In its place they have a bunch of theories tied up with the ribbon of their literary experience; and the exhalations of it, as if it were a bunch of flowers, they suffer to transpire through their pages."

The essayist does not fail to state plainly his belief in the overwhelming importance of true personality in art. So, almost at the end of the paper on Thackeray, we come upon this passage: "A novelist, however, in the end, must be judged according to a common human measure. . . . It is the character of the novelist that provides tissue for his novels; there is no way by which the novelist can sit like an absentee god and project into the world a work that tells no tales of him. Every man casts his work in his own image. Only a great man writes a great novel; only a mean man writes a mean novel. A novel is as purely personal a thing as a handshake, and is to be judged by a simple standard which everybody can understand."

If it is true that a novelist cannot hide behind his narrative, it is more obviously true that an essayist is at the mercy of his discourse. The process of self-betrayal is even more summary; a dozen sentences are enough, perhaps, to lay him before us, mind and soul, or at least the true outline of him; and it is at our own risk that we go farther. A writer of treatises may remain an unknown quantity; for his business is only to pile one stone upon another, and there is no trace of human emotion in the shaft which is finally reared. But an essay, next to a poem, is the most directly human of all literary products.

II.

Not long ago this department had occasion to remark somewhat plaintively, "It is a pity that no important volume of discursive essays has been published in America since the day of the Autocrat." Happily, with the advent of The Gentle Reader,[1] this has ceased to be the truth, if it was the truth. We had

[1] *The Gentle Reader.* By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

been, at the time, expressing our pleasure in Mr. Chesterton's The Defendant. Mr. Crothers's book is quite as good. It is not, to be sure, so sharply brilliant, so compact, so startling, so well designed to win over readers of fiction. Its aggressiveness is ironical, it is gently and affectionately whimsical, its divagations manage to lead one just where (if he had thought of it) he would have wished to go. Its leisurely speculations are never, as not uncommonly happens with Mr. Chesterton's, merely extravagant offshoots of an exuberant fancy. With all their quiet whimsicality, the essays are never merely whimsical. They are seasoned with a kindly urbanity; and they give one the sense of companionship with a personality of singular humanness and sweetness. Mr. Crothers, in his capacity of Gentle Reader, has no high opinion of formal criticism. "Appreciation of literature," he says, "is the getting at an author, so that we like what he is, while all that he is not is irrelevant." This is, after all, much like Arnold's definition of criticism as "the art of seeing the object as in itself it really is." The natural boundaries of an object are a part of one's view of it. What he is not will go as far as what he is toward endearing the Gentle Reader to his audience.

The discursive essay has always been among the important by-products of the art of the English novelist. One may cull Roundabout Papers almost at will from the pages of Thackeray; and, later, the novel has pressed into its service talents primarily suited to the essay form. How many persons would have continued for a series of years to peruse Mr. Meredith's essays on The Whimsies of Human Character and Fate, or Mr. James's discourses on The Subtleties of Sophistication, if these writers had not vouchsafed the grateful accommodation of the active episode and the concrete figure?

[1] *The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

III.

And, much as it has been discredited by criticism, the novel of purpose is still hardly less common than the novel of analysis. Readers of No. 5 John Street will not be surprised to find that The Yellow Van [1] is founded upon a thesis. Consequently, one is not satisfied that the characters are really alive, though they appear to lack none of the signs of life; they fit somewhat too neatly into their several niches, they are too obviously parts of a well-ordered machinery. The incidents also carefully contribute to the establishment of the author's proposition as to the total depravity of the English land law. Yet the story is not at all dull. It deserves whatever praise can be given to a spirited tract, and may very likely do more for the cause which it represents than a score of parliamentary speeches or a hundred leading articles could hope to do. The late Frank Norris said a novel must do one of three things: tell something, show something, or prove something; and that the greatest novels do all of these things. As to the propriety of this third function the world remains in two minds. It is inclined to think, perhaps, that Mr. Norris's own work suffered not a little from his desire to prove something.

From its title one might suspect The Mills of Man [2] to be either didactic or morbid; it is neither. It tells things and shows things, but attempts to prove nothing; this, at least, is the old-fashioned way of holding the mirror up to Nature. It tells the story of a political campaign in Illinois, but I am not able to think of it as a political novel. The phase of politics seems to have been taken almost by chance as background for the author's picture of life in our great inland centre. The thing he shows is more important than the thing he tells, and his freedom from political partisanship, from petty

[2] *The Mills of Man.* By Philip Payne. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1903.

local pride, from the rigid attitude of the moralist, gives one a sense of unusual freedom in the enjoyment of the picture. A conscious detachment from the conventional point of view is the only sign of bias which we note; and it is never carried to the point of irresponsibility. One of the leading figures is a political boss, who prides himself upon being "the Croker of Chicago;" an illiterate, unscrupulous, and lovable man. Another is a great financier, also unscrupulous so far as the world can see, but really a man of fine compunctions, observing in his manipulations a law which to him seems right. Still more striking is the figure of Hildegarde Brown, promoter, Bohemian, and "new woman;" a type which, one would think, could not be made at once true and attractive; yet this is accomplished. We have said that the author displays no petty local pride; Chicago has significance for him less as a place than as a symbol: — "Thus Chicago beckoned ahead of him, looming monstrous, ugly and almighty. It was the archetypical industrial city, the complete representative of the modern age, as Rome had been of the ancient world, and Venice of the Renaissance. There was no past about it, even near, no towers, traditions, temples. It was built upon the naked prairie, built of steel. Possessed of colossal barbarities, its glories were meats and grains and metals. It had invented the bridge style of architecture, the stockyards, and the whaleback. It reeked of industrialism; it was a gross compound of money and of muscle. Its achievements, brutalities, energies, candors, democracies, opulences, lusts, like its products, its foods and its steel, were characteristics, unalloyed, of the age of to-day." There are no other passages like this in the course of the narrative, and there are only a few brief touches of description here and there. The style is simple and straightforward, and the action proceeds without interruption. In no spirit of apology, therefore, is the fact to be recorded that The Mills of Man is a first novel.

[1] *Sixty Jane.* By JOHN LUTHER LONG. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

IV.

The charm of a mere tale is somewhat less certainly a charm of personality; it is when the author begins to "show" things that he is quite sure to show himself. But a mere tale is a rare thing. It is next to impossible for a story-teller to avoid suggesting, if only by a glance or a shrug of the shoulder, his own interpretation of the facts which he has to record; and, that point once yielded, we are free to observe that even his selection of facts is a criticism of himself. Sixty Jane,[1] for instance, is patently the work of a sentimentalist who lacks the escape-valve of humor. The title story is really affecting, and the little uneasiness with which one reads it is only explained by the perusal of the later tales. One's sympathy for Sixty Jane is not pushed beyond the point of propriety, but in Lucky Jim and The Little House in the Little Street Where the Sun Never Came, the pathos is of the Little Nell order, the product of a method which makes a point of "crowding the mourners." Those who have tears and are prepared to shed them can ask for no better opportunity than Mr. Long's book affords.

His one or two experiments at humorous narrative are not successful. Their artificiality is especially unpleasing to one who has just been chuckling over the adventures of Messrs. Sudd Lannigan and Clarence O'Shay.[2] The cosmopolitan Irishman has had other worthy spokesmen, notably Mr. Mulvaney and Mr. Dooley; Mr. Lannigan is their equal in his own way. His creator has chosen not to represent the brogue by any elaborate

[2] *Under the Jackstaff.* By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

system of misspelling: the public ought indeed by this day to be able to roll its own r's and transpose its own vowels with sufficient ease. Mr. Fernald contents himself with suggesting, by a skillful adherence to the Hibernian syntax and diction, the swing and the intonation of Mr. Lannigan's speech. These stories are the best of material for reading aloud. A Hard Road to Andy Coggin's is the funniest of them, and The Lights of Sitka is the most serious; and underneath them all runs a vein of sentiment so quiet and restrained that admirers of Sixty Jane will be likely to overlook it altogether.

The series of stories by Seumus MacManus [1] is of less bulk and narrower range than either of the foregoing collections. Once more the story-teller is an Irishman, not this time a young, rollicking adventurer from the south of Ireland, but a reticent, ironical old gamekeeper of Donegal. The grim and half-reluctant humor, the dramatic gusto, with which he records the exploits of an ancient foe, give his narrative more power than the slight character of its theme would appear to warrant. Facts and fancies, after all, have in themselves very little value for literature or for any other art. They may catch our attention and applause for the moment, but the personality behind them is what we really care for in the end.

H. W. Boynton.

Three Books about the Drama.

THE irresistible, perennial charm of looking in Nature's mirror and the peculiar appeal which inheres in all that pertains to the mimic world of the stage lend an interest to writings about the drama which scholars in other departments of learning have envied. This interest is more than ordinarily marked in three recently published books [2] which differ radically in the avenues of their approach to the theatre, but which are at one in sincere concern about things dramatic. Mr. Chambers's, Mr. Matthews's, and Mr. Chase's essays represent significantly the scholarly, the theatrical, and the belletristic methods by which a subject so opulent as the drama may be profitably studied.

The two stately volumes which contain the rich results of Mr. Chambers's study of the Mediæval Stage are, to speak categorically, the most thoroughly satisfactory piece of dramatic scholarship in English which we have had since Dr. Ward published his monumental history. Any one caring, some half century hence, to know the scholarly ideals of the present decade will find Mr. Chambers's work an important document. For while it is packed as full of erudition and the results of difficult research as even a Porson could wish, it is punctually of the hour in its exhibition of the evolutionary trend of scholarship at the present time. That Nature does nothing *per saltum* is an ancient dictum not continuously admitted. The search for origins, which but lately was the prime business of scholars the world over, is even now giving place to the tracing of a continuous evolution. Mr. Chambers's real affair is to show the persistence of an unbroken dramatic tradition, however vague, between the fall of the Roman theatre and the emergence of the modern stage in the liturgical plays which have been so often named as its origin. This he does by a study of mediæval minstrelsy and the little known Folk Drama which is as learned as it is fresh and

[1] *The Red Poocher.* By SEUMUS MACMANUS. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

[2] *The Mediæval Stage.* By E. K. CHAMBERS. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1903.

The Development of the Drama. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The English Heroic Play: A Critical Description of the Rhymed Tragedy of the Restoration. By LEWIS N. CHASE. New York: The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

readable. It is a fair criticism that much of this study deals with the social forces behind the drama rather than with the drama itself. But the relation is vital and essential; and we derive a notion of the ramifications of the dramatic instinct, — of the part that it has played in "the march of mind," — that is extraordinarily vivid and stimulating. Mr. Chambers has much to say which is as important for the Folk-Lorist and for the historian of culture as for the student of the drama. Particularly good, for example, is his account of the mediæval cult of fertilization, which was little less important as a dramatic origin than the Dionysiac religion of Greece. It was a striking manifestation of that "universal pagan sentiment" of which Walter Pater wrote so sympathetically and well; "a paganism which existed before the Greek religion, and has lingered far onward into the Christian world, ineradicable, like some persistent vegetable growth, because its seed is an element of the very soil out of which it springs."

In his clever and lucid sketch of The Development of the Drama, Mr. Matthews's concern is not about any such subterranean tradition; he busies himself, rather, in tracing the larger evolution of what he chooses to call "dramaturgic technic." The result is a brief and eminently readable historical account of the acted drama. It must be confessed that Mr. Matthews's arbitrary divorce of the "stage" from "dramatic literature," sound and suggestive as it often is, has certain accompanying disadvantages. In dealing with such "great fellows" — to adopt FitzGerald's phrase — as Sophocles and Calderon, it leads to a baffling inadequacy and partiality of criticism, for it excludes any just discussion of the noble and moving poetry which, after all, is what such names mean to most of us. But in treating of the French theatre the advantage is naturally on the other side, and Mr. Matthews's chapter on the Drama in France is a valuable piece of summary criticism. Perhaps Mr. Matthews is most interesting when, after his extensive observation of the theatre from Athens to New York, he rises to vatication in a final chapter upon The Future of the Drama. It is encouraging that so devoted a student of the stage, so keen an observer of theatrical conditions today, is hopeful for the future; and it is of moment that while he believes there may be less poetry found in the drama of the future, "what there is will belong absolutely to the theme. It will be internal and integral; it will not be external or merely affixed." That is to say, Mr. Matthews foresees for the drama a second Renaissance of enlightened classicism. We cannot, however, so readily agree with the implication of Mr. Matthews's remark that "the desire to know sympathetically other classes than our own" will "exert an obvious influence upon the drama of the immediate future." Rather it would seem from such informing studies as Miss McCracken's The Play and the Gallery, published in the Atlantic last year, that the numerous presence in the spectators' seats of "other classes than our own" is the most hopeful symptom, — an indication that the good plays of the future, instead of betraying the sensibility of a college settlement, will exhibit as always the important and fundamental passions of humanity.

Mr. Chase's account of the English Heroic Play is, more than either of the foregoing, a study of dramatic literature; his critical description of the rhymed tragedy of the Restoration is wholly occupied with that tragedy as it is found in books. His examination of these fine old bombastic plays is carried on with excellent insight, and with a vein of covert humor which makes engaging reading. Mr. Chase in his preface promises two complementary studies, an inquiry into foreign origins and parallels, and a history of the type in England. It

is to be hoped that these studies may be carried to completion and publication, and that the author may embody in them some of the curious biographic details which are involved in the history of the Heroic Play on the English stage, so to make the completed study as humane as it is comprehensive. It must be said that Mr. Chase's close analysis of the plots, characters, and sentiments of heroic drama presents it in no favorable light. His reprobation of its artificiality and highfalutin is surely just, and his survey of its few virtues is, so far as it goes, convincing. "It insisted," says Mr. Chase, "upon decency and decorum of language, it encouraged many of the virtues, such as generosity and bravery, and consistently kept aloof from the sordid cares of every-day life. To a public tainted with meanness and sensuality it presented a shadow, at least, of true heroic character." This is true and well put, but with all respect to Mr. Chase's wider and more exact information, there is, we think, for a few scattered readers a little more attraction in the Heroic Drama than he is disposed to allow. This is something more than the mere curious interest of the queer and out-of-date. It is the appeal of romantic story plus the perennial charm of the top-lofty manner. In the main, of course, our interest in the top-lofty is ironic, but there is an expatiation of the mind caused by rhetorical extravagance, and by the "heightened way of putting things," which brings actual delight to many readers. Surely this contributes to our pleasure in Marlowe, or in Byron; and in the Heroic Drama, at least in Dryden's and D'Avenant's contributions to it, there are not a few passages to afford such a gust. How enduring the mood of the heroics has been is seen in our own melodrama; and even in the closet drama the tradition persists. Thus in a remarkable play recently published [1] we find some striking lines which we herewith present to Mr. Chase for his consideration in writing of the persistence of the type: —

"Strike while his blood is going out at breath!
Rip him up proximally, rip him up;
Lop off his distal members, lop them off;
Sanguinolency carnify that trunk,
And make of him deformity's foul ape,
Till Dagon at the whining torso spit."

Surely the author of such sentiments — though they be broken into blank rather than forged into couplets — is of the heroic school. Nor do we discover in his lines much of that external and merely affixed poetry which Mr. Matthews is glad to think passing from our boards. *F. G.*

[1] *Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Piedmont.* A Romantic Play. By James Murmell. Philadelphia: Franklin Printing Company. 1903.

New Editions of English Dictionaries.

"Of making many books there is no end," said the Hebrew Preacher. If he had lived in our day, he might have simplified his riddle by saying, "Of the making of one book there is no end," and we should have known that he meant a dictionary. When "J. K.," just two centuries ago, issued the first edition of his New English Dictionary, he found only about ten thousand words to include in his Compleat Collection of the Most Proper and Significant Words commonly used in the Language. But the language was growing, and to the second edition he had to make "many important additions." Bailey had a similar experience, and so had Johnson. And when Noah Webster brought out the first edition of his American Dictionary of the English Language, in 1828, it contained twelve thousand words never collected in any dictionary before. In 1841 Webster published his second edition, enlarged by several thousand words, and the last considerable labor of his life was the addition of "some hundreds" more in 1843. Every edition that has appeared since his death has repeated the same tale, and it is almost incredible that only ten years after Webster's International

Dictionary was first given to the public, it should be necessary to add a Supplement of twenty-five thousand new words.[1]

An examination of this Supplement is most instructive. One cannot even turn the pages and look at the illustrations without being impressed with the evidences of rapid growth in our knowledge of fishes and insects, birds and plants. Another class of illustrations suggests the extent to which we have become citizens of the whole world, familiar with dress and customs in every land and every climate. Recent wars, too, have yielded a harvest of words. A decade ago who knew anything about dumdum bullets and retreating gun carriages? about Morro or Moros, yamen or Boxer, kopje or trek? We did not ride in automobiles then, or hope to ride soon in aerodromes. Golf had not given us its bogey and its hazard. The Marconi system and the Bertillon system were alike caviare to the general. All these things, and their multitudinous kindred, are gathered into this fascinating Supplement.

There may be two opinions about the wisdom of giving countenance to some of the slang words that we find here, — mosey, or jamboree, for instance; but the reader of popular fiction certainly has his rights, and must not be ignored by the modern lexicographer. Whatever we may think about new words that must be called slang, pure and simple, it is a pleasure to get an authoritative account of certain dialect words that recent literature is making familiar, and to recover now and then an ancient word, full of a Chaucerian virtue, that had fallen into obsoleteness before the revival of interest in the early makers of English.

A word should be said, too, in praise of the newly revised Pronouncing Gazetteer and Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, the latter of which now contains ten thousand names. Altogether, this edition of the International Dictionary is so full in its vocabulary; so clear, accurate, and condensed in its definitions; so admirably arranged for rapid use; and so largely equipped with auxiliary aids, that the more one uses it, the more satisfying he finds it.

The new edition of the Standard Dictionary[2] marks as strongly the constant growth of the language. The original edition of the Standard, issued only in 1893, contained a much larger number of words than any other dictionary; but the publishers now find it necessary to add nearly a hundred pages to the twenty-one hundred that constituted their general vocabulary. The Addenda include over seventeen thousand new words, new applications of old words, and phrases that have come into such use as to be fairly entitled to inclusion in a word-book. Exploration, commerce, and war; religion, science, the arts, literature, and common life, — all make their contributions. In the Appendix the list of Proper Names has been greatly increased, and is now a combined biographical dictionary, gazetteer, and list of pseudonyms, sobriquets, names prominent in fiction, etc., in one alphabetical arrangement, filling a hundred and fifty pages. Other changes and improvements, both in the body of the book and in the Appendix, unite to emphasize the judgment pronounced in the pages of this magazine when the original edition was reviewed at length, — that the Standard is a "soundly constructed, *progressive*, popular dictionary of encyclopædic nature." *H.R.G.*

Translated Poetry.

"With the world thus young, beauty eternal, fancy free," writes Colonel Higginson in the fragrant and picturesque Introduction to his

[1] *Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language.* New Edition with Supplement of New Words. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. 1902.

[2] *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* New Edition, revised and enlarged. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

versions of Petrarch,[1] "why should these delicious Italian pages exist but to be tortured into grammatical examples? Is there no reward to be imagined for a delightful book that can match Browning's fantastic burial of a tedious one? When it has sufficiently basked in sunshine, and been cooled in pure salt air, when it has bathed in heaped clover, and been scented, page by page, with melilot, cannot its beauty once more blossom, and its buried loves revive?" Thanks to an unusually successful collaboration of writer and printer, this little volume is itself the best answer to these questionings. It is fulfilled of sunshine and sea air, melilot and clover; and the buried loves of Francis Petrarch and Laura de Sale do indeed revive in it with a strange impressiveness.

Though Petrarch was the fountain and original of that sad school of Platonizing, sonneteering, literary Love, which through two centuries corrupted the healthy springs of European letters, he was himself, beyond all question, a sincere and constant lover. It is in his keen perception of this, and in the sympathetic, imaginative power by which he has achieved reality of tone, that Colonel Higginson's fifteen sonnets from Petrarch are distinguished from other attempts.

On the purely formal side he has been but little less successful. The cadenced flow of the soft Italian vocables, melting "like kisses from a female mouth," has always been the despair of Northern translators. Most recent writers who have endeavored to render Petrarch in English have adopted, like Mr. Garnett, a sensuous, full-toned, Rossetti-like type of sonnet, which makes musical reading, but which — at least in the judgment of the present writer — is better adapted to convey a just impression of the sonnet-singing of Camoëns, the great but Euripidean successor to the laurel and purple of Petrarch, than to present in English the finer beauty of his original. Colonel Higginson's chief care, on the other hand, has been for refinement and reality of diction. He has been for the most part singularly fortunate in discovering the pure and glowing phrase. The result is that his work suggests the Sidneian showers of eloquence of the best Elizabethans more than the voluble moonlight passion of Rossetti, — flute and violin more than the bassoon, — and so is nearer in temper to the delicately modulated yet unaffected poetry of Laura's lover. How fine and expressive Colonel Higginson's workmanship may be will appear from his version of the sonnet to Laura singing, which will be quoted to convey a touch of his quality: —

"When Love doth those sweet eyes to earth incline,
And weaves those wandering notes into a sigh
With his own touch, and leads a minstrelsy
Clear-voiced and pure, angelic and divine, —
He makes sweet havoc in this heart of mine,
And to my thoughts brings transformation high,
So that I say, 'My time has come to die,
If fate so blest a death for me design.'
But to my soul, thus steeped in joy, the sound
Brings such a wish to keep that present heaven,
It holds my spirit back to earth as well.
And thus I live: and thus is loosed and wound
The thread of life which unto me was given
By this sole Siren who with us doth dwell."

From Petrarch, the first great humanist of the Renaissance, to Pierre de Ronsard, its poetic herald in France, is not a far cry, and in many other respects Mr. Page's attractive volume[2] is a fit shelf-companion for Colonel Higginson's. The introductory critical essay is so amiable and intelligent a characterization of the poet of flame and roses that one is tempted to fall into Jeffreyan phrase and say, We like Mr. Page better as commentator on poetry than as a poet. The

[1] *Fifteen Sonnets of Petrarch.* Selected and translated by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[2] *Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard.* Selected and translated by CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

truth is that Mr. Page's adventure was one of the extremest difficulty. The charm of Ronsard's most characteristic lyrics, which has been so perfectly phrased as *une fadeur exquise*, an exquisite silvery faintness, is a far more incommunicable essence, even, than the charm of Petrarch's noble numbers. Mr. Page's versions of the daintier and seemingly more unpremeditated lyrics of the type of *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose* and *Versons ces roses en ce vin* are faithful and spirited, yet the reader who has known and cared for them in Ronsard's newly minted French, so delicately clear, is likely to feel that their beauty has been cheapened. On the other hand, Ronsard's sonnets, and more particularly those in a major key, are excellently done. Take, for example, that hearty sonnet To His Valet, wherein Ronsard has epitomized unwittingly the two motive passions of the Renaissance, — the love of learning and of ladies: —

"I want three days to read the Iliad through!
So Corydon, close fast my chamber door.
If anything should bother me before
I've done, I swear you'll have somewhat to rue!

"No! not the servant, nor your mate, nor you
Shall come to make the bed or clean the floor;
I must have three good quiet days — or four;
Then I'll make merry for a week or two.

"Ah! but — if any one should come from Her,
Admit him quickly! Be no loiterer,
But come and make me brave for his receiving.

"But no one else! — not friends or nearest kin.
Though an Olympian God should seek me, leaving
His Heaven, shut fast the door! Don't let him in!"

Here we have Mr. Page composing in a key of plain and manly vigor, clearly attuned to the chord of Donne and Drayton, yet curiously faithful to the chime of the French original. From this it would appear, as well as from the exceptional success of Colonel Higginson's very Sidneian versions of Petrarch, that he who would give us an acceptable translation of a Continental poet of the Renaissance should give his days and nights to the study of the Elizabethans.

F. G.

Rebecca.

In Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,[1] Mrs. Riggs introduces to us an engaging little person instinct with that genial life which has commended Penelope and the vociferous Ruggleses to so many readers. If one may venture to define by an airy distinction the cleavage of the multitude as well as the alternation of moods in the mind of the elect reader, Rebecca is likely to have the suffrages both of readers of sensibility and of readers of perception. The person of sensibility — and who of us would rebut so soft an impeachment — will find the story provocative of the most pleasurable emotions, while the person of perception will discover in its workmanship ground for interesting and instructive comment.

Rebecca Rowena Randall is one of the seven children of Aurelia Randall and Lorenzo de Medici Randall, deceased. After some years of vicarious motherhood, such as befalls a child with many younger brothers and sisters, she is sent to live with two maiden aunts in their "brick house," and it is with the story of the vicissitudes of her life here that the book has to do.

This narrative of the making of Rebecca is made to engage the reader's sympathy by the faithful portrayal of the April weather of which that young lady's life consisted. One is given to understand early in the story that from Lorenzo de Medici Randall, Rebecca inherited an artistic temperament of the intensest sort, while in the course of her "making" in the brick house, we see how its attendant irresponsibilities are one by one put by. The portrait is other than that of the typical imaginative child, for from her tenderest years Re-

[1] *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

becca is something of a poet, and she is visited by fantasy and dream. Yet there is nothing of the prig about her, and her personality is compact of wholesome affections. We know her perfectly when we discover that she seems but a plain child when scolded in brown calico, yet quite beautiful when praised in pink gingham. A person troubled with hypertrophy of the perception might urge that when a little girl of this temperament is made to tell the story of a shrewd unhappiness with no tinge of exaggeration, the character is out of drawing. But the idealization is pleasing, nevertheless, and the person of sensibility will like it better so. In other respects the character is as convincing as it is vivid.

There are many points in Mrs. Riggs's handling of the story which lure one to comparison of her method with that of the masters in fiction. No point, perhaps, is more striking than the excellent comic treatment of the names of the characters. Lorenzo de Medici Randall as the name of the inglorious Milton of a Maine village may savor of the broader effect of farce, but when we come to consider it in relation to his forbears and his descendants, it comes to have a harmonious appropriateness in which the farcical element is perfectly fused in the comedy. There are many similar touches of curious propriety which recall the art in that kind of Dickens and, yet more precisely and oddly, of Smollett. Indeed, memories of Smollett and the quality of his art will occur more than once to the attentive reader of Mrs. Riggs's book. There is one notable passage where the honors are little short of even. Smollett's death of Commodore Trunnion is undeniably one of the great death-bed scenes of literature. Yet when Rebecca comes to the bedside of her aunt Miranda lying *in extremis* there ensues a scene which is as grimly and tragically humorous: —

"There came a morning when she asked for Rebecca. The door was opened into the dim sickroom, and Rebecca stood there with the sunlight behind her, her hands full of sweet peas. Miranda's pale, sharp face, framed in its nightcap, looked haggard on the pillow, and her body was pitifully still under the counterpane.

"'Come in,' she said; 'I ain't dead yet. Don't mess up the bed with them flowers, will ye?'

"'Oh, no! They 're going in a glass pitcher,' said Rebecca, turning to the washstand as she tried to control her voice and stop the tears that sprang to her eyes.

"'Let me look at ye; come closer. What dress are ye wearin'?' said the old aunt in her cracked weak voice.

"'My blue calico.'

"'Is your cashmere holdin' its color?'

"'Yes, aunt Miranda.'

"'Do you keep it in a dark closet hung on the wrong side, as I told ye?'

"'Always.'

"'Has your mother made her jelly?'

"'She has n't said.'

"'She always had the knack o' writin' letters with nothin' in 'em. What 's Mark broke sence I 've been sick?'

"'Nothing at all, aunt Miranda.'

"'Why, what 's the matter with him? Gittin' lazy, ain't he? How 's John turnin' out?'

"'He 's going to be the best of us all.'

"'I hope you don't slight things in the kitchen because I ain't there. Do you scald the coffee-pot and turn it upside down on the winder-sill?'

"'Yes, aunt Miranda.'

"'It 's always "yes" with you, and "yes" with Jane,' groaned Miranda, trying to move her stiffened body; 'but all the time I lay here knowin' there 's things done the way I don't like 'em.'"

If this has not quite the reassuring amplitude of movement which in the greatest death-bed scenes in literature makes us see life steadily and whole, it is, none the less, true and fine art, and it is notably free from the overwrought

pathos and uneasy sentimentalism by which such scenes may so easily be spoiled. The impressive realism of this passage is of a piece with the texture of the book. It is obviously not the realism of the critical, and, as it were, scientific observer, which is now so much with us. It is, rather, the realism of Dickens, of the creative sentimentalist; — be it said without dispraise! Yet how real it is! Rebecca's remarks to Mr. Cobb, the stage-driver, when she returns to the inside of the stage, — to take the most casual of examples, — have the genuine accent of life.

"I forgot — mother put me inside, and maybe she 'd want me to be there when I got to aunt Mirandy's. Maybe I 'd be more genteel inside, and then I would n't have to be jumped down and my clothes fly up, but could open the door and step down like a lady passenger. Would you please stop a minute, Mr. Cobb, and let me change?"

The informed in such matters will recognize that this is the way little girls do talk; and any one who has lived in a house with a child addicted to lisping in numbers will know that this is the way they versify: —

"This house is dark and dull and dreer
No light doth shine from far or near
It 's like the tomb.

"And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as serrafim
Though not as good.

"My guardian angel is asleep
At least he doth no vigil keep
Ah! woe is me!

"Then give me back my lonely farm
Where none alive did wish me harm
Dear home of youth!"

Still endeavoring to see the book through the eyes of our reader of perception, we will notice the skillful balance of character, which, provided it be done not too artificially, is a prime source of delight to readers of both our classes. We have, for example, a suggestive contrast between the two maiden aunts, — the one the typical sour and overweening spinster, and the other the gentle maiden-lady, with a shrine in her heart, and between the thoughtful Rebecca and her bosom friend and confidante, Emma Jane, who, as Rebecca writes to her mother, "can add and subtract in her head like a streek of lightning and knows the speling book right through but has no thoughts of any kind."

Thus the reader of perception might go on, pointing out this or that evidence of clever construction and imaginative felicity, but concerning a book of this sort in the end it is the voice of the reader of sensibility that prevails, and he — we say "he" without irony — will be perennially grateful for the creation of so charming a character, for the reassurance that even in bleak New England *la verginella è simile alla rosa;* and he will solicitously await further news of her.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Woman's Club Again.

It was the regular meeting of a Woman's Club in a college town. Ordinarily an intermission occurred between the programme and the business meeting, and during this intermission all outsiders were supposed to depart. But so many members of the Club took this occasion to depart, too, that it was sometimes difficult to get a quorum for the business meeting. So when a matter of importance was to be acted upon, the ladies fell into the loose habit of bringing it up before the intermission. This was what had been done to-day.

"I believe," the President began suavely, "we were to bring up again a little matter that was talked of at our last meeting?"

She paused and looked around appealingly and smiled propitiatingly. She did love to agree with everybody, and the "little matter" had caused some sharp discussion at the last meeting.

"We have been asked to give something toward a memorial for Mrs. Lucy J. Stone, the Founder of Women's Clubs. Madam Secretary," shifting the responsibility as soon as possible, "won't you please read the communication?"

The Secretary rose.

"Madam President.

"'To the Woman's Club of Bainbridge, Mich., — It is desired to found a scholarship at the U. of M. in memory of Mrs. Lucy J. Stone, to which the Federated Clubs of Michigan are asked to contribute. Will you not consider the matter and instruct your delegates to the Convention of Federated Clubs to support the measure?

Yours in the work,
Miss H. M. Blanke,
Corresponding Sec'y.'"

"Now," said the President, "I think we ought to have an expression of opinion on this matter, and I don't know how we shall get it unless the ladies are called upon by name. Mrs. Cartwright, we have learned to look to you first for advice, in any matter of importance. Won't you please tell us just how you feel about this?"

Mrs. Cartwright responded vaguely: "Why, I don't know, Madam President; it seems to me it would be a nice thing to do if we could do something without burdening ourselves too much; if we could decide on an amount that would n't be too much so that it would not be too hard work, I think we might perhaps do something pretty good easily enough."

She grew positively ambitious toward the end.

The President smiled her thanks.

Mrs. Mexford rose.

"Madam President:" a punctilious pause, during which the President tardily recognized the speaker.

"In order to bring this matter before the house, I move that we contribute ten dollars to this fund."

Her motion was supported.

"Now they can make remarks, Mrs. President," said Mrs. Mexford condescendingly.

"Yes," said the President, "now — a" —

Mrs. Hunt addressed the chair. Mrs. Hunt was one of the delegates to the Convention where the idea of the fund was born, and she was inclined to feel it a personal insult if any one opposed the measure. She spoke in strident tones.

"Madam President: I think that when we are 'in Rome' we should 'do as the Romans do;' and if we are going to be a Federated Club we ought to contribute to this fund that is being raised by the Federated Clubs of the State in memory of the woman who founded Women's Clubs. When the Convention was held at X—— the Century Club of that city said they were going to give one hundred dollars, and it is n't expected that the whole sum will be raised now, — maybe not for five years."

She sat down, and all could see the chip on her shoulder.

Mrs. Breem obtained the floor.

"Madam President," she said softly, "it is a worthy thing to raise such a memorial to a worthy woman. And if our Club loves the woman and wants to honor her memory, by all means let us subscribe to this fund. But if we simply wish to put some of our money into active educational work, my preference would be to remember our own little College on the hill. We can't do anything that will make much difference to the great University; but we could materially benefit our small College. Just

now, when they are trying so hard to raise the last ten thousand dollars before January 1, so as to secure Mr. Rockefeller's gift, a few dollars from the Woman's Club of their own town would help and encourage them a great deal."

Mrs. Breem spoke feelingly, for she was a "Faculty Lady."

"Mrs. Breem," — the President spoke sharply, — "you have n't lived here very long, or you would know that we are continually being asked for money for our College. We have plenty of chances to contribute to that."

"But you asked for our opinions," murmured Mrs. Breem.

"Certainly I did," — the President was all graciousness again, — "and I 'm sure I thank you very much, Mrs. Breem, for saying frankly just what you did. Mrs. Larned, can't you say something?"

Unfortunately, Mrs. Larned was a Faculty Lady of eighteen years' residence, and all she cared to say was that "Mrs. Breem had expressed her views."

"Yes, of course;" the President began to feel a bit flurried. "Mrs. Todhunter, what do you think?"

"I cannot add anything to what Mrs. Breem has said."

The President could only smile mechanically. Then the Secretary offered a suggestion.

"Now I should think, Madam President, we might give up one of our parties this year, that costs us ten or fifteen dollars, and give that to our College. I 'm sure I should be willing to."

"Yes," the President said, "I 'm sure we might do that." Then catching a whisper near her, "To be sure," she said, "our Social Committee works so hard to get the money for these parties that really I feel as if they had earned it just as much as if they had gotten it for themselves, and the rest of us ought not to say a word about how it shall be spent."

The President was interrupted by a perfect storm of dissent. Mrs. Hunt obtained the floor.

"Indeed, Madam President, I don't think the Social Committee do all the work to earn the money. When they served meals to that great Convention last spring, did n't we all help them and contribute eatables and money? They could n't have done anything at all without the rest of us."

"Oh yes, to be sure," said the President; "but look how they worked all day long and gave their time, and not very pleasant work either."

"But some of the rest of us worked too, and those who could n't give their time gave money. Did n't they ask you for a dollar, Madam President?"

"Oh yes, of course," the President assured them, "indeed they did; and I know that a good many of us felt that we did all we could if we did n't go there and work; oh yes, to be sure, we all help the Social Committee to earn their money."

There was an uncertain pause; then the Secretary rose again.

"Well then, Madam President, there is our janitor; at Christmas time we always give him ten dollars. Now this year we have a new janitor, so perhaps we might take that ten dollars and give it to our College."

"Oh now, I really must object to that," said the President; "our janitor is in the way to do a good many things for us, and I think we ought to give him his Christmas present. To be sure, he is a new man this year, so perhaps we might give him only five dollars" —

She paused tentatively, then brightened and went on: —

"Now I would like to hear some real strong arguments, pro and con."

The Treasurer addressed the chair.

"I think it would be a good thing if we saw to it that we had enough money for our working committees, so that they would n't have to earn all that they have to use, and then not have enough to do what they want to."

"Yes, that 's so," commented the President; "I do feel, when I ask a lady if she

will be chairman of a committee, as if I ought to go on my bended knees, and be oh, very humble. It 's really a terrible thing to have our committees work so hard as they do."

Mrs. Hunt rose again.

"Madam President, we have a Club of eighty members. We own our Club House, and we are entirely out of debt. I don't suppose there are many Federated Clubs in the state so well able to do something as we are. And we 'll have five years to pay this in. I call for the previous question."

"The previous question is moved," said the President doubtfully, and turned for a hurried consultation with the Secretary.

"I think, Madam President," said the Informal Member without rising, "that Mrs. Peet said a good thing at the Convention. They wanted to raise five thousand dollars for this scholarship and the Clubs were pledging five and ten dollars apiece. Then finally they called on Mrs. Peet and asked her if she would n't give something; and of course you all know who Mrs. Peet is. She said when they got to the last hundred she 'd help them on that. So maybe we might help on the last hundred."

"Yes, maybe they won't raise it at all," the President agreed. "Well, ladies," with an air of renewed confidence, "shall the previous question be put?"

And they voted that it should. After much careful counting, the motion was declared carried.

"Did I understand," asked the Secretary, "that this was ten dollars a year for five years?"

"My motion was that we give them ten dollars," was the decisive answer.

"Now," said the President, "shall we send this ten dollars to them right away or just pledge it? Seems to me maybe we 'd better keep it right here with us until they need it."

"Well, Madam President," said Mrs. Hunt, "it seems to me it ought to be sent so that it can be drawing interest and doing somebody some good."

"Oh yes," said the President uncertainly; "then do you mean that we ought to collect the interest on it and send it to them?"

"No, I say the money ought to be sent to them."

"Oh yes, I see; I see now what you mean. You mean send them the ten dollars and let them collect the interest on it."

"I understood, Madam President," said the Treasurer, "that they merely wanted our pledge now. And it might be, you know, that they will not be able to raise the necessary amount."

"That 's so," said the President cheerfully; "maybe we 'll never have to pay it after all."

And the ladies who had voted for the measure smiled approvingly and reassuringly at one another.

The Old Leaven of Romance.

JUST what it was all about, that novel of Charles Kingsley's named Yeast, I have forgotten, much as I enjoyed it years ago when it was a leading book of the hour. I doubt if a clear remembrance of its contents could give to me now one half the pleasure I find in its title alone.

"Yeast:" I catch the malty smell, — wafted down fifty years and more. Again I see the sign "yeast" over the low, recessed brewery door; it is "right after school" of a Friday afternoon, and I, the parson's little girl, in white, stiffly starched pantalettes, am setting forth with the children of the neighborhood on the weekly trip to the brewery for yeast, — a little tin pail in my hand in which a copper cent is rattling. I join the race across the long bridge with a troop of boys and girls. That was the day when brewers' yeast was greatly preferred to *salt rizin*, or *pertater m'tins*, by many housekeepers, even those who had rigid views upon the temperance question seldom permitting those views to militate against the Saturday's baking, providing

that the yeast was retailed where a bar was not in evidence.

Unlike the most of the regular tasks of a properly trained, useful child of fifty years ago, — when the boy Ralph Waldo, like many of his class, filled the kitchen wood-box, set the table, and scoured the steel knives and forks daily, — going for yeast to a brewery had an abiding charm for children who, but for the weekly errand, might never have entered the locality where the brewery was located, — a new world to many of us, with delightful phases of comradery, — for that little tin pail was a social leveler, — a marvelous promoter of the democratic Idea. The old stone brewery, high up above a deep ravine, actualized my idea of a giant's castle. That beyond the vaultlike room in the cellar, where a big man in a white apron filled our pails with a long-handled ladle from great jars, and mopped up the counter, and scooped in our coppers with impressive dignity, dungeons could be found, I never doubted. The sawdust on the floor, the grimy window barred with heavy cobwebs, was fascinatingly associated with certain story-books I had been forbidden to read, — Romance of the Forest, and the like. When the hot rolls came in on a Sunday morning I had it all over again, but saying nothing about it, of course, — the mist from the cataract, the roar of the falling water, the smell of malt, — had I not seen the yeast of those rolls foaming round in the eddies of the swift current? . . . It was the rule to lift your pail cover and take a sniff. Strange that what smelled so good was so disappointing to taste, for taste we did, once at least, satisfied to sniff ever after. There could be no loitering on the way home, else the mysterious byways leading off the main thoroughfare had been explored; but it was something to see, through the cracks in the sidewalk and fearfully close to our feet, the madly rushing waters of raceways, — to hear the hum of machinery, — to watch for one thrilling moment a gigantic wheel that came up creaking and dripping from a black abyss to plunge headlong into blackness again. I had only to make myself believe, as I easily could, that it was alive, that suffering wheel, to experience the sensation that was the supreme culmination of the enjoyment of the trip. "No yeast to-day," was sometimes hung out by the brewery door. My friend who writes poems of a fair sort, and who used to carry a yeast pail, says that she would give something for that old signboard to hang up in her workshop at times.

"Now Johnny," my grandson hears often, "run to the grocery, quick, please, and bring a cake of compressed yeast." How can I help feeling sorry for Johnny? So much has been "compressed" out of his experience. General Crook, I remember, could not explain just why a hostile Apache suited him better in a blanket than in store clothes; nor why an old warrior of Geronimo's hostiles who used an ear trumpet offended his ideas concerning the fitness of things, — as did papooses with nursing bottles and medicine men smoking cigarettes. Verily, the compressed yeast of utility has made short work of much of the old leaven of romance.

An "Allusion Mark."

The Contributor who discussed in the October number the advisability of devising an "Allusion Mark" wherewith to hint to the unwary reader that the writer is semi-borrowing phrase or sentence from a previous and assumedly greater author, raises an interesting question, and raises it interestingly. But there are difficulties. He who would print the text, say of Milton's Paradise Lost, with allusion marks would go near to obscuring the text with the marks. And by what sort of a mark should one hint that it is only by the aroma or by the rhythm of a phrase that one would appeal to the literary sense? With such the text of Tennyson would be thick. Quotation marks often annoy. Besides, they are reserved for

verbatim repetition. The single inverted comma might suffice; but even then the delicate writer would hesitate to point too overtly to a delicate allusion: a good cook conceals his flavors. Again, of what avail an allusion mark that pointed the unlearned nowhither? For myself, when submitting a proof to a friend, I have sometimes scribbled on the margin the source of such allusion as I thought might escape detection, thus: *Mem:* Shelley; or *Cf:* Æschylus. But some writers' styles are stiff with allusion; allusion is woven into their very texture, — for Charles Lamb one would require a broad margin indeed. — After all, *mathematica mathematicis scribuntur* (the which to "mark" would surely be pedantry extreme); so, allusions are for the learned. The literary sense which is too obtuse to perceive will be helped by no mark, — and would certainly not verify the allusion, even if most carefully foot-noted. Surely we may follow precedent. Ruskin did not foul his pages with finger-posts to allusions, and perhaps no writer was either more particular about the appearance of his pages or more profuse of allusion. The artist paints for lovers of color; let the writer write for lovers of letters. [Who will require from me a mark explaining the allusion to *belles lettres* or to *litterae humaniores?*]

The Simple Life.

TRYING to make good my escape from that modern inquisition — a department store — one day last spring, I chose a pathway lined with books as being least crowded, and my eye fell upon a copy of Wagner's Simple Life temptingly displayed. I had been wanting to see it, and in a furtive kind of way I bought it. I disapprove of buying books over department counters, but being — or aiming to be — a person without prejudice, I saw that in this case it was the directest means to my end, so with a ripple of pleasure in the sober brown cover, and of satisfaction in the possession, I took it along with me, thinking that some easeful day I would refresh my spirit in its wise and quiet pages.

But the time of spring cleaning was at hand, and being a housekeeper (I mention the fact with pride since having been assured by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and other gentlemen qualified to know, that the home is woman's divinely appointed sphere), books had to give place to explorations of garret and cellar, the searching out of hidden things, and the crusade of the microbe generally and specifically.

Then a friend, who is also a housekeeper and consequently entitled to a seat in Paradise as well as to all honor and attention while on the way to it, had a birthday anniversary in the sweet, wild-flower month of May, and casting about at the eleventh hour for somewhat wherewith to commemorate the occasion and my regard, I fell upon this copy of The Simple Life, which forthwith went to her with a handful of flowers fresh from my own garden.

When the flitting time came a few weeks later, and books for the summer reading were being chosen from the erstwhile neglected shelves by those members of the family who still had faith, I recalled my Simple Life, and with another stirring of desire toward the ideals it sets forth, I bought me another copy, this time through our regular dealers (where my self-respect was appeased by paying twenty cents more for it), being persuaded that the long leisure of the coming summer would bring time to read it — perhaps even to reform a little.

But it was a busy summer with us. The waves of gayety at the larger centres sent ripples in even to our quiet retreat. There was a set of young people in the neighborhood for whom "something *must* be done, my dear." So forthwith we made cake and confections, wrought upon fancy-dress costumes, devised games, hung Chinese lanterns (scraping up the cold paraffin next day), and privately wrestled with our dissen-

tient lords, who had run down for the week and did n't "see the use," to the end that our young people were entertained. So successful were we, indeed, that they began to assume quite an air of world-worn and lofty indifference by the end of the season, and we naturally felt rewarded.

And then the maids I had persuaded to go with me — But there, you know all about that, of course, everybody does. Yet I did feel sometimes, after I had stewed in the kitchen and served in the parlor, that a little of that consideration in public opinion, and reward in the kingdom of the just which Lyman Abbott and all the other anti-suffragists say is reserved for us, would be welcome here and now.

When the friend upon whom I had bestowed my first copy of The Simple Life came for a visit, she brought it along. "I thought we might read it together," she said. "I haven't had a chance to more than glance at it yet."

"How delightful!" I replied. "Just the thing. When the launch-party and the next 'Friendship-fire' are over, and I'm caught up with my correspondence a bit, we 'll begin."

When she packed it up (unopened) two weeks later, we congratulated ourselves that we each possessed a copy, so that we could read it together still, and compare notes later.

Then another friend came. "Oh," she said, "I brought along that book of Wagner's they 're talking about, The Simple Life. I knew it was in your line, but I see you have it. How did you like it?"

"I have n't read it yet," I confessed, "but I'm going to as soon as the girls go back to school."

"Oh, how nice! we 'll read it together. I have n't read mine either."

It is autumn now. The leaves have all dropped (I know because that tiresome old gardener of ours has n't come yet to rake them up from the lawn, though I 've sent for him twice), and the branch of witch-hazel with the absurd little yellow fringes it pretends are flowers, that Jack brought in two weeks ago, has snapped all its seed-cases, and yesterday I had to take down the bursting milk-weed pods that came with it. The coal is all in (thanks be to President Roosevelt), and the housemaid has promised to finish her month. As soon as the quince jelly is made, and the fall sewing is done, and the attic bedrooms papered, and my reception-tea over, and the calls made, if the children don't get sick, and I can find another maid, I hope to really do some reading — something, I mean, beside the weekly scramble to get through and exchange the Book-lovers' volume that hardly counts.

I 'm afraid when I do read The Simple Life it will say it is all my own fault. I don't think it is. Socially we are parts of a whole, and are obliged to accept the standards of that whole or be dropped out. It is the day of organization. Individual opinion counts for little, individual protest for nothing. The home is the target for commercial enterprise, and those who guard its interests are bewildered amidst the bombardment that threatens, indeed, to undermine its foundations altogether. Cheap and plenty is the order of the day. Fashions are made (and perforce changed as soon as made) by those who have deep and yawning pockets to fill. Manufactories are built up and sustained upon artificial needs. Demand is created by supply, and we as individuals soon learn that to be different is to be — well, I had nearly written another word beginning with "d," but we 'll say ostracized, which comes to pretty much the same thing.